

DOG FENNEL IN
THE ORIENT

CHARLES C. MOORE



J. Campbell Phillips

Mr. Chas. C. Moore
on board S.S. Mohawk
Febr. 12th 1914

Dog Fennel in the Orient

By

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Rational View and of Behind the Bars, 31498

*"Coelum, non animum, mutant qui trans
mare currunt."*

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This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
MY WIFE
MY CHILDREN, MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND MY GRANDSON
ALSO TO
ALL FRIENDS OF MYSELF AND OF MY PAPER
AND TO
ALL MY FELLOW TOURISTS ON THE MOLTKE ON HER
CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

FIAT JUSTITIA COELUM RUAT

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to keep page numbering consistent.



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Dog Fennel in the Orient

CHAPTER I.

It was my good fortune to be a passenger on the steamer Moltke when it sailed from New York City, on February 5, 1903, bound for the Orient and having in its itinerary all the points of greatest interest, on and near to, the coasts each side of the Mediterranean, as far North as the Black Sea, and as far South as Luxor, Assouan, Karnak and Thebes on the Nile, and "doing," more thoroughly than any other part, perhaps, Palestine; called by literary license, the Holy Land, though were I a strict constructionist as a historian I would suggest that such calling, in these days, whatever may be true of the past, is a misnomer.

The Moltke, named, of course, for the hero of the Franco-Prussian war, is a twin screw steamer. The Germans call it Doppelschraubendamfer, for short.

The Moltke belongs to the Hamburg-American line and its crew of 381 people, all told, are all Germans, and from its Captain, Dempwolf, clear down to its smallest boy, they were as fine a combination of fitnesses for their respective positions as I ever saw in any department of life.

The Captain, "forty years old next June" is, like the boy who stood on the burning deck,

"A creature of heroic blood
And born to rule the storm."

He is a typical Teuton and most gracefully blends with the dignity and severities of his office the genial amenities and generousities of the private gentleman.

The whole cruise was under the management of Thomas Cook and Son, and we called ourselves "Cookies."

I think I utter the almost universal sentiment of the Cookies on this cruise, of whom 228 were females, ranging from little tots of the feminine persuasion up to one lady of 78 summers—it is not fair to give names and ages of ladies—when I say that the Cook's Tour Company not only did us justice according to the letter and spirit of their contract with us, but that from their various offices that are found in nearly all fine cities, the head one being in London, and from their agents who traveled with us, the principal ones being

Messrs. Dosse and Young, we received many evidences of kindness and patience and forbearance that were not strictly "nominated in the bond."

The Moltke, though a very large and very fast ship, is not the largest or the fastest, but it is said by its owners and by the Cooks, and I suppose justly, to be the most luxurious ship afloat.

Statistics are generally and properly tabooed in polite literature but as all of our readers are supposed to be traveling with us, on this tour, and we are to be, a great part of the time, on board ship, I hope I will be allowed some mathematical data about the floating home in which we are to live on the briny deep.

The Moltke was thirteen months old when we went aboard of it. If the ordinary land-lubber, born far into the interior, as I was, could have seen the tons upon tons of steel that were to enter into the composition of the Moltke, from the bottom of its keel to the tops of its masts, as they lay in the ship yard in Germany, they might naturally have thought of the lines:

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
What ever induced you to do so;
Go build you a boat
That you couldn't make float,
You funny old Robinson Crusoe."

The Moltke cost \$1,750,000. It is 525 feet long, 60 feet broad and 45 feet deep. It draws 25 feet of water. Its record for speed is 403 miles a day. Our greatest distance in a day was 396 miles. Our average was about 380 miles a day, or nearly 16 miles an hour. On an average of six days in a week the ship moved so smoothly and so quietly that as we sat in the main saloons, or at the dining table, it was scarcely possible to realize that we were not at anchor in some placid harbor or in some elegant hotel built at some fashionable resort some where by the sea. In fact after I had thoroughly gotten my "sea legs" and got back to New York my hotel in that city, though of most substantial structure, seemed to me to rock more than the ship had done. Only three times during the whole voyage did they have to put the racks on the tables in the dining saloons to keep the table ware from sliding off. On one of these occasions I was so seasick that I was not at the table.

The carrying capacity of the Moltke is 12,000 tons. The horse power of its engines is 10,000. It is not ordinarily allowed to go down and see the machinery. A man was once allowed to go down and see it. He fell and hurt himself and brought suit for damages against the ship's owners.

I said to the Captain that I was going to write a book about

the cruise and asked, as a special favor, that I might, therefore, be permitted to go down and see the machinery. He said that he must not be known in the matter, but said I could ask the head engineer about it. I told the head engineer what the Captain had said. The head engineer was very kind to me, made me promise that, in case of any accident to myself, I would claim no damage from the ship, provided me with a kind and polite guide who gave me some nice ravelings from woolen cloth with which to hold onto the polished steel railings of the stairways, so that I would not get my hands greased, showed me that it was safer to go down the stairs backward, and then carefully conducted me through the four stories that were occupied by the ship's engines. The most astonishing parts of the machinery were the two shafts that turn the screws that propel the ship. Each of these shafts is 216 feet long and seventeen and one-half inches in diameter. Each is polished as bright as, and turns as smoothly as, any part of a fine new sewing machine, though so great is their weight that water is kept constantly falling on them at the several journals that support them, to keep them from heating, though, of course, the finest of lubricants are also used. These immense shafts must, of course, pass through the rear of the hull of the ship so as to be water tight, even at the great pressure which their depth in the water puts upon them. The screws, as they are technically called, are two heavy steel wheels, nineteen and one-half feet each, in diameter. Each has four wings that set at an angle of 45 degrees, like the old style wind mills that we all see in the pictures, and that we on the Moltke saw, in various places, in reality, and from the rapid turning of these—I am sorry that I failed to ask the number of revolutions per minute—the ship is driven forward, or by reversing these the ship is backed, the rudder being, of course, used in either event. The engines that drive these screws are so independent that in case one was entirely disabled, the ship could still run with the other.

Our entire itinerary was 13,665 miles of which fully 10,000 miles was done by the ship and yet during all this time, there was not, in all the thousands of tons of this complicated machinery even a slipped cog in any of its thousands of wheels, or a quarter of a second of any hesitancy in any part to do its full duty, any more than would every wheel in the clocks on the national observatories at Greenwich and Washington. And this is true though some times we were in pretty rough seas, sometimes in the fog, or in the dark or going in between dangerous islands just to see them.

So great was the confidence of the Cookies in the gallant ship that when, on the return route, we were passing, in the night, between Scylla and Charybdis, the proverbs of all that is dangerous

to navigators, the young people, and some of each sex that were not specially young, were on the decks gorgeously illuminated with electricity and Chinese lanterns and rainbow hued with the flags of all nations, "tipping the light fantastic toe" to the music of a splendid band of twenty pieces, in masks and quaintly, curiously, sometimes beautifully and sometimes by no means so, decked in the strange and fantastic toggery of the people we had been visiting.

The ship had a double bottom, and was so divided into five water-tight compartments from top to bottom that a damage to any part of the hull of the ship could hardly do more than fill one of these compartments while the ship could still run, only somewhat impeded.

I had always heard of the stokers quarters on a great ship as a little compendium of hell on earth, from the great heat, and really expected to find it something of that kind on the sea, but was agreeably surprised to find their temperature entirely pleasant, it being regulated by some of the sixty great flumes that run up to the top of the ship, the largest having mouths six feet in diameter flaring out like the instruments in a brass band and so arranged that they can easily be adjusted to catch the breeze created by the motion of the ship, or any other breeze, and force the air, fresh from the sea, in any desired amount, down to those who, in any part of the ship, might desire it.

I had been told that these stokers were men who would extort from any one all the money he might have, and that in cases of danger they were men who would kill the officers and passengers, especially women and children, to get possession of the life boats. I was not afraid of their getting any money out of me, on the general principle in economics that blood cannot be gotten out of a turnip, but neither they nor my guide showed any disposition to receive any money for what they had shown me, and there was nothing in their manner or appearance that indicated that in an hour of danger they would not discharge their duties as heroically as any others of the crew of the ship, and some of the greatest instances of heroism have been in ship Captains who, in disaster, stood at their posts until all others were in the life boats and then went down with their ships. I long for the day when the world will build monuments to men who save the lives of their fellow men instead of to military chieftains who destroy the lives of their fellow men, as is now the custom.

The locomotive driver who dies at his post rather than save his own life by sacrificing those in his care, is a greater man than Stonewall Jackson or Grant, and ought to live in history when Napoleon and Wellington are forgotten.

Among the places for guests of the steamer were two elegant dining rooms, a social hall or parlor, there being among these three pianos, grill rooms, writing rooms and elegant bath rooms, and state rooms.

My first state room was No. 540, and I suppose there were 600 state rooms. The more prominent of these were handsomely decorated with paintings on the walls, and with beautiful carvings in wood, on the ceilings and in other prominent places. All of these were handsomely lighted with electricity in highly ornamental glass globes, there being of these electric lights probably as many as 1,000 in the whole ship. There was a very complete gymnasium, the machinery of which was all operated by electricity. There was a library and a post-office, and all mail for passengers on the ship was forwarded by railway or by ships that were not stopping on their routes as we were.

The most popular place during the day and pretty far into each night, was the main deck, to walk around which nine times was a mile. I estimate that all the walking that I did around this deck, and on other decks amounted to 300 miles, but I do not claim that the Cooks owe me any rebate for the part of the itinerary that I walked.

Nearly everybody had steamer chairs that cost \$2 extra for the round trip and the attendance of the deck stewards that went with them. I had no deck chair, though my sister had kindly loaned me her steamer rug before I left home. I did not hire a deck chair partly because I was quite limited in my means and partly because I thought it best to keep up my habits as a farmer by walking a great deal. I was never sick during the whole voyage for a single minute except about a week, all told, of seasickness and a chronic case of home-sickness. When the two combined against me I was very uncomfortable. The balance of the time the tour was one of almost perpetual physical and mental exhilaration. I slept as soundly and ate with as keen an appetite as a typical farmer boy, though I tried, all the time, to be philosophical in my eating and sleeping and exercising.

I had probably less money than anybody else on the ship. This was for the double reason that I did not have the money to spare from the comforts of my family and partly because I wanted to show to those who might read my book how little money was absolutely necessary to take one on the cruise to the Orient.

My regular fare on the ship was \$300, and beside this I paid \$10 for a special trip from Jerusalem and \$5 for the special trip up the Volcano Vesuvius.

I had only \$18 when I left New York. On the route there

were seventy-six persons who came to me and gave me their names as subscribers for the book I was going to write about the tour. Of these a number proposed to pay me when they subscribed, but I declined the money in all cases until I began to think that I would get out of money before I got back to New York and then I accepted \$2 for two of my coming book, and \$1 for one copy of my second book, "Behind the Bars; 31498." I got back to New York with less than \$5, and, fortunately, had my return ticket that I had gotten for railroad advertising in my paper.

The chief disadvantages from my shortage in finances was that I could not buy souvenirs for my friends and that I could but rarely give but small "tips" to some of the various parties who expected them from me. The paying of these tips is, of course, no financial obligation because it is to employes of parties for whose services you have already paid in your contract with the Cooks, but, as some of the Cookies said, "when we are in Turkey we must do as Turkeys do," and it was somewhat unpleasant to be asked for this money that I could not pay even though I did not owe it; and this was especially true of the stewards on the ship who had all been kind and attentive to me.

The custom of asking tips is demoralizing and unmanly in those who ask them, and it is irksome to those who have to pay them, even in the case of rich people with whom the money is no consideration—if, indeed, people ever get to be that rich—and especially to Americans, who do the most of it, it does not seem like a business method. I would suggest to that large class of people in Europe, Asia and Africa who live on the traveling public that traveling is done just in the ratio that it is enjoyable, that the giving of tips to domestics is far less pleasant than giving backsheesh to the beggars of Jerusalem and of Palestine ubique, and that, as a financial policy, it would be best for all these entertainers of the traveling public to prohibit the taking of tips from their patrons.

It is certainly a glaring reflection upon public carriers and upon the entertainers of the public, if it be true, that they recognize that they do not pay their employes enough to keep them from begging.

If I had practically unlimited money I would pay these people their tips just as I would pay for exemption from any other annoyance, but I would greatly prefer to give that and more to real objects of charity.

One advantage in my impecuniosity was one that rich people cannot enjoy. It was the fact that those who were my friends were not such because I was rich and I think that under these circumstances it is a compliment to all with whom I was associated that I

had as many friends, in the opinion of several who thus expressed themselves, as any man on the steamer.

The rates for passage ranged all the way from \$300 up to \$2,250, the only difference in advantages to the passengers being that those who paid the high prices got the finest and most desirable state rooms, and that the dining room of those who paid the highest fares was handsomer than the other. All other things were the same. And yet the dining hall of those who paid the lower passage rate was quite handsome and their state rooms very neat and comfortable.

On the return trip all but about 150 of us took the option of paying their own expenses across Europe and returning, without other cost than that, on any of the ships of the Hamburg-American line, and we who remained on the Moltke were all given the finest state rooms that had been thus vacated and all changed into the finer dining hall.

The table fare, all the time, was very fine, embracing the finest of all fish, meats, vegetables and fruits that I had ever heard of and some that were before unknown to me. As a sample of the variety and abundance I recall that the menus showed seven varieties of the finest of cheeses, and that we took on at New York 4,600 "bricks" of ice cream, amounting in weight to five tons. We had ice cream for every dinner, in all conceivable shapes. Some of it was its natural color, and some beautifully colored. Some was in statuettes and other fancy figures, sometimes it was illuminated by wax candles inside that shone through fancy colored material, and some times we had the seeming self-contradiction of baked ice cream, that was hot outside and frozen inside.

One day some one was punning upon the masters of the culinary art and the name of the managers of our tour, and I quoted, with the approval of those present:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, we may live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without Cooks."

Eating on the Moltke, as is true of nearly all other places where the people are able to do so, was done to excess. I think we would nearly all be more comfortable and happier and better if we ate less. We had breakfast at 7:30 o'clock, lunch at 1 o'clock and dinner at 7 o'clock p. m., and there were bouillon and tea and coffee and crackers and cakes served on the decks at 10 a. m. and at 4 p. m. Everything was served in courses, and we occupied more than an hour at dinner.

There was a complete printing office on board and, in this, each day the menu cards were printed. The first page would contain a picture, in colors, of the next place we were going to stop, or if that was too far ahead, a picture of some ball that we were to have on the deck, or of the people talking and amusing themselves in the various ways that they did on ship-board.

The extraordinary low price for the tour that I got and of which many others who were apparently rich people availed themselves, was unprecedented, and it remains to be seen whether or not the public can get the advantage of these in coming years.

A lady, on board, who had taken seven of these tours told me that when she took the one, last year, the very lowest rate that was offered by any company was \$1,000.

The Cooks have been engaged in this touring business for 63 years and have, by it, made millions of dollars. They had had in their employ a man named Clark, who had established a business of the same kind for himself, and Clark's party, almost as large as ours, started out on this same cruise only two days after us. His ship, the *Maria Theresa*, was larger and faster than ours, but was not so beautiful as ours. They overtook us and we lay side by side in various ports, and we, to some extent met and mingled with each other. Some of them subscribed for this book.

Clark, in order to get patronage, dropped his lowest price to \$400, and the Cooks dropped to \$300. The Cooks cannot, under any circumstances, afford to go out of the business. They have their banks, and hotels and boats, and carriages and horses and guides, all involving millions of dollars, all over the world, and they will take you wherever people can travel on any kind of conveyance known to the world, from a magnificent steamer down to the back of an ostrich, donkey or man.

Nothing short of a great American tourist trust can ever beat them, and the Clarks have no chance, in competition, except to come down in prices, and it remains to be seen what they will do.

While I feel most kindly toward the Cooks, I cannot, with Vanderbilt, say "Damn the people," "one of whom I am which," as the lamented Artemus Ward was wont to say. I hope the war between the Cooks and the Clarks will continue as long as the war of the Crusades did. It's the only war that I ever took any pleasure in and I hope the peace congress at The Hague will maintain a strict neutrality in this conflict between these two great tourist companies.

Our object in this book is to understand all the details of this particular tour, as far as you can do that, through my eyes and ears

and pen, and therefore I will tell you of the bad as well as the good on the voyage.

I was seasick, and I think, just like everybody else that ever had a good case of that miserable malady that I had the worst case of it of any man who was ever born, and I use the word man as embracing woman.

I had crossed the ocean soon after our civil war, started, on foot, to Palestine, as you know, or will know, if you have read, or will read, "Behind the Bars; 31498," and at that time I had suffered greatly from seasickness. In arranging for this trip, therefore, my good wife and I had carefully studied all the preventives of seasickness, real, or alleged, and I did my best to carry them into effect. But we had not been one hour out of the harbor of New York before I saw that I was again a doomed man. Life, to me, has been the proverbial "checkered scene," and those who know of it, know that I have gone through some things that gave me the right to be pretty miserable. I am not, constitutionally, one of those people who are never happy unless they are miserable, but I do not pretend that I am happy if I am not so, and I believe that in my seasickness on the Moltke, I was as intensely uncomfortable as I ever was in my life. Everybody belonging to the crew that had, in any way, any charge of my comfort was just as kind to me as could be, and of the one half of the passengers that were not sick, as is generally the case, all that had any opportunity to be kind to me were so, and I had heard, a thousand times, and had personally known, that the finest constitutions were those that were most seasick, and that "a spell of seasickness is worth more than a course of medicine," and all that, but I was intensely miserable, all the same.

I have philosophized much about seasickness and I think I am the highest living authority upon that subject. I have added a large personal experience to the teachings of the most learned therapists upon that subject and, for fitting pecuniary consideration, my services, under this head, are offered to getters-up of first class encyclopedias. When a man is drunk—so I have been told; I am a Prohibitionist—and he walks along a solid pavement it seems to come up to meet him, and he vomits. I am sorry to use that word, but it is the most decent of all its synonyms. When these conditions are reversed and a man, duly sober, walks along a deck of the finest Kentucky walnut and the deck really does come up to meet him, the sober man, on the really rising deck, vomits exactly like the drunken man on the apparently rising pavement.

Among the homeopaths there is a principle expressed by the words, "similia similibus curantur." This double backaction similarity between seasickness and what the newspaper reporters call "a

plain drunk," is, in some way, the out-growth of this homeopathic principle, and as averse as I am to liquor as a beverage, I am forced in sheer honesty, to say, that the only conception of any plan that I have, up to this date, formulated to beat seasickness is, for the party who feels himself, or herself, liable to it, to forestall the seasickness by getting on a regular high lonesome, on the most available liquor; and loyalty to my own State would suggest, as the means of the lonesome aforesaid, the best Kentucky whisky.

I know, from large observation that men—and, in some instances, women—who have gotten drunk on Kentucky whisky are willing to do it again, and I do not believe that the most hopeless idiot that ever was born would try the second case of seasickness merely as a pastime.

Ordinarily, in this book, I am going to tell about things in their chronological order, but as seasickness is an unpleasant subject I will put the whole of my experience in that line into this one connection, so that people who do not like to read about it may skip the whole subject in one place and turn to something that I hope they may find more congenial to their literary tastes.

While I was trying to grow enthusiastic over the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, that goddess in whose name Madam Roland suggested that much injustice had been done, seemed to me to begin to totter upon her granite pedestal as if she had been imbibing too much, and seemed likely to tumble over into the sea if the "coppers" did not come to her rescue, and "run in" this princess and high priestess of all coppers.

My apprehension of any such international calamity made the perspiration start under the brim of the seafaring cap that I had substituted for the Southern broad-brim that I had hung in my state room.

The Hudson river, at the Hamburg-American docks, whence we started, only a few hours before was full of ice, and, though I knew every turn of our propeller was to bring us nearer the sunny climes that we were to see, I knew that the change in climate could not be so sudden as to make me, then and there, first get out of my overcoat while I was on deck, and then unbutton my vest and still have, in my anatomy, a supply of caloric that, if ingeniously utilized, could have helped to make steam for the ship.

I finally said to myself that there was no use in my trying to make a fool of myself by pretending that I was not seasick. So I reasoned with myself that anythings in the way of victuals and drinks that I had stored away in the usual department for such things, in one's anatomy, would, under the circumstances, probably not digest and assimilate, so with that peculiar zigzag line, in my

walk, that is used in the pictures of Noah's flood to represent lightning, I went up to the railing of the ship, stuck my head overboard, and, at one heave, disposed of what seemed to be an unusually large and variously assorted breakfast. For about a half minute I felt some better, though, even in that cold air, the sweat was so thick on my bifocal glasses that I could not see down to the water.

In that half minute of suspension of business I determined to get into some position where I would not make such a public exposure of myself, and avoiding the proper route through the steamer and out onto the more retired deck that I wanted to gain, I half walked and half tumbled down a stairway that is primarily intended for the use of sailors, and I started across that deck, which was very nice, and afterward proved very popular when we got into warm climates, and the awnings were put up, to gain the railing of the steamer and access to the open sea in case of renewed hostilities between my stomach and myself, but it seemed to me that divers and sundry other breakfasts, dinners and suppers for a week past, with intermittent lunches and all the quaint fruits that I had been sampling during my stay of several days in New York, all seemed to consider that writs of ejectment had been served upon them, and that, without further contest, they demanded the right to vacate the premises, immediately, if not sooner, and before I was fairly on the way to the railing I was vomiting with the most reckless disregard of all proprieties, over everything, or anybody, that came within ten feet of me to the windward, equaled by nothing in the annals of history that I had ever read of, or seen, except the whale in his unpleasantness with Jonah, in which I think the whale was seasick, and by Vesuvius which, at that time, I had never seen.

I was willing to be reasonable and call it square and quit at that when I was assured that I had thrown up everything that I had been responsible for being in my stomach for the last month, but I was reckoning without my host. I am a regular college graduate and have a large collection of sheepskins certifying to my learning in Latin that I could not read when I got them and all of which, fortunately, were burned up when my house did so that I could not, through them, expose my ignorance to my children. But I stood well in physiology and thought I knew the names of all the fluids that could come out of the human stomach. I recognized a number of these by name and description as I poured liberal samples of them, just any where that the wind and their various gravities located them on floors, chairs, donkey engines, monkey engines, ropes, chains, tarpaulins, sailors, stewards, Cookies, all with that

utter abandon and disregard of expenses shown by the skunk when he "wastes his fragrance on the desert air."

After this it seemed to me that the incipient bay-window on my front elevation felt itself called upon to "go way back and sit down," and the nearest neighborly relations between that part of my body and my backbone that I had ever known in my going on sixty-six years of acquaintance with the two began, at once, to exist.

I felt a deep seated verminly instinct to "crawl off and die," but even had I been more thoroughly in sympathy with the most advanced views of suicide than I really am I would have lacked the moral and physical manhood that was necessary to climb the substantial railing around the deck and

"Let the ocean's wave be my winding sheet,
With the mermaids watching o'er me."

From that time on what happened until three days afterwards seems all more than half erased from the tablets of memory. I have a dim recollection of lying in my bed in my state room. I do not know certainly that for the first day or two I pulled off my day clothes or even my shoes. I remembered that my wife had put a nice bottle of Jamaica ginger in my baggage and had explained to me that when I felt seasick I should make a nice sweetened drink out of it, which I loved very much, and drink it, and that it would stimulate me and help me and though I am ordinarily glad to have any excuse to drink it, I brought that bottle home without ever having loosed the wrapper on it, because when I was seasick I not only had not the energy to get up and get it, but I did not have the energy to touch the button of the electric bell at the head of my bed to call my kind little German steward, Lamprecht, to get it for me, or to call the handsomely unifomed, nice little ship's doctor who to any and to all on the ship dispensed his services and medicines without any pay.

One of my two room-mates was a nice young Dr. T. R. Healy, who was traveling with his mother, both from Newbury, Mass., and the other was a nice young fellow, named Fred H. Langdon, from Brooklyn, N. Y., also traveling with his mother, both of the mothers being sweet ladies and good friends to me. Afterward, as I have told you, I believe, I was given a finer state room all to myself.

Neither of my room-mates was sick, and I knew that Dr. Healy would have been glad to give me his professional services gratuitously, and that young Langdon would have done anything in reason to help me, but I lay there so stupefied and so nearly dead that I would have been the most magnificent subject on earth to be buried by one of the perpetrators of this fake called hypotism. If,

during those three days, I took any food or water I do not now recall it, but I suppose I took water. After the third day I managed to get out on the main deck and felt that I was getting better, but I was awful weak. I never took but one drink of whisky—except possibly a pint as medicine—in my whole life. That drink was the day I graduated at Bethany College, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1858. About the last three months of my college course I kept a keg of fine beer regularly on tap in my room. Vice-President Pendleton did the same in the front hall of his residence which I frequently visited. After I left college I did not drink any liquor of any kind until in 1876, I took one glass of beer with Dr. W. B. Smith, (Ph. D.), now a professor in Toulane University in New Orleans. Then I never took a drink of any kind of liquor until that day I first got out upon the deck of the Moltke; then I paid ten cents for a glass of beer. It touched the spot, and I felt better. The next day I similarly invested another ten cents. Same pleasing effect; began to feel jolly. Third day another ten cents, another glass, and felt my spirits rising like the spirit in a fine thermometer to the jolly point, and felt that I was well. But, in the meantime, the beer got to be so good to me that on the fourth, fifth and sixth days I took one glass each simply because it was so good that I wanted it. Then I stopped, and though I was in countries where I could get wine for six cents a bottle, and though wine was offered me, by friends, at table, I have not tasted from that time until now one drop of any kind of liquor—unless I did it by proxy. The Cooks put a bottle of wine in the lunch basket that they provided for each of us, to be used on the railroad as we came back from Grenada to Gibraltar, and without uncorking it I put it in my baggage and brought it to my wife. She uncorked it.

During seasickness one's olfactories obtain powers of perception impossible of realization by any one not in that condition. Everything on earth, sea, or air, has a smell to it and everything vies with every other thing to see how infernally bad it can smell, and it seems to you that some other Pandora has opened, right under your nose, a box of all the worst of all the stenches that the devil ever invented.

Of all of these stenches tobacco smoke, to a seasick man is the most diabolical, and I vowed to myself that if ever again I got access to any printing press I would speak my piece about the tobacco smoking fiend. We afterward saw Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius, old residents of the highest standing in their respective communities and I commended them because they did all of their smoking out of doors. If a man on any decent steamer where there are ladies—who are supposed not to smoke—or even gentlemen who

do not smoke will insist upon smoking he ought to go overboard to do it, and failing to do this of his own free will and accord, ought, by an able-bodied posse of stewards, set apart for that purpose, to be put overboard. The pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, implying the right of locomotion and the right to breathe the unpolluted air, is the inalienable right of every freeman, and no man has the right, further than the necessities of his life demand, to taint the air that others have to breathe. The man who has an unavoidably foul breath is to be pitied, but if a man with such a breath takes pains to come and blow it in your face you are justly indignant and insulted, and if you are born in old Kentucky, somebody may hear something drop immediately after that man does that, but that same man can add to that breath the still worse odor of a stinking old pipe, and walk up to you and blow the combination into your very nose and throat and you are expected to swallow the insult and the smoke together with an approving smile. I insist that the very best cigar is "fire at one end and fool at the other." I know, personally, whereof I depose; I have been there. I suppose I have written and said, publicly and privately more against liquor drinking and tobacco using than any man now living. Fully nine-tenths of my personal arguments under this head have been with people who believe, or claim to believe the Bible, and to be followers of Jesus Christ and yet if I were to print, in my paper, a picture of Jesus Christ with a pipe, cigar or even a cigarette in his mouth they would call it blasphemy.

These Christians have, hundreds of times, answered me by telling of men who have drank liquor and used tobacco and yet lived to be eighty or ninety years old. I always answer such people by telling them that Methuselah lived 969 years and never used whisky or tobacco. If infidel philosophy tends no more to moralize men than Christian philosophy does, to make the change from Christian to infidel is a game that is not worth the candle.

The longer I live and the more I know of men the more firmly convinced I am that my father, who died, aged 71 years, was, taken all around, the highest type of a man that I ever knew and his only wife was the kind of a woman that kind of a man is apt to marry. The only thing that I ever saw in my father that was unworthy of a gentleman and a philosopher was that he chewed tobacco. I never saw him smoke.

It was quite natural, therefore, that in my last college year, I should have begun the use of tobacco, at the age of twenty years. Its use was so natural to me that I never had a moment of the ordinary experience of the new beginner who takes his first lessons in the wood-shed, if he lives in town, or out behind the stable if he

lives in the country. For twenty years then I smoked and chewed tobacco, doing both as decently and moderately as it is possible to do anythings that are essentially indecent and immoderate and, therefore, enjoying to the fullest all that there is in tobacco. At that time I concluded to quit, and from that day to his that I am now in my 66th year, no crumb of tobacco, in any shape, even by accident, has ever gone into my mouth, and while I am ashamed that I ever used it I am proud that I had the manhood to quit it.

Among the relics of George Washington and of Henry Clay, I have seen two elegant assortments of snuff boxes, and snuffing was once a fad quite as popular as smoking is now.

The chewing of tobacco and squirting of its extract is now almost obsolete except in low society and among some old men. I suppose I saw easily a million people smoking from the time I recently left New York until I got back there again, but I do not remember to have seen a single man chewing tobacco. I saw at Cairo and at Nice ladies smoking cigarettes in the parlors of elegant hotels. It was very disgusting.

The decadence of snuff and chewing tobacco shows it quite possible that, in a few more years, smoking may go the same way.

I do not, in what I am here saying, expect to influence more than one man out of one hundred of those who may read this, but it is for that one man in one hundred that I am working. He will, in the majority of instances, be a young man. Old fools are the greatest fools. I have recently seen, very literally, that "Rome was not built in a day," but it certainly got there with both feet and they call it "the eternal city." I saw the Egyptian literally "casting his bread upon the waters" with the hope that after many days it would return to him increased many fold. I am willing to do the same in what I say about tobacco. Some of it will fall by the wayside and be devoured by the fowls of the air. Some will fall in stony places and perish for the want of nourishment, but some will fall into good hearts and healthy brains and when I am dead some body will honor me because I said what I am now saying.

I greatly admire Ingersoll and think that, like another Samson, he was as strong in his death as he was in his life, but I remember, with regret, that the last time I saw him he sat smoking the greater part of the time that we talked.

I do no believe in any kind of a hell, even of the most revised and up-to-date style, but if it does pan out that I am mistaken about it, I believe that a fearful percentage of those who smoke in this life will smoke in the hereafter.

To finish my deposition under the head of seasickness I state as follows: The present Jaffa on the coast of Palestine the sea

port for Jerusalem, or rather the nearest to a sea port that Jerusalem has, is the same town that, in the New Testament, is called Joppa. It is the place where Jonah had trouble with the whale, and also the place where Simon, the tanner, lived, as you will find from reading Acts x: 5-6.

Simon has gone out of the tanning business now, not only because he is dead, but because all that country is now in the possession of the Mohammedans, and the Mohammedan has no regard for shoe leather.

If a true blue Mohammedan can get all the old linen of his family, for several generations back, to wrap around his head he is very independent about having anything on his body and he no more wants shoes on his own feet than he does on his camel's feet.

Simon and his tannery have, therefore,

“Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.”

The rocks that stuck up out of the sea in front of his town in his day, however, are still there doing business at the same old stand, and the sea around that town has a most unusual mode of deportment. All pilgrims to Jerusalem, Cookies included, who start to that town by the water route, begin to fear, from what they hear, by the time they are in one thousand miles of Jaffa that they won't be able to see Jerusalem because they cannot land at Jaffa, and nearly all of those who do succeed in landing and in getting to Jerusalem are afterward sorry that they ever got to land at Jaffa, or Joppa as it formerly was. Fuller explanation of this interesting fact will be given when, in the regular course of our itinerary, we get to Jerusalem.

Finally when the bugler on the Moltke awaked us one fine morning by playing “Life let us cherish,” we looked out and, sure enough, in that far away part of the Mediterranean, right in front of Jaffa, there lay the sea as gently as Mary's lamb, but there was not any kind of a harbor and the big black rocks were sticking up out of the water, and the Moltke seeming to have no faith in the placidity of that water, had cast anchor about three miles out in the sea and was lying there as still as “a painted ship upon a painted sea.”

We had known, all the time, that we could only land there in small boats, and when about ten of these boats came out, each capable of carrying fifty people, and each manned by four Arabs any one of whom could have turned John L. Sullivan across his knee and spanked him, and each boat flying a flag on which was seen the talismanic word “Cook,” and we walked down the even fifty steps

of the gang stair that the big ship let down for us, and, without any danger, or any trouble, stepped into the small boats and selected seats on Turkish rugs that cost \$100 here and about \$3 there, I thought how stupid I had been to believe all the sailor lies about the trouble and danger of landing in Jaffa, and when we had gotten on shore over a water that I could have crossed in a Kentucky river canoe, I felt mad that it had not occurred to me to pull off my shoes and roll up my breeches and wade ashore, the whole three miles from the Moltke.

We went on our way rejoicing to Jerusalem and "looked upon the walls of Zion and counted the towers, thereof," as the famous old Brother Thomas Dudley of the Hardshell Baptist persuasion, told us two or three thousand times we ought to do, the only time it ever was my luck to hear his preach.

All the time then when we had "done" Jerusalem, or rather after it had "done" us, and we were getting back to Jaffa, to embark again, I congratulated myself and everybody around me, about one thousand times, that we had such a beautiful quiet day, and therefore, as I said, that we would go back to the Moltke just as smoothly as we had come out. But when we came in sight of the sea I know my wife would have been alarmed beyond measure if she could have seen my horrified face. She has become accustomed to me in thirty-eight years that we have been chumming together, but her one experience in matrimony seems to have given her a dread of any second eligibility in that line.

For no reason on the earth, or on the sea that I could see, there, in that calm, sunny day, was the sea cutting up an assortment of didoes that would have deterred Dido herself from getting on it—we saw the place where she went over to build Carthage. That sea looked like it was as much as any man's life was worth for anybody to get on it, and my family I had left in no very easy circumstances financially and didn't have any insurance policy on my life.

Through a long schooling of years I had trained myself to look death in the face and I had from various sources, especially from irate readers of my newspaper had many and many a close call. I had gotten so that I could look down the muzzle of a big pistol that some other fellow had by the other end of it, with the same sang froid that I could look through an opera glass at a circus, but I had not schooled myself thus to contemplate another turn at seasickness. Not only were wife, home and children beckoning me back to America but Jerusalem was behind me and I would rather have gotten drowned than go back to that town.

So I was one of about fifty who stepped into one of the ten boats, each with its four Arabs as before. We had three miles to

row and the sea was so against us that it seemed that we did not make more than an inch each stroke of the long oars that bent in response to their straining of every muscle in their bodies until the sweat ran from under their fezes into their eyes. They sang in unison with the metric stroke of their oars what seemed to be a hymn from the Koran, in which I thought I frequently heard the name of Allah, upon whom they were calling to help them with their job, for though as oarsmen they perhaps had not their equals in the world, such a party as these Cookies were like angel visits in that they were few and far between, and there the resemblance seemed to stop.

In the meantime the boat we were in was rearing up before and kicking up behind like a broncho that even Teddy Roosevelt could not ride. Things looked awful bad and my stomach was beginning to feel the same way. I came very near trying to bring a smile to the whitened faces of the passengers, by saying to the Arabs, "Fear not; you carry Caesar," but the Arabs didn't understand any English, and the classic allusion would have been wasted on them, and it seemed too grim for our environment, and my jaws and tongue were getting into such a state of collapse that I couldn't talk English either, or even American. The other nine boats I could see struggling in the waves just as ours was. They would climb clear up on top of a wave and then plunge down clear out of sight just exactly like they had gone to the bottom. Two of them were so nearly dashed against the rocks that their escape was narrow.

The one we were in ran away up on top of a wave and then jumped off, just like a porpoise, and it hit the water with such a slap that I thought we had struck a rock and thought the water would rush in the next second, and it didn't seem that the whole flotilla of life boats on the Moltke and all of her life preservers could save a single one of us.

I tried hard to make myself believe I was not scared, but I did not have the courage to start "Pull for the shore," and, beside, I wanted them to pull from the shore. I was so sick I could hardly stand and yet I did not vomit.

When, finally, we got to the foot of the long steps that came down from the deck to the water, the boat would drop so far below the steps that we could not reach them, and when the next wave would throw us up to the steps two strong sailors would catch each of us and pull us up onto the platform. I managed to get up the steps and across the deck to a deck chair and dropped into it again the victim of horrible seasickness. I recovered in five or six hours but so long as I live I shall never forget that ride, in a small boat, from Jaffa to the Moltke.

There was a woman in the party six feet high who weighed 250 pounds. She was always a good friend to me and was an early subscriber to my book. She had a name almost as long and big as she was. Her dress was so gorgeous that the first time I saw her I was forced to remark that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A New York jeweler, named Weaver, sat next me at table. He called that woman Birdie. In allusion to my being a preacher he called me "Doctor." My hair and beard are really phenomenal, but, all the same I never have them trimmed but once a year, and that is at sheep-shearing time. In the meantime I get to look something like an advertisement for a hair restorative "after using," and I would be valuable as a model to some artist who was getting up a picture of Absalom or Samson, men famous for their hair.

Weaver had lived in New York City and had been a patron of every variety of show that was on the road. One day Weaver looked at me and said, "Doctor, you and Birdie could make money in a show."

Birdie seemed to think there was something sylph like, or fairy like, in her proportions, and expected to be handed into and out of carriages, boats, and up and down volcanoes and pyramids, and over and under and around all kinds of ruins and prone columns all dilapidated statuary of heroic proportions, and Egyptian mummied bulls and crocodiles, and up and down the back of the Sphinx and into, and out of, old tombs and catacombs, and up and down trees that had been planted by Moses before he left Egypt, and over and around miraculous springs that had anciently bursted out of the ground for the especial benefit of some Greek, Roman, Jew, Christian or Mohammedan, who had influence with the manager of the water-works department of the theology in vogue at their respective times and places, and these springs had continued to run clean on to this day long after the parties for whom they were called into existence. For instance a spring in Rome that was especially made, by Jupiter, for Castor and Pollux to water their horses at, when they once came down from heaven to spend a day or two doing the town, and if you don't believe that story you can go to Rome, as we did, and they will show you the spring now.

At none of these places did Birdie ever seem to have any impression that her avoirdupois and dimensions were aught other than those of a fay, or some kind of a liliputian, and it, not infrequently fell to my lot to help her. I intimated to her two or three times, as delicately as I could, that if she did not get those false conceptions of her size and weight out of her head some day something dreadful would befall her. When she got, therefore, to the foot of

the long stairs that went up the ship's side, instead of getting a move on herself, like the rest of us had to do, and remembering what Shakespeare said about a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its height, led on to getting there successfully, and jumping for that platform when the boat was at its highest, she left the two sailors above and a couple of Arabs below to do the whole job, and the result was that a wave about as big as the gable end of a tobacco barn hit her a swipe that soaked her like a sponge and salted her down as no woman except Mrs. Lot ever had been. It ruined about \$100 worth of dry goods that could no longer be called such, and Birdie said she was going to write a letter to the New York World about it, that would everlastingly paralyze the Cooks.

Whenever there was a special big rush, for the whole 446 of us to get through some narrow place all at once, Birdie had a way of getting in the narrowest part of it, and stopping to consider whether she had better go straight ahead or go back to the carriage or boat, or hotel, or some other place to get something she had forgotten, and it would always make me so infernally mad that when the boys told me how the wave soaked her, I used what little strength I had left after that ride from Jaffa, to laugh for a half hour. I know Birdie will read this and will get very mad and will think it the basest ingratitude after all she did to get subscribers for this book, but as a faithful chronicler of history I cannot omit it.

Many women, after that ride from Jaffa, fell on the deck of the Moltke from exhaustion and had to be helped to their state rooms. After that I had my "sea legs" so that one day when a great many other people got sick, I could, to my own surprise, walk the deck without any trouble.

That same Jaffa seemed, some how to have it in for me, and it was the occasion of the only serious unpleasantness that occurred between me and anybody on the cruise during the whole time. It is the place, as I have told you, at which, when it was called Joppa, occurred the unpleasant episode between Jonah and the whale. A Professor Harrison and his wife and their twelve year old son were among the Cookies. He was a professor in the University of Virginia and he and his wife were pious from way back. He was, by far, the most learned man on the boat. He had said to me that Thomas Jefferson, in founding the University of Virginia, had in its constitution enacted that no salary should ever be paid anybody for any service as a chaplain in that college. I scrupulously guarded against saying anything to Professor Harrison that would hurt his feelings about religion. He had said to me that he intended to do all he could to make my nephew, who is the president of another

university, the president of Virginia University, and I had told Professor H. of my appreciation of the compliment, for I have a very high regard for the University of Virginia. Prof. H. had, at his own suggestion, introduced himself to me and then introduced his wife and nice young son to me, and I was exceedingly proud of their friendship. They knew some of my intimate friends. Another bond of union between us was that he had published an edition of the works of Edgar Allen Poe, in thirteen volumes. I greatly admire the genius of Poe. Another bond of union between us was that they were radical Southerners. Prof. H. and his wife and son were sitting together in their deck chairs, on a back deck lower than the main one. I was walking with Dr. Gordon W. Lloyd of Detroit, back and forth across the deck. We were to come to Joppa that day and stories about Jonah and the whale were in order. Dr. Lloyd said to me that just before leaving his home he had heard a Presbyterian preacher say, in the pulpit, "I do not believe that the whale appointed Jonah Secretary of the Interior and then accepted his resignation three days afterward." I told Dr. Lloyd that I had heard quite a collection of them on Jonah and the whale but that that was a new one on me.

When I got back to where Prof. H. was I told him what Dr. Lloyd had said to me. Prof. H's. face turned pale with excitement. He said to me, "I am as well educated as you are. We have just had our breakfast and do not want to be worried with such talk."

Mrs. H. then added, "If we cut out such stories as that it will not be long before others will want to cut other parts of the Bible. Poor old Ingersoll did a great deal of harm, but he has repented, long ago, in sack-cloth and ashes."

I said, "Madam, I knew Col. Ingersoll. He loved his family and they loved him; the highest test of a good man." I left them but never again ventured into any conversation with either of them.

There were nineteen preachers on board, not counting myself, and including two Catholic priests. The priests did not take any stock in me. One of the preachers was one day a little too fly, at my expense, and I slammed him down. It mended his manners and he was subsequently very civil. All the balance of them were good friends to me, and some of them were gentlemen that I liked very much. Several of them were scholarly and more of them were not. There was only one brilliant man among them. He was a Congregationalist—Rev. C. W. Marshall, of Cresco, Iowa. He used to be a sailor on a British ship on the Atlantic, but threw up his job for a commission on "the old ship of Zion;" the pay was more and the work was less. He had struck it rich and had plenty of money

and no poor kin and he was a jolly old tar, retired at the age of sixty-six on the superannuated list.

The first Sunday aboard he preached a sermon that was one of the most beautiful I ever heard. He was the first to subscribe for my book, and wrote the chapter for it, about up the Nile above Cairo where I did not go. He was the wittiest off-hand speaker on the boat.

The most attractive couple, all around, on the boat were a banker and his wife from Long Prairie, Minnesota, both infidels. The next most attractive all around couple on the boat were a man and wife from Worcester, Mass., the wife and her mother being members of the Christian, or Campbellite, church, in the priesthood of which I once officiated.

The couple on board that were the best friends to me were Mr. I. W. Copelin and wife of Toledo, Ohio. He was a wholesale coal dealer; would sell one hundred car loads of coal a day. They had coal to burn and money to burn, and they burnt both. He begged me to let him lend me as much money as I wanted, and his wife said to me, "Nobody will ever know anything about it."

She was the prettiest married woman on the boat. There were a hundred kodaks among the Cookies and they took thousands of pictures. Mr. Copelin would arrange his wife and me so as to get pictures of us with all sorts of ruins and mountains and ships and bays and palaces and cathedrals in the back-ground. We would pose and look our prettiest, but she always beat me. The pictures were to go in this book and are to be sent to me and it is a question of money whether or not I can have the plates made. She had a great way of buying a large assortment of the most splendid bonbons that the finest markets of the world could afford and then get tired of them and getting me to help her to eat them. There is nothing mean about me; I always helped her. They were in one respect the most remarkable couple I ever saw. You would guess that he was thirty years old and she twenty-one, and that they were traveling on a bridal tour. He was forty-nine years old and she thirty-two, and their oldest child was a daughter twelve years old.

Several parties of each sex did me the honor to take snap shots of me, and Mr. J. Campbell Phillips, who had been an artist for Harper, and had gotten up one book of character sketches and was then getting up another, sketched two pictures of me, one three-quarters and the other profile. Some envious fellows insinuated that the only trouble about those pictures was that they looked too much like me. Phillips and his brother and Blumenthal, all from New York City, and Earl R. Cartwright, of Portland, Ind., were four fine jolly young fellows and were all fine friends to me. We

sang together and they complimented me highly, but I think it was principally in deference to my years.

There were only two editors on board. Both of us were from Kentucky. The other one was H. A. Sommers of the Elizabethtown (Ky.) News. He was a handsome widower looking for his No. two. He was next to the best looking editor in the party. Riding across a part of the Sahara desert a little donkey fell with him and for some time he carried his arm in a sling. He had a good accident policy and "the jingle of the guinea helped the wound his honor felt." Next time I go to Egypt I am going to take along an accident policy and ride a donkey over a sand bank. It's a good scheme and it don't hurt the donkey. Three dollars will pay any Arab doctor for a certificate of your dangerous injury.

I made more people mad than anybody on the boat. I did it by talking against religion and against preachers and priests, from the Pope down to some of those there on the ship.

Mr. Ames of St. Louis, a wealthy man who had a \$2,250 state room was one of those who always called me Colonel, in spite of my claim that my chief distinction was that I was the only male Kentuckian of mature years who was not a Colonel. He said I was the most influential man on the boat. Another man whose name I did not know, said to me as we sat waiting in a railway depot at Nice that he had told somebody that I was the most companionable man on the steamer, and I think somebody else said something to the same effect, but I forget what it was.

If any other man who was on that cruise ever writes a book about it, and tells what he saw and heard as honestly as I am doing and am going to do, I will be pretty apt to get my share of pretty hot stuff, but I am going to let him do it; my job is to talk about other people. But I am not afraid of anything that any women on that cruise is ever going to say or write about me.

There were women on that cruise, infidel and Christian, whose style I did not like a little bit, but everything on the boat that wore petticoats was good to me, except one rich Irish Catholic widow, who sat next to me, and who was out husband hunting as was the case with two or three dozen rich widows on board.

That female Patlander did not like me because I was not pious and because I ate Roquefort cheese. I only found out her aversion to my cheese one day when she asked me to set it on the opposite side of my plate from her. I did so, and instructed the steward never to bring me any more of it. Her opposition to my cheese had no effect to increase my piety. I think about Limburger cheese somewhat as I do about smoking. No man ought to eat it unless he is willing to go out into a large field and sit on a stump while he

eats it and stay there until the wind drives away the smell, but I do not think that Roquefort is, or ought to be, under any social ban.

An Irish Catholic woman whose seat at table was near mine, and who was a most devout religionist, told of her gambling at Monte Carlo, and said that she came out \$18 ahead and said she was going back there to gamble again. A very handsome woman who said she had been an Episcopalian and was nothing now, said she was going to gamble at Monte Carlo and claimed that there was no harm in it when I tried to reason with her about it. A young man from St. Louis, with whom I had a long talk, and who was the best informed of the young men on the ship, and who seemed to be a nice moral man, and who had made eight tours to Europe, was a firm believer in the Catholic church, had visited Lourdes and said he saw personally that his aunt was cured of rheumatism instantly by the miraculous power of the water of that place. One of the strongest and most logical reasoners on the ship was a Massachusetts atheist who took great pleasure in the discussion of religious matters, who was fair and conservative in his judgment of those who disagreed with him, and who always counseled me to be kind to those of our fellow passengers who were severe in their opinions of me. The most ignorant and least educated man that I talked to on the ship was a most ardent infidel apologist.

There were some infidel women on the boat who talked their opinions just as freely as any Christians would. They were devoted friends to me. One of them, an unmarried girl, was the greatest wit on the boat. She was perfectly respectful to me and told me and others that she had more regard for me than for anybody on the boat. She had friends among the preachers, and took all sorts of liberties with them and ridiculed some of them about their religious opinions, both to their faces, and when they were absent. She was perfectly independent of anybody and did not care what anybody said or thought about her. She lampooned men and women that she did not like utterly regardless of who they were, and her statements about others seemed to be accurate. She spoke kindly of people to their faces and to others when they seemed to be deserving and gave good and sensible reasons why she liked some and disliked others. Many good Christian women seemed to like her and many thought that nice people ought not to associate with her, and she never took any part in the balls as nearly all of the other young women did. She did more to amuse the people on the boat than any one person on it. She called me Brother Moore, and she called some other men Brother. She called two men of mature years, Bill and Charlie, and she called some of the most orthodox of Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, by their family

names without any titles to them. She spent a great deal of her time reading and writing. She had such a genius for talking slang that some said she was a Vaudeville actress. She was from Canada. Her talk and manner were utterly at variance with what you expect in any virtuous woman, and there were infidels and Christians who said she was not virtuous, but I could never gain any positive evidence that she was not pure. I was sometimes very familiar with her, sometimes disgusted with her and sometimes did not know how to act toward her. She was a study to me and I was very curious to find out about her.

There was an infidel banker on board who was a spiritualist, and who did not like me because I flatly denied his statement that he frequently got communications from his dead daughter. I asked him if he thought this young woman was a virtuous woman. He said he did not know and did not care; that it was none of his business or of my business; that any man was a hypocrite who professed to be any better than she was, in either event, that he was going to be kind to her and that any true man would be kind to her, and I left that man feeling that he had given me just the kind of a talking that I needed.

There was another infidel woman, on the boat, about forty-five years old. She was one of my best friends and in talking to me spoke as if her whole heart was filled with the desire to do good for the world. She spoke of her husband and her children she had left at home. There was a very rich man who devoutly took part in any Episcopal religious service that was upon the boat but of whom, the general impression seemed to be that his private morals were very loose and yet the action of that woman and that man was perfectly disgusting.

There were three Catholic Irishmen, two of whom were my friends, and one of whom was my enthusiastic friend and took great pleasure in encouraging others to subscribe for this book, as he had done. One of them only spoke to me once and that was insultingly because I did not believe in religion. All three of them were intellectually inferior and knew but very little about the Bible but believed everything taught by the Catholic church. The one that did most to help me with this book was the most superstitious man I ever saw. There was nothing in Jerusalem or in Rome too stupid for him to believe if the Catholic church said he must believe it, and nothing that he would believe if the Catholic church did not say it was true. I saw him most devoutly lay two packages of something that he had in his pocket in the heel of the track in the solid rock that Jesus left on the top of the Mount of Olives when he ascended to heaven, and yet he would not take a pretty pebble that I offered

him that I had picked up at the tomb at the foot of Mount Calvary where all the Protestants agree that Jesus was buried, because, he said, he did not believe that was the true tomb of Jesus, but believed the true one was the one in the church of the Holy Sepulcher that the Catholics believed in. He told me that if my book did not suit him when he got it he was going to burn it, and I suppose his copy will go up the flue.

There was one infidel who seemed to be a good moral man whose devotion to the single tax theory of Henry George as the panacea of all human ills amounted to fanaticism, who went on his knees, as the most devout Catholics do, up the holy stairs at Rome, that they say are the stairs that Jesus went up to be crucified and which stairs were brought, in the night, by an angel, from Jerusalem, and by the angel placed in Rome where they are to this day. I asked the man, who was a good friend to me, how he could honestly do a thing so inconsistent with his infidel views and he said he did it just to get to see the steps well. That was not necessary, however, as I could see them perfectly by just standing and looking at them as the people went up them on their knees. I give these simply as samples of the people that I found on the cruise.

Soon after I got over my seasickness there came to me one day a man who had his right arm off, and he introduced himself and his wife to me. He was Major A. Vignos, of Canton, Ohio, the town from which my much esteemed friend, Editor Samuel Judson Roberts of the Lexington Leader has come. The Major was a great admirer of Editor Roberts, and he said to me that he wanted to know me because I was from Roberts' town. In Kentucky during our civil war, the mountains of the State had been loyal to the government but we, of the Blue Grass region, were nearly all for the South. The old Major had belonged to Wolford's cavalry which was raised in the mountains of Kentucky and was a holy terror to us of the Blue Grass region, as the Major and I soon recognized in our talk, but he was a generous, kind hearted man and took it all kindly when I joked him about having had at least the satisfaction of getting one of his arms for what he had tried to do for us. He said he had heard much of the hospitality of Lexington and that during the war he went down there to see us, but he held out the stump of his arm and said, "But this is the way you people treated me." I assured him that we had all gotten over the little mad that we had for those four years and that if he would come to Lexington now we would not shoot off his other arm, but that we would take him by the left hand, the one nearer the heart, and give him a cordial welcome. We were, all the tour, good friends.

About the same time a man handed me his card across the

center of which was printed "The Arkansaw Traveler," and, down in the corner, was G. A. Viquesney, Little Rock, Arkansas. I explained to him that the original "Arkansaw Traveler," Alexander Faulkner, was my wife's uncle, that some of his family had visited our home and that we knew much about them, and "Old Arkansaw" as we soon got to calling him because he was seventy-one years old and we could not recollect his name, and I soon became fast friends, partly because we were both from the South. He was a remarkably active man for his age. He was born in France and had come to America when young, but he spoke French and English equally well, and as we went together a great deal he was a great benefit to me, for all through our tour we found ten men who could speak French to one who could speak English. At Cairo, as soon as we would come down from our hotel steps the Arabs would beseech us to hire their donkeys to us. I put my hand on Old Arkansaw's shoulder to signify that I had already engaged a donkey and they understood the joke very quick.

There was only one man on the boat at whose acquaintance I drew the line. He was a very devout Episcopalian from Virginia. He had plenty of money and dressed in fine style. His hair and beard were gray and the redness of his nose seemed to be explained by his views about liquor drinking. He came and sat down by me one day, told me that he had heard me advocating Prohibition and that with all my boasted liberality I was thus trying to curtail his liberties. He became so insulting that I had to speak my mind so plainly to him that he left. He seemed inclined to create religious prejudice against me, and when he found that he could not succeed in that, was inclined to be conciliatory again, but I would not trust him and would have nothing to do with him.

I took considerable pains to study the comparative intelligence and morals of the people of the North and of the South who were with us, but I found nothing at all to warrant the idea that, in either of these regards, even Boston is at all superior to Lexington.

The large majority of the people on the tour were people of culture, and properly blended good humor and dignity in their demeanor, and nearly everybody was pleasant to everybody else.

CHAPTER II.

There was, hanging in one of the large front halls of the boat a large chart of all the ocean and land that we were to see in our tour. This was all marked off by the lines of latitude and longitude, and each day, at 12 o'clock the boat's big whistle would blow and an officer would stick a pin with a little flag on it to indicate the point upon the sea at which we were, and on a card below, would be given the number of miles we had sailed for the last twenty-four hours. This chart was watched with great interest each day. The line of pins, with little flags on them, showed that we were getting South each day as well as East, and we could feel that the climate was getting warmer each day, and the pins showed that we were going toward Madeira the island famous for the wine that bears its name.

On the 12th of February, Lincoln's birthday, while we were, at 7 o'clock, at a big dinner in which the dining room was gayly decorated with flags and flowers, and the menu cards had pictures of the great Kentuckian, and speeches eulogistic of him were being made, and the band was playing the national airs of America and, among them "My Old Kentucky Home," that everybody cheered until it brought tears to my eyes, it was announced that we were in sight of the light-house at Madeira, and everybody cheered and cheered in perfectly wild childish delight. The Lincoln celebration ceremonies were soon closed and everybody rushed to the decks to look at the far away light-house, that with its revolving light seemed to wink like some Cyclopean eye away off twenty-five miles across the sea. Madeira is two thousand seven hundred and sixty miles from New York and as on that route there were but few ships to be seen any change from the monotony of the waves was very grateful. It was pretty moon-light and the air was delightfully balmy and the sea was calm and the great ship was rolling the water from its prow almost without any motion or sound that we could perceive. We had watched the sailors arrange to lower the great gangway that, by its own automatic arrangement, went into a fine stairway of fifty steps as it was lowered, and this was all arranged to lower when we had anchored and in about an hour and a half we had slowed down to a stop of the engines, in the harbor, and soon we heard the

rattle of the enormous chain, each link of which weighed twenty pounds, as it lowered the great anchor down, and down over the great iron drum on the steam engine that lowered it, until it gave us an idea of the immense depth of the water we were in. As soon as we were anchored there was a perfect swarm of beautifully colored boats with men, women and children in them, all chattering Portugese, and the men that came aboard had straw hats on that looked strange in contrast with the weather that we had left in New York just a week before.

Many of these pretty boats had flags on them on which was the simple word "Cook," and into any one of which we could step and be taken ashore and brought back without cost simply by showing the ticket with which each of us had been provided, in New York, as part of the cost of the tour. Although it was 11 o'clock by the time any of our party could disembark, there were perhaps fifty of them who went ashore that night, and one man lost \$3,000 and one woman won \$75 gambling at the Cassino in the town, Funchal, in the harbor of which we had anchored.

We could see, in the moon-light, the outlines of the town, and of the mountains towering up behind it. As late as it was, there was one man there ready to engage in one of the leading industries of the town, that of diving for money that the people on the ship would throw out into the sea where the sea was immensely deep. It would seem to be impossible to get such money even in fine daylight, but here was a man to show you what he could do by moon-light. It was fully thirty feet from where the passengers stood on the deck, down to the water. One would toss out a piece of money which, with my extraordinarily fine sight, I could not see after it left the hand of the party who threw it. Of course the man in the boat could not tell on which side, or at which end of his boat it would fall and could only tell where it was by seeing it or hearing it, hit the water, then, having very little clothing on him he would jump from his boat head foremost like a frog and disappear under the water, and without missing a single time, would come to the top holding the money up between his thumb and finger so that we could see it shine in the moon-light. As soon as he could slide into his boat and straighten up, somebody would throw another piece of money and he would get every piece until finally the people, after an hour or more got tired of looking at him, and, a few at a time, went off to bed.

I was up early next morning and there were about twenty-five of those boats there, each having in it two or three boys, and most of the boys very small ones, as they had learned, from experience that the smaller the boy the larger the amount of money would

be thrown to him. In a little while the whole 446 Cookies were on the deck looking over at the boats with the diving boys in them, each boy, when not under the water, looking up and clamoring in Portugese for the money to be thrown to him. As fast as one boy would come up and show his money somebody would throw another piece, all the time taking pains to throw it so that it would not fall in the boat so that they might get it without diving. Sometimes two or three boys would dive for the same piece of money, from rival boats and we could see their heads go together and see them scrambling for it, away down in the deep clear water, but some one of them would always come to the surface with it held up in his fingers.

In only one instance was there any marked variation from the general rule that I saw. One time a piece of money fell so far in front of the bow of the boat in which only one diving boy sat in the stern that I supposed that piece would be lost and the boy seemed also to consider it, and did not start for it. When the man in the boat saw that the boy did not start, the man walked back to the boy, led him to the bow and pitched him over-board, and then turned his eyes up to the people to watch for more money. The little fellow was gone so much longer than usual under the water that I supposed he would drown, and I spotted that man and had made all my arrangements to testify against him in the police court of Funchal, but the little fellow came up with the money.

The divers kept that up for two hours until everybody went to breakfast, and I had seen them dive hundreds of times and had never seen any one of them fail to get the money, except when some other one got it before him. The people would throw it so as to favor the smallest boys and the smallest ones got much the most money. That occurs at every ship that stops at Funchal and those people grow up to be almost amphibious animals. Those little boys, even, had muscles on their arms and chests and legs like prize fighters, and the larger they get the faster they have to swim, on the water and under it, to keep the little boys from getting all the money.

During this diving entertainment we were also looking at the town and at the beautiful mountains on the island and at the great rocks that came up out of the sea like castles or light-houses, and on several of which there were light-houses. Nearly everybody had fine opera glasses and I had a fine pair that my good old friend Caesar Buchagnani, of Lexington, had insisted on lending me, saying that he wanted to be able to say that those glasses had looked at the pyramids of Egypt.

We soon saw what was true of all other towns and houses that

we saw until we got back to New York, namely that none of them were built of wood, all were of stone or a kind of cement or concrete as hard as stone and all covered with tiles, the roofs slanting like ours in America, until we got into the Orient and found the house-tops all flat and of solid heavy stone, forming the nicest places in the towns to walk and explaining how it was that Peter went up on the house-top to pray, that we couldn't fully appreciate in our Sunday school days.

You know also that the New Testament says "Let him that is on the house-top not come down," and that from this text the old preacher delivered a sermon against the ladies' fashion of knotting their hair up on the tops of their heads, "Top-knot come down."

The houses in Funchal were all a beautiful blending of their yellow and white bodies with their red roofs, and the mountains behind them, to the naked eye, looked like they were all covered with green and blue velvet. Through our glasses, though, we could see that this velvet was sugar-cane, orange and lemon trees, grapevines, bananas, and a great variety of other strange fruits and flowers of the most brilliant hues, including everything of the finest varieties known to our hot houses in America, and roses and callas and japonicas and carnations and tulips, all in a perfection that we, of Kentucky, could hardly realize, and all growing out of doors just as naturally as Dog Fennel grows in the famous political country precinct in which I live, and from which the precinct gets its name.

This island is also famous for its lace and for its manufacture of all kinds of basket work known to the world, including large armed chairs into the backs of which were wrought deftly, in cane and wicker, the letters and figures "Madeira, 1903." These chairs were brought out by the boat load and sold for a mere song to the Cookies. At our dinner table at 7 o'clock on the Moltke a lady had brought by a steward a pretty basket filled with flowers that, in **Lexington**, would have cost \$15. She gave six cents for the basket and the flowers.

A stream of exquisitely colored little boats, with Turkish rugs over their seats landed the whole 446 of us in a half hour after breakfast.

I heard through the night, when I occasionally waked, a strange kind of a noise on the shore, and I soon found what the noise was. It was made by the sea rolling miles of pebbles up on the shore, as each wave would come in and then the pebbles will roll back, by their own gravity as the waves recede. Thousands of tons of these pebbles are about two inches long, an inch broad, and a half inch thick, and are oval on each end, and all the miles of

streets and side walks in Funchal are made by sticking these pebbles on their edges into a cement that is made of the material, as fine as flour, that comes from the wearing of the pebbles for ages as they roll in the edge of the sea. The pavement thus made is as hard as flint, in fact is flint, and seems to be absolutely indestructible. The side-walks are not more than four feet wide but they are laid with different colored pebble designs, but they are so smooth that you have to be careful not to fall on them when you go down hill, and so the side-walks and the streets are both corrugated into little waving steps, on all hills, so that neither man nor beast is so liable to slip.

These pebbles are as smooth as glass and so hard that no friction of iron against them wears them in the least, and this fact accounts for the vehicles that they have in Funchal that are different from anything else in the world. I had known that all carriages and wagons in Funchal run all the time on sled runners though there never was any snow there, and that they were all drawn by oxen, but I had supposed they were dragged on the sand, or on the dirt just by main force of the oxen; but it is nothing of that sort. Their carriage bodies are like our open summer carriages and have springs on them, but instead of having wheels the springs are fastened to sleigh runners that are shod with iron. The streets are very perfectly and evenly made and these sleigh runners go over those streets with no more friction than they would over the snow in our Northern United States. Each carriage carries four persons and has a man and a boy running on foot as no people in this country can run, and as is astonishing in the Orient where there are men whose daily business it is to run fast for miles without stopping. Each one of these carriages has on its front—the carriage bodies being low, so that you step into them easily from the ground—a box containing a strong cloth saturated with a heavy oil. The streets are easily kept perfectly clean, there being absolutely nothing to make any dust or mud. In every two or three miles drive the boy will get out that saturated cloth and throw it down, without stopping the carriage so that one runner of the carriage will slide over it, and then pick it up and throw it so that the other runner will slide over it and thus the runners are kept oiled and what rubs off of them goes to oil the streets, and no rain can wash it off.

The cattle that pull these carriages do not have to be shod. The ridges between the pebbles keep their feet from slipping and do not hurt them. They are not at all like our cattle. Ours are bred for their beef qualities and these are bred for their traveling qualities just as our Kentucky horses are. The Funchal oxen are a

half foot taller than any but our largest cattle, and their bodies are sinewy and compact and their legs muscular like our horses. They are much more intelligent, naturally, than our oxen, and walk as fast as a man can trot, and sometimes when there is rivalry between the drivers the oxen trot like our horses, and the men run. They are not guided in any way further than to follow the boy who runs ahead of them. I never saw any of them beaten by their owners, and I was glad to see, every where, on our tour, the officers of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and I am sorry to say that the only people that I saw who wanted horses whipped to make them go faster were the Cookies with whom I was traveling. Nearly always through preference, because I could see better and because nobody else wanted the seat, I rode up on the box with the driver and I frequently caught their whips and would not let them use them on the horses, though parties in the carriage were yelling at them to go faster.

Of course I could not talk to these drivers in the Greek, Latin Arabic and other outlandish languages that they talked, and I always had to have a dispute with them to get up on that front seat with them, but they were always satisfied when they understood that I really preferred it.

We landed in the small boats on the end of a long break-water, on the top of which was one of the pebbled streets and long rows of "bullock sleighs" in waiting. Close by were the remains of an ancient building that in the construction of the break-water had partly been demolished so that its whole interior could be seen to be filled with cells. A guide who spoke good English said to me, "That is a place where the Catholics used to imprison people and keep them until they died." The church, in its earlier propagandism, had some arguments that were hard to beat, and that old prison, honey-combed with little graves into which people were put while they were alive, to forestall any possibility of their not having Christian burial, is now the battered relic of an ancient theological argument.

In the town we found that all freight was easily transported by laying a broad thick plank, with the under edge of its front end beveled up so that it would slide over the pebbles and two oxen would pull as large a load on that plank over those streets as two horses could pull on a fine Kentucky turnpike. There was running down the middle of the town a ravine twenty-five feet deep that was neatly and substantially walled on each side by fine stone masonry. Down in the bottom of this ravine, or canal, there was a stream of pretty, clear, pure water all through which were large stones that were smooth by nature, and on these stones there were

hundreds of women and men washing their clothes and cleaning great big fish or eels, I could not tell which, as they were different from anything I ever saw. There was so much nice water and it was so swift that nobody seemed to interfere with anybody else. The clothes were soon washed clean and spread out on the clean white hot pebbles on the sides of the canal and a few pebbles laid on them to keep them from blowing away, and, they would be dry in a few minutes. It was the only time I had ever seen poetry and romance introduced into the laundry business. The women seemed to know nothing of the hardship of the woman in the wash tub in America. The street all along, on each side, had, growing out of the pebbled pavements large and beautiful trees that looked more like our sycamores than any other trees that I know of in America.

The main two attractions of Funchal are the funicular railway that goes up onto a mountain that is 1,400 feet high and gives the finest view of the country and of its fruits and flowers but I did not see it because a trip up it costs \$2. The other attraction of the town is the Cassino, the gambling place. I did not go into that because it cost twenty-five cents, and because I knew it was a small affair as compared with Monte Carlo that I was to see to the finest advantage.

Nearly all the Cookies spent most of their time in the island up that mountain and at the Cassino. I was with two Cookies wandering around the town and looking at any strange thing we might see, when I came to a large iron gate through which we could look into elegant grounds and see a fine large building. As soon as we looked through, an old lady who was sitting there came and opened the gate for us and assuming that we could not understand each other in language, motioned to us to go up to the building. We did so, and found that it was a combination of hospital and school managed by the Catholics. One of the lady managers who could speak good English, came to see us and most kindly conducted us through everything and spared no pains in explaining everything to us. The writing and drawing of little children was, by far, the most remarkable thing of the kind I ever saw. One of my companions paid a little fellow handsomely, for his copy book, by the consent of the teacher, to take home with him as a curiosity. I looked out of a window and saw two men cutting into pieces, with large knives, banana plants that were six inches in diameter, and feeding the cows on them. It is the main food of their cows and they love it more than anything and thrive on it.

In the grounds of that building there were wonderful trees some of which were full of flowers, and there were summer houses,

each of which would be covered by a single rose bush the body of which would be about four inches in diameter, and which I supposed might be a hundred years old, and on that bush would be one thousand roses, any one of which would sell in Lexington for fifty cents, and you could pull as many flowers as you wanted. The town was full of shops that sold its famous wine, but I never saw anybody drunk, except one chronically drunk, rich young man, that we brought along with us on the Moltke, whose mother was traveling with him to cure his drunkenness and who regularly drank wine with him at the table.

That mother with that young fellow reminded me of old Mrs. Maloney of the Irish Catholic persuasion in Lexington. She had a son at the Catholic school that was so inordinately profane that the priest came to see Mrs. Maloney about it, and when the priest told her she said, "Well, Jasus Christ, where in the divil did that boy learn to swear!"

Clear on to the end of our tour there were Cookies who said that Funchal was the nicest place they had seen, and I think, myself, that they were the happiest looking people I ever saw, but I think we were more impressed by the beauty and pleasure of the place because it was the first land we had seen for so long and because our appetites for sight seeing were then very sharp.

On February 14th, Saint Valentine's day, and my first and only wedding day—that is, up to date—we were sailing away from Madeira, and I spent much of my time thinking about my wife, away off across the ocean, and I said to myself that that getting married thirty-eight years ago that day was one of the things of my life that I would do over again if I had to live life over again. I believe that under ordinarily favorable circumstances matrimony is a success for men, but I doubt if it is for women.

Gibraltar, the next place we were to see, was 618 miles off and Africa was in sight, across the strait, from there, and I spent much time wondering how those two places would tally, when I came to see them, with what I had imagined about them from the time I was a small boy. I had heard in college speeches and in political campaign speeches and in editorials about Gibraltar as an emblem of strength and impregnability, and I had sung in the hymn book about

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand,"

and in later days had read about "Darkest Africa."

We got into the harbor at Gibraltar Saturday night, and when I got up at five o'clock, Sunday morning, and looked out there was

Gibraltar, a good deal like I had expected to see it. It sticks up out of the water 1,400 feet high. While I was looking at it I saw a flash on top of it and then heard the roar of a big cannon as a signal to the soldiers. I had expected to see in different parts of the rock the port holes from which the cannon in the rock could be fired but, with the exception of a half dozen irregularly shaped holes that looked like they might have been natural I saw no places from which cannon could be fired and yet there are four thousand large cannon hidden there somewhere and I suppose that if the combined navies of the world were to attempt to pass that rock into the Mediterranean sea, the guns in that great rock could destroy them all. There are small trees, probably evergreens, growing in the crevices over a great part of the great rock and I suppose they are arranged to hide the openings through which the cannon would be fired from the two miles of tunnels that are cut high up in the rock. The rock seems to be about two miles long and there is a pretty town built all along the foot of it. We were landed in the town and started out to see it. It was Sunday but that seemed to make no difference in the business of the place. From that on until we got back there from the Orient we had three Sabbaths each week; Friday for the Mohammedans, Saturday for the Jews and Sunday for the Christians, and the Cookies, like everybody that we saw everywhere else, compromised by not having any Sabbath. That was the first place I had seen any Mohammedans on their native soil. The first I saw were engaged butchering something that looked like dogs but proved to be the peculiar looking kids of that country. Others were engaged in killing and picking chickens. Their expertness in this was the most heartless brutality I ever saw but was marvelous. One of them would pick up a chicken and kill it, and pick the feathers off of it dry, as soon as a Kentucky negro, in the days before we had corn shellers, could pick up a year of corn and shell it. Their market was open and full of people selling and buying the finest of meats, fish, vegetables and fruits. I saw here, as I did everywhere else on the tour, cauliflowers that were ten inches in diameter and having in them three or four times as much as the finest I ever saw in America. I had heard all my life about the immense number of monkeys that there were at Gibraltar and expected to find them in such numbers as I would find Maltese cats at Malta and dogs at Constantinople. I never saw a monkey at Gibraltar nor a cat of any kind at Malta, but the dogs at Constantinople materialized in numbers to compensate for any shortage in Gibraltar monkeys and Malta cats that I thought the Cooks were under contract to show me.

We walked up through the town or rode in carriages, our party

being something large enough to call out the citizens to look at. I think it was the largest party that ever took a pleasure excursion to the Orient from America. In old times they used to get up little pleasure excursions of three or four million people in each to go from Europe to see the things that we saw in Palestine, but they didn't have the Cooks to manage the tour for them and the Mohammedans killed all that did not starve on the way there, so that none of those excursions ever had the trouble of coming back again. If the Indians in this country had killed all of that picnic party that came over here on the Mayflower it would have been much better for this country. All religious migrations are as dangerous to the public morals as camp-meetings are.

We saw for the first time at Gibraltar what we saw everywhere else through the whole tour, herds of goats to be milked. In America the William goat seems to be in the majority, in our little herds of our little goats that can be salted down in their own horns. All up and down both sides of the Mediterranean the female goat is most in evidence, those of masculine predilections mostly dying by the knife of the butcher in their kidhood. The goats that they milk are two or three times as large as our Kentucky goats and their milking apparatus is as large as that of an Alderney cow.

The goat milkman is always a woman and instead of doing all her milking at home and bringing all the milk to market in a wagon, she makes each goat carry its own milk to market, and this suits the customer too, for he can see that a great part of the milk does not come out of the pump as is the case in America.

The only thing I saw in Gibraltar that looked like religion was a gang of three street preachers that looked like stray Salvation Army people who had a congregation of about seven people, and they were giving out a hymn two lines at a time like the old fashioned way in Kentucky, except that it was in some kind of an outlandish language. The preachers looked awfully lonesome. I don't think the Gibraltar peculiarities of Gibraltar extend to its religion.

We came to a beautiful place where there was a large collection of men who had "sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" and had gotten planted for their pains, and a fine collection of monuments with highly eulogistic things on them had been chiseled on these monuments and I remembered that Solomon had said, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The honors of a soldier's life are too much like life insurance; the parties of the first part never live to see the returns. We went on and came into some beautiful gardens with strange trees and flowers that I had never seen before, and statuary and fountains and strange things and some big cannon along at different points.

Tommy Atkins was much in evidence, both in full dress and arms and in his dude undress with a collar box tied over his left ear with a string and a little stick switching about in his hand, and looking just about as much like a soldier as "Mr. Merryman" in a circus.

I saw the bar-rooms wide open on Sunday and priests buying in the shops.

They told me there that during our Revolutionary war with the English, six hundred soldiers defended Gibraltar for two years against 45,000 French soldiers. I want to say, in this connection, that as a historian in this book, I only engage to tell things just as I saw them and heard them, and if anybody does not like it, he, or she, may lump it, or read in connection herewith any other history that may suit their tastes.

About three thousand people warned me, before I started, not to write a book based on the statements of Baedaker's guide books, and for the satisfaction of all such people I will here say that I never read a page of Baedaker in my life. I did not do it on this tour, first because I could not spare the money to buy one, secondly, because I did not have time to read him and thirdly because I was not inclined any way. Regarding any conflict, therefore, between other historians and myself as to the things about which I shall herein depose, I will say that that part of the reading public that honors me with a perusal of these affidavits must lay the responsibility wherever they think it belongs, remembering that in history, as in everything else, the biggest liars in the world are those who most strenuously assert their own veracity.

Those six hundred soldiers during those two years of seige, I suppose, lived on rock just as I saw camels and scarabs and Arabs—I give them in the order of their respectability—living on sand in the desert of Sahara. It is good to have plenty of sand in one's craw, and whatever may have been true of their first course they always had plenty of desert in the wind up.

I am a candid man, though my candor has, many times, led me into trouble and into some places where they very carefully locked the doors behind me, and the government of the United States and I have not always been entirely congruial in our views of things. But I have this to say; ever since our civil war, which ended in 1864, I have never seen anything that inspired in me any feeling of special loyalty to this country except to go and see somebody else's country, and barring a few instances in which I have been in Canada, I have never been out of this country except once to Europe immediately after our civil war, and then again on my late pilgrimage.

I will therefore say this to my own government, I have carefully examined Gibraltar, and I would not advise our people to send some man like Dewey there, and take the place away from the English. It would require some outlay of money and several weeks of time and would involve some loss of life, and it might be necessary to dynamite the whole rock, and thus largely destroy its interest as a stopping place for Cooks' tours, which already have an abundance of ruins in their itineraries.

I saw, as we came into New York harbor, where the Yankees, as a kind of "memento mori" to the balance of the world had stuck, up on the shore, a big steel plate about a foot thick, and then sailed one of their war ships out into the ocean three or four miles and shot out a bull's eye about as big as the head of a Kentucky whisky barrel and perforated that plate all around that bull's eye until it looked like a pepper-box for some great American pepper trust, and I have thought that, simply as an advertisement, it might be a good thing for our war ships, which we saw in every port in the Mediterranean, to make up a little party, some time, and shoot all the top off of Gibraltar as they come by, but I simply make it as a suggestion to our Secretary of the Navy.

From Gibraltar it took two trains to carry our party to Grenada to see the Alhambra principally. The trains there are on the English plan as is true of all trains except in America where we have the right plan. Their railway coaches are for eight people each, half of whom have to ride backward.

I got into one of these coaches with the Prof. Harrison, with whom I subsequently had the unpleasantness about a previous unpleasantness between Jonah and the whale, in which the whale got Jonah down but could not hold him down—"it's hard to keep a good man down"—and had to throw up his job. Prof. Harrison's wife and little son and two other ladies and two other men were in that coach, and, there and then, was the only time that I was mad enough to feel like fighting, any time on the whole tour, but, even if I got whipped, I was wrought up to the pitch of scoring one for old Kentucky, and I estimated that it alone would make me at least one thousand subscribers for this book. I never learned the name of either of the two last mentioned men, though I identified the meaner of the two, if there can be any difference in rotten potatoes, clear on until he left the Moltke at Villefranche on our return tour. Of course I did and said bad things, my full share of them, but I do not consider that I owe any apology to the Cookies on that cruise for anything, except that I did not smash the pug nose of one of those two fellows with my fist. He was from Chicago and was, so I was told, engaged in some kind of a dynamite fac-

tory. He had a stiff little moustache that stuck out of his lip something like a combination of the hairs on the upper lip of a Tom cat, and a couple of bunches out of a second-hand blacking brush. He said he and his friend were going to smoke in that coach. His companion never said anything but only acquiesced in what he of the blacking-brush moustache said, and the dynamite fiend pointed to a big card pasted on the window only that day, which said in plain English, "smoker." In a little while, however, somebody tore down all those cards because it was next to impossible to arrange for smoking privileges for all. I said to the combination of dynamite and blacking-brush, that though I was an old man and tobacco smoke made me sick, I waived all my right to ask him, as a gentleman not to smoke, but that, in the name of all the ladies present and of Prof. Harrison, who was a man in delicate health, and also easily sickened by tobacco smoke, I protested against his smoking in there. I further said to him, "I would rather see one of my sons dead than to see him guilty of such ill manners as you are exhibiting here." But he was, morally, a regular pachyderm and my remarks would have had as much effect up a rhinoceros and more upon an Upper Nile hippopotamus that had had the advantage of some training in a well regulated zoological garden. I shall always feel that it was a feather out of my cap that I did not whip that fellow, but shall indulge the hope of hearing, some day, that he was blown to the devil by his own dynamite factory.

We all vacated the coach and left him and his chum in full possession.

But you know who it is that "takes care of his own." I struck out to find another coach to ride in, though they all seemed to be full, and got into one, where I found a good seat, and became acquainted with my subsequent good friends Mr. and Mrs. Copelin. She and I harmonized on theology but he was a little more prudent. I had forgotten to get my lunch basket, one of which was provided, at the expense of the Cooks, as always, for each of the party, but Mr. and Mrs. Copelin had one each and divided with me and Mrs. Harrison divided hers with me, and then, at a station, they handed me in a nice warm lunch, because I had forgotten my basket, and Mrs. Copelin spread open her box of fine bonbons, and, peeled oranges and tangerines and mandarins for me and, altogether, I had enough for four men to eat, and a lot more to give to beggars, who had heard of the coming of our great company and had come for miles to see the trains as they stopped to let us get out a few minutes, and exercise at each station.

All along the road I found myself the observed of all observers

on account of my long and heavy hair and beard, as the people of that country seemed never to have seen anything of the kind before. Men, women and children, would stop and gaze at me, and all of the children and many of the older people would laugh and, on this account I attracted even more attention in Grenada. Beggars, and especially children beggars, are as thick in Grenada as the flies in Egypt, at which latter place the flies have been doing business at the same old stand just like they did when Moses and the magicians brought them there to worry Pharaoh.

At Grenada the children swarmed around me to combine begging and looking at my hair. I pulled off my steamer cap and exhibited my curls to them and then passed around my cap for compensation. I could not speak their language but they saw the joke p. d. q. and laughed, but did not pitch in any money.

My capillary attraction was the means of my getting to see more pretty women than any other forty men on the cruise. The women would get in groups and stand and gaze square at me. When it was a good looking group, as was true in an astonishingly large number of cases, I would look at them, but would not bother myself about them when they were not pretty. And now I am going to be candid, though I have to be ungallant to do so. I saw more pretty women on that tour than I had ever seen in all the balance of my life up to that time. I will not vouch for the goodness of all of them, especially at Cairo and Monte Carlo, but they certainly were pretty. Going from Gibraltar to Grenada, though it was on Sunday, the fields were full of men and women plowing and digging and doing every kind of farm labor, always plowing oxen. I saw 1,000,000 acres of olive trees. They look more like our big old apple trees than anything else. Almond trees were planted all along each side of the railroad, and were full of bloom that looked like our peach trees. The plows that we saw were like all those we saw in the Orient— a fork of a tree with a long slim piece of iron on it and no mould board, and only one handle, and the plowman walking along by the side of his plow instead of behind it as we do, and yet, strange to say, they did pretty good plowing. The plow would have a tongue to it twelve feet long, and the yoke was simply a round straight pole, ten feet long with two pegs in each end that went down on each side of the necks of the oxen.

The only kind of fence I saw was made of cactus of the maguey variety. They grow about six feet high and are armed with a thorn so long and so sharp on the end of each of the big stiff leaves, that no man, or animal as large as a goat could possibly get through one. Some of these fences looked like they were a hun-

dred years old. A very common industry all along the mountainous part of the road to Grenada, which was about half of it, was getting cork. The trees grow to be about two feet in diameter and the bark, which seemed to come off easily, was taken off in slabs about three feet long and fifteen inches wide, the bark being about three inches thick. It was stacked up like cord wood and there seemed to be enough to make corks for the whole world. I think the bark was taken off entirely around each tree and it seemed that the bark would grow back again on the parts from which it had been taken. There were orange trees and lemon trees, all as full of fruit as they could hang, and many varieties of trees that I had never seen before and many and beautiful wild flowers. I saw twelve plows, with two oxen each, plowing in one field of four acres, and in some fields there would be lines of from ten to twenty men digging up the whole field instead of plowing it. Olive trees seemed to grow in almost every place, even where the ground was cultivated in other things. These olive trees grew all over the fertile valleys and up over the mountains that seemed to be almost solid stone and would not grow anything else, and they seemed to cover at least one-half of the surface of the earth for the average of ten miles that we could see on each side of the railroad. These trees were being trimmed and the twigs, with the leaves on them, were bound into bundles as we bind wheat or oats and were packed on the backs of little donkeys and put away to be fed to donkeys and goats and sheep. The sheep were singular in appearance. Certain parts of the body of each sheep were liver colored and the balance white, and they had long ears that hung straight down like the ears of hounds. People who had never seen any but that kind of sheep could not appreciate the poetry about the sheep of "Little Bopeep;

"Let them alone and they'll all come home,
With their little bob-tails behind them."

The tails of sheep from Spain where we first saw them and clear on through several of the countries we visited, and especially in Asia Minor, Turkey and Palestine, were very strange things, and the tail seemed to be the choice part of the sheep all of which were very fat in market. The tails had wool growing over them as over the balance of the body and a sheep's tail, after being dressed for market was a piece of flesh about six inches square and two or three inches thick. There was not, growing on any of these anything like the tail of an American sheep except one variety of them that I saw at Jerusalem that might be said to have three tails. Two of these tails were great hunks of fat, the two weighing

about five pounds and from the end of them, where they were joined at the bottom, there hung something like the sheep's tail that we have in America.

The measurement of exceedingly small spaces of time by the shakes of a sheep's tail, that was common among the Kentucky negroes, in the ante-bellum times was not practical of these foreign sheep, but the phenomenon known as the "tail wagging the dog," seemed almost possible of these sheep.

Traveling through those mountains that were made of material that seemed to be as hard as granite, I saw the effects of running water that gave me some conception of the age of the earth that did not seem to tally with the Mosaic cosmogony. There was a stream of water that seemed to have worn its way for one thousand feet down into the solid rock, under such circumstances that it seemed to me must have required 100,000 years to do it.

About the first half of the distance from Gibraltar to Grenada is of this wild mountainous country and I wondered what there could have been in it to excite the cupidity of the Mohammedans when they came there and captured it and built Grenada and the Alhambra, but the latter half of the ride, as we approached Grenada was through country so beautiful and so fertile that it was easy to see why they wanted it.

All through that mountainous part of the country I saw the "castles in Spain," of the proverb that I had heard from my childhood. I suppose I saw as many as one hundred of them, but they were generally so far off and so high upon the mountains that it was hard to see any more of them than that there was a high round tower in the middle and a high stone wall all around and that they were generally in ruins.

It was evident why such sites were selected for building these castles. They were to protect their owners from their enemies. They would find places up on the steep mountains that were inaccessible except by some one narrow passage that was easily defensible, and all the material for building which was scarcely anything but hewn stone, and mortar would be carried up this one path, by immense labor, and the castle built on the top, and much labor was expended, ever afterward, in bringing food and water and fuel from the plains below, to provide for the owner of the castle and his family and his retainers. It is almost certain that the first house built in Jerusalem was a castle of this kind situated upon some almost inaccessible hill.

As we approached Grenada I saw the Sierra Nevada mountains the first perennially snow covered mountains I had ever seen. They were twenty miles off, but the air was so clear and the moun-

tains so white that through good Brother Buchagnani's fine opera glasses I could see these mountains as if they were not more than a mile away. I found that my conception of perennially snow covered mountains had been quite different from what I now saw them. I had always imagined that there would be snow here and there with rocks and trees and barren places appearing in the snow, but here was the mountain chain stretching off to a distance greater than I could see, even through the glasses, and for some thousands of feet down their sides there was absolutely nothing in sight except snow upon which no possible foreign substance could fall and it looked like it might be from one hundred to five hundred feet deep and that no foot of man or animal could cross any part of those miles and miles of snow without sinking into their depths to be lost without any possible recovery.

Grenada is called the city of fountains, and it is from the melting of the snows on these mountains that the streams flow that supply the water for these famous fountains all of which is perfectly clear and pure and almost ice cold. Grenada is a beautiful city of 135,000 inhabitants, the town all being in yellow and white, stone or concrete, the streets being broad and regular and finely paved. The residences had large grated iron doors through which many very beautiful women, with black eyes and heavy black hair, and beautiful complexions looked at the Cookies passing in groups, some in Cooks' carriages and some on foot. All men and boys had on cloaks that came down to their heels and no women wore anything on their heads even on the streets. There is a saying in Grenada that "Columbus discovered America, but Washington Irving discovered the Alhambra," and our American Washington Irving is known in Grenada almost like we know Columbus in America, because it was his book about the Alhambra that caused so many people to go to see it, that Grenada now gets a great part of its living from visitors to the Alhambra.

Alhambra is really two words and was originally written Al Hambra, meaning, in Arabic, The Yellow, from the color of the stone in the building on the same principle that we call the President's mansion in Washington, The White House. The word Al means "the," and is the same that we have in algebra and in alchemy, of which sciences the Turks were the discoverers and patrons.

I had read Washington Irving from my boyhood, greatly admired him, and had made up my mind as to how the Alhambra looked but found it on an immensely more extensive scale than I had anticipated. I had had the impression that over the first door entering it I would find the famous hand extended toward the key

both of which are cut in the key stone of an arch over a passway and of which so much has been said regarding the significance of the design, the interpretations being various and many. I had always understood it to be that the Saracen builders of the Alhambra meant by this to say to the world that its enemies would capture that palace and fortress and place of worship, as it is all combined, only when that stone hand would be able to reach further and grasp that stone key; and that, to me, still sounds more Saracenic than any other interpretation of it that I have heard, though there are others who say it represents the hand of Allah giving the key of heaven to Mohammed, somewhat like Jesus is represented as giving the keys to Peter. At any rate, though I looked carefully over many gates and doors in the Alhambra I did not find it, heard no guide allude to it, and afterward could find only a few Cookies who had seen it. I saw one very large gateway on the key stone of the arch of which was a rude outline of a hand with the front finger pointing upward.

The only thing about the Alhambra, the anticipated beauty of which fell below my anticipation, was the fountain in the famous "court of lions," formed by twelve lions standing in a circle with their tails inside and heads outside and holding upon the hind part of the backs a large marble basin. I have seen very much more natural looking lions in a fifty cent circus and even Duchailieu does not say that it is the custom of lions, in their wild state, to stand, in this manner, and hold large basins up on their tails. They are hard looking lions, but we might expect this as they are made of alabaster.

Mr. Saxe would call any one of them

"as awful a lion
As you ever set eye on."

About thirty feet from this fountain is a basin about fifteen feet in diameter, from the bottom of which runs an open gutter cut in the stone down to the fountain of lions. Over the edge of this big basin the necks of the last thirty-six of the Saracen Kings were stretched by their Christian captors and their heads were cut off, the blood running down that gutter and being washed off by the fountain. The whole thirty-six died in consequence, and their only subsequent efficiency as propagandists of Mohammedanism was on the principle that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The greatest misfortune that ever befell Europe was the expulsion of Saracens from Spain. The Saracens had in Grenada and Cordova a civilization that was equal to the best in London and Paris today, when London and Paris were in a condi-

tion as miserable as Jerusalem is today. Charles Martel drove them out of Spain. He could not frighten them by killing them, for they thought they were going to Mohammed as soon as they died, but when Charles Martel captured three or four thousand of them and baptized them by force, into the Christian religion, they thought the devil would be sure to get them then and it so frightened them that they gladly fled from the country.

The Alhambra is on a hill several hundred feet above the level of the city of Grenada, and the wall that encloses the Alhambra and its grounds encloses probably fifty acres. This wall is about forty feet high and is built of a combination of stone and brick. The bricks are about fifteen inches square and one and one-half inches thick and the mortar between the bricks is as thick as the bricks and is very hard.

We were taken in a long procession in carriages provided by the Cooks, with a guide for about each twenty-five of the party, through the great gateway that formed the only entrance into the grounds of the Alhambra and up to the gates of the elegant gardens of the Alhambra, and the carriages waited there until our return and we walked through the gardens to the buildings. The carriage road inside of the Alhambra gate was like many that we subsequently saw for climbing hills. The road was beautifully constructed of stone and with a clear stream of water running down each side, and zigzagged from side to side of the hill so as to ascend it by easy grades. There were thousands of trees growing on the ground through which this passed, all of them being very tall, about eighteen inches in diameter and of uniform size to the top, and with no branches except on the top and somewhat resembling our poplars. There are some hundreds of rooms and halls and courts and passages in the Alhambra, of many various sizes and shapes, the largest rooms being about fifty feet square. Among these are elaborate rooms for bathing which constitute a prominent part of much of the ancient architecture that we saw everywhere. I would say, from guessing, that the buildings of the Alhambra cover as much as five acres. Its main interest is on the ground floor, only family rooms and bed rooms being in the second story and the building having, in any part, not more than two stories. A most striking feature of the architecture of the Alhambra is the large segmental arches that hold up the superstructure of the building, the bases of the arches resting upon columns that are made so small that it is surprising that they stand at all. This seems to have been intended as one of the striking architectural effects of the buildings, and I wondered, when, I subsequently saw the banyan trees in the Orient that send down their slim supports,

if this Saracen idea of architecture was not gotten from that strange tree. These columns are made of alabaster and are not of more than eight inches in diameter and about ten feet high. It would seem that some vandal might take a big hammer and create immense ruin by breaking one of these columns, but their impunity seems to have been attributable to the evident fact that nobody could break one without being killed under the ruin that would fall.

The most wonderful feature of the whole building is the immense amount of delicate tracery that is everywhere over the inner walls of the buildings, almost as fine as the lace of a fine window curtain. It is impossible to tell from examination whether these walls are of natural stone or of some kind of composition that was once soft. This tracery on these walls, if spread out on one surface, would cover several acres, and there is so much of it that one gets the impression that it was made with stamps when the material of the walls was soft, but that theory seems to be contradicted by the fact that, all the way through this tracery, there is most exquisitely done, so much from the Koran, that it would seem that nearly the whole Koran is printed on those walls, and to make stamps for all of that would be as great a labor as to chisel it in the walls. Thousands, or millions rather, of the leaves and flowers in the ornamentation that completely covers an immense area of these walls, are not larger than a ten cent piece, and yet they have all been painted in many different bright colors almost as perfectly as a piece of hand painted china, and the colors are preserved to this day, as we could hardly conceive of any of our modern colors being.

The Moors had possession of Grenada from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1490, and began the building of the Alhambra in 1248. The finest room in the building, or buildings, was devoted to religion and, of course, all decorated in consonance with the Mohammedan religion, but the Christians on getting possession of it, exercised their usual assiduity and asininity in such cases and so far remodeled that room for the purposes of Christian worship as to make an incongruous hotch-potch that is farcical. Over the altar is a picture of the Virgin Mary and the first of her seven children (see Mat. xiii: 56 and Mark vi: 3) that would make any enemy of the Christian religion who had any taste for art, feel like prosecuting the perpetrator of that picture for libel by caricature. There is also over the altar a picture of a scene in which appears the star of Bethlehem from which there are rays supposed to point in the direction of Bethlehem. The artist's idea of that star seems to have been that it was about four times as big as the moon and he

has made, in gold leaf, an ideal of that star that seems to combine all the salient features of an illuminated Chinese kite, a streak of lightning and a sky-rocket.

In a large open court of the Alhambra Charles V began the building of a palace which was nearly completed and then abandoned, and there were workmen shoring up parts of it to keep it from falling. In the center of this unfinished palace is a round court of about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter around which is an elegant circular portico or veranda, held up on probably as many as one hundred handsome stone pillars, and all the rooms of the house in the second story open out upon this veranda.

In Grenada there is a magnificent cathedral in which Ferdinand and Isabella are buried. On the pavement of the first floor of this cathedral is a rich mausoleum in alabaster, on the top of which, in heroic proportions, in alabaster, lie, side by side the effigies of the two distinguished persons who furnished to Columbus the money that enabled him to find America. Down under this elegant monument there is a crypt in which are the sarcophagi that hold the remains of the famous couple. I crowded, with many others, down into the crypt. On a tour of this kind living dignitaries draw pretty well, but cannot compete with the dead ones. We found people in Egypt who probably had not lived very exemplary lives before they began to pose as mummies, but they assumed great respectability to us simply because they had been dead four or five thousand years.

Climbing up the hill, after we had left the carriages at the Alhambra, I gave my arm to a curly headed young woman from Canada. The ubiquitous souvenir shop was running full blast at the Alhambra, and my lady companion, having bought more trinkets and trumpery than her own pockets would hold, asked if she might store away some of them in my pockets, and of course, I assented. Among this collection in my pockets was a gallant swain of the Spanish persuasion, plunking a guitar, and all done up in some very brittle material. In going down into that crypt to assure myself, as far as possible, that Ferdinand and Isabella were both certainly dead, that gay guitar plunker happening to be in my side pocket, was ruthlessly forced up against a lot of whalebone and steel springs with which a rich widow of uncertain summers was trying to contract the rather too luxuriant dimensions of the upper part of her anatomy, and when, subsequently, I came to unload myself of the belongings of my curly headed companion from Canada, the guitar plunker was minus his right arm like old Major Vignos, and the hitherto sunny face of the young woman from Canada clouded. Moral: when you go into the public carry-

ing business take out a license and charge enough to pay for break-ages.

On the 17th day of February we sailed away from Gibraltar to stop next time at Algiers in Africa, 410 miles away. I spent a good part of my time trying to realize that I was on the Mediterranean sea. One sea looks just as big as any other when you are out of sight of land, and the waves on the Mediterranean were just as large as those on the Atlantic. Along much of the run we could see the coast of Africa. My impressions of Africa had always been that it was all flat and level, but here were long chains of mountains. I had from childhood, sung the lines

“Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand,”

And I had always thought that the “golden sands” meant those of the Pactolean variety, and necessarily alluded to the gold in them, but I now found that it was because the sands were precisely the color of gold, and, though I could not see the “sunny fountains,” I could tell from the rows of verdure that ran through the sands that they were caused by the “sunny fountains,” and I thought what a change had come over the spirit of my dreams since they sang that hymn at my ordination to the ministry.

From my boyhood when I used to make little ships out of shingles and sail them on Elkhorn creek, I had read the beautiful story of “Jumbo and Zairie,” two little negroes stolen by slave ships from Africa, and I had believed that some time I would be in Africa and I had pictured to myself the thrilling sensation that I would experience when, for the first time, I would step out upon the almost uninhabited flat shore of that country, and, in the same way, there was along the banks of that same Elkhorn creek a place which, in reading the New Testament and thinking about it, much of which I did, I had always connected with the story of Jesus finding his disciples on the sea of Galilee and the catching of the immense number of fishes, and there was a large sycamore tree up on the hill, the last of which only disappeared while I was on this tour that I always connected with the story of Zaccheus climbing the sycamore tree to see Jesus, and in our garden not far from our grave-yard, near a row of raspberry bushes, was, in my imagination, the place where Lazarus was raised from the dead, and these things had so grown through all the years of my life that I never had entirely disassociated them with my reading and hearing about those places, and now, when the shores of Africa were in sight I was trying, for my own entertainment, to keep in my mind those early impressions of Africa, just to realize how different they

were from the impressions that were now being forced upon me by what I was actually seeing before me. I said to myself, "All things come to those who wait," if they wait long enough.

As the event proved I had been in Algiers long enough to walk in that city, called "the Paris of Africa," a considerable distance, before I thought of my being in Africa, at all.

Everybody has heard about the beauty of the bay of Naples, and "see Naples and die," but I found it no more beautiful than the fairy like bay and city of Algiers in "darkest Africa," the misery and destitution and unhappiness of which had so often been depicted to me from the pulpit and the religious press by those whose graft it was to raise money to send missionaries there to Christianize and civilize those people. The finest preacher in the State of Kentucky sent to Algiers to convert the Mohammedans in that city would not cut half as much ice as any one of thousands of Mohammedans who might come from Algiers to Lexington and declaim against the Christian religion by pointing to the saloons and distilleries and big brewery of Lexington, and then show us, from our own newspapers, the misery and crime that are in our midst from the use of liquor, which no Mohammedan will touch, and such a teacher would read to us from their Koran, how Mohammed warned them against liquor and then read to us, from our Bible, that the first miracle of Jesus was to make wine.

The one great eye-sore and heart-sore to the beauty of the bay of Algiers, as was true of all the other beautiful bays that we saw everywhere, was the great collection of warships that belonged to the countries that worship the Prince of Peace and that lie there watching each other to kill and rob whenever an opportunity presents itself. The only thing that keeps the Christian religion from being ludicrous is the crime and ignorance and outrage of all common sense and justice that are practiced in its name.

Algiers is built on the side of a mountain that slopes back gradually and it has a population of 180,000. The site of the city is so steep that the streets have to zigzag to get up the mountains as I have described at the Alhambra, but there are streets for foot passengers only that cross these zigzag streets and go straight up the mountain on steps.

Coming down to the bay, there is a very singular and beautiful structure a mile or more in length that is built of white stone or marble, and that is four hundred feet broad. It forms a zigzag stairway built up on arches, of which there are some hundreds, and up this series of inclined plains, which are a beautiful road, all sorts of vehicles go, while there are nice side-walks on each side of it, and every arch forms a beautiful store room in which a great

variety of things are sold. Most of foot travelers, however, go from the quay up into the city on great flights of marble steps, thirty or forty feet wide, with various landing places on them where you may stop to rest. In the city all of the side-walks are very wide and are all under the buildings that are built out high above and over them, and are supported by columns of uniform shapes and appearance, all along every square, so that people can pass all over the main part of the city without being exposed to rain or sun except in crossing narrow foot-walk streets that cross these streets that go zigzag up the mountain. There are beautiful shops all along these streets all of which have signs in Arabic and in French, and which are filled with beautiful things.

The French have possession of Algiers and the uniforms of the French soldiers there, as of soldiers everywhere else that we went, form one of the attractive features of the town, but one is continually reminded of the useless waste of money that is necessary to keep up the luxurious and worthless soldiers and priests that cumber the earth wherever you go.

Nearly all of these military costumes of the different countries, have in them some feature that seems perfectly inconsistent with the calling of soldiers, as the little cap stuck on the left ear of the English soldiers, the long cloaks of the Spanish soldiers, and the great tufts on the toes of the shoes of the soldiers in Athens and Constantinople. In Algiers the peculiar freak in military uniform is in the length of the legs of the pants, that are made of blood red fine cloth and six or eight inches longer than the legs of the wearers, so that the legs of each pair of French soldier's pants all wrinkled up for a foot at the bottom as if they were especially intended to catch any and all dust and mud, that might be on the move, to the greatest advantage, and until you get to understand the status quo, it gives you the general impression that some kind of a cataclasm has occurred that broke the suspender buttons off of all French soldier's pants and that this part of their wardrobes is likely to come entirely off and drop down upon the streets before they can get to their quarters and repair the damages.

I could write a long chapter on "what I know about breeches" based on my experience on the Moltke cruise, and varying all the way from the breeches of the Mohammedans that I saw in Algiers, to the absolute sans culotte Mohammedans that I saw in Egypt. I saw, in Algiers, Mohammedans with breeches on, the seats of which were so long that they were kicked up by the bare heels of their owners as they walked, and a man could, without any difficulty, swipe around the seat of his pants and use it to wipe his nose on.

On this statement, as a historian, I stand pat, and disclaim

any purpose of joke, and challenge the world to disprove my statement by any one of the 446 Cookies who traveled with me on the Moltke. The Arab is a child of nature and I suppose that the architecture of the rear elevation of his pants, if he wears any pants at all, was suggested by the big sheep tails of which I have told you.

I am, beside my job as the editor of a religious paper, a farmer, and I am accustomed to estimating the capacity of grain sacks, and I think that the seat of a Mohammedan pair of breeches would hold two and a half bushels, and it seems to me that they could be utilized to carry the family laundry and other domestic light weights. I am not going to exaggerate and do not really suggest the use of these seats of breeches for the transportation of brick, and pig iron and things of that kind. I have seen instances of gross exaggeration in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and whatever may be my imperfections as a historian I am going to avoid that particular rock upon which Mark split. In a large majority of instances he was right, but, sometimes Mark missed the mark, as it were.

The "Mohammedan quarter" in Algiers is, more accurately, about half of the city. The Mohammedan women all dress in white and their faces are all covered with white veils with a slit across each one, through which only the eyes of the women can be seen, and their eyes are very handsome. They are not so punctilious about hiding their feet and ankles. These latter are exceedingly shapely and suggest the Shakespearian statement that "All is well that ends well." The Christian women in Algiers show their faces and adopt the Parisian style of dress. All of the Cookies, except me, had money galore, and put in most of their time buying things in the elegant bazaars or eating elegant and strange foods and drinking fine wines in the restaurants which were immensely large and palatial and a single one of which would in many cases, be worth a dozen fine restaurants in Louisville or Cincinnati. I was driven to the necessity of entertaining myself by tramping around and seeing things. It is said to be a strange physiological fact that none of our senses so vividly recall memories as the sense of smell. I smelled the burning of a horse's hoof that suggested Kentucky and turned around a corner to see a blacksmith shop. Three men were employed in shoeing one horse. In Jericho, I afterward saw four big Arabs engaged in putting one shoe on a donkey three feet high. In Algiers the horse-shoe was almost a solid plate that covered the whole bottom of the horse's foot and in Jericho this plate was a solid piece. A large part of the population of Algiers is of the Spanish persuasion. No Span-

iard, no matter how big the hurry, going for the doctor, house on fire, or anything else, is ever ready to do anything until he has wrapped around his waist a red scarf varying from ten to fifteen feet according to the bank account of the owner. I was walking along upon the top of that arched viaduct behind a Spaniard. One end of his red scarf had come loose and was dragging for ten feet on the pavement behind him so that I had to skin around no little to keep from treading on it. I thought he knew his own business and, as I could not talk his lingo, I did nothing to notify him of the condition of a part of his wardrobe, especially as the street was perfectly clean and the red scarf was not getting soiled. The fellow was walking along in a kind of abstracted mood and it occurred to me that he might be an editor cogitating some enormous lie for an editorial in the next issue of his paper. Finally after walking about a quarter of a mile, he discovered the condition of that most indispensable piece of his toilet and, without looking around to look at the part of it that was dragging on the pavement, proceeded to wind it around himself without taking his meditative eyes off of the pavement in front of him, as he still walked, and finally, when he felt the fringe on the end of it, he tucked the end under the balance of it, in some way, and walked on unconscious of the incident in his apparel.

The head blacksmith, in the shop had a very expansive and expensive red scarf wrapped a dozen or so times around his waist, and then he had one man to hold the horse and another man to hold the horse's foot, in a manner that required that the horse should bend his leg as I had never, until then, known that any horse, even a circus horse, could do, and that Spanish blacksmith, instead of crawfishing up to the horse and taking the horse's foot between his legs, as a Kentucky blacksmith would do, stood right straight up and shod that horse, but at the way he was going at it, if they got the same wages per day that a good blacksmith gets in Kentucky, I did not see how he could afford to shoe that horse all around for less than \$13. I got tired and had to leave before they got one shoe half on, and I intended to come back, before the Moltke sailed next day to see if they had finished that horse. The deliberation with which they do things in all that country is in striking contrast with the vim and expedition they put into things in America. In this country there is more to be done than there are people to do it, and everywhere in the Orient there is less to be done than there are people to do it, and so when a man gets a job he strings it out as long as possible, as doctors are sometimes suspected of doing in America.

I saw growing along the sides of the streets the first palm

trees I had ever seen except some diminutive specimens growing under glass, as exotics, in some botanical gardens. I had pulled out a pretty silver-handled knife that my good old neighbor, Mrs. Letitia P. Robb, had given my daughter and which the latter had loaned me for this tour, and I was experimenting upon the bark of that tree when I was struck on the shoulder by a hand from behind, accompanied by language, in English, that signified that I was arrested. It was an experience that I was so accustomed to that it did not give any special uneasiness for the instant, but I was glad on turning around, to see that it was only a Cookie straying around like I was. I went into a near by park and saw some strange trees that had roots growing in great masses from their limbs, twelve or fifteen feet up, and that looked like they had started out to be banyan trees, and, for some reason known only to themselves, finally declined the idea. There were canes thirty feet high about four inches in diameter for five or six feet up, that were so hard and solid that when I struck on them they sounded like china ware. Each joint would hold a half gallon and they could be so cut as to make cups or urns or bottles at pleasure, showing that nature has suggested many things that are regarded as purely inventions of men.

In that park I saw, as in various places we visited, the blue grass that had come from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky and has now gone to almost every place in the world in which it will grow, and that is almost anywhere in the world. Truth is stranger than fiction. In the first settlement of Kentucky a woman was hoeing in a little vegetable garden the space for which had been cleared from the virgin forest. She dug up a little tuft of some kind and threw it over the fence. It probably fell with the root side down. Next spring it was growing there and in June it had seeded and its seed were scattered around so that it was not easy to dig it all up, even had there been any desire to do so. Horses and cows showed their decided preference for it as a food and it kept good grazing all the year. From that bunch of grass I saw the grass that made a main feature of the beauty of the parks in Cairo and Monte Carlo. That bunch of grass made the Blue Grass region and the race horses and the corn and the whisky and the Democrats and me, and this book, and many other things of similar import to which the human race is heir, and that are commonly understood to have resulted from Eve's eating a green apple.

I saw at Algiers, for the first time, what I regularly saw frequently afterward, the Mohammedans coaling ships by carrying the coal in baskets on their heads. A Cookie gave me the name of a preacher who had told him that he—the preacher—had at

tempted to effect a revolution in this matter; by inducing these heathen to use wheelbarrows instead of baskets; that he had induced the heathen to use the wheelbarrows for three days but that, on the fourth day, every fellow of them filled his wheelbarrow with coal and then put the wheelbarrow on his head and thus carried its contents until he dumped it. I told the Cookie that that was prominent as a missionary story when I was a small boy, and that his preacher had probably fallen into a fault too common among preachers.

On the fine streets of that city I saw one horse with a two wheeled cart that had a body on it thirty feet long, pulling with ease six hogsheads of wine and one hogshead was as large as one of our Kentucky tobacco hogsheads. But as abundant as wine was I saw no Mohammedan drink any of it or of any other kind of liquor while I was gone, except one Arab who was wounded by an accident and took whisky from a doctor in our party. But the elegant leisure of the Mohammedan in Algiers is astounding. I saw them crowded together in little rooms in the better parts of the city, sitting with their feet tucked under them as no white man can do, and drinking coffee and smoking and playing chess and backgammon, just as if they had nothing on earth to do but wait for Mohammed to take them to heaven. In the Mohammedan half of the city they sit out on the streets on mats and thus entertain themselves. I never saw a single instance in which any of them were gambling on their games. The Mohammedan's ability to sit with his feet tucked under him seems specially to fit him for the calling of the tailor, and accordingly I saw many of them working as tailors, an interesting fact being that they always sat in windows, like our show windows, right on the street and in the strongest light that they could get. The only physical imperfection that I ever saw in any Turk, outside of Jerusalem, where everybody has all the evils that flesh is heir to, is that he is so near-sighted that, in reading the Koran, they always use their long noses to keep their places. I did not notice whether or not they also turned the leaves of the Koran with their noses and I do not want to make any positive statements about things that I did not see. The only instance that women were in any way subjugated by Mohammedan men, that I saw was the following: I passed a market in Algiers where there was such a collection of strange vegetables and strange fruits and strange fishes that I determined to go through it as through a free museum. I had years before, been in the famous fish market in London, the name of which from the language current there, has given its name, Billingsgate, to our vocabulary. I had found the London fish market far more orderly

than I had anticipated, but I still had the idea that there was some kind of subtle pathology between fish and bad language and I had had over sixty years of experience that no human being that ever was born could tell the straight truth about fish. When, therefore, I saw a red hot altercation going on between a man and a woman in the fish department of that market, I hastened over to them, to catch, as best I could, from a language that I did not understand. an item for this book. I repeatedly heard what sounded like Allah, or Allez, I could not tell which, so that I could not tell whether they were saying "By God," in Arabic, or "Git out" in French, but I easily caught that, in either event, the general trend of the question in issue was the same. The fish, or whatever the thing was that formed the basis for the conflict in views was something that looked like a conglomeration of snake, eel and catfish. The woman would snatch it up and the man would snatch it away from her. Finally she squared herself and turned both ends of her tongue loose on him at the same time, and no two Tom cats in all Jerusalem ever used any more profane language toward each other than these two Mohammedan Algerians seemed to be doing, the man firing into the woman whole broadsides of the hottest shot in his vocabulary. Finally the woman weakened and threw up the sponge and walked away a sadder but wiser woman; but it taught me that the infidel Mohammedan had his heel on the neck of woman, for if that argument had happened in Kentucky, a Christian land, that woman would have dropped dead in her tracks before she would have let that man have the last word.

I sauntered along the streets being surprised among many other things, to see hogsheads packed as full of sardines, as the proverb suggests. I was walking along parallel with the shore of the harbor, and getting out of the business part of the town into the residence part, and I saw here the prettiest residences that I ever saw. They were five stories high and very large and all white and yellow and all made of stone and stucco with the most beautiful carvings or mouldings all over them, and at every window a beautiful balcony held up by Caryatids of the female persuasion and all dressed extremely décolleté.

I saw that outside of the harbor and breakwaters the sea was conducting itself rather violently and I walked to where I could get to see it in the exercise of its own sweet will, as I am always willing to do if I can watch it from the shore. I saw two young men amusing themselves with a dog. The pebbles on the beach were red, white and blue, and they had a white one that they would stand up on a bluff and throw out on the beach when the wave was out and the dog would run down the hill and out on the mass of pebbles.

and sand and find that particular pebble which was about as large as a goose egg, catch it up as quickly as possible and then run back to the bluff before the wave could catch him and climb the bank and deliver it to the young men. I thought it a foolish way for young men to spend their time, and then I concluded it was not so bad as some others and then one time the dog could not find the pebble in time and had to run from the wave and leave the pebble, and then I wondered if he could ever find it again, when the salt water had run over it, and washed all possible scent from it, and the young men got another pebble and threw as near as they could to the one that the dog had lost, and the dog brought the second pebble back a great many times and I staid to watch if the dog would find the first pebble and, sure enough, finally the dog did find the first one and came running back with it to the young men, evidently proud that he had found it. But, in the meantime, while my friends at home were supposing I was sight seeing in a foreign land I had put in more than an hour watching that dog. But I found it a recreation from sight seeing so that when I came across a butting match between a big boy Arab and an old ram, I took a seat on some kind of ship fixings to watch the boy and the ram. There were about a half dozen Arabs watching the performance. The ram would stand off about twenty-five feet and look at the boy, and would stand still until the boy would put his head down in a butting position so that the ram seemed to think he had reason to hope he could butt that Arab's brains out, if the Arab had any brains. The ram would not start at the boy until it seemed to the ram, and to the rest of us, that the boy could not possibly get up before the ram would hit him, and then the ram, with head down, would start at the boy in a regular battering ram style and about the third jump would be going through the air at the boy. The Arab had on a big heavy wooden sandal, and by the time the ram was nearly to him the boy would get his foot up and give the ram a kick in the head that would knock both the boy and the ram about ten feet apart, and the ram with a look of astonishment and a selection of Arabic profane expletives evidently running through his mind, would walk back to what the boys used to call "taw," in playing marbles, and wait for the boy to fix himself for another trial. I could not talk Arab, and was the only one in the party except the ram who could not talk it, but on an evident division of sentiment as to the final outcome of the performance, I sided with those who believed that the ram would finally butt that boy's brains out or break the boy's neck. I did not feel that the ram was liable to any more injury than to have the boy kick one of his horns off. I left

the two when I was tired of looking at them, no casualty having occurred to either.

I started out to go up that mountain until I got to the top of it, and walked about three miles to do so. I found up there some cannon about fifteen feet long and apparently weighing, with the wheels upon which they were mounted about ten tons. I was surprised that there was nobody there watching those guns, and I was thinking that in my college days I would never have stopped until one of those guns was rolled down that mountain into the sea, if it had been necessary for a hundred boys to work all night every night for a week to do it. I pulled out my note-book and was making some remarks about those guns with my pencil, when I had a sort of a telepathic feeling that somebody from behind me was looking at my note book, and a side glance showed me that there was a great big soldier with blood red breeches on him with legs a foot too long, and big musket in his hand, and an expression on his face that seemed to be one of wonderment as to what kind of a nondescript spy I was that had come there, from some where, to write for the enemy an account of the military equipments of that place, and the fellow did not seem to have any better feeling for me from the fact that I did not understand his language. He looked at me and said something that was either Arabic, or some French that had not appeared in 'Ollendorf's Method,' from which I had learned all I knew of that language, except a little that I had had to learn or starve and that pertained to getting grub when I had once walked across France with a knapsack on my back, soon after our civil war—for particulars of which see "Behind the Bars; 31498," for sale at this office; price \$1. I assumed that that bloody looking chap said to me, that if I did not get down that mountain the way I came, and do it p. d. q. I would probably witness the daylight shine through the middle of my anatomy, and I went, and did not stand on the order of my going.

Then I came to a Mohammedan grave-yard and went into it and sat down on a funny kind of a tomb-stone, that looked like a Dutch bake oven, very demurely, and said to myself that all of those dead fellows enjoyed the advantage of not being afraid that some fellow was going to kill them. I have been a shorthand writer for twenty-five years, and can read and write anything in shorthand that the man who invented it ever could. The inscriptions on the Mohammedan tombs looked wonderfully like shorthand, so I picked out one that was written in gold leaf, and somewhat to steady my nerves after the interview with that bloody soldier, I figured out one of those Arabic epitaphs so as to get it into English. It was as follows: "Recatues day casion necess Saturday occasion Satur-

day resrection rienality Saturday resrectionness time neither occasionality." Then I could not read the other very intelligibly but, from what I had read, I got the general impression that the fellow calculated upon being resurrected upon Saturday.

I subsequently saw the hieroglyphics on the obelisk at Heliopolis and concluded that Champollion had read that and others of its kind about like I had read the Mohammedan's epitaph. I believe that if old Sesostris II could be resurrected now and should read the translations of some things he wrote, he would laugh himself to death.

I went again down town and ran up against the first mosque I had ever seen. I did not see anybody around and did not understand the ceremonies requisite for getting in, so I just started in through the first door I found going into the thing. When I got in a little distance I came to a court and found my young friend Phillips sitting there painting a picture of an Arab boy whom he had paid the equivalent of fifty cents to sit as a model for him, but I went on into the part of the mosque where the worshiping is done, and saw and heard, some Mahommedans saying their prayers and others lying around on the rugs on the floor asleep. A Mahommedan has a genius for dropping down and going to sleep, just anywhere, and anytime, that is only equaled by a Constantinople dog. Whether the dog got into that habit by associating with the Mohammedan, or the Mohammedan got it from associating with the dog I do not know, but, in Constantinople, it is plain that the Mohammedan and the dog get pointers from each other in the science of sleeping.

I had heard, of course, from way back, that you had to take your shoes off on entering a mosque, and, as every Mohammedan has to worship five times a day I suppose they got into the habit of going barefoot, all the year around, so as to be in good shape to go to church on short notice. I did not see anybody around except those who were praying and those who were asleep and as both kinds seemed to be too busy to pay any attention to me, I concluded to risk keeping my shoes on, and I was walking around and taking in the sights and deporting myself quite genteelly, as I thought, when a great big fellow, the principal of whose attire was his turban and the seat of his breeches, walked up to me and made some remark that sounded like he wanted me to put it in italics and small caps if I ever printed it. Being in Arabic I stared at him about like an average idiot to show him that it was no go. Shaking your head, in that country, don't count, as indicating that you don't understand, for all the people shake their heads all the time. Even "Old Arkansaw" who would talk as quietly and rea-

sonably as anybody else, when he was talking American, would go through all the capers of a suple Jack as soon as he got to talking French, and though a perfectly docile man when he was talking the American language—he did not affect English—would get so excited when he turned himself loose on some fellows in French that I would stand off a few feet until he got back into the Arkansaw language, and when “Old Arkansaw” had spoken to a man in the American language, and then, tried him in French and both of us had talked all the Italian we could make up from its resemblance to Latin, and “Old Arkansaw” had vainly appealed to me to see if I could not do something with the fellow in Greek, and the fellow still did not understand, “Old Arkansaw” would always damn the fellow in the Arkansaw language, and tell him he ought to go to night school, and leave the fellow with the air of a man who felt that he had come across the ocean to swallow an insult from an insolent foreigner that he would not take at home.

The big Mohammedan dropped Arabic and then tried on me something that sounded like the Portuguese fruit and flower peddlers in Madeira, and then something that sounded like Alhambra Spanish and then he dropped into French, in which I soon caught enough of it to get onto the words, “bas les souliers,” and in three shakes of a sheep’s tail—American sheep—I was getting out of my shoes as expeditiously as possible. I remembered that once, when I was younger, I had tried the experiment of keeping on my hat, in St. Paul’s Cathedral in London, and a fellow had come up to me and made me take my hat off and I thought I would go that Mahommedan one better, and I took my hat off too, and started on with the straps of my shoes strung over the middle finger of my left hand and with my hat in my right hand, and then the big Mohammedan came to me again and made me put my hat on, and I after found that it is against the religious principles of any Mohammedan ever to take his turban or fez off, as long as he lives, and I don’t think he ever does it after he dies.

In all the hotels that we saw anywhere in the Orient all the waiters at table and everywhere else were Arab Mohammedan men and none of them ever took his fez off.

So that if you ever go across the Atlantic and into the places of worship, remember when you go into a house that has a cross on it, you must pull off your hat and keep on your shoes, and when you go into a house with a crescent up on top of it, you must pull off your shoes and keep on your hat. Religious creeds are like “tastes;” there is “no accounting for” them.

Some ingenious fellow with a head for statistics and a kodak, could go over the same route that we did, and get up an illustrated

book on the ornamentation and harness of horses, donkeys and priests that would make him a fortune. The horse collar and harness assume a variety of shapes, the one most resembling ours in America having the collar and hames turned upside down. At Naples and at Nice they have on their harness at the place where the saddle goes, a thing made principally of brass that it seemed to me would cost twenty-five or fifty dollars, on a horse that was pulling a cart that would not sell for more than \$3 on Cheapside, in Lexington. If I could have brought home one of those things and have presented it to a committee of representative Lexington harness makers, horsemen and musicians they would have probably decided that it was some kind of a harp with bell attachment and the strings off, and my Bohemian harpist friend, Barborka, would have tried to string it so as to plunk it. At some of these places no horse nor donkey had a bit in his mouth, though the Bible says "a bit for the horse's mouth and a rod for the back of a fool." Instead of a bit there was a bright piece of metal that curved around the horse's face, about two inches above his nose and stuck out about eight inches on each side, and the reins were fastened to the ends of these protruding pieces. Carts with great wheels six or seven feet in diameter, were so balanced that the shafts tended to fly up all the time and were only held down by a strong strap under the bottom of the horse that almost lifted the horse off the ground instead of smashing him down, as we do in this country. In some places the legs of donkeys were so artistically trimmed that they resembled the black and white mosaics in Pompeii, and suggesting that the business end of an Oriental donkey did not have the reputation of the American mule, else no man would ever survive the intimacy with his hind legs that all of that tonsorial mosaic implied.

But the priest was not to be outdone in tonsorial interest by his coadjutor and fellow laborer the donkey. The priest, in capillary effect, rung all the changes from a shaven pate and shaven face, to long hair tucked up behind like a woman's and beards that discounted anything that had ever struck that country until I went among them. Their head rigs varied all the way from a brimless skull cap that looked like a bald head, to a hat with a brim as big as an umbrella and that had to be hauled in with a rope, like a latteen sail, on a Nile boat, so that they could tack against the wind. In other instances the priests wore hats like our American "stove-pipe" hats except that the crown was knocked out and stuck down on the head while the brim of the hat was on top. That plan of wearing the hat may have originated in some

desire to catch water when it rained in the Orient, a thing that does not often occur there.

I saw some hearses in Algiers that laid it over anything I have ever seen since Barnum's circus was in Lexington, when Barnum and Jumbo were in their halcyon days. I thought that if my friend, Col. Will Milward, of Lexington undertaking fame, could manage to get one of those hearses to Lexington and put it on exhibition, there would be hundreds of the leading Irish aristocracy of Lexington who would pay him each \$1,000 in advance, and then die just for the pleasure of being buried with that hearse, and I thought, therefore, that it would be well for the Lexington Chamber of Commerce to offer Col. Milward a bonus to encourage such an enterprise.

I find in my note book an overlooked suggestion that those French soldiers were having their legs pulled when they were measured for their breeches.

I heard a parrot talking something that I suppose was Arab. I went up to him and said enquiringly, "Polly want a cracker?" He looked at me pityingly—almost with tears in his eyes. I heard about a square off what I supposed must be a political speech—some fellow running for Mayor or Congress or something of that kind. I heard what I imagined must be spell-binding peals of eloquence about tariff, trusts and the Monroe doctrine and was delighted with the prospect of hearing a grand oration in Arabic. I intended to state in my book how orderly and quiet the people were—not yelling and cheering and hissing and cat calling and whistling and saying "come off" and "go way back and sit down," and "what are you giving us?" and "crawl off and die," like two or three hundred of them would be saying in Lexington. I turned the sharp corner of one of those zigzag streets and came suddenly upon the orator. He was standing up on a large box, trying to sell at auction, a beautiful, long lace curtain the match to which I suppose he had in the seat of his pants, and his only audience he had was five small children that he seemed to have hired to stand there to start a crowd. I waited a while hoping a gang of Cookie women would come along and help the fellow by buying it, for I had seen them buy enormous lots of lace, and heard them spend hours in scheming how to beat the custom house officers when they got back to New York.

There was one fellow that beat me, but he had to beat a stew-pan with a hammer to do it. He was a very nice looking man, just walking along the street beating on the bottom of a stew pan, or something that looked like some foreign brand of a stew-pan, and beating it with something that looked like a tack hammer in the

Arabic language. If I could have asked that man what his graft was I would have done so. I hate to go up against anything that I can't understand. I had two days to spend in Algiers and I followed that fellow for a mile and a half through the finest part of the city, and we passed thousands of people of every kind and description and nobody stopped him or seemed to regard that he was making more than his legitimate amount of racket, and I finally quit him in despair of finding out what his job was and as far as I could see and hear him he was still beating on that stew-pan with that tack hammer. I thought about that fellow for four or five thousand miles, and one day, in Smyrna, I looked into a laundry that I was passing and there was a fellow ironing clothes. He had all the clothes down on the floor and he had a great big stew-pan like that smaller one I had seen that fellow have in Algiers, and the fellow in Smyrna had one of his two bare feet in that stew pan and had hold of its handle that was about two and one-half feet long and he was getting around over those clothes like he thought he was at a skating rink and he was slicking them out in a style that would have given a pointer to a Chinaman. I supposed the pan was hot but if his foot was frying I could not smell it. I remembered the fellow that I had followed in Algiers, and concluded that if he was not a drummer for a laundry I would have to give it up.

The only two women that I saw that didn't have veils over all their faces except their eyes were a couple of toothless old women whose faces were not sufficiently beautiful to be dangerous to the public morals, and as they chatted to each other I wondered if they were talking gum Arabic.

I saw an old Arab writing and he was so near sighted that he had to turn his head sidewise to keep from blotting the ink with the end of his nose, but I looked over his shoulder at his writing and the whole page was as perfect as a printed page of an Arab newspaper.

I saw all the machinery and workmen of an Arabic newspaper in an office twelve feet square and they were doing good work too—that is, I suppose they were; I looked over one of the papers and I could not find any typographical errors. I think the pressman carried his monkey wrenches, oil cans, mallets, shooting-sticks and all small articles of that kind in the seat of his breeches.

It was getting near time for the Moltke to sail and I sauntered back toward the quay to go aboard. I fell in with two Cookies. In the course of conversation one of them said "God made the world and rested, and then he made man and rested and then he made woman and neither God nor man have ever rested since

then." I asked him if he was a married man and he said he was. The other fellow alluded to Kentucky as the place "where the corn is full of kernels and the Colonels full of corn." I looked at him as if I did not appreciate his allusion.

When I got on the ship I got into a strange conversation with a German who had come over to America, made his barrel of money long ago, and was then on his annual trip with his wife and one daughter. I said to the old fellow that his daughter was a beautiful young woman. He said, yes, she was good looking and just as good as she looked but he said he had another one at home just as good looking 'as that one that was a devil; that she had married a man with a million dollars and that she was so damned mean that she would rob her own daddy and mammy of every dollar they had if she could do so.

I tried to apologize to the old fellow for his daughter and show him how a little good management would sometimes smooth over any little domestic unpleasantness, but the old fellow said he had had better opportunities to know about his daughter than I did, and that she was a she devil, and I had to give in rather than raise a quarrel with him.

The prettiest girl on the steamer was Miss Stella Bomar, of Boise, Idaho. I told her one day that she looked so much like the prettiest girl in my neighborhood, at home, Miss Juliet Daingerfield and danced so much like her that I wanted to talk to her, but I said "you are from the North and you would not like Miss Daingerfield because her father was a Confederate Major under Stonewall Jackson," and the Idaho young woman said "Oh, that won't hurt her in my estimation; my father was from the South, and I am a Rebel and Democrat and voted the Democratic ticket last year."

CHAPTER III.

Our next sail was 573 miles landing us on February 21st, at Valetta in Malta, called in the New Testament Melita, where Paul was ship-wrecked and had the incident with the snake, the particulars of which are given in the 27th and 28th chapters of Acts. I was looking out for the Maltese cat but did not find it even in the catacombs at Citta Vecchia in the island. This island of Malta is the first place to which we came that is alluded to in the Bible. The stories about snakes and fish in the Bible being difficult of acceptance by the unregenerate mind, as is generally true of snake and fish stories to this day, the clergy seemed to deem it inexpedient to spring a Bible snake story on the Cookies, for a starter, before they had, by degrees, become accustomed to the contemplation of Bible stories on the grounds where they are alleged to have occurred.

At the town of Citta Vecchia, to which we went on a railroad, and which is ten miles from Valetta, there is a statue of Paul, of heroic size, representing him as having trouble with a snake, but the sculptor either had never read the New Testament account of that snake, or did not think its proportions as suggested by the New Testament were sufficient to make it imposing in statuary, and so he seems to have taken the snake with which Laocoon had trouble, as his model, and the snake that the New Testament says Paul shook off of his hand into the fire is represented in the statue as being about seventeen feet long and he has gotten himself wrapped around Paul in very ugly shape. I am not disposed to institute any adverse criticism of any snake story where the proportions of the snake are reasonably limited as in that account in the New Testament, and I do not believe that the conclusion of the people of that island, in those days, that Paul was "a god" because he did not drop dead when the snake bit him, was a logical sequitur. If that snake had been a copperhead, or rattler, from the mountains of Kentucky, the story might have staggered my faith in the New Testament record, but I would respectfully suggest to Christian missionaries in foreign lands, and to the devout among the Knights Templar, to whom Malta is holy ground, or rock, that the statue of Paul and the snake at Citta Vecchia is an unwar-

ranted handicap of the New Testament record that is calculated to make gainsayers among the heathen, and that the proportions of that snake on the statue of Paul ought to be curtailed some eight or ten feet.

There are many people talking against the credibility of the Bible, any way, and they are looking up the fish and snake stories of the Bible, and when the trend of the popular mind seems, at best, to be toward incredulity upon these points, it seems to me good policy to have all New Testament impressions, from whatever source, as easy as possible of acceptance.

We went to see the place where Paul was imprisoned there. It is a big hole cut in the solid rock that slants downward into rather extensive quarters. The apartments are now all ornamented with the statuary and pictures and candles in which the Catholic church seems to love to luxuriate.

Near by are the catacombs into which many of us started and the complete circuit of which probably half of us, including myself, made, but it was too gloomy and suffocating for many, especially of the ladies, and they backed out, literally, after sampling a little of it.

The dead had all been taken out. The graves were all cut in the solid rock along on each side of the passages.

Citta Vecchia was founded 700 B. C. There is a church there that has a foot of Lazarus in it, and at Rome there is a church with a hand of Mary Magdalene in it. The Catholic church has a habit of chopping up its saints and distributing them around for revenue and propagandism, in various places, and sometimes they do not properly keep tally and you can count up entirely too many hands and feet to belong to any one saint.

The guides did not say, or at least I did not hear them say, whether the foot of Lazarus at Citta Vecchia is of the Lazarus who was a poor man who lived in Jerusalem or of the rich Lazarus who lived at Bethany, where Jesus used to visit. In either event it involves some theological interest. The story of Dives and Lazarus which, in America, seems to be regarded as a parable is, in Jerusalem, understood to be as literally true as any other story of the New Testament and we were shown the stone upon which Lazarus used to sit and the house in which Dives lived, still in good repair. That poor Lazarus, according to the New Testament, went to heaven, and, from Abraham's bosom, talked to Dives in hell, against which latter the only charge seems to have been that he was rich and did not give to Jerusalem beggars, and I am afraid that that principle will get some of our Cookies into trouble in the sweet by and by.

If that Lazarus is now in the enjoyment of the full possession of all his parts, and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is true, it gets to be interesting to know how one of his feet can now be in Citta Vecchia and probably several more of his feet in other places, the genuineness of all these feet being vouched for by the infallible Catholic church.

If, on the other hand, the foot in Citta Vecchia is that of the rich Lazarus that Jesus was accustomed to visit in Bethany, and that Jesus raised from the dead, did that Lazarus die the second time and have that foot cut off of his corpse, or did he and his friends agree to the amputation before his second death, in order to leave that foot as a souvenir to the Catholic church?

The doctrine of Hebrews ix. 27, seems to indicate that no man can die more than once. Some proper adjustment of little inconsistencies like this is highly desirable to stop the trend toward scepticism that is now becoming so prevalent.

The railway from Valetta to Citta Vecchia is beautiful and has wonderful masonry on it, and has the most beautiful station houses I have ever seen. Each station house is a gem of architecture and is immaculately clean and around each one are exquisite grounds and beautiful flowers in highly artistic beds and on frames and walls, and trees for ornament and fruits, those hanging heavy with ripe oranges and lemons, abounding there as they were almost everywhere on our cruise. The greater part of the country is quite level and though the fields are all about one-third stones averaging about the size of a hen egg, they are cultivated with comparative ease, and are very productive, grapes being a common crop. I saw many cacti of the variety represented on Mexican money, that look like thick batter-cakes fastened together at the edges. These cacti were ten feet high, with leaves fifteen inches long and each leaf weighing probably ten pounds. On the edges of these leaves there were, just coming out, some beautiful red blooms, that developed into a beautiful red fruit about the size and shape of a Kentucky pawpaw which I saw, later, further on in markets in the Orient and samples of which I failed to eat.

Malta is sixty miles around and has a population of 156,000 natives and 40,000 English soldiers. Of these 40,000 people live in Valetta and twenty-six villages around it.

Six years ago some snow fell there, the only time it had ever been known there. The roofs of the houses, as is nearly always the case where there is no snow, are all flat and made of stone, with walls around the edges, so that people who come up onto them from stairs inside will not fall off. On many of these houses there were piles of loose stones the purpose of which I could not find out.

The country is all divided up into fields of an average of an acre or two each, and each field has a heavy stone fence around it. These fences not only answer the ordinary purpose of fences but afford places upon which to pile the stones that are too large to be left in the fields—"killing two birds with one stone," as it were. I saw a place where an ancient aqueduct, now disused, had the openings of its arches filled up and is now used for a fence.

The headgear of women in all countries and ages has been phenomenal, comparatively but a small part of woman's head covering being intended to protect them from heat or from cold. In Nice and Naples the native women wore nothing on their heads and seemed to experience no inconvenience from it. They had splendid hair and good complexions. The women's bonnets, in Malta are very singular. They are all a solid black, without any ornamentation, and stick out, on the right side of the head fully a foot, and do not come out at all on the left side, but stick close up to her head, so the woman cannot see anything on the right side of her without turning to do so, and can see anything on the left side of her without this inconvenience. The bonnet has a black skirt of the same material to it, that hangs down to her knees all around her. So that a Malta woman with only her bonnet on is as near in "full dress," strictly speaking, as the average American belle is at a ball. When the wind is blowing, at all, a Maltese woman has to occupy her right hand entirely to keep her bonnet on. It looked almost as unreasonable as our American women making their dresses so long that they have to occupy one hand to hold them up off the ground.

In entering Malta from the quay, I went through a part of the wall around it, and estimated that the wall was ninety feet thick and one hundred feet high. This is partly of the natural stone and partly of masonry. A beautiful foot walk, twenty feet wide is cut out of the solid rock with mallet and chisel, which is all an inclined plane leading up into the city, the roof of this walk being a continuous arch, and its sides resting on columns and arches cut in the solid stone. At the end of this walk there is a stairway of one hundred and five steps about fifteen feet each in length, with landings every twenty steps, the whole zigzagging up the hill into the main part of the city.

There was some kind of a pre-lenten carnival going on and there were many masqueraders in the streets especially among children. They were using confetti, about which I will tell you when we got to Cairo.

Cookie women bought much lace at Malta.

When I was waiting at the station of the railway to go to

Citta Vecchia, I met a man who was one of our party and who proved to be an interesting character. I was attracted to him by his general appearance. He said his name was D. Atwater and that during the civil war he had been a Federal soldier from Connecticut, and he then lived at Tahiti in the South Seas. He said he would not belong to the G. A. R., and he damned the United States Government for its Philippine policy. He knew all the details about the Confederate General, John Morgan, being in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, and told me that he himself had several times been in the penitentiary, so that I saw that I did not have any lead pipe cinch on that notoriety. I asked him if he had been sent to the penitentiary for anything in connection with military matters and he said not.

People generally feel some embarrassment in telling what they were sent to the penitentiary for, but Atwater seemed not to do so, and would have told me except that I had to get aboard the train. If, some of these days, the honest men who have been in penitentiaries, get justice into their hands, and put into penitentiaries all the rascals who were instrumental in sending them there, there will have to be a great enlargement of our penitentiaries.

Maltese women all ride horses astride. Nearly every field would have a well in it, and all of the wells were arranged just alike. Each well had a stone over it about six feet square, through the center of which was a hole for the pitcher to go through. On each side was a stone post and from the top of one of these posts to the other was a stone beam over which a rope ran, to draw up the stone jug, or pitcher, and by each well was a big stone block out of which a kettle-shaped opening was scooped that would hold about ten gallons, and any of these looked as old as the outfit at the well, near Bethlehem, out of which the "wise men from the East" drank when they were following the star to Bethlehem, the trough there being said to be the same one that the wise men drank out of, and really looking like it might be two or three thousand years old.

I traveled twenty-five miles in Malta and saw only one cat and that was not a Maltese, and I saw 1,000 miles of stone fence, in good snake weather, and never saw a snake, though I saw enough Maltese crosses to make up for the shortage in cats and snakes.

The Catholic nun beggar was in evidence there, as every where else that we went. I have heard and read a great deal about beautiful nuns, but all of that variety died before I was born.

February 22nd was Sunday, and also Washington's birthday on the ship just like it is in America. At the 7 o'clock dinner the dining saloons were elegantly decorated with flags, the menu cards had Washington's picture on them and Washington was

variously done up in the culinary art and after dinner speeches said many complimentary things about him. The band played national airs of different countries, including our Dixie, which always had its applause, from us from the South especially.

Rev. C. H. Maxson, from Marquette Michigan, preached a sermon that had good morals in it, and then explained that all who did not believe his religion would go where there would be no trouble about coal strikes and blockades of business by snow and blizzards, and made the outlook pretty lurid for a considerable part of his audience.

In the evening I heard one male Cookie ask another one, "What are we going to stop in Greece for?" and the other one said "Damfino, unless it's to coal."

On the 23rd of February we landed at Piraeus, the seaport of Athens and ten miles from Athens. I never had been able to realize that there were people living now who could speak Greek, and even children that could get over all the intricacies of a Greek verb until I actually heard them doing it, and saw Greek written and printed everywhere just as our English is. There was a wilderness of shipping in the bay, and the town was all clean and up-to-date, having many very tall and small chimneys for factories. There were many new buildings and handsome people and pretty mountains. I tried to see if there was any discernable reason why that country should have become so signally famous and concluded that the conditions were probably much more favorable to make Greece what it was in history than is true of most countries. I had thought much of Byron's saying "Tis Greece but living Greece no more," and not remembering that that was said in 1829, I was not prepared for the immense improvement that had occurred in Greece since then.

Athens is 470 miles from Malta. At Athens we were in the country of Greek Christianity, the religion of Russia, and if religions are to be judged by their influences upon the people who embrace them, the Greek Catholic is the best of all the varieties of Christianity. Athens is, in my estimation, the most delightful of all the Christian cities in the world. There are no beggars of any kind in it—not even nuns begging for the church, as is the case in all countries where there are Roman Catholics.

The people of Athens are the happiest looking people I ever saw. Everybody that you see on the streets, of either sex, is cleanly dressed and a great many of them elegantly dressed, and all in the styles of Paris. Of course this excepts the soldiers. The soldiers wear knee breeches and white stockings and have a most peculiar tuft on the toes of their shoes. This tuft is nearly as

large as the average man's fist and it looks like a soft brush, such as might be used to brush velvet. Its appearance is very absurd and it looks like it would be exceedingly inconvenient, and seems especially inappropriate for any military dress.

King George and his wife are very democratic in their style and go among their citizens and the only thing about the city that is out of repair—if we except the ancient ruins—is the royal palace. The palace compared with many others that we saw, is quite plain, and some parts of it actually needing repairs and the gardens are not kept in real palatial style.

A number of us gentlemen went to the palace before the hour for the gates of the garden to open, and were told by the guard that we could not get in until a later hour, but when he noticed that we were waiting with no very good place to sit down, he pointed to a side gate and, on going there, the guard let us in without any one to watch us and we walked around and pulled and ate tangerines that seemed to be wasting in abundance on the trees. There was a fine band of forty pieces that made elegant music in front of the palace. At the proper hour, butlers in very handsome uniforms conducted us through the palace. We had lunch at very handsome hotels and the carriages were ready to take us around to see the famous ruins of Athens. The first place we visited was the Stadium. It was built B. C. 130, to celebrate the Olympian games. It was all of white marble, with seats for 75,000 people, and the barbarians had used the marble to burn and make lime, and the whole place is now being repaired in a way that requires almost an entirely new building, but exactly the style of the original one will be retained. They have been working on it for five years and it will take three more to complete it. The cost, up to this time, is \$600,000, the workmen getting \$1.25 a day. The marble is brought from the quarry fifteen miles from there, and this expense is being borne by private citizens, some of them being Americans.

The Olympic games are conducted there now and in 1896 some of our Yale college students won prizes there for throwing the hammer and throwing the discus. The building is nearly the shape of a horseshoe magnet, the area inclosed being abundantly large for chariot races. The building consists of seats the lowest of which is only about ten feet from the level of the arena and then they slope back each row of seats rising above each other and space to walk between each row of seats, but with no roof. A canopy of cloth will probably be used to take the place of a roof during the times the games are being conducted. Among these seats are some that are specially handsome for the judges and two that are

much handsomer than any others, to be used only by the King and Queen. A number of us sat for a few seconds each in these royal seats and found them very luxurious. I suppose that these marble seats will be covered with cushions during the games.

There is standing now in the arena a remarkable piece of statuary that was exhumed from the ruins of the old building entirely uninjured and is now placed in the arena to stand there permanently. It seems strange that such a piece of statuary could ever have stood to be viewed by both sexes, at the same time, by any civilized people and seems even stranger now. But it was intended originally as a lesson to instruct men in preparing themselves for the struggles in the Olympic games and it is retained there for its historical interest, as it should be, if not still to teach its original lesson. Both sexes of our party walked by this statue when they could but see its distinguishing feature, and yet, of course, none of us ventured to make any remark about it. I do not believe I ever would have guessed the significance of it as given to the men by the guides, and I suppose its alleged significance went around among all the women, married and unmarried, through men who told their wives what the guides said it meant. Among the Greeks physical culture was a part of their religion because they rightly reasoned that the healthiness of the body had much to do with the healthiness of the mind, and while it is true that the labor of the mechanics and farmer and of other physical callings is more conducive to health than the labor that is expended in games it was probably true then, as it is now, that the perverted notions of the dignity of labor, such as, in the Bible, represents labor as a curse instead of the greatest blessing of man, made the rich, in those days, avoid useful labor while they were willing to undergo useless labor and the Olympic games were the most available means of getting the rich to take strong and hard physical exercise. The labor of today which is encouraged in our great American institutions of learning by gymnasiums and games, if put into cultivation of the soil, or working at mechanical pursuits, would be very much more interesting and healthful to the students and would be a source of valuable income to their institutions, and fit the students for practical usefulness in after life, but to use the plainness of Carlisle, the students are fools and the presidents and professors and boards that have charge of them are fools also, and this state of affairs will continue until by degrees, what Thomas Paine called "The Age of Reason" gets here—a state more devoutly to be desired than the millennium that religionists are trying to bring about.

The lesson of that statue, in the Stadium, is so important,

whether correct, or incorrect, that I will say more and say it plainly, about it than I would otherwise do. To be plain then it is intended to teach, so the guides say, that men in preparing themselves for the Olympic contests should refrain from sexual indulgence. I think that the most competent thought of this age says that, in this matter, as in all other natural and necessary appetites, not total abstinence, but moderate indulgence is that which is most conducive to health of mind and body.

I believe that the interpretation put upon this statue, by the Greek guides is the true one, because they, more perfectly than others, have the traditions of their ancestry and have many other sources, like this, from which to deduce the ideas of ancient Greece and they appreciate, even fuller than the most intelligent of us can do, that no Greek in the halycon days of Greek supremacy, could ever have been guilty of putting that statue there as a mere piece of obscenity as it might be construed by such common men as Anthony Comstock and his ignorant minions that wear the ermine in the United States and have control of the mail of our government.

Certainly there is not in that statue any thing that appeals to the licentious in man, though it was made in an age when the Greeks, in painting and in sculpture, could and did put into both of those arts such depictions of sexual love as almost breathed and warmed with nature, as I saw in a painting of the story of Galitea in one of the galleries of Athens.

That statue that would not be allowed to be exposed in any public place in America was put where it is for a moral purpose and literally makes its argument so that "he who runs may read," and yet American fools and pseudo-moralists, who would crack it into stone with which to pave our streets, will fill American galleries with paintings and statuary that have no other import or purpose than an appeal to the sexual passions of both sexes, married and unmarried, who may visit them, without the criticism of church or state. The great cathedrals of Europe have pictures of Mary Magdalene the patron saint of the calling that wears her name to this day, she being the most intimate friend of Jesus, and these pictures of that woman are the most lascivious imaginable.

That statue in the Stadium if of a man and woman, life size, standing back to back against each other and merging into a square pillar such as the pillars that have on them the head and bust of Mercury and were used, anciently, by the Greeks to mark the boundaries of their lands, but some of the details I am not willing to give in this book, that is intended for miscellaneous reading.

Cookie women kodaked almost everything they saw, but they drew the line at that statue.

A most important—probably the most important—thing now for American naturalists and scientists to do is to repress the unscientific fools and religious bigots and hypocritical and licentious judges that have charge of the information on sexual affairs who are keeping secret the most important matters regarding the laws of health, in their ignorance and stupidity, regarding “obscene literature,” and to put in the places of all such people, scientists and moralists and specialists in this department, who will, supported and encouraged by this government, give to the people, at nominal rates of cost, or free, as our agricultural reports are given, the proper information on this important question.

As it is now, this valuable information is withheld from the people by the same people who are spending millions of dollars to spread before the youth of the land, backed by the government, the Bible that in the Old and the New Testaments, makes a heroine of a professional bawd like Rahab, and makes of old rakes like David and Solomon ideals of the kind of men that God loved and that presents Paul, a bachelor, as the proper party to teach men how to manage their wives and children.

I regard that statue in the Stadium in Athens as the most important piece of statuary in Europe—not that I suppose its lesson as understood by modern Athenians, is necessarily the right one, but that it shows a willingness of the finest people known to history to publicly instruct upon a subject that is only impure to those who are impure and of whom I quote, “Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them who are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure,” the whole otherwise good sense of the passage being marred by putting “unbelief” a mere intellectual quality, or phenomenon in the same category with defilement in morals, and hence we have society full of moral lepers who assume to lead the people because they vaunt themselves upon the orthodoxy of what they believe.

We went from the Stadium to visit the temple of Jupiter. This was completed 530 B. C. and it took 600 years to build it. The people who built the temple of Jupiter stand to this day unequalled in intellect by any race of men who have ever lived, and there were among them specimens of moral heroism, that have never had their moral equals to this day. When Paul preached Christianity among them it is said that it was “unto the Greeks foolishness” (1. Cor. i.23) and yet the Christian religion prevails in Athens at this day. Had you said to the builders of the temple of Jupiter that some day it would be all in ruins and that Christian

churches would be built all around it, you would have been called a fool for your pains. If you say to the Christian of this day that in 2,500 years from now, Macauley's "gentleman from New Zealand will sit upon the broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul," or that St. Peter's at Rome will be so mixed up with the ruins now in Rome that only the expert can tell one from the other, you will be called a fool for your pains, by every Catholic in the world, while every Protestant in the world will believe it, either intelligently because history repeats itself, or because "the wish is father to the thought."

The temple of Jupiter originally had 95 columns; it has now only 15, one having fallen, sixteen years ago in an earthquake; the fallen column lying right where it fell, giving you a better idea of their proportions than the standing ones. These columns are sixty feet high and six feet in diameter at the base, sloping to about five at the top, and are all fluted by grooves about six inches wide and four inches deep, the grooves running from one end to the other, leaving a space of about two inches between them and being adapted to the slope of the columns. These columns are all of white marble, but they are stained brown from the weather, except in protected parts of them that are still perfectly white. These columns are made of blocks about five feet long which are so perfectly fitted together that the columns appear to be monoliths. These pieces are fastened together by iron bolts that are fastened in each piece so as to fit tight into corresponding holes in the block above it. Running all along, from the top of one of these columns to another, are stones which seem to be about twenty by five, by five or six feet. These longitudinal stones have on them much handsome carving. Some of them are solid and in good state of preservation and some that are still up on the columns are so badly broken that they seem liable to fall at any time. I suppose that, unless those columns are destroyed by war or earthquake, some of them will be standing 1000 years from now. Oriental stones and marbles in Oriental climates do not seem to disintegrate anything like they do in our American climate. They are not subjected to the freezes and thaws that our masonry has to undergo. From memory I would say that the temple of Jupiter was about 250 by 125 feet. Its only floor is about eight feet above the common level of the ground around it and the building is in a valley.

In looking at those ruins the thought that impressed me as in all ancient structures, finding their climax in the Sphinx and pyramids, was their dramatic silence regarding the nations and peoples and kingdoms and histories that they have seen rise and

fall. They set us a good example; they are not tattlers; don't tell tales out of school; "there is no speech nor language, their voice is not heard." They will be the silent witnesses of things yet to come, as wonderful as those they have witnessed, and yet, if I knew those things, it would not be safe for me to print them. I would again be a prisoner for blaspheming and for publishing "obscene literature."

Not far from the temple of Jupiter upon a hill in the direction of the city is a beautiful garden through which the guides carried us. In working in this garden, only six years ago, some one discovered about four feet down the mosaic floors and other parts of costly bath rooms that had been built there by the Romans when they had possession of that country. *Bathrooms* there as in many other places in the Orient seem to have been places upon which there was no limit in lavishing expense and these bath rooms have many features that would be strange to us, with none of the salient features of an elegant bath room of this day. They seem to have bathed to get warm and bathed to get cool and seem to have arranged to spend hours in the bath during some part of which they slept.

These bath room floors in that garden have all been cleaned off, and guarded with a brick wall to keep the dirt from getting on them again but when we walked over them they were as firm as any pavements to be found any where now. In that garden is one of the most beautiful and interesting monuments of the world. It is, I think, only five or six years old, and is of marble as white as snow. It represents Byron "saving a Greek woman and a savage," so the guide said, but I thought it was saving a Greek woman from a savage. It was, of course, in recognition of Byron's giving his life for Greece, but, really, I did not fully appreciate the meaning of the naked "savage" in the group.

The face of Byron—it is all a little more than life size—is a perfect portrait of him, and, therefore, perfectly handsome. The sculptor has not followed the Cromwellian injunction, "paint the wart," and Byron is not represented with a club foot, both of his feet being plainly represented as perfect. The English government would not allow Byron, the greatest poet that ever lived, to be buried in Westminster Abbey because he was an infidel. His giving his life for Greece doubtless seemed chimerical to the solons of his day, but to see Athens now shows that Byron was practical as well as poetic. I heard with gratified surprise that that monument had been built by Americans who went to Athens to attend the Olympic games.

We saw in many places very curious instances of funeral

processions and wedding processions. I noted a funeral procession in Athens. A young woman had died, and her face, even in death, was very beautiful and placid. She was carried on the shoulders of men in a coffin on a litter. The coffin had no top on it and the body was so raised that the face could be distinctly seen. A man led the procession with the coffin lid carried erect in his hands, the top part up, and the whole lid was a mass of elegant flowers. A choir of about fifty persons all dressed in white long robes followed the bier, singing, and then there was a long procession of priests and a long procession of empty carriages that followed the walking procession.

Funeral processions and wedding processions in the Orient seem to be alike gala occasions, except that the funeral is rather the merrier of the two. The young dead woman, in Athens, was followed by an empty hearse. In Cairo the bride being taken in a long procession to the house of her husband to be married was completely hidden in a thing like a hearse, that was covered all over with a gayly decorated kind of a pall. It looks like the Orient entertains the idea that is growing in America that it is a much more serious thing for a young woman to get married than to die.

I asked the guide if he knew about the house at which Byron's "Maid of Athens" lived and he said the house was now so demolished that it was not worth going to see. I thought the answer based on the demolition argument applied also to the temple of Jupiter and the Areopagus, but none of the Cookies expressed any desire to see it and I did not insist upon it. If it had been the home of Jezebel or Rahab or Bathsheba or of Lot's daughters, the clergy in our party would have just tumbled over each other to get to see it.

I took two trips up to the Acropolis, one in the carriages with the party and one on foot alone. The trip that I took alone is much more vivid in my memory. The main thing that I can remember when I was with the party is having Mr. Copelin to stand his pretty wife and me up in front of some big columns to take our picture with a kodak.

The Acropolis, with the Parthenon, Temple of Victory and Erectheum, are all together up on a high hill that is almost solid stone, but the modern road leading up to this is a very fine one, with a fairly easy grade for walking. I suppose I walked a mile up that hill, on the carriage road, and then came to a point where I had to go up a much steeper foot-path for what would have measured, perpendicularly, a hundred feet or more. This path lay over the solid stone as it naturally belonged to the hill and

which was worn smooth by the human feet which, for centuries, had climbed that hill. All along on the side of that carriage road there was a mass of broken columns and capitals and bases and entablatures that looked as if they might have been thrown from the top of the hill to make room for the finer buildings that now stand there in a less advanced stage of ruin.

I do not know the name of the building that forms a gateway through which all have to pass in going into the grounds of the Acropolis. The comparatively level place on the top of the hill embraces about four or five acres. How much of this was level by nature and how much by art cannot well be determined there now as much of the ground is covered by immense columns that have fallen upon it, but of the stone steps 125 feet long leading up onto the Parthenon, nine are cut in the solid stone, and only two more are necessary to be placed on top to bring one upon the floor of the porch of the Parthenon.

The Parthenon is 250 feet long by 125 feet broad. It has now standing forty-two columns that are thirty-five feet high and six feet in diameter at the base and nearly all of the original entablature reaching from one column to another. These columns are in blocks two and a half feet long. Much of the wall is standing inside the porch that is all the way around the building. No mortar or cement was used in the construction of the building or any of the others in the ruins of Athens. These stones keep their places simply by their own gravity. The heavy stones in the walls of the Parthenon are so dressed to fit into each other that I was unable to find any place where I could get even the point of the small blade of my small pocket knife into any crack between two rocks that are now fitted together as they originally were.

The Parthenon was built 438 B. C. About 170 years ago it was bombarded with cannon and there are many places on the columns where the balls struck them and disfigured them. The floor is made of slabs of marble about five feet square and is almost perfect.

The Erectheum, on the Acropolis, was built at the same time that the Parthenon was, 438 B. C. The Erectheum is said by architects to be the most perfect building in the world, but I could not see why it was more perfect than others that we saw. Its most famous feature is a porch about fifteen feet broad, the roof of which is held up by six women, each about seven feet high, the whole party of them having their arms and noses broken off. Workmen are engaged upon this building now replacing pieces of marble that have, from different causes, disappeared from the building. These restorations are very perfectly done, only the finest

of workmen being employed and the time given them to do their work seems to be practically unlimited. The modern scaffolding that they are using seems to be quite old and it seems that it is considered that this repairing shall be perpetual just as the flight of time and other accidents bring damage to the building. These workmen are putting back into the building all stones and parts of columns that have fallen out, as far as these parts can be identified and recovered; even when, in some instances one of these parts can only be restored by very perfectly cementing together, as we would a fine piece of china, various fragments of one of these pieces. In the new marbles that they have had to insert while the general outline of the piece as it originally evidently was has been perfectly preserved the inserted piece has not on it the minute and beautiful detail of sculpture that is there to be seen upon the blocks that match it.

Whether these inserted pieces are intended to be left plain to show in coming centuries that they are restorations or it is contemplated at some time to complete them in the building, I do not know and possibly this point is not yet decided by those in charge of the restorations. It seems to me, though, that the value of their history would be most subserved by allowing all the restored parts to appear as far as possible, as restorations.

One of the six women that hold up the roof of the famous porch is almost entirely a restoration. It is absolutely a perfect model of the others, as they originally were, the nose, which, of course, is Grecian, being restored and the arms restored in the positions that the remains of the broken arms of the others would indicate that they originally were. The six women are all alike. Made of the stern stuff that they are their lot has been a hard one, but the drapery of their clothing indicates that they are entirely proper women.

In walking around those buildings I would stand or sit in places where I imagined such men as Socrates, Solon, Thales and the others of the "seven wise men of Greece" stood or sat and looked out upon the beautiful sea, and islands and mountains as they cogitated the thoughts which have come down to us through the ringing grooves of time, and which today as much as, or more than, ever are commending themselves by their accuracy to the finest thinkers in the world.

Will anybody say now that of all the eighty millions of people in the United States there is a single man or woman who in 2300 years from now will be known by name and whose sayings will then be quoted familiarly among the people?

In 2300 years from now history will be giving uncertain

glimpses of the life of a man whose name was George Booker Washington who discovered America.

Over across a valley, about a half mile from the Acropolis, is Mars Hill, where Paul is said to have preached. It is simply a round, smooth hill, not so high as the Acropolis, and probably at that day, as now, had no trees on it, partly because it never was a place that could have produced many or large trees, because there was not much soil on it and partly because any land so near a large city as that is would have been denuded of its trees had there been any, many years before the beginning of the Christian era. Mars Hill looks like such a place as might have been selected by Paul and his handful of followers to preach his new doctrine. It is as near to the city as you can find a place where they would have been far enough out of the crowd for Paul and his hearers to have respectively spoken and heard without interruption from accidental passers—a place where it could be seen what they were doing and yet one to which one would not be liable to take the necessary pains to go unless he was interested to hear the speech.

I believe that there was such a man as Paul and that he probably preached on Mars Hill, and that the story of his shipwreck and stay at Melita, as given in the New Testament, is substantially true, but that unreasonable stories were added to the facts in his life, some by honest accident and some, probably the greatest part, by those who wanted to make money out of the new religion, as always has been and still is, true of all religions. The Jupiter of the Greeks, also called Jove, was the God of heaven and of almost the same name the Jehovah, the God of the Jewish and Christian religions. Venus, known to the Greeks as Aphrodite, had, by the god Mercury, a child named Cupid that was the god of love, and Mary in the Christian religion, had by God, or by a supernatural spirit, a child named Jesus that was the god of love. The kinds of love may have differed, but one blended into the other and the similarity between Venus and Cupid on one hand and Mary and Jesus on the other hand, was such that the pictures of Venus the Greek or Roman woman, were used by the painters of the Christian religion as models for Mary the mother of Jesus. The idea of the cohabitation of gods and women resulting in progeny that was nearly always, if not always, masculine, was a familiar one to all the educated people of Greece, and therefore the religion of Paul was "foolishness to them," and his followers of the Christian religion were from the ignorant masses, and therefore we have the statement of Paul that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

It seems reasonable to suppose that had the Christian religion

antedated the religion that built the temple of Jupiter and which was an old religion when that temple was finished, 435 years before the birth of Jesus, the Christians would have claimed that the religion of the Greeks was simply a modification of the religion of Jesus and so, when it is beyond a doubt that the religion of the ancient Greeks was centuries older than that of Christians it seems natural and reasonable to account for these similarities in the two religions by saying that they result from the fact that the Christians accidentally, or purposely, or both, grafted on to some probable facts in their religion some of the unreasonable, or merely poetic, supernaturalism of the Greeks.

No reasonable man believes the stories of Hector and Ajax as given in Homer's Iliad, and yet, beyond a reasonable doubt there was some man like Homer and there were, almost certainly, some men more or less like Hector and Ajax. There were, almost certainly, characters more or less like Moses and Jesus Christ, but sound judgment dictates that the miraculous stories attached to each have their origin in honest error, or priestly cupidity, or in poetic license, as in the cases of Grecian and Roman mythology.

The very strongest argument that the Christians can make for their religion is that the Greeks and Romans, though representatives of the highest intellect and intelligence in the world, after having heard for centuries all the arguments for their respective religions abandoned those religions and embraced Christianity, and defend it to this day in the midst of the enlightenment of the twentieth century. But it is a logical proverb that an argument that proves too much proves nothing, and all the force of that argument for the Christian religion is broken by the fact, that the Christians after having heard the argument for the Christian religion for more than six centuries in the very places where the Christian religion originated and where the Christian churches had become fully established, deserted that religion so completely, and accepted the religion of Mohammed so completely that Christianity, even in Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Bethany, and in all Asia Minor, where Paul preached and established the churches to which he writes the epistles in the New Testament, can only exist there through the suffrance and kindness and generosity of the camel driving prophet of Mecca, in Arabia.

The growth and existence of religions are no evidence whatever of their truth. I remember when Mormonism started in Missouri as a result of a Bible written for amusement by one Sidney Rigdon who was a preacher in the church for which I used to preach, and yet today, as I write, the Mormons are in Germany the most intellectual land in the world, making a strong defence against

an edict of that government, banishing them from the country, just as the Romans did, or are said to have done, the Christians; the Mormons taking the ground that they are moral and law-abiding citizens, and the stronger ground that the time has come when no man should be persecuted for his religious opinions, and I believe the most competent thinkers of the world, all of whom recognize the absurdity of Morman claims to any supernatural origin, will say that Germany cannot, consistently, refuse to let the Mormons have a fair hearing in that country.

In the same way, as I write this, Dowie of Chicago, claiming that he is the Elijah who was miraculously fed by the ravens at the spring that we saw in Palestine, and who afterward ascended bodily to heaven is arranging to take 2000 of his followers to camp in Madison Square in New York, the most prominent part of the city, and the great journals and magazines are exploiting the fact. If he succeeds he will be another Jesus Christ or Mohammed or Jo. Smith, while if he fails he will be another Slatter or George O. Barnes. In saying this I am not at all underrating the character of Jesus Christ. I can easily conceive how a man, much like he is described to be, in the New Testament, could have had his just indignation aroused to a point of fanaticism against the same class of impostors as those who now in Jerusalem, in the name of Christianity, live in luxury and idleness on the money that they get from their dupes by lying.

I personally knew George O. Barnes. He was one of the most magnetic characters I ever knew. He was more like Jesus Christ than any other man that America ever produced. For years in religion he was the central figure of Kentucky, attracting more interest and more love of the people than all the other preachers in Kentucky combined. I watched him closely and never knew in him an instance of immorality. With all of his vagaries I loved the man and was, and still am, proud of the fact that he loved me, and yet Barnes believed, or professed to believe, that he could work miracles and that he was miraculously cared for by God, and today he is a follower of Dowie, content to be to that arch imposter what John the Baptist was to Jesus—proud to decrease that the fame and honor of Dowie, the Elijah of God, may increase.

Athens appears to be about three miles square, is solidly built and has 240,000 inhabitants. There is nothing but corner stones to indicate the lines between the lands of different owners. The country is said to produce the finest honey in the world.

I found lying near the Parthenon a primitive kind of a castiron cannon that had evidently bursted because the imperfectly formed ball that had been rammed into it had stuck in its bore

when they tried to fire it out. I contemplated the result hoping that it had killed a lot of the vandals who were shooting it at the historic buildings. The Parthenon at the time of the bombardment had gun powder stored in it and a cannon shot exploding the powder caused the greater part of the ruin of the building.

Some hundreds of years after the Chinese had invented gun powder and used it only to amuse children, a Christian preacher, named Friar Bacon, invented it again and used it for killing people. If there is any hell that preacher's bacon is a frier now.

A strange article of commerce at Athens is an urn shaped sponge that will hold a peck. It is said that there once were 80,000 statues on the Acropolis, but the Mohammedans destroyed them because it was contrary to their religion to make statuary. They accepted as authoritative the ten commandments of Moses and fairly interpreting the second commandment would not allow statuary. The twelve lions in the "court of lions" at the Alhambra were so unlike anything in the heavens above, or earth beneath or waters under the earth, that they were not regarded as coming under the interdiction of the Mosaic decalogue.

The Jews and Christians could not stamp or print money if they obeyed the second commandment, and therefore they count it out.

"They pardon such as they're inclined to,
And damn all that they have no mind to."

Many of the Cookies went to see the tomb of Pythagoras. I did not go because it required some extra money to do so. I took their word for it that he was dead. He ought to have died before he was born. He is the man who is responsible for the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and modern theosophy and of Madam Blavatski. It is probably justice to the man to say that if he could have anticipated that theosophy would grow out of what he said he would have declined to be born.

I saw the place where the battle of Marathon was fought. It reminded me somewhat of the battlefield of Manassas, the place where old Mars Bob Lee and old Rockfence Jack everlastingly paralyzed and pulverized a large assortment of the Yanks. When we read history about those old Greek and Roman fellows we get the general impression that they were always honing to get killed just for the fun of it, and to get their names printed in the newspapers, but from the looks of the ground on the battlefield of Marathon, I am strongly under the impression that the most part of the scrimmage that they had there was caused by each side trying to get on the upper side of a mountain so as to kill the other

fellows without getting killed themselves. It is but right, however, in this connection to say that my recognized knowledge of military tactics did not make me a Major General in the "late unpleasantness" between the North and South in this country.

It is an interesting fact in the history of the art of Athens that in all the magnificent statuary and paintings that are being produced there up to date in the gorgeously beautiful public buildings of the city, I did not see a single instance of any Bible picture, such as predominate almost exclusively at Jerusalem and Rome, but all the modern as well as the ancient sculpture and pictures of Athens are of those old heathen gods, generally sparking their best summer girls, and though after having seen the finest pictures in Paris in my young days, and some of the artistic spreads of Rome in my late days, I know it will damage my standing as an art critic, I am just rash enough to say that brand-splinter new fresco depictions of flirtations and assignations in Athens, among those ancient heathen gods and goddesses tickled my Dog Fennel fancy and hayseed ideas of what was pleasant to look at more than any pictures I have ever seen any where else.

The story of "Prometheus bound," between which and the sufferings of Jesus Christ many critics have discovered a resemblance, is a favorite theme for art in Athens. While I have been familiar with that story and that picture for nearly half a century it is strange that I had never known of its companion piece until I saw it on the landing of a stairway in the palace of King George and his good wife. It seems that Prometheus subsequently got loose and made it very warm for the buzzards that were having little tea parties with pate de foies gras on their menu, poor Pometheus furnishing the liver. I suppose it was Pometheus who first answered the question, "Is life worth living?" by saying "It depends upon the liver." You could not give that man any pointers on the unpleasantness of a disordered liver, without the benefit of Holman's Liver Pad (for which advertisement its proprietor will please send me \$13.)

There is in Athens a perfectly new building that has on it a Greek name as long as the longest inflection of the verb "tupto," Bullion's Greek grammar, and which I suppose means, in the American language, something like "town hall." It has on either side of its main entrance very tall and very ornate columns upon which, respectively, are statues of Apollo and Minerva in gilded white marble and heroic proportions. The way the old Greek gods and goddesses are amusing themselves in the pictures on the inside walls of that building, the ladies being dressed so as to avoid the use of dry goods as is done by a "full dress" of one of our

American "400" from the waist up, and by an Atlantic City, mosquito bar bathing suit from the waist down, would vex the righteous soul of Anthony Comstock, but I felt like, this time, I was where old Tony could not get me, and all the time that all the balance of the Cookics were out seeing about old Pythagoras I was sitting there all alone in those elegant surroundings looking at those pictures but, honor bright now, the picture that I looked at most was one of Pygmalion warming the statue Galatea into life by holding a torch before his or its breast. You could see the light coming into its chiseled eyes, the flush into its cheek and lips and the blue veins beginning to course down its white marble arms while its marble feet had not separated from the marble pedestal upon which it stood.

At our lunch table in the hotel we had in the toothpick holders, toothpicks that grew in bunches on shrubs, just ready for use, each one having on one end a little dried flower, which being eaten had the effect of a whisky killer. The table cloths were very handsome and hung down onto the floor. The young fellows and their best girls said the table cloths were perfectly splendid to play "hold hands" under. I am not going to depose; I am a married man.

In Athens the bootblacks sit in a chair and the customer stands. You would think the bootblack's box was a hand organ.

I saw a band of some sort of carnival masqueraders set a brilliant thing like a May pole in the streets and dance around it.

I heard a fellow talking Greek to a donkey and the donkey understood it just as well as a Kentucky mule understands American when you use the expletives that are common in talking to mules. I had always had some misgivings about that story of Balaam and his donkey conversing together in Hebrew, but when I saw that Athens donkey understand Greek it assisted my faith to realize how the Bible story might be true.

I heard two of our Cookie women talking. One said that in the city where she lived she was in the habit of setting a little dog up on the seat beside her when she took carriage rides and that one day a woman had asked her if it would not be better to take some little poor child with her. The woman to whom she was talking said that she thought the one who rode in the carriage showed good taste in taking the dog instead of the child. I am opposed, to Socialism politically and to hell religiously, but candidly, I don't see what we can do with that brand of women without Socialism in this world and a hell in the next one.

After we went aboard the Moltke some of the Cookies said they saw King George and his wife—don't know her name; call her

Georgianna—sail around our big boat in a beautiful little steam launch. I didn't see them; didn't see the launch; I saw the ocean they had sailed in.

We left Piraeus at 5:30 p. m. on a beautiful evening. We passed a big Russian war ship lying at anchor. Our band played a Russian national air, while the band on the warship played a German national air.

On February 25 we sailed from Piraeus for Constantinople, distance 356 miles. We passed the place on the Hellespont, where Byron says that Leander swam to Hero and he, himself, swam to fame. Edgar Allen Poe said that he (Poe) swam eight miles up the Ohio river. I think he lied—or used Poe-tic license; he was a poet. I have a record as a swimmer my own self. I swam and saved a man in the river Seine, in France, who was drowning. You can read about it in "Behind the Bars; 31498." It was doing things like that that caused my grateful country to furnish me the peculiarly favorable circumstances under which to write a book by that name. I could not swim from Sestos to Abydos, four miles, and I do not believe that Leander or Byron did—fair swimming.

Traveling makes great liars. Even Mark Twain yielded and I feel the temptation to do so—but then I have been a preacher and the habits of early youth are hard to get over.

"Coelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."

On that day I saw Asia for the first time; the country that is responsible for preachers and the Salvation Army. I saw the place where Xerxes "lashed the Hellespont with chains."

That's the place that Europa swam across on a bull. That's another swimming lie that I do not believe unless it was a fin-back bull whale so she could hold on like to a pummel on a side-saddle. I didn't see any bull tracks on the shore, and in traveling a man ought not to believe anything he hears and not more than half that he sees. The statements of travelers should be received "cum grano salis"—with a barrel of salt.

There is only one thing about Constantinople that I was not disappointed in and that was the dogs. One Cookie counted fifty-one dogs on one square, and another counted 903 dogs from the landing to the hotel. The dog population at the last census was 200,000 and the people 1,000,000. That is only one dog to five people while among our poorest people in Kentucky there are five dogs to one person. In Constantinople all canines are of the "yellow dog" variety. The people spend some part of their time in their houses, and the dogs are so much more in evidence than the people because the dogs are always on the streets. The greater

part of them are always asleep. They don't turn around three times like our American dog does before they lie down, but they just lie down anywhere so it's somewhere that people have to walk and vehicles have to drive. They are kind, good dogs and never bite anybody or bite each other, except when one by some accident or mistake steps across the line that it is agreed among them is the limit of his diocese and then all of those in the domain that has been encroached upon, jump on him and bite him.

Nobody in Constantinople ever purposely hurts a dog. Millions of miles are annually traveled in Constantinople in getting around dogs. One of the first things I noticed in Constantinople was thousands and thousands of big fine wild ducks, that light on the roofs of the buildings. I thought of sending a cablegram to Grover Cleveland to come over and bring his gun, until it occurred to me that the Mohammedans would not let him shoot at the ducks for fear he might shoot a dog.

I don't think the dogs there have so many fleas on them as some writers represent, because there are not enough fleas to go around.

On the way to Constantinople we saw Mt. Olympus, its top being covered with snow. The gods of the Greeks used to come down onto the top of Mt. Olympus to meet prominent Greek functionaries with whom they wished to discuss the political and religious affairs of Greece. These gods also had a habit of coming down on mountains to meet, by moonlight, reigning belles among the Greek ladies, when their husbands and papas had been told by them that they were only going out to their clubs or church socials. The gods there don't do those things these days. That habit of the gods of meeting people up on the tops of high mountains naturally grew out of the willingness of the respective parties to meet on half way grounds as nations now do in making treaties. It was not so far to heaven from the top of a mountain as it was from the level plain below.

The Hebrew God did the same way. He had a conference of days with Moses and would come down onto the top of Mt. Sinai to meet him. In the same way Jesus took pains to select a high mountain from the top of which to ascend to heaven. Mt. Calvary, where he had been crucified, stands there just a short and convenient distance from a gate of Jerusalem, and would have seemed, to a mere carnal mind, a good place from which to ascend to heaven, just as it was a good place to crucify him so that almost anybody in Jerusalem might witness it. But Calvary is a little low mountain while the Mount of Olives is the highest one near Jerusalem, and therefore Jesus must have spent the half of a day in climbing

up the Mount of Olives to get a high point from which to begin the ascension to heaven.

When I saw I was getting to Constantinople I began to feel that I was getting a long way from home, and I remembered how proud I was when I learned to spell the long name of that town. It was when I was quite a youth.

It was while looking at Mt. Olympus that I saw the first porpoises that I had seen since I had crossed the ocean years before.

Oh, no, the porpoises were not on the mountain—on the sea where they usually stay! They have the same old habit of running races with ships. They contracted this habit in the old days of sail ships and the increased speed of the steam ships makes them get such a move on themselves to have any fun with a ship that they quit, like their feeling were hurt, after a race of a mile or so. The number of sea gulls that you meet at Constantinople is surprising. They are about half the size of those you see in New York harbor. Those big gulls followed the Moltke for about three days out from New York, and there seemed to be about the same lot of them, say fifty, all the time. They, of course, follow the ships to get things to eat that are thrown overboard. I would see them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, and I am still curious to know what they did with themselves during the nights. Even if they could go to sleep on the water, slashing around as it does, how could they sleep and keep up with the ship at the same time?

The little gulls in Constantinople—they are about as big as crows—light on houses, like the ducks do, but there are only a few large buildings near the water that either the ducks or gulls light on, and why they select those particular buildings and not others that seem equally as good for their purposes, you cannot see.

I was disappointed in the "Golden Horn" that I had read so much about. I had expected to see domes or minarets or something glittering with gold, and something about the formation of the harbor that looked like the horn or crescent of the Mohammedans, but what they told me was the "Golden Horn" was a sombre looking part of the harbor that stood off by itself and so land locked as to make it very secure for the immense number of various kinds of ships that were in it, but I did not think it nearly so beautiful as various bays and harbors that I had seen.

The thing that first attracts your attention in coming to Constantinople, as you look at it from the ship is the minarets of the mosques. Mosques seem to be fine and important according to the number of minarets that they can afford. The mosque of Achmed, at Constantinople, has six minarets and the mosque at Mecca, in Arabia, the birthplace of Mohammedanism, has seven

minarets. These minarets among the Mohammedans take the place of steeples among the Christians, neither the Mohammedan nor the Christian having any idea what steeples are for, except that the Mohammedan uses one out of his several minarets for the calling of the muezzin. The Christian sticks his steeple or steeples up on the top of his church and the Mohammedan builds his minaret or minarets up from the ground, near and around the mosque. These minarets seem to be about 225 feet high and are built of stone. They are the same size all the way up. At six o'clock in the morning, at noon and at six o'clock at night, and at nine in the morning at three in the evening, or afternoon as they foolishly call it every where except in the South in the United States, the muezzin climbs up a stair inside some one of these minarets at each mosque and he calls out a set formula that has some very complimentary remarks about Allah in it, and winds up with a notice that all the faithful must come to prayers. Praying is a heavy job among the Mohammedans. The devotion of the Irish Catholic girl who gets up at six o'clock on a cold winter morning and goes to mass, ain't in it as compared with what the Mohammedan does. In fact among the higher classes of Mohammedan society a man hardly has any time through the day to do anything, but smoke and drink coffee and pray and play chess, but after these labors of the day are over, he can go to his home with the happy assurance that he can find his several dozen wives there to cheer him instead of finding an only wife out at a club or church sociable, or ministerial pound party, or female ankle exhibition to raise the money for the preacher's salary, as would be the case in America.

This muezzin, like an American auctioneer, gets his job on the strength of his voice. A mere ordinary announcement of what he has to say would not answer the purpose. He has to intone it like the priests do and it is a sound very much like that of an asthmatic bagpipe that you hear about like you do a telephone that needs a little shaking up.

Some of the finest of these mosques were originally built by the Christians for churches and then the Mohammedans came along and took them away from the Christians and used them for mosques, utilizing the pictures and statuary and candles and altars of the Christians for kindling material and other domestic purposes. In the same spirit of generosity toward the pagan religions, the Catholics in Rome have brought obelisks from Egypt and stuck them up in front of Christian churches and then climbed the monuments of ancient Rome, that had pagan gods on top of them, and fixed hoops off of beer kegs up above their heads,

for haloes, and then named these old pagan gods for Christian saints. The little amenities that religions show each other every time they get a chance is real touching.

I saw a Catholic priest who was a Cookie looking at the Mohammedans in one of these mosques, bowing themselves to the floor, and saying their prayers most reverently and that priest had a grin on his hard Irish face that indicated that he was awfully tickled at the delusion of the poor Mohammedan. It was not the particular brand of damfoolery that that priest got his grub and traveling expenses out of in his own church in America.

Constantine, who built this dog heaven, in the early part of the Fourth century (A. D.) was converted to Christianity from the pagans and he was the party of the first part, who made Christianity a go, and a business success, without which no religion can thrive. As a defender of the new faith he had all the strenuousness of the proverbial "new broom." His wife, true to the religion of her mother, which was therefore good enough for her (Mrs. Constantine) did not see the argument for the new faith as her husband did, and when she made some points that he could not answer, by ordinary logical processes, he resorted to the more popular mode of theological argumentation and boiled her in oil like a sardine for an hour or two. The cook upon examining her, to see if she was done, found her dead. The modesty of Constantine was, like that of the most conspicuous followers generally of the "meek and lowly Nazarene." Constantine brought from Rome a splendid column which had been erected to a heathen god and he had this column set up in Constantinople and had his own statue put on it, posing as the god Apollo, with things that look like bayonets sticking out from around his head to represent the rays that originally were supposed to radiate from the head of Apollo, and which, in the subsequent mixing up of the pictures of the pagan and Christian artists and of the theology of the pagan and Christian preachers they stick around the head of Jesus, so as to make a god out of a carpenter, and those old Apollo rays are still sticking out around the head of Jesus, in his pictures in Lexington churches even to this day.

In the pictures of the saints in Rome it is, of course, easy to paint around and over the head of each a hoop that stands up in the air, with nothing to hold it, but, in the statuary, that hoop won't stand up in the air and so each saint has a rod of iron sticking up out of his back hair, to hold his hoop up, the supposition of the church being that no true believer will ever be so sacrilegious as to go around behind things in theology to see how they are managed.

That column and statue of Constantine are now so damaged and the worse for wear for the more than 1500 years that they have been standing there, that they are all hooped and splinted and bandaged in a scandalous manner. The rays around the head of the hybrid of Apollo and Constantine standing on the top of it are hanging around like the hairpins of a female poet and old Constantine's face is all patched up and plastered over to hold its different features together, like that of an Irishman who had been to Donnybrook fair or to a wake.

Close to this is a very ancient fire tower. It seems to have been built some time about 1000 years ago so that the firemen could go up on it to get a good view of the fire and to give newspaper reporters an opportunity by going up on this to get all the details of the fire for the early morning dailies, without going to the fire. I have been a newspaper reporter. Close by there is some kind of a big building where the guides feed the pigeons like they do at St. Mark's in Venice, for the entertainment of travelers. I do not know whether or not they had arranged to have an extra number of pigeons present because the Cookies on this occasion represented the most people and the most money that had ever struck that town in any one party from any place so far away, but I believe that the ordinary traveler would be liable to exaggerate the number of pigeons there. I do not think there were more than a million. When I was a newspaper reporter I would have estimated them as being between two and three millions. But there is a pretty broad range for a pigeon estimate between and two, on one extreme and 3,000,000, on the other. They were all our commonest variety of blue domestic pigeons of America. Poverty and rags and religion and dogs flourish with a tropical luxuriousness in Constantinople. And yet wealth and poverty in Constantinople are brought into a juxtaposition that would give a Socialist a chronic case of the jimjams to gaze on, if a Socialist could raise money enough to get to Constantinople.

The Cooks had put up the money for us in good shape and the Turks turned their town wide open for us to look at. They only drew the line against letting our men go in to see the ladies in the harems. They had heard that we had nineteen preachers along. But they let our women folks in and the women told us and especially did some of our more ancient dames tell me, knowing I was going to write a book, and while it might not do for me to say here exactly what those nice old ladies told me, I know enough about the inside of a harem to tell you all that these stories that the missionaries tell you about the miseries of harems are as big lies as were ever told. Those women in those harems have a regular

picnic of it, and they have many a jolly good laugh over the pity that is bestowed upon them by the Christian world. The main difference between the harem of the Sultan at Constantinople, the head of the Mohammedan church, and the harem of Edward VII., in London, the head of Protestantism, is that the Sultan keeps all of his in one place and don't lie about it and don't care who knows it, while the King of England has his harem scattered around in different places, some times other mens' wives, and tells a million lies about it every year. The Sultan and the King equally believe in the Old Testament of our Bible, and the Sultan calls attention to the fact that Solomon had a harem of an even 1,000 women, and he justly calls the King of England an infidel because the King does not openly say that a harem is all right.

It will be noticed that I did not say that the Pope, the head of Catholicism, which is the butt end of the Christian religion, has a harem. Good reason why; too old and ugly; girls won't have it.

Among all this religion and dogs and rags, we, in the treasure house of the Sultan, among other things ran upon a piece of furniture about half the size of an ordinary bed that was worth \$20,000,000. It was the throne which had been captured by the Turks from the Persians. It and the footstool that was with it, were made of solid beaten gold and the two had in them from a peck to a half bushel of diamonds and every other precious stone known to the world. And yet that government is bankrupt for the want of money, and can barely buy Easter bonnets for the Sultan's wives.

Sultans and Popes and Kings and Presidents and priests and preachers all get rich and the masses of the people all get poor, in exactly the ratio of the amount of religion among them. I am not a Socialist, though some of their principlas are right, but I tell you that under this whole infernal business there is burning a Socialistic volcano that some of these days—I do not say fine days—will throw out a lot of hot stuff that will bury this alliance of political and religious rottenness so deep that Herculaneum and Pompeii and Martinique will not be a circumstance.

The statues of Guordano Bruno and of Garibaldi cast their shadows upon the walls of the Vatican and they forebode more than the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.

We have many Coal Oil Johnnies and Copper Kings and Coal Barons any one of whom could buy that divan or throne from Turkey and bring it to New York and show it for \$1,000,000 a year, but for the fact that some body would steal it before it had been here a week and break it up and peddle out the gold and jewels.

Turkey probably could not sell it if she would, and would not if she could.

Sultans and Vanderbilts say alike, "damn the people."

Columns in Constantinople as in Rome, form a salient feature in the attractions of Constantinople. There is an elegant new one erected on the site of the old Hippodrome by King William of Germany, and there is the column of Theodosius erected by Justinian, and then there is an immense square column that slopes toward the top and that has been mutilated from top to bottom. This is the result of the fact that it was originally covered with brass, from bottom to top, and the pious crusaders on their way to Jerusalem to get the cross on which Jesus had been crucified wrenched all the brass off that great column and stole it. They may have thought it was gold. They could not have used it to make cannon in those days. Then there is a beautiful column that was brought there from Delphi.

The mosque of Achmad, built only 326 years ago, is the finest in the city. Its six minarets are eighteen feet in diameter and probably 250 feet high and each has three doors and balconies from which the muezzin calls to prayers. They are of marble and beautifully carved from bottom to top. We all had to get into slippers, but there were so many of us that they did not make us pull off our shoes, but only required us to put the slippers on over our shoes. There were men and boys in attendance to put the slippers on for us. There was such a scramble for slippers so as to get in as soon as possible, that any body just got the first pair of slippers of any kind that they could get hold of. Almost as often as otherwise some woman with a pretty little foot went slapping around like a clog dancer at a vaudeville, while some man would have a pair into which he could barely get the ends of his toes, and went walking around with half of his unhallowed Christian sole leather profaning by its contact, the sacred rugs or pavements of the great prophet of Allah. I put my number seven and a half shoe into a number thirteen slipper and managed them somewhat like snow shoes. Many of these slippers were then used for the first time, and they had gotten them nearly all large, anticipating the rush for them that would be with our big party and especially if the parties of the Cooks and the Clarks got there at the same time, as they did to many places, making nearly 1000 in all.

The altar in the mosque of Achmed is so arranged as that when the people bow before it in prayer their faces will be toward Mecca.

In the mosque of St. Sophia which was built A. D. 316, for a Christian church and therefore not arranged with reference to

the people praying with their faces toward Mecca, there was some kind of a scheme by which those praying in it were supposed to be praying toward Mecca, but it involved some kind of a theological subtlety that I could not get onto as expounded by our Turkish guide whose vocabulary was hardly equal to the emergency.

The mosque of St. Sophia was built by Justinian and it took 10,000 workmen and 1,000 artists five years to build it. Its main room from the marble pavement to the top of the dome that covers it is 180 feet high. It has eight pillars that were brought from Ephesus and eight columns of porphyry that were brought from Baalbec. There is in this mosque what is known as the "sweating column." This sweating is supposed to be miraculous and if you pray before it the Mohammedans say you will be miraculously cured of any disease you have. I think you have to find it when it is sweating in order to be cured of your disease. I looked at it quite closely and could not see that it was sweating when we were there and as I was not sick any way I could not say my prayers so as to test its claimed power. If I could have come across that column when I was seasick I might have ventured on a few pater noster, or the Episcopal service for the sea or some original composition.

Very high up in the ceiling above the altar the guides show "the center of Christ's face." This has appeared there miraculously, but how long since I did not learn. Of course the Mohammedan religion is not at all dependent upon Christ for its authority, but this miraculous appearance of Christ's face there is construed by the Mohammedans as being intended by Christ to instruct the Christians that the Mohammedan religion is all right and that all who decline to receive it must do so at their own risk. I think I am an adept at discovering resemblances of this kind to the human face. I used to find them in the fire by the thousand when we burned wood in the old times. I have seen all the men and women and cows in the moon that anybody has ever seen. I saw and recognized in a second before it had ever been explained to me the wonderful natural picture of Shakespeare with three-fourths of an oval frame around it, that has recently been discovered in the ceiling of the Mammoth Cave, where no man could ever have gotten, and I recognized instantly the natural formation, on the road to Grenada known as "the old man of the mountain;" but though I tried faithfully to see what they said was the center of the face of Christ" in the ceiling of the mosque of St. Sophia, I could not see it. I saw a white spot that looked like a leak in the roof had made the fresco fall off, and that looked like it suggested

a job for a plumber in the heavy lead roof, and I supposed that in the same way the sweating of that column might be accounted for, if indeed it ever sweated and was not simply a scheme to offset various things of that kind in the Catholic churches. But the pious Catholics and Protestants among the Cookies around me gazed reverently up at the alleged miraculous center of the face of Christ and, whether they saw it or not, ratified the Mohammedan claim of its actuality by their reverent behavior, and being away off there by myself I did not propose to bring upon myself any avoidable odium theologicum, by saying I could not see it; but it furnished me a demonstration that Christians and Mohammedans male and female, will combine to make fools and asses and liars of themselves to make themselves and others believe in religion and supernaturalism though they are ready to murder and rob each other, in war, because they do not agree about the details of their creeds.

While we were in one of these mosques the hour for prayer came and there were about 1,000 men who assembled for prayer. In Christianity in America the churches so depend upon the women that if their influence was withdrawn for a single year the church would collapse. In Mohammedanism and in Christianity in the Orient women are very little in evidence. Their view of that matter is the teaching of Paul (1. Cor. 14.35) "If they (women) will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home."

There is in the mosque a box in which a hand of Sultan Achmed is said to be preserved. The room is about 200 feet in diameter. Mosques, like Christian cathedrals, have little or no arrangement for anybody to sit. The people stand just as thick as they can crowd together. There was only one pew in St. Sophia and that belonged to a private individual and was in the part of the house most remote from where the service is conducted. It had seats for about four people. There is a large door into the mosque through which the rich enter and a smaller one through which the poor enter. The candor shown by the Mohammedans in their discrimination between the rich and the poor is real refreshing as compared with the hypocrisy in that matter shown by the Christians in this country.

We went up a stair and out onto a lead roof to get a view of the part of the harbor known as the "Golden Horn." It affords a good opportunity to see what is to be seen from there but the view is not specially beautiful. The exterior of the building is not attractive and looks somewhat dilapidated. There are many lamps which hang by long chains so nearly to the floor that a tall person can reach them from the floor.

One of the most wonderful features in the Orient is the enormous burdens the people carry on their backs. We saw much of this in Constantinople. There are men whose whole business is to carry heavy burdens and they carry as much as one ought to put on the back of a good mule in America. Those men walk so stooping that the burden lies all along their backs and rests on a kind of a packsaddle that is fastened on their hips. I saw on the back of one of these men a package which I estimated was six feet by three by two, and another one a package that I thought was five feet by three by two and a half. I saw a man carrying on his back, apparently from a furniture store to the home of some purchaser, a wardrobe which in Lexington would have been loaded by two or three men into a furniture car and hauled off by two horses.

We visited a museum of antiquities in the city. The most wonderful thing in it is the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great. It is about twelve feet long, six feet broad and five feet high. The guides claim that this sarcophagus is the eighth wonder of the world and it is certainly wonderful, its history its workmanship and all. This sarcophagus is made of alabaster. Its entire exterior is a solid mass of the most intricate and elaborate carving representing the exploits of Alexander. There are so many figures on it that it would require a whole day to give it a thorough examination. The interior of the sarcophagus, which is large enough to hold fifteen or twenty men is all most elaborately sculptured. The top of the sarcophagus which would probably weigh 2,000 pounds, is all elaborately ornamented and is raised about a foot high so as to rest on a block of stone put on each corner of the body of the sarcophagus so as to allow persons to see down into it. This is also true of many other wonderful sarcophagi in the museum.

Alexander the Great died in Babylon about 300 B. C. and this sarcophagus was found in Sydon, which is on the coast of Palestine, only fifteen years ago. How that sarcophagus got that far from where Alexander died is one of the mysteries of the thing. It had been opened and the body of Alexander was not in it, and the whole sarcophagus was found in a chamber that had been hewn in the solid stone and the chamber had been hermetically sealed up. It was found by a farmer who was paid the equivalent of \$10,000 in our money for it. The sarcophagus is in almost perfect preservation, the only damage to it seeming to be such as might have come from handling it. I suppose it would weigh 10,000 pounds. Of course it would naturally occur to some one to say that there was some fraud about this, but such seems impossible.

the date of its finding is so recent and the facts of its transportation and placing in that museum so recent and so public and the historical interest of the thing so great and the sculptures so evidently representing the battles between Alexander the Great and the Persians beside many other evidences of identification known to the scholars and archeologists who have seen it, that the successful perpetration of such a fraud would seem as wonderful as that it should be what is claimed for it.

The making of a thing of such proportions as that and the time necessary to make it preclude the possibility of its having been done secretly. But in addition to all this is the fact that there are but few, if any sculptors now living who could make such a thing and there never was a time in the whole history of Palestine when any body in that country could have made such a thing as that sarcophagus and you cannot conceive what motive they could have had in making such a thing and disposing of it in that way. One theory of it is that it was made for the body of Alexander and that his remains, from some unknown reason, were never put into it, and that it was thus hidden for safe keeping until the remains of Alexander could be put into it, and that the secret of its hiding place was lost until recently discovered by accident by a farmer who was digging in the regular pursuit of his business.

It is easy enough to see how the priests can palm off on people who want to be deceived the old bones and rags that they claim to be those of saints, and the books of alleged very ancient date that they discover every semi-occasionally to bolster up the claims of their religion, but all of those are quite different from the story of the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great that we saw in Constantinople. From any view that you can take of it, it is certainly very wonderful and by no means the least wonderful is to suppose the thing a fraud. That such a thing is there now in Constantinople is either so, or I am lying about it, or am mistaken. It seems almost impossible that I could honestly imagine all the details of this story, without any basis for it, and it seems just as strange that I would want to tell a lie about it when from the circumstances it is so easy to expose me. Assuming then that I actually saw it and heard that history of it and yet that the whole thing was a fraud that had been perpetrated only fifteen years ago, how easy it is to account for the things we saw at Jerusalem and that are offered by the Christian world as evidence of the truth of the story that is told us there about Jesus Christ.

For instance at Bethlehem we were shown a hole in the rock in which the whole Christian world agrees that Jesus Christ was born. Nobody claims to know when that hole was chiseled out of

that rock, nor by whom it was done nor for what it was done. There are a great many holes like it chiseled out of other rocks in other places in Palestine.

The whole Christian world that accepts our canonic New Testament says that Jesus was born in a stable in Bethlehem and "cradled in a manger" in that stable. The Apochryphal New Testament says Jesus was born in a cave in Bethlehem. It is evidently not what we commonly mean by a cave and as for its being a stable it is not as much like a place that was built for a stable as a place I dug and walled up for a dairy in Kentucky. That the alleged stable in Bethlehem in which it is said Jesus was born, therefore, may be a fraud, seems immensely greater than that the alleged sarcophagus of Alexander in Constantinople may be a fraud. And yet while there is hardly a successful gambler in America who would bet two to one that the sarcophagus of Alexander in Constantinople is what is claimed for it, whole governments are built and run based on the story that Jesus Christ was born in that hole in Bethlehem, that looks like it may have been made to keep vegetables in and some people call a man a bad man because he does not believe stories of that kind when these stories are used to prove the truth of Christianity. From a standpoint like this that sarcophagus of Alexander was the most interesting thing I saw in Constantinople.

I asked the Mohammedan guide who was showing us through that museum to tell me what he thought was the true religion and he said "Honor your father and mother, don't steal, and do good to your neighbor," and then we are great enough fools to send on to those people, to convert them to Christianity, the same brand of male and female missionaries that we sent to China to rob and murder them. We send over there and tell them that Mohammed made his converts by the sword, and that our Jesus was the Prince of Peace and then the Mohammedan looks over in the waters of the "Golden Horn" and sees it full of the war vessels of all the Christian nations in the world and he wonders why any people will tell lies that nobody is liable to believe.

The stupidity of the Christians in saying that Mohammed made his converts by the sword is but little better than idiocy. How could he have gotten armies to follow him that were large enough to go from his own land and capture all the principal lands of the Christians unless they believed in him?

When we started away from one of those mosques where we had seen the Mohammedans praying I got into a carriage with two of our Cookie women who seemed to be rich and one that I had not talked to before, whose nose was rather suspiciously red, said to the

other one, "I wish I had brought a bottle of whisky," and then she showed a Turkish pipe that she had bought to take home to her neighbor's son. I asked her if she said her prayers when she was in where all those Mohammedans were praying. She said "Yes; I thought it was a good opportunity and I said my prayers; when we are in Turkey we must do as Turkeys do." She asked me a good many questions about such things as the occasion suggested, most of which, fortunately, I was able to answer her to her evident gratification and appreciation, but she did not impress me very favorably. She seemed to be meditating as to whether I had any special meaning in asking her about saying her prayers just after what she had said about the whisky bottle and the pipe, but I did not intimate to her that what I had said was suggested by what she had said. After that that woman got to be one of the best friends I had on the cruise, subscribed for this book and got others to do it, and will read and recognize this story.

We went to see a house in Constantinople that is said to be the most beautiful house in the world, and I believe it is. It has a strange history. It was completed only a few years ago. Nobody lives in it and it does not seem likely that anybody will do so soon. It is built right along the edge of the sea and is between a quarter and a half mile long. It was built for a palace by a Sultan who is now confined in a lunatic asylum as an insane man, the story being that he became insane from building that palace, but there are many who say that the charge of insanity against him was only a scheme of the present Sultan to get rid of him. The palace that the present Sultan lives in is fairly handsome, but is a very plain affair as compared with the new and unoccupied one, and the idea seems to be that the present Sultan, from some superstition, is afraid to live in the new palace.

The new palace is complete and furnished to the minutest detail. I do not know upon what terms we were taken through it, because the Cooks had arranged all of that, but I do not suppose that in any way it brings any revenue to the government. The building is of marble as white as snow and the exterior walls of it are most elaborately ornamented with the most exquisite and varied sculpturing. Rev. Dr. Marshall said he had, until he saw that palace, regarded Windsor Castle as the prettiest place in the world, but that this new palace in Constantinople was handsomer than Windsor. I never was inside of Windsor palace, but I saw the exterior of the building when I was a young man. My impression is that the grounds around Windsor are more beautiful than those of that new palace at Constantinople, though the palace has the beautiful view of the sea, but my recollection of Windsor

is that its exterior appearance is quite plain and sombre as compared with the new palace in Constantinople.

From my boyhood until now I have, at times, taken the material furnished by the Book of Revelations to describe heaven and have tried to construct out of it the most beautiful place of which my mind could conceive and I have never been able to produce any thing nearly so beautiful as that palace by the sea at Constantinople and I do not believe that the man who wrote the book of Revelations ever could have gotten up such a conception. There are two gates at the entrance of the palace which are the largest I have ever seen. They are gilded and shine like pure gold. On one side of it are two other gates and a gateway that are even handsomer than the others and from which pilgrims start on their journey to Mecca, which every Mohammedan must do once in his life if it is possible for him to do it, and which every Mohammedan hopes, sometime, to do, and will make great sacrifices to do.

In that palace there were some mantels that were made of clear cut glass and some of beautifully colored cut glass and some of silver. The centerpieces in some of the ceilings and the chandeliers glistened with gems. The ceilings were supported by monolithic columns of costly marbles and of costly carving, and the floors in many places were covered with the most costly gobelin tapestries. Tapestries which I had in other places seen hung on the walls as the finest of oil paintings are were here spread on the floor to walk on. I could see how those ladies in their fine shoes or how some of those rich men in elegant shoes that seemed never to have trodden on the ground might walk over those rugs and tapestries and not hurt them, and I felt like old Arkansaw and I ought not to be allowed to walk on them, but nobody said anything to the contrary and I walked over them just like the rest of the people.

"Old Arkansaw" had been out seeing the world before and his ideal of beauty was Versailles, but he said that was finer than anything at Versailles. I told him I had been to Paris, but had never seen Versailles only twelve miles away. He seemed to think that was a very strange thing. I have always regretted that I did not.

The ball room in the palace had its marble floor covered with a floor of inlaid woods of different colors and looked like mosaic. The whole palace was a picture gallery, the walls and ceilings being covered with statuary and fresco paintings. The bath rooms were in alabaster and rare marbles, the walls carved full of vines and flowers. There was an immense hall that seemed almost covered with gold. We walked through this great building each room or

hall or passage or stairway different from any part of it we had seen before, and going so fast that we could only glance at each place, until we were tired of walking and tired of looking and dazed beyond expression by the wonders and beauties around us, and then our conductors told us we had not seen half of it and that we would not be able to stand the labor of seeing it all at one time, and we started back to where we had entered.

We got back on the ship in time for our dinner at seven o'clock. Next morning, February 27, I went back into the city for the purpose of spending a good part of the day strolling around and seeing the sights by myself, but before I had gone a half mile I found the streets so intricate that I soon found that I would get lost, and believed it would cost me more money than I had to spare to have myself found and returned to the Moltke in good order, necessary wear and tear excepted.

So I took a small boat back to the steamer and spent a good part of the day aboard. But on Saturday, February 28, I started out again to see the city alone and on foot, but from some reason I cannot recall much of the appearance of the streets in Constantinople. In my memory I have gotten them blended with the streets of some other place so that I cannot well separate them. I saw a body of Turkish soldiers. They were splendidly uniformed and the most formidable looking body of men. I saw some ladies riding in a carriage with two horses and I thought each set of harness must have cost \$1,000. They were the handsomest I had ever seen. All the ladies wear black veils about a foot long.

On the night of February 27 the wife of Mr. Edwin A. Neupert, of Buffalo, N. Y., died on board the ship. Her husband and son were traveling with her and they continued the journey with us. The husband's conduct was pathetic but philosophic. Mrs. Neupert was found dead in her bed when the father and son arose in the morning. When a steward afterward asked him how his wife was he said "She is resting." He managed it so as not to let it be known, except to a few, until after the body was taken ashore. He said he did not want to do anything to mar the happiness of others. I suppose I have about as little dread of death as people generally have, but I have always hoped I would die at my home and be buried with my own dead and I had therefore tried to arrange to have my remains shipped to my home in case of my death. I had been told in New York that it would probably cost \$3,000 to do this in case of my death and I therefore asked Mr. Neupert about the cost of sending the remains of his wife home. He told me that the embalming and shipping to Liverpool had cost him only \$440. He kept her death a secret

from their friends at home and was to take the body along with him to his home as he returned.

On Sunday, March 1, we steamed up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, only twelve miles away. We were getting so much further North than we had been in Algiers that the air was pretty chilly, especially as a wind was coming down from the Black Sea. The connection between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean Sea is a kind of combination of sea and great river. The water is salt but there is a regular current of four miles an hour from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, giving vent to the waters of the Danube and other rivers that flow into the Black Sea. The Bosphorus means in Greek "ox bearing" in allusion to the fact that at that point Europa was carried across on the back of a bull from Asia to Europe. I suppose there can hardly be any doubt about this having occurred, as the name Bosphorus is retained to this day and Europe was named for that woman—at least in religious matters we heard a great many facts demonstrated in that way. The story of Mrs. Lot must have been true for there is the Dead Sea and the country around it wonderfully salt to this day and the story of Joshua making the sun and moon stand still must be true, because there are Mount Gilboa and the Valley of Ajalon to this day that we saw with our own eyes.

Going up to the Black Sea we passed on the European side the splendid college that is there, established by Roberts for the education of American boys in that country. As the Moltke came in sight the college ran up a large American flag and saluted us with it and the Moltke ran up the American flag and played the Star Spangled Banner, amid cheering and waving of handkerchiefs from the boat and from the college. Some of us may not feel any great enthusiasm for our government when we are at home and see the government doing things that we don't like, but away off there, that far away from home, that big flag and the cheering and all that it meant brought the patriotic tears to my eyes. I know Socialists and Anarchists who are good and intelligent men and women, in many of the highest duties of life, who talk and write like it would be the pride of their lives to destroy the government of the United States and I admit that, in taking the oath of allegiance to this government in order to get my passport, I did it more because I had to do it than because I wanted to do it, and yet I believe that the majority of those who think they want to destroy this government would pull off their steamer caps and wave them to salute that old Yankee gridiron flag, just as I did when they saw it unfurl its stars and stripes to the breeze away off there

is that strange land, and it was the only thing you could see that looked anything like your home.

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
My own, my native land!”

I am not writing this book simply for fun nor solely for money, though each of these is an element in my purpose. I rather propose to use the incidents of my voyage to “point a moral and adorn a tale.”

An American passport is a blending of high and grand political sagacity and urbanity on the one hand, with asinine stupidity and injustice and disloyalty to a fundamental principle of this government on the other. It commended me to the protection of any government to which I might go, after leaving my own and allows me only to accept that kindness and justice when I will swear by God to support the Constitution of the United States. That I and every citizen who even temporarily expatriates himself should have to declare his allegiance to the United States and do this “under the pains and penalties or perjury” is all right, and no good and fair citizen can, or will object to that. But when this right of expatriation is limited, really or only apparently, to men who are willing to swear by God, whether that God be the God of the Jews and Christians, or some of the gods who are not popular in America, and whose official dignity is not emphasized by a capital-G, many of the most intelligent people of this government are insulted and embarrassed and are driven to an expedient which to say the least of it, is of doubtful moral propriety, while this embargo is not imposed upon preachers and priests and the great ignorant masses of our people. Ignorant people and mercenary ecclesiastics nearly always believe in the existence of a God and are glad of a chance to swear by him, or it. Christian Gods and angels are all masculine. The Bible from Genesis to Revelation makes no mention of any woman ever having gone to heaven.

Some of the greatest of men intellectually and morally, in all ages and places of the world, including America, up to date, have not believed, and do not believe in any God; many more are doubtful and undecided about it and of those who do believe in a God, many of the very best and most valuable citizens in this government and of the most loyal to it, justly understand that our constitution allows no advantage or disadvantage from any belief or disbelief of any religion, and however much these good citizens may believe in the existence of a God they are opposed to having their religious creed made a part of the law of this country,

and do not want "In God we trust" stamped on our coin and they do not want any rights that peculiarly belong to all the people of this government limited only to those who are willing to swear, or apparently to swear, by God, in order to get the benefit of official documents of this government.

That is perfectly consistent in the English government that professes to be an alliance of church and state but absolutely inconsistent with the genius of this government that had its origin in the unwillingness of its founders, in any way, to ally church and state. We want just such a government as was bequeathed to us by Jefferson, Paine and Franklin and as was sealed and ratified by the blood of Lincoln, none of whom was a Christian, and when it gets to be the case that a President of the United States and a superannuated Pope at Rome confer as to whether an Irish Catholic priest named Ireland shall or shall not wear a red hat, this government is going into driveling idiocy and asininity to say nothing of revolution and anarchy and every good and great man and woman in America must rise to resent this insult.

There is not an Irish Catholic citizen of the government though he be the most ignorant day laborer on one of the turnpikes and railroads, whose rights should not be as zealously and jealously guarded by this government as those of our Rockefellers and Vanderbilts, or more so, if any difference, because the rich can take care of themselves better than the poor can, but the rights of the grandest ecclesiastic as such, are not to be mentioned on the same day with those of the most ignorant Negro who was once a slave and is now simply a free citizen of this government.

As between anarchy and a government controlled by any religion I prefer anarchy, because I think no government is better than a bad government. But if we are to be governed by any kind of a religion I prefer the control of a Sultan, a jolly good fellow with a large and varied assortment of wives who without ceremony set out nice refreshments for us Cookies to eat and drink, no intoxicating liquors being among the drinks, to a skinny old Pope who has no wife, and therefore knows nothing of the most elevating of all relations and to whom we could only gain access through a flunkeyism inconsistent with the dignity of an American citizen.

We went up into the Black Sea simply far enough to get a good view of the part of it around the mouth of the Bosphorus, and our ship having sailed around a circle in that sea, we came again into the Bosphorus and started South and East.

On Sunday, March 1st, we came to Smyrna, in Asia, the home of the Buddhist, the Jewish, the Christian and the Mohammed religions. It is a city of 350,000 inhabitants, and is 295 miles

from Constantinople. I had often wondered how I would feel if I ever realized I was in Asia. A realization of this kind is not so vivid as one would imagine before having experienced it, because we are brought up to the realization so by degrees. The old joke that says "Malaga grapes are very good grapes, but Smyrna figs are better," was the first thing that occurred to me on first landing in Smyrna. The famous figs were to be seen for sale in various places, but there are many things in the town beside figs. It is also famous for its rugs. Many of these were exposed for sale, and many of them were brought and spread upon the decks of our ships. A prominent feature in their commerce is wool, great bales of which we saw stacked on the quay almost like we see cotton in some of our American marts.

Our party started out under the lead of guides to see the city and it being Sunday we were soon brought to a Christian church. The priests were standing and preaching or conducting some kind of a religious service with their hats on, and the congregation, nearly all men, were packed as thick as they could stand and the people were pushing and crowding among each other to get up to hear and see. At the door was a great pile of small candles made of wax which each man must carry in lighted. These little candles are called into requisition at many places. If you do not pay for them they give them to you or may be the Cooks had paid for our candle supply. I never paid for any. I think they stuck them down into something soft, like dough, inside. I forget what I did with mine. These little candles melt and run down on your hands and any accessible part of your wardrobe in a disagreeable manner. Of course none of us could understand what they were preaching about and we left them in about five minutes, men crowding into the places we had vacated as if they thought our room was better than our company.

In Smyrna was the first place I had ever "met up with" the camel except as we find him in a circus, or zoological garden. I had always supposed that the camel had that melancholy, far-away Moses look on him because he was so far away from home and was home sick, but he is born that way and can't get over it. He lets his lip hang down until he looks like his last friend on earth is dead. In Jerusalem where he does not get anything but rags and theology and refuse cauliflower leaves to live on the camel is even more unhappy looking than he is in a circus, but in Egypt where he gets better grub there are known to have been instances where camels looked comparatively cheerful. I think the camel prefers the Mohammedan view of theology to any of the others.

We found them selling "John the Baptist's bread" in many

places in Smyrna and afterward saw it all through the Orient. It is said of John the Baptist that "his meat was locusts and wild honey." The "locust" is something like the "honey-shuck" that grows on the honey locust tree in Kentucky, and which by a long stretch of imagination of a hungry boy is very nearly edible. But in the Orient this John the Baptist bread gets to be considerably like a piece of hard tack into the making of which has gone an element something like black honey or the old-fashioned black molasses, and it beats nothing by a long jump to a hungry man.

We there first saw date trees with the dates on them. They grow on a low variety of palm tree, and each date seems to be sticking on to the end of something like a common broom straw. They would give us dates on our hotel tables sometimes fresh and sometimes dried. When they were fresh and soft the Cookies enjoyed them and when they were dry one would sample them and say "not up to date; back number," and the balance would let them slide.

One of the most famous things in Smyrna is the tomb of Polycarp. He is said to have personally known the Apostles of Jesus Christ. It is said of him that when at eighty years of age, a Roman emperor gave him his choice between death and renouncing the Christian religion he said that Christ had been faithful to him for eighty years and that he (Polycarp) would not then forsake him (*Jesus*).

It's a strange little old grave yard where Polycarp is buried, and after a lot of us had climbed an hour or two to get up to it, high up on the side of the mountain, and we stood there looking at the queer looking things, I suppose it was because I was wicked but there kept running through my head "Polly want a cracker?" but I did not say it, and do not think a man ought to be held responsible for what he thinks. Of course I was sorry for the man because he was dead, but I had had nothing to do with his taking off and I could not reasonably have expected to find him alive and well up there and it didn't seem to me that it was any of my funeral and I had enough of up to date things in this life to supply my demand for trouble and I did not feel called upon to shed any tears because the man was dead, and especially as all the indications were that he had gone to heaven.

Away up on top of that mountain we could see the Acropolis. It was a very primitive and rude affair as compared with the Acropolis at Athens, but it was interesting because nobody seemed to know anything about who built it and when and I was one of only a few who persisted in climbing until we got there. It was built of stones about as large as a man could lift, the spaces filled in.

with smaller stones and all cemented together. The people of those days and in that country had an art of making cement for building that seems to be unknown to us in America. I saw a piece of that wall that would be equal to a cube of about ten feet that had fallen from its original position, a clear fall of about twenty-five feet, and there it lay on the ground all the rocks in it sticking together just as if it had been one solid rock. The walls of the Acropolis enclosed about twenty acres. From that height we could see snow on the mountains in the distance that seemed to be perpetual, and many beautiful fields stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

I did not tell you all about Polycarp's tomb. It was made of cement and was built up like a little house with a roof that slanted each way from the center. It was about six feet long and three feet broad and five feet high up to the top of the roof and on one end of the roof was something that stuck up like a chimney and around the top of this was wrapped and tied a gay colored piece of cloth. I saw things like that carried in funeral processions in other places in the Orient. Among the rich these things would be draped over with very elegant cloths. There was a little place like a window in the gable end of the little tomb, and a lot of pieces of colored glass or colored china or pottery of some kind, was in this little window like the children were using it for a play house. The whole grave yard was about fifteen feet square and it was full of tombs or graves the others being smaller than Polycarp's. An old man had a little stone house that used the grave yard as a house yard. The job of that old man and his family seemed to be to take care of that tomb. There was a hook in a tree near one end of poor old Polly's tomb, on which hook some of the Cookies contended that at certain times meat was hung as an offering to the dead man, but I think it was more probably a hook on which the old keeper hung his meat to keep cool through the night, believing that nobody would come in among those graves at night to steal it.

It is said that St. Luke is buried at Smyrna and that the Virgin Mary died near Smyrna. It seems strange that neither the New Testament nor anybody else knows anything of what became of the Virgin Mary. It is a remarkable lack of enterprise on the part of the Catholics that some of them have not found the bones of the Virgin Mary, especially as they have found the bones of Anne the mother of Mary, and done great good by curing many sick people who touched them, to say nothing of the money made by exhibiting them. A wrist bone of Anne, the mother of Mary, and grandmother of Jesus, was exhibited in New York City so that thousands and thousands of the devout bowed in reverence before it

and much money was brought to the church thereby, and it seems to me that if all this could be done by a simple turn of the wrist, the finding of the entire skeleton of the Virgin Mary would arouse to new enthusiasm and piety the whole Christian world and certainly the bones of the Virgin Mary must be as well preserved, somewhere, as the bones of her mother are.

It seems strange that nobody knows anything about what ever became of the remains of the most important two women of the whole human race, Eve and the Virgin Mary. It is because in those old countries men have all the management of religious matters.

If women had been in charge of religion in Asia like they are in the United States, Eve would have been decently buried beside her first husband, Adam, where his remains now repose in Jerusalem, to the everlasting confusion of Darwin and his followers, and the grave of the Virgin Mary would be decently designated, instead of lying there unknown among some of those old graves that we tramped over up on the side of that old mountain near which she died. I think that no Christian doubts that the Virgin Mary lived and think certainly all the Christians would think the Virgin Mary died, except possibly a few Catholics who try to account for the absence of the grave by saying that she ascended to heaven, though the New Testament has failed to mention it. If the Virgin Mary died she certainly was entitled to Christian burial. There is no tradition of Mary having been buried in Palestine, though we saw there the tomb of Rachel, who died 1739 years before Mary was born, the tomb standing there to this day, one of the largest buildings in its vicinity and perfectly preserved, and daily visited by pilgrims, Jews Christians and Mohammedans, from all over the world. Tradition does say that Mary died near Smyrna, and there is every reason to suppose she was buried near where she died, and I don't see why it is not possible that, among all those neglected graves, on that mountain, that I walked over, almost any of which were as old as Polycarp's, my unconsecrated heel may not have trodden upon the grave of the Virgin Mary.

Cowper says "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" and Christians all over the world claim that God selects the most unexpected instrumentalities for his purposes, and certainly it would be just in keeping with the general run of Bible stories for God to use me as the means of finding the grave of the Virgin Mary, and if the Catholic don't do it, and do it p. d. q., I am in favor of starting, like another Peter the Hermit, a crusade of Christian women from Kentucky, backed by plenty of money,

to go to Smyrna and hunt for the grave of the Virgin Mary until they find it.

If Christian men can find at least two authenticated and authorized graves for Jesus Christ it does look like the Christian women ought to find at least one decent one for his mother.

As it is we have the phenomenon of the grave of a woman who is called by the larger and more important part of the Christian world, "the mother of God," probably lying buried in some unknown spot on the side of a mountain and the people walking over her grave to see the grave of a man whose only distinction is his devotion to that woman's son.

After our party left that church we went wandering around and following the guide looking at the curious things in the city. In going through a narrow street Mr. and Mrs. Lee and I were cut off from the others and soon found ourselves lost. We thought that if we could see the harbor anywhere we could find our way back and we reasoned that the streets would all run down hill to the harbor. We kept thinking that we would get ourselves located, but we did not do so and could not find anybody that could speak English.

Finally a man at a drug store understood that we were lost and called a man from the street to conduct us to the landing place. He took us through a long and devious route and finally brought us in sight of the Moltke and was paid for his trouble.

From Smyrna to Beyrout is 640 miles. On that sail we passed the island of Rhodes, famous as being the place where the Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world was, and we also passed Cyprus, the island where Venus was born from the foam of the sea. We also passed Patmos, the island famous as being the place where John wrote the book of Revelations.

On March 3rd I had my first view of Palestine as we were coming to Beyrout. There was the land that I had talked about and read about and heard about and seen pictures of from the time I was a small boy and now here I was at last in sight of the "holy land." The sight was thrillingly beautiful, the sun was bright and its light fell upon the clouds and the snow capped mountains in the distance, like a halo. The sea was calm and the air was delightfully soft and balmy. There were no clouds in the sky except some that hung around the mountain forty miles away. That mountain was Hermon, the dews of which are so much mentioned in Oriental story and poetry. It is 12,000 feet high and its top was above the clouds. Beyrout is in a beautiful valley and has a population of 120,000 people. It is very clean and the plots of grass and beautiful green trees through it add greatly to its beauty. Along one side of it is a stretch of the same kind of sand that is in the Sahara. I

was anxious to go on that sand, and starting out for a walk through the city with two Episcopal preachers, who were very nice and cultivated and companionable gentlemen, we three walked a mile across that sand. It is very light and perfectly clean. Our shoes would sink about half way up in it. It is hard to tell how it got there. It is high above the sea. Oranges and canary birds seem to be two prominent products of the city.

The Armenian boatmen that came to row us from the ship were all exceedingly clean, and the Armenian dress in the city is very handsome. I saw there some of the most remarkable developments of the seat of the pants of the men.

One of the most prominent features of Beyrout is a college there conducted by a Dr. Bliss, an American missionary, who has been there for many years. I met him and was introduced to him, and had a long talk with him. He was familiar with the people of that country, and knew about their different religions. I asked him to give me his opinion of the moral characters of all the different religions represented there, and his conclusion was that there was no difference in their moral characters, and from all I could hear from him the morals there were fully as good as the best in America.

The men and women are quite handsome, and I saw some remarkable instances of young mothers carrying their infants in their arms, the mothers retaining all the beauty and freshness of maidenhood. Nearly all the women wear veils but the veils are so thin as not to hide their faces. Camels are much used here.

On March 4th we came seventy-two miles to Haifa. It has 5,000 inhabitants and has interesting barracks and picturesque windmills of the old style, grinding their wheat. The hills are beautifully terraced and cultivated. It was the first place that I saw palms growing indigenously. There was a long forest of them growing out of the sand, and looking just like the pictures in the books. They have in their natural sand, the same stiff and artificial look that we see in the pictures—very tall and straight and the same size all the way up, or rather larger at the top and no leaves except those that hang out like an immense umbrella from the top. A Carmelite monastery on one side of the town is its chief attraction and a beautiful road had recently been built out to it, so as to have it ready in time for the Emperor William to drive out over it when he was there.

CHAPTER IV.

On Wednesday, March 4th, we came fifty-four miles to Jaffa, called in the New Testament Joppa. Joppa is famous as being the place where, according to the New Testament, Simon, the tanner, lived. It is still more famous as being the place where the whale swallowed Jonah.

I knew that the people who would read this book would be more interested to find out what I learned about that whale story than about all the modern affairs of that country, and I did all that I could to find out about it. That whale story is one of the most important things in the whole Bible. Jesus Christ not only recognizes it in the N. T. as an actual occurrence, but he distinctly says that the swallowing of Jonah by the whale, the retaining of Jonah in the whale's stomach for three days and finally vomiting him up, is a type, or prophecy, of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the main feature of the whole Bible.

The unreasonableness of that story and the absurdity of a whale's vomiting up a man as a prophecy of the resurrection of Jesus, upon the belief of which the salvation of the whole human race depended, has been emphasized by infidels in print and in lectures until the Christians do not seem to know what to do with that story. Even among newspapers that would not dare to be suspected of infidelity, the story of Jonah and the whale is spoken of just as flippantly as anybody speaks of the stories of the "Arabian Nights," or of Baron Munchausen.

What Mrs. Harrison, wife of the professor of the University of Virginia, said about this Jonah story is exactly the right view of it. She says that if the Christian people allow the infidels to ridicule this Jonah story until Christians themselves all get to laughing at it as an absurdity, the infidels having destroyed its value as a Bible record will not stop there, but will, then take up some other Bible story and ridicule it, until the Christians would finally abandon it, and that so it would go from one of these stories to another until infidelity would finally overthrow the whole Christian religion, and the question for the Christians to consider is whether or not it is best to stand by the Jonah and whale story, as having been an actual occurrence, and stand the storm of ridicule

and derision that such a course would bring upon the church at this day, or, by some method, explain that it was not an actual occurrence, but only a myth or poetic figure, or an error that has come into the Bible in some manner, and, by this latter course, encourage infidels still further to press their vantage against Christianity. Let it be once generally conceded, even by Christian people, that the story of Jonah and the whale is not an actual truth but simply the representative of an idea and then the next move of the infidel may be to insist that in like manner the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is not an actual occurrence but simply such a prevailing of right over wrong as we express by the words "truth crushed to earth will rise again." The New Testament says of Jesus that he only spoke in parables and it is said that his disciples did not understand him in his utterances about his resurrection, and it would be an interpretation consistent with many other things that he said, to explain that he never really meant that his body would resurrect alive, after he was dead, but that the principles for which he had contended would be again revived after he was dead, in spite of the opposition he met while he was living.

It was common on the steamer for some one to be selected to give a lecture about the distinction of the place we were approaching. We heard from many sources about Joppa, or Jaffa, being the place where Simon the tanner lived, and Cook's handbook, that he furnishes any who want it, mentions that Jaffa is the place where Simon the tanner lived. I don't think there was anybody in the cruise who doubted that there was the person named Simon the tanner, mentioned in the New Testament, as having lived in Jaffa. I think the chances are immensely in favor of that man's having lived there. That he should have done so is perfectly reasonable, and there seems to be no reason why anybody would invent such a story had it not had good foundation in fact. I think that there is hardly any doubt that Simon the tanner lived there, and lived by the seaside as stated in the New Testament. But Cook's cruise book says nothing about that being the place where the whale swallowed Jonah, and in none of the lectures that we heard on the ship did I hear of any man saying anything about Jaffa as the place where the whale swallowed Jonah. The fact that the sea gets to be very rough and dangerous there, with no reason that anybody can see, unless it is some scientist familiar with the facts, may have made the navigators of that day believe it was a place where miraculous storms occurred, and the story of throwing Jonah overboard, to appease the god that was causing this storm is one that may very naturally have arisen there.

If the story of Jonah and the whale, as given and explained in the Bible, had ever been accepted by any people in that country in any considerable numbers, and of the best standing, it would seem almost certain that tradition would, to this day, show some place on the shore about there, where it would still be understood that the whale vomited up Jonah, and if any such place could now be found and any tradition pointed to it, as the place where Jonah was vomited up, the enterprise of those guides, whose business it is to show the wonders of the place, and especially the places mentioned in the Bible, would almost certainly lead them to find that place, and excite the admiration of the thousands of Christian pilgrims who go there anxious to see anything that goes to support the Bible story. But I heard no guide allude to any such place, and of the nineteen preachers on the ship I did not hear one make any allusion to the story of Jonah and the whale, and their policy about it seemed to be that the less said about it the better.

Where Ninevah, to which Jonāh went, was, nobody seemed to know. The Bible says it was an "exceedingly great city of three days journey." I could get no more information about the story of Jonah and the whale right there on the scene of its alleged occurrence than I could have done in Lexington, before starting.

In Jaffa we saw men carrying water in the skins of goats, the common way of carrying water all over the Orient. The skins seem to hold about ten gallons each.

On March 4th, about noon we were at the railroad station at Jaffa to take the train for Jerusalem, sixty miles distant. It took two trains to carry us. I think this railroad was built there about ten years ago. The track is quite narrow and the rails light, and the cars are so light that I saw three men pushing one on a level almost as fast as men commonly walk, but they are comfortable and I think they make twelve or fifteen miles an hour. The engines are of the English build and are small with three driving wheels on each side. The road is nicely ballasted with stone.

While we were waiting at the station a fight occurred between two Mohammedan big boys. They did not put into it as much vigor as they do into a fight in Kentucky. A policeman ran up to them. He had no club but he had a big leather whip and he lashed both of them a few times and then they separated and ran. Some St. Louis girls enjoyed the fight very much. These St. Louis girls and their mother and some gentlemen with them were in a car with me. They seemed, from the diamonds they wore to be very wealthy people.

One would imagine that on a tour of this kind knowing that we had gotten within a few hours travel to Jerusalem, all culti-

vated people, especially Christians, would want to be on the outlook for everything on each side of the road; but the mother, a very intelligent looking lady, fixed herself for a sleep and slept an hour or more and then the party got out a deck and played cards until they got tired of it.

The lady who had said in the carriage at Constantinople that she wished she had brought a bottle of whisky, put herself under my care on the train, and was very kind and entertaining and seemed to be a good woman. It is not a safe plan to make up your mind about people just from your first impressions of them. While it sounded very coarse to hear a lady say, under such circumstances, that she wished she had a bottle of whisky, it showed she was a woman who had the candor to say what she thought and there is always hope for a woman or a man of that kind.

I saw a large lot of cross ties for that road that were of iron and suppose they were all iron but the ties were so covered with the ballasting that I cannot remember to have seen them. Olives and grapes and palms and oranges were growing all along on both sides of the road for about half the distance to Jerusalem which is over rich cultivating soil and the trees were as full of oranges as they could hang, all ripe, and of the finest quality. Along the railroad there was a combination of the old and new styles of fencing, partly of cactus and partly of wire. The first point of Biblical interest that we came to was the tomb of the daughter of Dorcas. Docas is mentioned in the New Testament as having been a friend and assistant of Paul, and she seems to have been the founder of church sewing societies that are called Dorcas societies to this day. Whether that tomb is what it is said to be or not it is a place of importance. The woman who is said to be buried there derives her importance from the fact that she was a daughter of a woman who was a friend of Paul, and the tomb there shows a disposition in the Christians of that country to perpetuate the memory of a woman who was distinguished among them and loved by them. I suppose there is hardly any doubt that there was such a woman as Dorcas and that she was a friend of Paul who was a champion of the Christian religion. If then those Christians took such pains to preserve the grave of a daughter of Dorcas how does it happen that no pains were taken to preserve the grave of the Virgin Mary, if the Christians of those days regarded her anything like the Christians of these days do. The Virgin Mary, to the whole Catholic church is a name more sacred now than the name of God or Jesus. According to the New Testament she had at least seven children and may have had that many more, and the brothers of Jesus did

not believe there was anything supernatural about him. If his mother thought he was supernaturally born she had either failed to tell her other sons so, or if she did tell them so, they did not believe her. The absence of any tomb of the Virgin Mary, or of any account of her death can only be reasonably explained on the supposition that she was not even regarded as of as much importance by those who know her, as Dorcas was by the people who knew Dorcas.

Along that first half of the route to Jerusalem there was a beautifully cultivated country that had the most flourishing crops of wheat and other small grain, and there were many pretty homes. There were fine sheep and cattle. Some of the towns were strange looking to us, one feature of them being that there was pretty green grass growing all over the tops of the houses.

The plowing was nearly all being done by camels, one camel being hitched to each plow, though in some instances a donkey and an ox would be hitched together to plow.

We came to the place where Samson is said to have caught the three hundred foxes and tied their tails together with a brand between each pair of foxes and turned them loose in the wheat fields of the Philistines to burn them. I looked at the country and took in the situation the best I could. It seemed to be a splendid place for wheat but did not seem to be a good fox country and I thought that if I had the job of burning the wheat of the Philistines I could have done it sooner and easier by taking a good torch in my own hand than by the plan that Samson used.

We came to a number of villages where the houses were all made of sod. Most of them had only one room each. Some were square and some were shaped like a haystack and about as large as a haystack. They had no chimneys but holes in the tops for the smoke to come out of. Sometimes these houses are destroyed by heavy rains. There were many varieties of wild flowers, among them being one variety that many of the party supposed to be what Jesus alluded to as "the lilies of the field." We saw millions of these. They were, in appearance, a kind of a combination of tulip and poppy and were deep red. Afterward we came to beds of flowers that were not in bloom that were like a combination of our tulips and lilies of the valley, and others thought those were the lilies of the field to which Jesus alluded.

There was, running along by the railroad a nice, level macadamized road with a telegraph running along the side.

We saw Ramleh where Joseph of Arimathea lived. I cannot recall its appearance, but am under the impression that it was a pretty village, and the country around there is fine. It is said that

Napoleon was once there. Joseph may have lived there and may have had a tomb in Jerusalem where he buried Jesus. I think it quite possible that there was such a man as Joseph of Arimathea, and that he may have been a friend to Jesus and may have buried Jesus as stated in the New Testament. Of course I cannot tell, from anything I saw while in Palestine, but if my going to Palestine has had any influence at all upon my understanding of these matters I think it has tended to make me believe that there was such a man as Joseph of Arimathea and that he was a friend to a man named Jesus.

The masonry on the railroad bridges was beautifully done. There was no water in the beds of most of the streams, though from their appearance I would say that at times they were bold streams. The watering tanks for the engines were well constructed. We saw many Turks with big pistols. We saw the valley of Ajalon and Mount Gilboa where Joshua made the sun and moon stand still. When the guides announced the place, the St. Louis girls looked out of the window and laughed as if they thought it was a good joke, and when they laughed the guide laughed too. All of the guides in the Holy Land are very accommodating in that respect. If they tell a party any of their Bible stories and the party laughs at it, the guide will always laugh too, or he will be serious if the party takes the Bible story to be true. Sometimes some of our party would laugh at a story about some place and some of them would take it seriously and the guide would seem much embarrassed, because he would not know whether to laugh or to look serious, and I always felt sorry for him and helped him out the best I could. That was their way of making a living and their success depended upon their popularity and it was impossible for them to tell what was the popular course to pursue. The guides had a great deal of trouble to tell what to say so as to please their parties when we got to Jerusalem where the Catholics and the Protestants did not agree as to which were the genuine and which the bogus places that were exhibited. There were more Protestants in the company than there were Catholics and the guides knew that, and were inclined to poke some fun at some of the stories about the Catholic places, but this would make the Catholics mad, and they would resent any sort of a joke about their sacred places. Hardly any of the Protestants would resent any joke about any of it, and of course the infidels would not.

A St. Louis man in alluding to Joshua stopping the sun said Joshua was in a hot place and it seemed to him like the sun never would go down.

I took a glance at the sun and it seemed to be doing business

at the same old stand, just like it had done as far back as I could recollect it, but of course that was no proof that it had not proceeded unusually in Joshua's day.

We saw Samson's tomb. It seemed to be built of stone or cement, and was a cube of about twelve feet with a hemispherical dome on it. It was all by itself away up on top of a mountain and looked awfully lonely. He may have requested that he be buried up there not only because he would not have so far to go to get to heaven when resurrection day came, but also because he wanted to get as far away from his wife as possible.

In most cases of unpleasantness between a man and his wife I think the man is wrong, but in Samson's family trouble I think his wife was to blame.

We noticed that all the women were tattooed—some with blue pigments some with red and some with both, but I think the blue was the more popular. The designs of the tattooing were generally artistic and did not disfigure them. In fact when the girl was real pretty I enjoyed looking at her tattooing. The Cookies girls sampled nearly everything they saw the women doing in all the places we went, but they drew the line at tattooing. The trouble about tattooing, as a fashion, is that it can't be changed. Oriental fashions never change, they are the same yesterday, today and forever, but the American woman continually hones to ring the changes on style. I am doubtful, therefore, whether the American girl will ever consent to have the pigment put into her face, but I saw a number of our Cookie girls looking at those Palestine girls, with the stars and flowers and cabalistic characters over their faces that looked like they might be verses from the Koran, and, some of these days, some Yankee is going to make him a barrel of money by making a tattooing just like that in Palestine except that there will be a process for taking it off when desired, and the American girl will bloom out with crescents and the "stars and stripes," and national emblems and Maltese crosses and extracts from her favorite poets distributed around over her face to beat the band, or Palestine either, if these Cookie crusades are kept up; for no plucky Yankee girl is going to let any heathen woman beat her at anything that strikingly calls attention to a pretty face. It had spread all over the country that our large party was coming and the women were out in their best bib and tucker to see us. They have black eyes and black hair and olive complexions—probably because they live on olives—and they are strong and healthy. All this was in the Plains of Sharon, a delightful country to live in. I looked to find any of the famous rose of Sharon

but if they were there, it was probably not time for them to be in bloom.

When we are about half way from Jaffa to Jerusalem the country changes from this beautiful lovely plain of Sharon into a wild, mountainous region, where it seems that in one age of the world volcanoes and earthquakes held high carnival and left every thing in a condition of demolition, that is certainly interesting to the geologist and admirer of natural scenery, but leaves it a place where hardly anything can live except big, black goats that eat the scattering herbage and men who spend their lives climbing around over these rocks to eat the goat in turn.

There is a strange verse in the Bible, Judges 1.19 that says "And the Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron."

It is a mighty thin story that the Lord could not whip a man because the man had a chariot of iron. I can easily imagine how an infidel would take pleasure in reading that verse and laughing at it, but I cannot understand how a Christian who is never so happy as when he is calling God's attention to his own omnipotence, or almightiness, and who reads in the New Testament that "with God all things are possible," can then have the cheek to read with any forbearance, that God, with a big army to help him, could not clean out an army of Canaanites because they had "chariots of iron," when there is not a preacher in America who does not believe or pretend to believe, that the Lord could clean out the British at Gibraltar, before you could bat your eyes, if he wanted to.

No; there is an explanation of that phenomenon that is very easy to to a man of common sense who goes to Palestine today and uses his brains.

I like the Jews of today, they are among my best friends. Millions of people can stand adversity to every one that can stand prosperity. The Jew of to-day who has abandoned the land and the religion of his ancestors is the finest citizen in our land, but a viler set of thieves and murderers and rapists never lived than the Jews who claimed that they came from Egypt where they had been slaves for 400 years, or 430 years, according to the conflicting Bible accounts, under the express direction of God to rob the Canaanites of their country, when the Canaanites were staying at home and attending to their own business and interfering with nobody else.

The Canaanites' management of the Jews was the most successful piece of military strategy known to history.

The Canaanites had found out that the mountains of Judea were not fit for anything on earth to live in except goats and foxes and the Canaanites were glad to get out of those mountains; so in their fights to defend themselves against the Jews they let the Jews capture the mountains of Judea and with their "chariots of iron" kept the Jews out of the beautiful plains of Sharon. The result of the "chariot of iron" scheme is that the Jew in Jerusalem today is a miserable old fool, sticking nails in the cracks of the old walls of Jerusalem, and whining and wailing over those old rocks and chanting out a lot of religious rot about the departed glory of Jerusalem, while the Canaanite and his family, all Mohammedans, are as jolly a set as you ever saw, and their pretty girls ready to flirt with the Cookie boys, and to give the Cookie girls pointers on how to get themselves up to be good looking. That little railroad through those mountains is a most ingenious piece of engineering and the way that little railroad is turning the searchlight upon the true inwardness of Jerusalem, so as to show us the rottenness and lies of the whole place, that the Christians have, until recently, been able to keep covered up, is the most damaging thing to the Christian religion that is now transpiring in the world, and the whole world will soon see that what we have been taught was a halo of heaven hanging over Jerusalem, was really only a jack-o'-lantern, ignis fatuus, that rose from the physical and moral corruption and rottenness of the whole infernal town, to-day the most despicable sink of iniquity on the earth. The way that little railroad meanders along the sides of the streams and mountains and bores a tunnel through the mountain when there is no other alternative, is interesting to a civil engineer, or to any railroad man, but it gets there, Eli, all the same.

As we get nearer to Jerusalem some of these hills are terraced so as to have little gardens on them, but they estimate that it costs \$900 to terrace a single acre so as to make it available as a garden or farm. An average size garden is about a quarter of an acre. Nothing seems to grow there naturally except olive trees. Jesus said "the foxes have holes," and these holes are there yet but between the unpleasant tradition about how Samson treated them and the absence of provisions there, I think the foxes have all migrated to some place where the goose crop is better.

We saw up on a mountain side, the town of Petra. The whole town is about as big as a square in an American town, but its Greek name, meaning rock, is very appropriate; it is all built of stone and built on a rock.

The distinction of this place is that it is where Herod the Great killed 800,000 Jews in one day, and history does not say it

was a very good day for killing Jews either. If he killed them all in that town and had them all there at once he must have piled dead Jews up as high over the whole town, the houses of which are all one-story, as the ashes covered over Pompeii. Still I do not like to doubt the statements of history, being a historian myself, and especially of history in Palestine, so that it may be possible that as Herod the Great killed all those Jews, their dead bodies rolled down the mountain into the valley below. If any good Christian person objects to the number of Jews killed there, that day, at Petrea, as having been too large, as a proposition either in mathematics or morals, this story may possibly be reduced so as to gain universal acceptance. A little matter of a million or two in giving an account of the number of people killed as the result of a difference of opinion upon a religious issue, in any one of those Oriental countries, does not cut much ice, any way, and can easily be adjusted to current demands in statistics.

A St. Louis man upon hearing this statement from the guide said "Good for Herod!" That St. Louis man had probably gone up against some Jew in a business transaction at some time, and had gotten the hot end of it.

We saw around that place many of those sheep that have the big tails. Why a beaver should have his big tail to plaster mud with is plain, and why a kangaroo should have his big tail to use in jumping is plain, and why a frog should not have any tail, because he does not need it to keep the flies off himself, is plain, but as a naturalist accustomed to the tails worn by sheep in Kentucky, I cannot see what nature was trying to do when she stuck those enormous tails on those sheep. The argument from design and "the eternal fitness of things" has long been a favorite one among theologians, and I wish some of them would explain why it is that in a wagging match between a Palestine sheep and his tail, the tail, fully half the time, can wag the sheep. It may though be a teaching from nature, that the political doctrine of reciprocity is right. It is not a good thing for one side in any issue to be allowed to do all the wagging. May it not be that one of these big tailed Palestine sheep would be a good emblem for the Socialists?

We also saw the place where Philip baptized the Ethiopian as recorded in the eighth chapter of Acts. When I was a cleric and believed that the largest possible amount of water should be used in baptizing, and even then doubted its efficacy unless soap was used with it, I laid great stress upon this story of Philip baptizing that man, or what was left of a man, as showing that Philip souzed the man under, and it knocked me out no little

when some of the leading men in my own sect admitted in the light of higher criticism, that that whole chapter was an interpolation into the New Testament. It is strange on top of all of this that I cannot now recall whether the amount of water at this famous place favored the mode of baptism by sprinkling or by immersion, but I hope to make a theological straddle that will gain me friends from each side, by saying that, so far as I can now recall, the amount of water there sometimes is enough to drown the Ethiopian and Philip and his chariot horses too, and at other times not more than is necessary to baptize with the least modicum of water that is claimed to be essential by the daintiest of sprinklers. If I had been able to steer between every Scylla and Charybdis in theology as I have now done in this instance, I would have made my barrel of money and would, beside, have been a venerated clergyman to this day.

About five o'clock in the evening—I use the word evening always as we do in Kentucky—we came in sight of Jerusalem, and I thought of Mark Twain's man, "Grimes," who lifted up his eyes and wept when he saw Jerusalem, as they first saw it when Mark went there on a donkey as all had to do in those days. I shall never forget "Grimes'" expansive handkerchief and Grimes' attitude as he stood after having gotten off his donkey so as to be able to lift up his eyes, without the donkey's being able to take any advantage of the rider's temporary inattention, and so as to give the tears the fullest and freest opportunity to fall upon the sacred soil, or rather, the sacred rocks.

I lifted up my eyes and bi-focals when I first saw Jerusalem, for the town was away up on a hill, but I did not weep. I felt more like weeping after I had sampled that town for a few days.

I was greatly surprised by my first view of Jerusalem. I had had intimations of its true inwardness, and had anticipated, as far as any man well can do, without personally seeing it, the real facts in the case of that town. But on my first view of Jerusalem I could hardly believe my own eyes, and determined then and there, to write in this book that the city of Jerusalem had been more defamed and misrepresented than any town on earth, and I determined to skin alive the liars, infidel or Christian, who had so ridiculed the appearance of the town. There was spread out before my eyes, in an enchanting panorama, a large array of most beautiful and clean buildings, all having an up-to-date and luxurious appearance, and it really looked like the "new Jerusalem" that I had heard about all my life. The sequel showed that it really was the "new Jerusalem" lately built, and being outside the walls of the Jerusalem of history and the Bible, and

that I had not seen the real Jerusalem, of David and Solomon and Jesus Christ that was inside the walls.

We got in the carriages at the railway station and started up the hill about a half mile to the real Jerusalem of the Bible. We came up to the wall, at one of the great gates near which still stands the tower of David. The gate and walls and tower are, even for this day, formidable looking structures, the tower being occupied as a fortress by the Mohammedan soldiers now, and from the top of it, at six o'clock, I saw and heard the flash and report of heavy cannon firing as a signal to the soldiery.

The tower of David which is probably the strongest one about the city is about fifty feet high and is in good preservation. It is built of large stones and has a ditch around it, the ditch being shallower now than it originally was from its being filled in with refuse and debris for centuries. The preservation of these walls is astonishing. They do not seem, however, to be relied on very much by the Turkish soldiers as a means of defense, because houses are so built up to the walls, on either side, in some places, that an enemy might avail themselves of these houses to scale the walls. I suppose these walls, as they stand now, are thirty feet high, from the level of the land around them, and that anciently the ditch that is now there was ten or fifteen feet deep and thirty feet wide, so that an enemy would have had to cross this ditch to get to the walls. I could not tell from the appearance whether or not that ditch had ever been filled with water.

When we got inside the walls there was a great change from the appearance of the town outside the walls. The town outside is occupied by the missionaries and others who are sent there from all over the Christian world to Christianize the people of that country. Those missionaries who live in the part of Jerusalem outside of the walls, live in great luxury and elegance, but the town they are paid to go there and benefit is probably without a single exception the most miserable city in the world. I saw very elegant public institutions that were said to be charitable ones, for the lepers and those variously afflicted, among the buildings outside of the walls. I never went to see any of them, but heard favorable reports of them from Cookies who visited them, but if there ever was any more misery in that town, physically and morally, and religiously than it is now, I can't see where they could have stored it away, for certainly now it seems just as full of all kinds of woes that humanity is heir to, as a sardine can is full of sardines, or as an egg is of meat, to be Shakespearean. Our carriages disembarked us in a little narrow, rough stone covered street on which were no foot walks, with ancient looking shops

and dwellings on either side, and we started on foot to our hotels, the narrow street got still narrower and twisted about in curves and angles, being about eight or ten feet wide, and without any arrangement for lighting and all the time going down a hill. Sometimes the streets would slant and sometimes there would be steps. Sometimes these steps would be like ordinary stair steps all in stone, and sometimes you would come to a step only every ten or twelve feet. The rocks in the streets were slippery, apparently having been worn so by the sand that had stuck to the bare feet of the people who had been walking on those stones ever since old David and Solomon had helped to polish these same rocks with the sand on their feet.

I do not know whether or not there ever was a man who lived in Jerusalem who made even a foundation for the story about Jesus Christ. I am rather inclined to think there was some such man, and I think it almost certain that his only clothing was one piece of cloth that was not on familiar terms with any first-class laundry, and that he had hunks of mud between his toes that would have surprised even the Kentucky country school boy of my young days, and sand on his feet that helped to polish some of those very same rocks that we Cookies were sliding over in the dark on the way to our hotels.

Finally we came to the first of the two hotels to which we had been assigned, mine being the first one, and called the "Casa Nova," but I think not regarded as so good a hotel as the "Grand," to which other of the Cookies were sent. The entrance to my hotel was simply a door in a wall, that you would hardly have suspected of leading into a hotel. It is called a hospice, and was built probably within the last twenty-five years, and is intended to combine, so it is alleged, the qualities of a hotel and of a charitable institution, it being said that they would give to any pilgrim who came to Jerusalem, without money, entertainment for three days, but if there were any people there who did not have money and plenty of it, except me, I did not see them and I was on the lookout for them.

The Casa Nova is built of stone and marble and stucco, and is clean, but from the lack of any kind of arrangement for fire, except a stove gotten up on the "Colonel Mulberry Sellers" plan, with a coal oil lamp in it shining through a piece of red glass made to look like it was red hot, the whole hotel was so cold and cheerless, in the damp weather that we were there, that keeping warm in that hotel, when out of our beds, could only be done by our so huddling together in the salon, around those "tend-like" stoves that we warmed each other, a scheme that was not so awful

bad for me, for I made it a point never to stop until I got right jam up by some pretty woman, and I so publicly announced that as my plan for keeping warm that a half dozen women at a time would offer me places to sit. The Grand hotel was finer externally than ours, and I suppose internally though I did not go into it. The Grand, like the house of Dives, the gentleman who went to hell, is built on both sides of the street and arches over the street, the town being so constructed that when a house wants to get bigger than its neighbors it has to get on both sides of a street and over the street also at the same time.

Any shortage in fire, in our hotel was abundantly compensated for by the prettiest and coolest looking, long beautiful white lace curtains, and white lace bed curtains that I ever saw, the idea of the proprietors seeming to be to show us that it was not true that they did not have fire because they did not have money to burn. There were religious frescoes all over the walls and ceilings in an abundance to gratify the taste of the most pious of any of us, the pictures of Jesus representing him as a curly headed dude in a fancy ball costume just like they do in the stained glass windows of the churches in Rome, New York, Lexington and other cities of such world-wide fame.

Our hotel was five stories high. They call a story of a house a "piano." How they get onto that was too much for me. The sleeping in Jerusalem is pretty good, but they have a variety of cats there, with flat tails like a squirrel that get into heated theological arguments, along about midnight. Their discussions are conducted in Latin or Arabic, or Hebrew, so that I could not exactly get the run of the argument, but they seem to be given to great profanity. The stairway leads up on top of the hotel, and that was the most pleasant part of the inside Jerusalem that I visited and hell being the nicest part of outside Jerusalem that I visited. The walk on top of that hotel and the view from there made it the most delightful place I saw inside the wall. Up on the roof the beggars cannot get to you to beg for buksheesh as they call it in Jerusalem, or baksheesh as they call it in Cairo.

I don't wonder that Peter went up on top of the house to pray. If a man would shut his eyes and clasp his hands together, on the street in Jerusalem, long enough to say "Now I lay me down to sleep," he would not have anything in his pockets when he got through. No wonder that the injunction was "watch and pray," coming from one who knew those fellows. It's in Jerusalem though, just as it is in Kentucky and all Christian countries; the biggest thieves all move in the finest society.

I had long heard of Canaan as a land flowing with milk and

honey. I love both and was anxious to sample them. In my going-on sixty-six years I have gone up against the business ends of some thousands of bees to get honey, including that brand of the article made by "bumbler" bees. I did not find streams of Alderny milk running down the sides of the mountains big enough to run a saw mill as my Sunday school instruction had indelibly impressed upon my young but ardent mind. I could not tell whether the milk was from cows or goats, but to any man who had ever fraternized with a William goat in his young days there was no doubt as to the maternity of that Jerusalem butter, and the Cookies all said that naturally the Billy goat should be the father of all butters. It was good all the same. I love any kind of milk whether of a cocoanut or the milk of human kindness, and I would sample some out of a whale if I had a chance, and while the Jerusalem milk, cow or goat or whatever it was, was not up to the Blue Grass product, I did not kick about it. The honey was almost black and did not taste any more like American honey than if the two were no kin, but it was splendid and I enjoyed it immensely.

The arrangement of the itinerary was such that after having gotten to Jerusalem about sun-down on March 4th we should spend the night there and start immediately after breakfast on March 5th on a ride outside of the city to see various points of interest, the principal one being Bethlehem, about seven miles away. We had good carriages and there was a regular scramble of all the Cookies, men and women, to get choice seats and all other advantages in them, though there was room provided for all. The fact that we were in the midst of the scenes of the life of Jesus Christ who is supposed to have taught the principles of self-sacrifice, did not seem, at all, to influence those who professed to be his followers. I got my seat up with the driver as was my habit through the tour, partly because I could see better from there, and partly because I did not have to scramble for that, but as a general thing I was about as selfish as any of them. The only two persons in the carriage were two men who rode on the back seat, naturally. The front seat inside was not very comfortable. The tops of all the carriages we used any where were always turned back and only to be raised in case of rain.

The two men in the same carriage with me were C. F. Sweeny, from Boston, and S. F. Hartman, from Buffalo, New York. They were both as ugly as the devil, cross as the gable end of a wood horse, didn't know anything about the Bible and no great deal about anything else. They were fretting and impatient and damned everybody and everything that did not exactly suit

them. We had never been thrown together before. Sweeny was an Irishman and had a brogue that was a combination of Boston and Cork. He said he had been a lawyer, but had retired. I did not ask him if he retired because he had made a big lot of money, or because he could not make any at the profession. He was about fifty years old. He said he knew, in Boston, my college chum, George Abbot James, and knew something of James' brother-in-law, Senator Lodge. Sweeny's very generous use of profane expletives made me ask him if he was a Christian or an infidel. He resented the question quite sternly, and said that he was surprised that any intelligent man would ask another intelligent man such a question. I told him I thought the question a fair one, and that it was one that I was willing to answer any time, and to anybody, about myself, and that if he did not think it a proper question not to answer it, and I turned around and resumed my silence beside the driver, who could only talk Arabic. Finally Sweeny concluded to answer my question and he said "I am a Catholic and I am proud of it." This seems to be a popular formula. When I afterward asked a Cookie woman who had been gambling at Monte Carlo about her religious views she said "I am a Catholic and I am proud of it."

Hartman then dipped in his oar, and proved to be an Episcopalian. In a few minutes he and Sweeny were going at each other like a couple of Kilkenny cats of the Thomas gender. I enjoyed their quarrel very much, and would only drop in a word or two, occasionally, to stir them up again when they seemed to be quieting down a little from exhaustion and in that style we passed about four miles out of the seven that took us to Bethlehem to see where the "Prince of Peace" was born. Each of those two men soon recognized that the other did not know anything about the Bible, and they both recognized that I did know about it, and they agreed to have me to go with them in all the carriage rides to tell them about things in the Bible, and before we got to Bethlehem they had both subscribed for this book and Sweeny, especially, was one of the best friends I had in the whole cruise after that and did all he could to get subscribers for this book and did get quite a number of them.

The first place that we came to of any special interest was a pool that they took Solomon to, to wash him, before they annointed him King of Isarael. I suppose they washed him in this public place because they knew he needed it and were not willing to trust him to do it privately. That pool is about 125 feet across and 300 feet long and when in good order was probably ten feet deep, but the walls are now out of repair and it does not hold water well.

The pools about Jerusalem are not springs, but are made in valleys so that, in rains, water runs down the valleys into them. Just at the lower end of that pool is a modern bridge across the ravine and below that bridge is hell. This is the Valley of Hinnom, called in the Greek New Testament, Gehenna, and that is the word that Jesus and his apostles use, in the New Testament, when they allude to the place that Dives went to, and of which Ingersoll said "the climate is bad, but the society is good." The theory of the Christians is that this Gehenna got to be the name for hell, because anciently, the Jews used it as a dumping ground for dead animals, whose bodies were probably burnt there, but I don't believe the Jews ever burned any dead animals there, because they would not be willing to use their scanty fuel in that way, and would not want to destroy the fragrance of a pile of dead camels and donkeys and flat-tailed cats.

Sweeney thought there was another hell after this life, with the best appliances for roasting, and said he hoped there was such a place and that he was willing to take his share of it, if he did not do right, but Hartman did not believe in any hell except the one we saw there, and I made the argument on both sides of the question to keep them quarreling. In any event the particular hell that we saw is now one of the nicest places around Jerusalem. Its average width is about three or four hundred feet and it is about a half mile long. It has nice olive trees and almond trees growing down in it, and some sweet little clean houses and nice and happy looking mothers and children in it.

I hate to say anything that would tend to remove the salutary fear of hell from the minds of my fellow Kentuckians, but if there is anything that a Kentuckian does dote on it is blue grass, and candor, as a faithful historian, compels me to say that among the occasional spots in the Orient where I saw Kentucky blue grass growing—evidently the same stuff that was first discovered in Kentucky—was that hell near Jerusalem and born and reared and having spent my life on blue grass sod and trained in Christian theology as I have been, I must say that the beautiful fresh green blue grass that I saw growing all over the bottom of hell made it one of the most attractive spots, to me, that I saw. Sweeney looked at it and said "Ain't that beautiful!"

The next place of special interest that we came to was the "well of the star." The whole road though was beautiful, having been made in late years principally for the purpose of taking visitors to the famous places to which we were going. We met long lines of camels, coming into Jerusalem with their loads on their backs, their owners sometimes riding them and some times

walking, for, to this day, the Arab is not fully determined in his own mind as to which is the harder work walking or riding a camel. I sampled some of it and being a pretty good walker, I am rather inclined, as between these two modes of locomotion, to decide in favor of the walking.

The "well of the star" is the well at which the wise men from the East were drinking when they first saw the star that led them to Bethlehem. In those days, as now in the United States, the impression seemed to be general that wise men just naturally come from the East. Jerusalem then, like Kentucky now, was the "wild and woolly west."

A cube of stone of about two and a half feet has been used to hollow out in it a basin that holds about ten gallons leaving the balance in the form of a most substantial vessel. A great many things are made of stone there. Those people were not so very far from the stone age. Their stone is of close grain and they do not have such freezes and thaws to disintegrate stone as we do. Beside this the bad boy was not so much in evidence there as he is in America, and so many things were not smashed up. The law of the Bible was that when a boy was bad the father's duty was to gather the elders of his church and beat that boy to death with rocks. George Washington, having cut that cherry tree down would never have grown up to be "the father of his country" in Palestine. The moral training of the youth of that land, while it may have induced in them such a peccadillo as crucifying Jesus Christ as a mode of religious discussion, kept the boys of that country from breaking up the stone ware of that country and that was what the people more especially wanted. If that big stone kettle had, very demurely, set upon the road side where I was a college boy, it might possibly have retained its solidarity, but, with the attention it is at present attracting to itself, it could not have staid there one session. Some hallowe'en or Christmas it would have been demolished. It was just about the first Christmas day that the wise men were there. In Kentucky, in Christmas times, people don't drink much water. We can hardly appreciate it in Kentucky—regarding my state as the center of civilization as its people generally do—but as I looked at that old well, and that old ten-gallon basin, it really seemed to me possible that that outfit may have been doing business at that same old stand for a couple of thousand years.

It was entirely proper for that star to have appeared there just as it did and to have departed itself just as it did. It had been customary, for some thousands of years, for stars to do something like that at the birth of personages destined to great

distinction and it would have been highly improper for some star not to have done something of this kind and especially in Christmas times. Whether that star was Jupiter or Saturn or Mercury or Venus or some other star in our planetary system, or one of the fixed stars, Sirius or some of those in the Southern Cross that would have been specially appropriate, the Bible does not say, but certainly it was a star, and those who say it was merely a kind of jack-o'-lantern, gotten up for that special occasion, are perverters of the sacred text. Whether those wise men "hitched their wagon to that star," or merely "hoofed" it, as M. Grier Kidder inelegantly expressed it, I do not know but that that star acted as described in the New Testament is beyond the highest theological doubt, for the tub that the wise men drank out of is there to this day. It was considerably out of the way for the wise men coming from the East to go by Jerusalem to get to Bethlehem, but the star that was guiding them was, naturally, one of more than ordinary intelligence and appreciated that, sometimes, "the longest way round is the shortest way home," and they may have gotten a better road going around by Jerusalem than by going straight to Bethlehem.

Then we came to Rachel's tomb. The tomb is large enough for a pretty good family residence and there is a family living in it whose job, I suppose, is to take care of the part of the establishment occupied by Rachel as a means of paying their rent for the balance of the tomb. They take Rachel as a boarder for the balance of the house. The part of the family that is living came out to see us and I suppose would, for the usual monetary consideration have sold us scraps of silk left over from the making of Rachel's wedding dress. I felt inclined to ask how Rachel was getting along, but I could not talk Arab.

Solomon's pools were at the end of our route. They are in a ravine, all three in number, are each about 150 feet by 300, and about ten feet deep, are of fine masonry and hold water to this day. I could not understand why they were built away off there, for there seemed to be no place to which the water could be taken by aqueduct and there was no aqueduct. There is a big building right by them that looks like a fort or military barracks. I looked at that building and guessed that its age might range along anywhere from 100 years ago back to the days of Solomon. I saw a lot of donkeys and right pretty girls, all loaded with roots from old olive trees for fuel. The girls carried their packs on their heads. Many of the camels were loaded with cauliflower, three or four times as large as any I ever saw in America.

Of all the surprising facts in my tour in the Orient the most

surprising is that my memory of Bethlehem has gotten so obscured that I cannot clearly recall the place and this is the only place of any such interest of which this is true.

It would seem to me that I would have remembered Bethlehem better than almost any place I saw, but while such places as Bethany and Jericho are almost as plain to me, as if I were now looking at them, by some inexplicable slip of a cog in the machinery of my memory, it is almost impossible for me to give any satisfactory account of Bethlehem. Under these circumstances it is one of those interesting coincidences commonly credited to "Kind Providence" that when I got to this point in writing this book, I picked up the issue of May 2, 1903, of the "Boston Investigator" an infidel paper and saw in it the following:

"The following extract from a letter written by Rev. John M. Richmond, of Knoxville, Tennessee, to the Journal and Tribune, of that city, who has been traveling in the "holy land" is not complimentary to the place "made sacred by the presence of the savior of mankind:"

"It was our purpose to go by land through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem, but after doing the Galilee part we had a rain lasting for sixty hours, that made going by carriage and even on horseback, through a roadless country, almost impossible, so we returned from Nazareth to Haifa in the ship and so came to Jaffa and Jerusalem.

"This change gave us additional time in Jerusalem and vicinity, where there is much to be seen. The weather here as everywhere, except in Galilee, has been most favorable. It would be useless to give our impressions of this strange, old, historic, sacred, but now God-forsaken land, in a letter. It is hard to realize that this land could ever have enjoyed the light of the gospel that has so blessed other lands.

"I can only reconcile the situation by the thought that it is preserved as an example to all nations of the hell—the national hell—that awaits the nations that forget God.

"The ignorance, filth, superstition, jealousy, hatred, strife and suffering are appalling. In the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre here at Jerusalem, Mohammedan soldiers guard day and night to keep the Christian sects from fighting."

"It is evident that Rev. Mr. Richmond will not sing 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' with as much spiritual fervor as has been his wont."

My daughter-in-law, now living in Washington and formerly of Knoxville, had asked me if I did not see Rev. Richmond and I

told her that he was with the Clarks, with whose tour we met frequently when we were traveling. So long as I am not able to recall Bethlehem as plainly as I would like to do, I am glad that "another Richmond in the field" came to my assistance.

It is strange to me that I cannot, from memory, recall the fact that Mohammedan soldiers were guarding the birthplace of Jesus to keep the Christian from fighting there, as I had not then seen the Mohammedan soldiers guarding one of the two alleged tombs of Jesus, in Jerusalem, to keep the Christians from fighting over it, but I find in my note book that I mention the presence of the Mohammedan soldiers at the place where Jesus was born.

I will tell you here another interesting fact. I think the most effectual way in the world to spoil a good story is to overdo it, and since I have come to my own plain and simply, but sweet and happy home in Kentucky, I can hardly realize how miserable things were in Jerusalem, and since I have said the things about Jerusalem that I have said about it up to this point in my book, I got to thinking about what I have said about the place and had almost concluded to mark out many bad things that I have said about the place, because I was afraid I had exaggerated; but seeing that Rev. Richmond says, just as hard, things about Jerusalem as I have done, I am going to let my statements about the place remain just as I have written them.

Fortunately—*fortuna favet bonos*—the most salient feature about Bethlehem, the actual place of the birth of Jesus, I remember.

I recall that after coming back from Solomon's pools, and when we had gotten half way back to Jerusalem we turned off of the finest main road and turned up a steep rough hill on our right to go to Bethlehem. I remember some place where all the Cookies got out of their carriages and filed up a long flight of stone steps about three feet wide, and I think that was at Bethlehem. I have a clouded memory of lamps hanging by long chains that I think were in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, but these are so blended with other lamps in churches and mosques that I cannot separate them. I remember that about that time the old Arab guide who was with us, in trying to designate his particular party—there was one guide for each twenty or twenty-five—said "We will call our party Mr. Moore's party" and this appeared to me to have been said by him not only because he was kind to me and wanted to compliment me, but because my long gray hair and beard made me easily distinguishable as a leader of a party, and also because the guide saw that I walked fast and kept up with him, and tried to assist him in

keeping order, and also because I could tell to them in English better than he could, the Bible stories of the places we were seeing. My notes say that there was a chapel there that was used in common by the Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics and Syrians, and it was these there that the Mohammedans had to watch to keep them from fighting. If any of them know any more about the Christian religion than anybody else, at Jerusalem, except the Jews, they are the Syrians. They and the Jews lived there upon the ground where the Christian religion started and knew about it from personal experience, while the Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics and Protestants only know about it through books and priests, as we do, today, in Kentucky. Even the Syrians have as much flubdubbery in their worship as the highest of high church Episcopacy in America, but the Syrians were a much plainer and humbler people than the balance of the gangs there. On some special occasions when the Syrians wanted to get up a big revival and have what the profane call, in Kentucky, a "distracted meeting" they might join in any general melee and kill a few of the Greek and Roman Catholic brethren, but as a general thing they were not so given to that mode of religious discussion.

But the actual hole in the ground in which Jesus was born, or is said to have been born—call it what you will; stable, cave, cauliflower cellar or potato hole—I remember quite vividly. There was a hole in the ground which like many others that we saw of the same kind had evidently been chiseled out of the rock by persons who seemed to have used a mallet and chisel. The bottom of that hole was about ten feet, measured perpendicularly from the surface of the ground around. The approach to that hole, or what ever you may call it, was down a slant about as steep as ordinary steps, but I cannot recall whether it had any steps or was just an inclined plane. I don't think it was very convenient either for a Cookie or any other breed of donkey to walk down into it, though a Palestine donkey can walk almost any place that a man can, unless it is a steep ladder or tight rope. It did not look like a good place to keep donkeys in and it was not high enough to take a horse in. I saw in Palestine places to put donkeys in that did not cost near so much as that place in Bethlehem and that were much better in many respects, though supposing the place of the "Nativity" in Bethlehem to be a stable, it was warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any stable built on top the ground, and was more permanent; in fact almost indestructible, as it is now just like it was when Jesus was born in it, if he was born in it. It was so dark down in there that we could only see with candles.

If a Kentucky mule had been down in there, knowing mules

as I do, I would not have gone down there without a good lantern, for fear I might have gone up against the business end of that mule and made to "go way back and sit down" in the room on the opposite side of the hall. I am not betting on the absolute accuracy of the mathematical statistics I am now giving you, but I depose, to the best of my knowledge and belief as follows: That hall was about fifteen feet long, six feet high and four feet wide, measured from the foot of the steps or inclined plane. At the far end of this hall, or three or four feet from its end, on the right as we went in, was a room cut into the wall that ran back about six feet, and was about four feet wide and five feet high. The floor of that room was, I think, about a foot above the floor of the hall. On the opposite side there was a similar kind of a room, about the same size, but I think a little nearer, the entrance to the cyclone cellar, or whatever it was. The one on the left as we went in had in the middle of its floor, a brass, many pointed star, about a foot in diameter, bolted down to the floor. My judgment at once suggested that the brass star was put there to show in which one of the two rooms Jesus was born. I saw nothing of any kind, "manger" cut in the rock or anything else, to indicate that it had ever been used for a stable. It would have been very much cheaper, and more permanent, for those people who knew all about working in stone, and very little about working in wood, and who hardly had any wood to work in, to have made a manger by scooping a place in the stone wall, as they did for almost any purpose, in other places, than to have made a manger out of wood. If there was anything there like the manger in which Jesus is said to have been "cradled" I did not see it, and I suppose if one had been there the guides would have strained a point, if necessary, to show it to us Cookies.

But "doctors will differ;" even doctors of theology. We had in there with us at one time, two guides who were rivals as to who was managing the party.

One of the guides was Ephraim Aboosh. He was a white man and, consequently, like his illustrious namesake, "Ephraim was joined to his idols." They call it buksheesh in Palestine and "almighty dollar" in America. Ephraim is a subscriber for this book and I am going to do him fair. He is about twenty-five years old and made, to me, the point that he was better than an Arab guide because he had been converted to Christianity by Moody. That statement, to me, was the only instance I saw in which Ephraim had missed his man. Still I can imagine that a man away off in that outlandish country, where Moody is not known like we know him in America, might have been converted by

Moody and not necessarily have been a bad man, but I think that, as a general thing when you find a man in that country who has been converted to any of the purely American brands of Christianity—among which I do not reckon Roman Catholicism—you may count that he is out for the stuff and that his scheme is to get it out of American Christians who blow in their money more freely—all except me—than anybody else in that country, so common report seems to say.

There is one fact about Ephraim Aboosh, however, for which I will give him credit—there is nothing little about me—he was the only guide I saw in Palestine who did not claim to have been the guide of “Marky Twain,” as they all call him, but whether as an expression of affection or the only way an Arab can pronounce the first name of his famous soubriquet I do not know. Ephraim did not claim to have been a guide for “Marky,” but it was probably only because he was not born until two or three years after Mark had been there, and as Ephraim was dead stuck on a pretty Cookie girl named Miss Rosenthal, he was not going to say anything that would indicate that he was old enough to have been a guide for Mark Twain.

Ephraim said that the room that had the star in it was the one the “wise men” staid in while they were visiting Joseph and Mary and the young stranger on the other side of the hall, and that the infant Jesus and his parents staid in the room that did not have the star in. Ephraim’s idea seemed to be that the star alluded to the star that had come along with the “wise men,” and that if it was not the identical star that they had first seen “in the East,” that they had spiked down to that stone floor to keep it from getting back into the sky again, it was, at least, one modeled after that star, and had been put there to show that that was the room in which the wise men stayed while visiting the “holy family.”

On the other hand the old Arab who claimed that he was the guide of that party, and that it was “Mr. Moore’s party,” said that Ephraim Aboosh was a young fellow who did not know anything about it, while he the Arab—I can’t spell his name, and you could not pronounce it if I could—said he was an old man and that he and his ancestors knew all about it, from way back, and he said the room that had the star in it, was the one where Jesus was born, and that the star was put there to signify that fact, and that the wise men staid in the room that did not have the star in it. In either case, if there were more than three wise men that slept in either one of those rooms they must have arranged so that they would all turn over at once after they went to bed, and if they

were as tall as some of those Arabs I saw, their "hoofs" as Kidder would say, would have stuck out into the hall, if they had not shortened themselves a little by getting themselves up like spoons or jackknives.

Ephraim Aboosh asked me to speak a good word for him in my book and I am going to do so. He is good looking and I just naturally have a fellow feeling for that kind of a man.

The main trouble about him is, that if you have any good looking girls in your party—and there are always liable to be Kentucky women in these parties—Ephraim and the girls will get stuck on each other and he will forget to tell you about the things that you brought him along to tell you about; but the girls will have more fun out of Ephraim than they would out of the whole balance of Jerusalem. So that if you go to Jerusalem to have a picnic, as four-fifths of the people do, and all tired of sight seeing before they get there, Ephraim is your man; and he can talk better English than any of them.

There ought to be guides there exclusively for the Roman Catholics and then guides for all persons who are not Roman Catholics. They have two sets of exhibits there—places where Jesus was tried and crucified and buried according to the Roman Catholics and all the other brands of Christians over there, and another set of places where Jesus was tried and crucified and buried according to the Protestants; and the infidels, as far as the latter take any stock in any of it, agree with the Protestants. When the guide, or guides, were showing us the place where Jesus was born in Bethlehem, I think there were Protestants who smiled almost audibly. I think all Catholics viewed it very solemnly.

Ephraim Aboosh seemed to be worried by trying to please the Catholics and the Protestants at the same time. It cannot be done.

The old Arab who was my friend was a Mohammedan and being a heathen he took all pains to give his accounts as they appeared to him and without any discrimination between Catholics and Protestants or Jews, the religions of none of whom he believed in. If, therefore, you are an American Christian and go to Jerusalem to get information that will confirm you in what you already believe, get Ephraim Aboosh and tell him, in the beginning whether you are a Protestant or a Catholic, and he will give you the information that suits you, and you will come back wonderfully built up in the faith. Ephraim is the man for priests and preachers, but Catholic priests and Protestant preachers must not go along together with Ephraim for a guide, and expect him to talk to suit both parties; it cannot be done.

If you go to Jerusalem for the purpose of simply finding out the facts about the place, and the country around there, so far as they are known to anybody that lives in Jerusalem, enquire for the old Arab, who guided "Mr. Moore's party" in the Cooks' tour of 1903.

There is one place in Bethlehem which, strange to say, I can recall perfectly plainly, while I cannot recall the church of the Nativity. It is the place where the Virgin Mary first nursed Jesus; that is, gave him his natural rations of milk. You might suppose, naturally, that that would be in the same place under the ground where Jesus was born, but that seems not to have been the case. The house where he first sucked is some distance from the cyclone cellar in which he was born.

Why I can recollect that place any better than other places in Bethlehem I cannot tell. I think I was just tired of looking at churches and mosques and did not look at the church of the Nativity enough to remember it.

The place where the Virgin Mary first suckled Jesus, though, I recall very plainly. It was being cared for by a woman, and I don't think there was anybody in the place, at that time, except us two. The house, and everything in connection with it, seemed to be perfectly new and clean, and I remarked that fact to the woman and asked her how it could be that that new house was the place where the Virgin Mary first nursed Jesus. She said that ten years ago all of that place had been filled with dirt and that it had all been cleaned out and therefore looked new. If that was true it was the most thorough case of house cleaning that I had ever seen. I did not tell her that she was lying, but that is what I thought. I had recently seen too many old white marble buildings and too many new white marble buildings not to be able to tell the difference between a white marble house nearly 2,000 years old and one not much more than two years old. But that was the most flagrant case of fraud, as I understand it, that I saw in Palestine. If some fairly honest looking man there had told me that some of those old Jews, and especially the women, were the same ones that were walking around Jerusalem 2,000 years ago, and remembered to have seen Jesus Christ crucified I might have believed it, especially as Jesus told one of them, certainly, that he (the Jew) would not die until He (Jesus) came to the earth again, and the tradition of "the wandering Jew" is still all over Christian lands; but I am not going to believe that that house that that woman showed me, as being the one where the Virgin Mary first nursed Jesus, is at least 1,903 years old. They cleaned it too clean, and will have to put back some of the dirt on it that they took off, before that house can

pass as a successful side show for the stable or cave in which Jesus was born.

Of all the places in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, that all Christians there, except the handful of Protestants, believe to be the very place where Jesus was tried and crucified and buried, none would seem to be older than 500 years and some of them probably not more than 200 years, and even that when they seem to be trying to "age" them as fast as possible, like they do whisky in Kentucky. But Bethlehem takes the cake when, in the last ten years, it opens a brand-splinter new house, as being the place where the Virgin Mary first suckled Jesus, and beside this tax on our faith, place that house at a considerable distance from the place in which that first Christmas baby was born. It was Tertulian, who said "Credo quia impossibile." There is another thing about Bethlehem that I do remember that I almost wish I had forgotten as its recital as a faithful historian I must make, though, under ordinary circumstances, it is not a proper thing to put into print. The guides showed us a street, from the end of which on the top of a high hill, the guides said we could get a fine view of the country around Bethlehem. The guides did not seem inclined to lead the party out that street and but few of them seemed inclined to go. I always like to go into places that have up the sign "No admittance." That street was about as wide as any of them, and so I started out by myself to go to the end of it, and a number of ladies followed me. We got there and got back, but, for the nonce, we all belonged to the middle-of-the-road party in politics, while our religious slogan was "keep in the middle of the King's highway." I suppose there is not, in the whole world, any public street in any town that is used as that one is, and that right there where Jesus Christ was born.

I saw the place where Judas Iscariot is said to have hung himself. Great injustice has been done Judas. Jesus Christ selected him out of his whole twelve disciples as the best one to carry the money of the party, when experience has shown, even in Christian circles, that the very hardest kind of a man to find is one who can be trusted with money, and there is no intimation in the N. T. that Judas ever betrayed his trust as the financial agent of the party. Judas, as a faithful follower of Jesus, had reason to believe from the teachings of Jesus, that Jesus could, miraculously, "remove himself out of the hands" of any who might want to do him harm, so that what is commonly called the "betrayal" of Jesus by Judas would not result unhappily, at all, to Jesus, but might, in fact, do good by showing to the people, the miraculous power of Jesus.

It was wrong in Judas to have taken from the Jews money for which Judas must have understood the Jews were not going to get any "valuable consideration," in a commercial sense at least, but that money was to belong to Jesus and all the twelve alike, and that Judas did not personally want it, at least, one of the sequels shows.

When the "betrayal," which was simply telling some parties that Jesus was in a certain garden, that we Cookies saw, and where Jesus was supposedly not hid, resulted in unhappiness to Jesus, Judas was so disappointed by the outcome and so distressed that, according to one account he went and hung himself. Certainly that does not look like a conscienceless man. Bad men, as a rule, are frequently glad to get somebody else hung but they are generally very careful to do all they can to save their own necks.

I am not going to tell where these accounts are, in the Bible, because I want to encourage the reading of the Bible; not merely such passages as the clergy select for the people to read, but I want the people to read the Bible in its entirety, starting at the beginning and reading it carefully to the end just as any other important book should be read.

Evidently the early Christain writers had it in for Judas and must have it that Judas came to a bad end.

There are among these writers three entirely different accounts of how Judas came to his death and all of them are of a peculiarly distressing kind. Two of these accounts are in the canonic New Testament, and one is in the apocryphal New Testament. One of the first two says that Judas came and threw down the money that the Jews had paid him, at the feet of the high priests, and then went and hung himself. The other of these accounts says that Judas used that money by buying a field with it, and then fell down and bursted himself open. The third account says that Judas was killed by being caught against a gate post by an ox-cart. This third killing, however, does not count among Christains—or among Protestants, at least—for the book in which it is found was rejected from the books read in the Christian churches when the present canon of the N. T. was determined.

But that our present canonic N. T. gives two different accounts of the death of Judas hardly admits of cavil. The man who, of all the men I ever knew, was the greatest credit to the Christian religion, was Rev. President Robert Milligan of Kentucky University. When, as a young preacher, I went to him to get him to help me out of some difficulties I was having in understanding the Bible, he explained to me that Judas hung himself

and that then "the rope broke," and he fell over a precipice, and burst open.

If we assume the inerrancy of the N. T. in the beginning, and then force harmonies of its apparent discrepancies, that explanation, if it can be said to explain, is probably as good as can be made; but if we read the N. T. as we do other books, to determine whether or not it is true by the things that are in it, that explanation sounds greatly strained.

I am certain that I have the exact idea of President Milligan and almost his exact words when I say that he said "the rope broke and he (Judas) fell over a precipice and burst asunder in the midst and all his bowels gushed out."

I used to wonder before I went to the "Holy Land" whether or not they would show the place where Judas hung himself, and, knowing that President Milligan's explanation of the apparent conflict in the accounts of Judas' death was the generally accepted one, I was anxious to see whether, if the place is still pointed out, there is any precipice there.

I saw plainly the place that the guide pointed out as being the place where Judas hung himself and I carefully surveyed the topography of the place. I am almost certain that it was from the hill upon which Bethlehem is that I saw the place where Judas is said to have hung himself. I have unusually good eyesight and frequently astonished the Cookies with my powers of vision. The day on which I saw the place where Judas hung himself was perfectly clear and bright and there was nothing to interrupt my vision. There was no precipice there or any where near there. Our Kentucky mountains are full of precipices over which one might accidentally fall and kill himself. I am familiar with those precipices because I walked much over the Kentucky mountains as my only way of traveling when I was a preacher. The place that is shown as being the one where Judas hung himself is on the side of a hill or mountain that is not very high, nor very steep, and is a gradual slope. It is so nearly entirely of rock that it seems impossible that anything but an olive tree could ever have grown there, and olive trees there seem not to grow more than about twenty feet high. There is no indication that there ever was any house or anything else there upon which a man could hang himself except an olive tree, and olive trees are about the size and shape of our apple trees, and I think their limbs are tough and not of the kind that would be liable to break from a man's hanging himself upon one. They would bend before they would break.

The topography of the place, then, where Judas is said to have hanged himself, does not at all sustain the explanation that

President Milligan gave me of the apparent conflict in the two accounts of the manner of the death of Judas.

It is quite possible that there may have been a man there named Jesus and that he may have had a disciple named Judas who may have done something that resulted in the death of Jesus, but the statement that Judas hung himself as a consequence of his remorse has all the car-marks of one of the thousands of "pious frauds," that from the beginning of Christianity up to date have been practiced and written by Christians to sustain their religion.

It was at Bethlehem that I saw the picture of John baptizing Jesus, the water being hardly deep enough to cover the feet of Jesus.

We were shown the place where Herod was said to have killed 2,500 baby boys in trying to kill Jesus, and the place where the angel told Joseph to take his wife and child into Egypt, and the field where the shepherds saw the angels when Jesus was born. I would watch the countenances of the Cookies frequently, when the guides would point out these places. The Protestant girls would smile, the Catholic women would look very solemn, the Catholic men accept it without any hesitancy and the Protestant preachers remain noncommittal so far as words went, but I thought their countenances indicated that they did not want anybody to believe that they believed those stories. I saw Catholics express great reverence and worship for these places and heard them speak of what they saw as being confirmatory of the Bible, but I never saw or heard any Protestant do either of these. We saw the tomb of Jerome, the well of David, and the rock that the prophet Elias lived on.

If Elias was duly sober and wide awake he might have staid up on that rock, but if he went to sleep up there he would almost certainly have fallen off.

We passed a place where men were working in a quarry and saw that boys about thirteen years old were carrying off, in baskets, on their heads, all the dirt and debris from the quarry, and this we found to be the case at all quarries and excavations that we saw in the Orient, except that in some instances boys and girls both, and working together, would do this. All parties were barefooted.

We saw the tomb of Simeon. In one of these places, I forget just where, I saw a large life-sized picture of God and Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost in the shape of a white pigeon. God had gray hair and a gray beard about a foot long. He was not bald headed, as Hebrew patriarchs generally are, but had a good suit of hair. He looked like he was about my age, sixty-five, and was fairly well

preserved. I thought, really, though it may sound like flattery—to him or to me, you may judge—that he looked a good deal like me but did not wear spectacles. The style of his dress, however, was quite different from mine. Neither of us wore a watch or any jewelry. God was dressed a good deal like those people I saw in Algiers. He had a red dress and a green sash around him, and was barefooted. His feet were clean and he had no corns on his toes that I noticed. In some of these instances these pictures have been painted by angels and are therefore entirely authentic.

We saw the place where Abraham offered Isaac and found the ram. While this account is confirmed by the fact that there are rams around there to this day and those rams have horns, it is true that there they do not seem to be the kind of rams that would get themselves into “entangling alliances,” and there is now no shrubbery, or vines around there that a ram could get himself caught in. Still that ram had to be caught, somehow, and it was just as easy for a miracle to make a grape vine there to catch that ram, as it was for a miracle to make Jonah’s gourd, or Jack’s bean stalk grow in one night—things about the historical accuracy of which there is now no contention.

But the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, is, of all the holy humbugs around Jerusalem, the one that takes the cake—in fact walks off with the entire bakery.

The whole plant and the scoundrels that run it, would have made me laugh if they had not made me so mad. I suppose the Mohammedan soldiers in it would not have let me do what I felt like doing in there, and if those fellows had had charge of Jerusalem when Jesus cleaned out the temple by kicking out the money changers, and kicking over their tables, the Mohammedans would have run him in and, before the police court, would have made him answer to the charge of “drunk and disorderly,” but I tell you I burned with the ambition of gaining world-wide fame by rushing in, through the crowd and kicking the rear elevation of the anatomy of the Patriarch of Jerusalem when I saw the rascal tramping around there in his Christian flubdubbery of gold and jewels, when old blind and leprous women sat out in the rain with their barefeet in the streams of cold water, shivering like cold wet dogs in rags and dirt and ignorance, when those priests inside did not have half the sympathy for one of those old women that a Constantinople Mohammedan has for the meanest of the 200,000 dogs in Constantinople. I believe if I had thus kicked any one of the leaders of those priests, especially of the Roman Catholics or of the Greek Catholics and then have gotten my old Mohammedan Arab guide to state my case to the Mohammedan court and tell them

that I am a Prohibitionist and half Mohammedan, anyhow, that court would not have done anything to me.

If Jesus Christ was the sissy that the pictures represent him to be, or if he was the vagabond doing no work, but getting cooking school pies and handouts from anybody that would give them to him, or inviting himself to dinner with bankers, as all of which the N. T. represents him, I don't want any of him in mine; but if he was a big horny-handed carpenter with a number ten foot on him, and he did once kick out of the temple such a gang as they have there now, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, I am for him, by a large majority, myth or no myth.

I had heard, for years, that a Mohammedan guard stood at the tomb of Jesus Christ to keep the Christians from fighting over it, and I expected to find that, in reality, there would be one or two superannuated Mohammedan policemen there, asleep on their beats, after the popular conception of policemen, but what I did find was something near one hundred picked Mohammedan soldiers with their commanding officer, all standing in fine uniforms and with splendid guns and bayonets and swords, standing in military "qui vive," around the tomb of Jesus Christ, to keep the Christians from fighting over the grave of "the Prince of Peace;" and yet, in spite of all this, about ten years ago, these Christians got to fighting right at that place, over the "holy fire" which was being handed out, by the priests, to them on Easter, and killed more than one hundred of each other. Easter preparations were going on when I was there, and those Mohammedan soldiers, knowing that this was the time of the year of greatest danger, showed by their looks, that they were there for business. If Jesus Christ said "I came not to bring peace but a sword" he certainly hit the nail square on the head.

There were four Christian sects all worshipping in that church at the same time, each with its enormous crowd of followers, nearly all men, and they all had a lot of pow-wow to get off around that one of the two tombs of Jesus, and the Mohammedans let each gang of them have their show, and go through all their gaits and play all of their tricks, but the heathen was mighty particular not to let any two of these gangs of Christians get there at the same time.

The Mohammedan didn't believe any of it, and of course did not care which got the best of the scrimmage so long as they did it inside the pale of law and order, and they were the things he was there to see about, and he saw about it. And yet, with all of those things there before them, that they saw just as I saw, and as none of them will deny, those seventeen Protestant preachers and those

two Chicago Catholic priests will all come back to America—unfortunately—and will fill their own pockets full of shekels of the sanctuary, while they are begging money to send to Palestine to convert Mohammedans to Christianity.

Any Mohammedan in Jerusalem who would turn Christian, and was not in a feeble-minded institute, ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum just on general “prima facie” principles, and without the usual process “de lunatico inquirendo.”

Of all that gang of 446 Cookies, Christian and infidel, who saw these things just as I did, and no one of whom will dare to say that aught I am here saying is untrue, I, the poorest one in the lot, and poor because I am fool enough to tell the truth, am the only one who will come back home and give publicity to what he or she saw and heard in Palestine, and neither the Christians nor the infidels are going to tell about it, because they are all a set of cowards who will connive at a monumental lie because they have got money and business interests that they do not want to jeopardize by telling the truth, and if I had had a big lot of money and big business interests the chances are two to one that I never would have written this book. But I know that it is true that if I had come back to my home, and lied, even when everybody would have known it was a lie—by saying that what I had seen in Palestine had made me believe that the Christian religion was true, this book would have brought me considerable money, though only half as interesting as it now is, while, as it is, I will do all that I expect to do, if this book pays for itself, and returns to my dear wife the \$261 that she sold her flock of sheep for, to enable me to take this tour.

What the nature of this “holy fire” is that the Christians got to fighting over when they killed over one hundred of each other, recently, I do not know. It seems to operate like the hell-fire that we make, in Kentucky, out of corn and put in barrels and jugs. It is handed out each Easter, by the priests, from the tomb of Jesus Christ, through two holes, one on each side of the big door that goes into the church, which on that occasion is fastened, and I think the fight began by the poor people claiming that the priests gave this “holy fire” to the rich people before they gave it to the poor.

I had read, in “Innocents Abroad,” Mark Twain’s account of his weeping at the grave of his ancestor, Adam, but that there was even the faintest pretense of foundation for the story had never occurred to me, though I imagined, somewhere out in the country around Jerusalem, a little grave—a sort of inherent Darwinism has always made me think of Adam and Eve as small people—

might have been shown by some country bumpkin, to be taken seriously when some pilgrim was fool enough to pay him to look at it, or as a joke on Adam if the party visiting so preferred to consider it, but it hit me like a brick when, right there in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the climax of the Christian world, they showed me the grave of Adam with exactly the same earnestness that they showed me the grave of Jesus, fifty or one hundred feet away from it, the priests and guides in charge of the two shows, indicating just as much faith in the genuineness of the grave of Adam as they did in the genuineness of the grave of Jesus Christ, but talking as if Adam had gotten them into trouble that it was the job of Jesus Christ to get them out of.

As we stood meditatively, silently and sadly, around the grave of Adam, and looked down upon the mortal remains of the party of the first part, who was the father of all of us, and reflected that our meeting at the grave of our common ancestor, should make us all love each other as members of the same family, even more than we did as Cookies in a foreign land, I suggested to the guide that Adam was born in Mesopotamia, some 2,000 miles from Jerusalem and that, so far as the Bible intimated, he finished his career as one of the first men of the country, in the same country in which he had come into existence, and that it did not appear plain to me how it happened that Adam came to be buried in Jerusalem, and the guide explained to me that an angel had brought the remains of Adam from Mesopotamia where the garden of Eden was and had buried them where they were now resting. I suppose that angel was the founder of Adam's Express Company. I said it was a discrimination against woman, to bring Adam all that distance and bury him here, and leave poor Eve away off there in a common family bone-yard; but there were 286 Cookie women in that gang and if they did not see cause to resent this reflection upon their "sect," there was no kick coming to me, and I shut my head on that subject.

Adam is buried under the pavement of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, in Jerusalem, the place where he is buried, being marked by a circle of about four feet in diameter, of alternate blocks of black and of white marble. In the middle of that circle there is a hole about ten inches in diameter. Into that hole there is set a piece of marble shaped like the sloping cork stopper of a jug, and that sticks up above the pavement about five inches.

All the authorities in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher say, and the guide said to us, that the angel who brought Adam's remains to be buried there, selected that particular spot of all the places in the earth, because that is the exact center of the earth.

Boston's claim to being "the hub," therefore, is in plain disregard of plain angelic teaching on this subject.

According to the Catholics Jesus was crucified in about one hundred feet of that grave where Adam is buried, which is near the center of the city of Jerusalem. The New Testament says that Jesus was crucified outside of the walls of Jerusalem on a mountain called Calvary, and that this is true is proven by the fact that that mountain is there to this day. But what the New Testament says cuts no ice with a Catholic unless it agrees with what the Pope and the Catholic church say, and those two say that Jesus Christ was crucified right there where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher stands, and at a place now enclosed by the walls of that church. All of the Christian guides there, tell you, that Adam's remains were brought there at the time that Jesus was crucified, and that Adam, up to that time, had only been an animal and had had no spiritual or immortal nature, and they showed us plainly a hole down under the point where the cross stood, where the blood of Jesus ran down upon the head of Adam and gave to Adam for the first time an immortal nature. They all specially said that the "head of Adam" had been placed under that hole so that the blood could run down upon it, but they did not explain whether the head of Adam had been separated from the balance of his mortal remains, for convenience in transportation, or whether the balance of his skeleton, and whatever remained on it, had been taken along with the head. Adam's entire outfit, or whatever remained of it, had been brought from Mesopotamia and had been put into that grave and because the hole under the cross was rather too small to put a full sized corpse in, and because it was rather a spooky and dark and slippery kind of a hole to be dragging a corpse around in, I got the general impression that Adam's head had been taken off, and carried to that hole under the cross, and whether they just dumped the head back into that round hole or fastened it back onto the skeleton with copper wires like they do in the anatomical museum at Washington City, or whether they stuck a screw into the back part of Adam's skull and screwed it down into the hole in his backbone, where the marrow had been, so as to be easily taken off in case Adam's head must again at anytime be brought to the light of day, I do not know.

It seems evident that Eve must have remained a very attractive specimen of a female animal; so that according to the highest theological opinion in Jerusalem, the honors are about even, in the contention between Mr. Darwin and the Christian as to whether our first parents were animals or human beings.

Whether the remains of Adam were chucked down through

that eight inch hole like coal into a cellar under the pavement, or whether he was bent up something like a hoop and buried in a round grave four feet in diameter as might seem, from surface indication, I do not know and am only going to tell what I know, or think I know.

The space occupied in burying people in old times seems to have been very variable. Adam, at most, could have had a hole but four feet in diameter while I saw in Egypt a man whose burial place had been thirteen acres and they had put all over that space a solid pile of stone 490 feet high, but "it's hard to keep a good man down," and without any assistance from Gabriel and his horn, they had resurrected that man after he had been there 5,142 years, and there he was in Cairo with a smile on his face and all right, a little "necessary wear and tear excepted," and was continuing his nap for another 5,000 years if some of the predictions of the Millerites do not come true before the expiration of that time, when I suppose that man will rise and go to plunking a harp; for, certainly, he has been a quiet and peaceable citizen for a long time.

The Christian guides told us that the Mohammedans believed that when Mohammed came, he pulled out that stopper in Adam's grave, and put all the devils in the world down in that hole and stopped them up, but I did not hear from any Mohammedans what the Mohammedans had to say on that point, and in Jerusalem, anything that a Christian says about a Mohammedan must be taken "cum grano salis"—that is, with a barrel of salt

I heard a man who was walking behind me say to another person "There goes a man who loves the church." I thought he was talking about me and supposed it was said about me in irony, but several women, I think including Christians and infidels, told me that I was the best Christian on the boat and they heard me talk just as I am talking here. I do not remember that any man accused me of being a Christian.

The thing that is called the tomb of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a room made of alabaster about thirty feet square and about that high that stands on the floor of the church. Inside of that room is much that looks like gold and jewels, and I think they are intended to be understood as being such, but I do not believe they are, for if they were genuine I believe those priests would steal them and sell them. Lamps are kept burning there all the time. Chromos such as can be bought in America for two or three dollars each are hung up over this square building. Down a set of steps about ten feet under that alabaster tomb, or whatever it is, there is a little room scooped out in the rock and in that little room there is a place about the size of an ordinary man's coffin,

and in this they say Jesus was laid. The place does not at all tally with the accounts of the tomb of Jesus as given in the N. T. There could not reasonably be any sense in the account of "rolling away the stone" that is mentioned in the New Testament as having occurred at the grave of Jesus, if this place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is the place, where Jesus was buried, while how the stone was rolled away at the grave outside of the walls at the foot of Mt. Calvary is remarkably plain, as I will explain to you, when I come to an account of it.

The plain inference is that there was a "garden" near the place where the N. T. says Jesus was buried. There is no such place near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, with every reason to suppose there has never been one there in 3,000 years, while there is to this day a garden at the alleged tomb of Jesus that is outside of the walls and that garden looks like it might have been there for 2,000 years. Of course it makes no difference to me which is the true grave or which is the false one, or whether either of them is the true one or whether there ever was any such man as Jesus. I am quite certain that no man, god, or son of God, ever rose from the dead.

Common sense would tell any man that that thing built over the grave of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher could not have been built there until after the church was built, because the thing is built upon the floor of the church, and the tomb—we will call it—could not have staid there exposed to the weather and uncovered. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is right down in a bottom, and if the place where Jesus is said to have been placed there had been there before the house was built over it, I think the tomb of Jesus would probably have filled with water, but it is true that that idea did not occur to me until I got to his point in writing. Of course the Church of the Holy Sepulcher could not have been built until after Jesus was dead if it was built for a Christian church. The first thing that you come to as you come into that church is an alabaster slab about eight feet long and four feet broad put up on a support of the same material so that it is about a foot from the floor.

I think the whole space occupied by the interior of that church is about 300 feet square and 100 feet high. That alabaster slab is about six inches thick. The people who come in there kneel down and kiss that slab, and they say it is the identical slab upon which Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of Jesus Christ when they were preparing the body for burial. I suppose that some of the Cookies kissed that slab, but I did not see any of them do it.

Any man of any judgment about such matters can see that

that slab and its supports are made out of alabaster like that thing over the tomb is, and that these two things are the only alabaster in the building; that they appear to be of the same age, and that they have exactly the same ornamentation on them and there is every reason to suppose that the slab and that room over the grave were put there at the same time, and by the same workmen, and that the room over the grave could not have been put there until after the church was built, and that the church could not have been built until after Jesus was dead, and that, therefore, that slab could not have been the one upon which Jesus was laid to be prepared for burial. And yet a lot of unreasoning religious enthusiasts will go on from year to year, kissing that alabaster slab which is probably not more than 300 years old. If they can, and will, start right there in Bethlehem, a brand-splinter new house not more than ten years old and successfully exhibit it, as the very house in which the Virgin Mary first suckled Jesus, why could they not make these same people believe that a slab that was dressed off 300 years ago, is the indential slab upon which Jesus was laid to prepare the body for the grave?

Three hundred years ago there was no Mark Twain to go over there and poke fun at the grave of Adam and other such manifest absurdities.

In the N. T. one of the gospels says that Jesus in carrying his cross to Calvary broke down and that Simon, the Cyrenean, took up the cross and carried it on to Calvary. The other gospels—I write from memory—say that Jesus carried his own cross, and do not mention his breaking down under it. The N. T. mentions only one instance of his breaking down or fainting under the weight of the cross. The Catholics and the Protestants in Jerusalem each have fourteen places where they say Jesus broke down carrying the cross. The places are by both of these sects called “stations.” The Catholic “stations” are all inside of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and the “stations” of the Protestants are all outside of that church, and these stations of the Protestants are all numbered where they occurred, on the walls along the street called “Via Dolorosa,” that street running out toward Calvary. The Catholic stations are all numbered on the wall inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and as the place where Jesus was tried and the place where he was crucified are both inside of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher these fourteen stations can only be a few feet apart, say an average of ten feet.

When I say Catholics I mean Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Syrian Christians and Armenian Christians, the worship of all

of whom is like our Roman Catholics, and I mean by the word Catholics all Christians that are not Protestants.

The Catholics have in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, a place about twenty-five feet high up on top of which there is, I would guess, a flat place about twenty feet square. I do not think anybody is allowed to go up there, though I think it possible that anybody might go up there who went up on his or her knees and possibly pay something for the privilege.

I forgot to say until I got to this point in my writing that when we went down into the place where the tomb of Jesus was said to be the door of the place was made so low that when we went into the place of the grave we were forced to bow to get in, and when I started to come out a man standing near the door, asked me please to go out backward. The same kind of a low door, and for the purpose of forcing all to bow, was made in the wall ten feet high that is around the garden of Gethsemane, where there could be no other motive for having a door not more than four feet high, and there was the same request, not quite so polite, to go out of it backward.

I think the Christian caught this idea from the doors into the tombs around the pyramids in Egypt which though really abundantly high for anybody to pass through without stooping are so filled up with sand that you have to stoop or even to crawl to get into the tombs.

There are about twenty-five steps to go up onto that place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and each step is, of course, about one foot high. These steps are about twenty feet long and are of a dark colored stone. All the Catholics in Jerusalem say, and all Catholics everywhere believe, or profess to believe that those stone steps that we saw in that church in Jerusalem are the identical steps that Jesus climbed to be crucified on top of that place and that he was crucified up on that platform and yet when we got to Rome we found the Roman Catholic church there having a flight of about twenty or twenty-five steps up which the people were going on their knees and saying one prayer on each step and those steps are of white marble and they tell you that they are the identical steps that Jesus climbed in Jerusalem when he was crucified, and they tell you that an angel brought those steps from Jerusalem to Rome in one night and put them where they now are, called "scala sacra," and I saw at one time seventeen women and two men and one boy going up those steps on their knees, and afterward, an infidel named Thomas Hunt, from Kennedy, Ohio, who was in our party, and who is a subscriber for this book went up those steps on his knees, as he said just to get to see them. There

is a picture of Jesus up at the head of those steps in Rome that they say the angel painted the night he brought the steps there from Jerusalem, and yet the very same Catholics who saw the steps in Jerusalem that Jesus went up to be crucified, said these steps that they saw in Rome were the same ones that Jesus went up to be crucified, and whether any one of those Catholics who went up those steps on his knees is a bigger fool than the infidel Hunt who went up those steps on his knees, is too hard for me; give it up; ask me something easy.

I saw one good thing about that slab that lay there by the side of the sepulcher. I saw a perfectly black Negro man kneel down and kiss it and then a white man kneel and kiss it right in the same place, and yet I suppose the white man would not kiss the black one.

The Bible teaches that God cursed that black man and condemned him to be the slave of the white man. Of course that was a lie that the white man told because it suited the white man to own the black one, but the fact that their religion had brought the black man and the white one close enough together to kiss the same blarney stone was the only redeeming feature I saw in the whole Church of the Holy Sepulcher. If a right clean stone had just been kissed by some sweet pretty woman I might kiss it in the same place, or even kiss the woman, but I would not kiss any rock on the same place where that Negro had kissed it, or where some men that I saw on the Moltke had kissed it.

The guide showed us there the stone upon which he said the angel "stood," when he had rolled it away from the sepulcher on the morning of the resurrection. The N. T. says the angel "sat" upon the stone after he had rolled it away. Any man of good judgment who goes out to the tomb in which Joseph of Arimathea put Jesus, if such a thing ever occurred, and as I think is quite possible, and which is the tomb and the only one about that town that at all answers the description of the one in the N. T., he will see that if angels sat down in those days, as other people do now, he never would have sat upon that stone. It is possible that the angel with just a few flaps of his wings could have gotten up on that stone, and it is possible that, by the hardest, if he was only a young angel not fully grown he might have managed to stick up on that rock after he had rolled it away, but it is not at all the kind of a rock that a tired angel, or any other tired party would have selected to sit on, so as to rest himself. To be candid unless that angel had practiced in the gymnasium of a Y. M. C. A., or something of that kind, he could not have sat upon that rock at all. The man who wrote that story about that angel sitting on that rock

that was rolled away from the tomb that Joseph of Arimathea put Jesus in, had, evidently, never seen that tomb and did not know how it was constructed.

The rock that was used to close the door of that tomb was a rock about five feet in diameter and about a foot thick and was shaped like a millstone with no hole through it, though flat on either side, and there was a groove in the solid rock into which the edge of the round rock fitted and in which it rolled and the door that it closed was in a flat perpendicular wall cut in the natural stone, so that if an angel had sat upon it there would have been no place for his wings to stick out behind him and his legs would have hung down in a most ungainly and uncomfortable manner, and, altogether, he would have looked more like a circus acrobat than a decent gentlemanly angel—there are no female angels you know—who being a little tired from rolling the rock had just sat down for a minute or two to blow a while before he went on to his next job. If you will take the N. T. and read carefully from the four gospels about what that angel, or those angels, said and did at that sepulcher you will find that the accounts don't tally a little bit—that they are all as criss-cross as the gable end of a saw buck. So that while I have no objection to the statement that Joseph of Arimathea may have put Jesus in that tomb, I must draw the line at the angel part of the story. I am not much on angels, anyway, and especially male angels, and still more especially male angels with Irish names, like Michael, on them; and I think the fellow or fellows, that started out to write that story in the N. T. spoilt it by overdoing it, in putting that about the angels in it. I can stand the part about those women going there early in the morning, because that is all natural and right; but please don't put any Irish male angels in mine when you go to tell me that story.

I forgot to mention that that big stone stopper that Mohammed used to plug up the devils down in Adam's grave, was brought by an angel from the garden of Eden. I don't know whether the angel got it out of the wall around the garden of Eden or whether or not it was a stone that Adam had thrown out in clearing out the garden preparatory to planting peas in the early spring, and I don't know whether the angel hewed out that stopper and brought it just as we saw it there, or whether he only brought the rock in the rough and it was dressed in Jerusalem so as to make that stopper

Besides the thing that I have already mentioned in that Church of the Holy Sepulcher there was the prison in which Jesus was put, and the stocks made of stone through which the feet of Jesus were put, and then the stocks were fastened, so that he could not get away.

Remember, please, that these things in the church are not models of the things they represent as we see so often in the museums and at our world's fair, nor have they been moved from any other place and brought there. They are the identical things, themselves, that were connected with the trial and crucifixion of Jesus and they are, today, in exactly the same places where they were when Jesus was tried and crucified there.

There is also in there the judgment seat of Christ, the place upon which Jesus sat when he was tried or upon which the party sat who tried him, I don't know which. There is in that same church, the place where Jesus said to John, "Behold thy mother," also the place where the Jews parted his raiment among them when they had crucified Jesus. Then there is a dark cavern into which the Jews threw the cross after they had crucified Jesus and covered it all over with dirt supposing that it never could be found. It was a dark and uncomfortable looking cavern and I do not remember that anybody but myself went down into it. It is a place that has in it about as much space as a room twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high. It really did look like it had, at sometime, been filled with dirt and rubbish. Up near the roof of that cavern is a hole nearly round that goes out through the solid stone into the auditorium of the church. This hole is about five feet long and two feet in diameter. At the end of this hole a woman sat, who I think was either St. Sophia or St. Helena, and spent days and days throwing money into that hole to induce workmen to go into that cavern and dig for the cross of Jesus, and in this way she finally succeeded in finding it. The two crosses upon which the two thieves were crucified were also found at the same time, in that place, and there was some way by which the cross of Jesus could be told from either of the other two, but I forget how they said it was told. What became of that cross does not seem to be known.

It is said that the Catholics have enough "pieces of the true cross" divided around among their churches to make several crosses, but the Crusaders all said that the Mohammedans got that cross when they captured Jerusalem, and those Crusaders got the whole of Christian Europe into a war with the Mohammedans which lasted nearly two hundred years, the purpose of that war being to recover that cross from the Mohammedans. But the Mohammedans cleaned out the Christians and the Christians never claimed to have gotten the cross from them and how the Roman Catholics got that cross to divide it around like they did I cannot imagine unless some angel brought it from Jerusalem to Rome, some night, as angels were in a habit of doing.

I think it is a pity that the Catholics split it up instead of

keeping it all in one piece. It would have been an interesting thing to stick up in St. Peter's, at Rome.

I don't know what the Mohammedans would say became of that cross, but I guess the Catholic story about it amuses them. From a fact in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the shape of the cross must have been quite different from what is commonly supposed. The upright of the cross instead of being the straight beams with four regular edges, like lumber has at this day, must have been a round pole about four inches in diameter at the bottom, and this idea is favored by many things that I saw in Jerusalem. They have had very little wood there at any time since Jerusalem was a large city and they used wood a very little and that was only a small part of their buildings and their wood was about half split out and half hewn out and all in a very rough manner.

I have heard of the Irishman who said a cannon was made by taking a straight hole and pouring brass around it. They have done something like that in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. They have there the hole in which the foot of the cross of Jesus was put, and they have brass around the hole. The hole is in the solid rock and there is around the hole a flat ring of brass made by cutting a disk of about eight inches in diameter out of a plate of brass about a half inch thick and then cutting a round hole of about four inches in diameter in the center of the disk, that is the size of the round hole in the rock, and then fastening the brass ring around the hole. Whether that brass ring was around that hole when the cross of Jesus was put down into that hole I do not know. But I put my hand down into the hole. It is abundantly deep to hold a pole that might be put down in it, but no pole larger than four inches in diameter would go down into that hole. It is therefore plain then that the people who made that hole into which the cross of Jesus went, understood that the upright part of the cross was a pole of not more than four inches in diameter and this idea is favored by the character of the timber around that place and by the custom of the people in using it. The big cross, therefore, on the burial lot of the Confederate soldiers in Lexington that represents the cross as the round body of a tree, with the bark on it, is nearer the style of the cross of Jerusalem in the days of Jesus than the common form of the cross.

Paul speaks of Jesus as having been nailed to "the tree of the cross," and, now supposing that there was such a man as Jesus and that he was crucified, as I think was probably so, I am going to tell you, almost certainly, what his "cross" was. It was not a cross at all, in the sense that one piece of wood was fastened across another,

but it was a tree with a fork in it, barely big enough to hold up the body of a man, the main body of the tree not being more than six inches in diameter, and about twelve feet long so that the whole body of the man could be seen from a distance, over the heads of the people who stood around the fork, alias "cross," and the arms of Jesus, or of any other man that was crucified, were stretched out up the two sides of that fork, and nailed to it and his ankles tied together by a small rope that went around them and around the small "tree" on which he was hanging.

Of course that hole with the brass plate around it, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher has been put there by a lot of lying rascals to make money out of it, and there is no sense in supposing that Jesus was crucified at any other place than on Mt. Calvary, outside of the walls of the city, and the gang that built the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and put all of those things in it, knew that they were lying when they did it; but it is plain, from the size of that hole that they understood that the cross of Jesus was a round pole about four inches in diameter.

There is in that church a picture of the Virgin Mary that is worth \$1,000,000 if the material in it is gold and jewels as, I think, it is claimed they are, but it would be more like those priests to make it of brass and colored glasses and call it gold and jewels, and use the real gold and jewels to put good grub and fine liquor in their craws.

While we were going around in that church, and knowing that we were going in a few days to the Dead Sea where Lot's wife was transmuted into chloride of sodium, something was said that caused me to ask if Lot's wife in salt, was still to be seen at the Dead Sea. The guide said "If the Arabs knew of any such thing they would use it in cooking."

During our stay in Jerusalem we went, one Sunday, to see the service at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It was some occasion more than ordinary and was, some how, connected with lent or Easter and the four different sects of Christians worshiping there, and no two of the sects being allowed by the Mohammedan soldiers to come to the holy sepulcher at the same time, almost the whole of the day after 8:30 o'clock in the morning was occupied by their worship or whatever you call their performances.

All of the time the main body of the house below was packed full of people all standing, about one out of twenty of whom was a woman. The guides conducted us Cookies through all sorts of dark and narrow ways, because we could not get through the crowd, and finally after climbing a long stairway we came into a dusty and dirty looking place, where there was a row of little low arched doors

about as high as that we went through to see the grave of Jesus, in the church, and all of those doors, except one, were filled with statuary stuck in them. One of these doors came out onto a gallery about forty feet above the floor of the main room below, and all of that gallery was packed with men, women and children, looking over the balustrade and through it, down at things below. We all had to bow to get through that door, when it would have been just as easy to make it so that we could walk through it erect. The faithful are supposed to bow and kiss that slab in the main auditorium, as they come in, and "rank outsiders" are forced to bow if they get into that gallery where such are supposed, perhaps, to go, though there was nobody to hinder any of us from stopping in the room below. But that gallery afforded a better opportunity for seeing and hearing than did any other part of the building. The people poured through that little door, or hole, coming into that gallery just in a solid stream as fast as they could get through.

Most of those beside the Cookies were women and children and all said their prayers or whatever they were saying—I could not understand their language—and went through their performances, evidently understanding what the priest was saying. Our guide pushed these women and children aside to make room for the Cookies and we all, like a set of he and she ruffians, allowed the guides to do this without any protest from us, and I, and all the rest of us Cookies, crowded in to take the places the guides had pushed the women and children out of. If we had acted, in Lexington, as we acted there, in Jerusalem, in the church from which all the Christianity of the world started we all ought to have been put in the work-house, but I said to myself that for the last fifty years I had been trying to get to see that show, and that those women and children could get to see it anytime and so, to draw it mildly, I went to the very limit that any gentleman could do, and remain a gentleman, in order to get to see and hear.

Standing right by the side of me and saying their prayers, were a big boy and a woman. The boy was crowded onto the woman, and I suppose I helped to do it. The woman hit him and the boy hit her, and while they were having the scrap which ensued I got a good position. I sorter refereed the fight and called it a draw, and they went back to saying their prayers.

I was in the "gold room" in New York City, away back yonder about the time of "black Friday," and I bought tickets for my wife and myself for the "Black Crook," at Niblo's Garden, in that town, when the Black Crook was at its highest popularity, and I know what a crowd of men will do when they want a thing and want it bad. I saw those fellows take the sacrament that day in

that church and they went for it as if to say "the devil take the hindmost." Every man,—I think the few women got out of the crowd before the sacrament was handed out—went for that thing like he thought the devil would get him if he did not get it. There was a big fellow with a lot of clothes on him, finer than any you ever saw in a circus, that sat up on a big throne and he had in a big tray, on his knees, a half bushel of wafers. The way those people scrambled for those wafers was a caution and that fellow handed them out with both hands like Barnum's circus ticket man. The priests kindly drank all the wine and saved the people that part of the trouble, for it would have been almost impossible to have furnished the wine to that crowd. Priests are great people to sacrifice themselves for the good of others.

A gorgeous spectacle was the procession of the Patriarch of Jerusalem and about fifty priests with him, from the altar where he held forth, down the center of the church, between lines of Mohammedan soldiers, to the Catholic tomb of Jesus and then around that tomb and then back by another route to the altar they started from. Their costumes were the most gorgeous things in that line that I have ever seen, and I had then seen the vestments of all the Sultans, at Constantinople, and those of those priests in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher seemed to me to be weighted down with gold and jewels that were just as truly the real stuff as those of the Sultans. It seemed to me that the clothes of those fifty priests must have cost \$1,000,000. If those Mohammedans were half such rascals as those priests are, the Mohammedans would take all of those fine clothes away from the priests, and the robbery would be no worse than the robbery of the people by the priests by all the religious frauds that the priests practice upon the people.

Take it all around Jerusalem is the most demoralizing place in the world—Monte Carlo, or a Lexington race track is not a patch on it—and that Church of the Holy Sepulcher is the head of the town and that old Patriarch of Jerusalem—Greek Catholic—is the king bee of the whole thing. Let any man show to me that it was a gang of old Jerusalem Tom cats like that that Jesus kicked out of the temple, and I say to him as Agrippa said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

And yet I believe that I, or any other priest or preacher, at one time in my life, certainly, would have taken the job of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, or the Pope of Rome.

I have already told you, at different times a good deal about Calvary and the tomb in the garden that is thought by Protestants to be the place where Jesus was buried, but these two places are

perhaps the most important in my Oriental tour, my chief distinction being as a writer about religious matters, and, I believe, my readers generally wanting to know what effect my tour had upon my religious opinions more than they want to know anything else about it.

CHAPTER V.

Calvary is a hill or mount about a half mile I would guess, from the nearest point to the wall of Jerusalem, and from memory, I would guess not more than fifty feet higher than the wall. It is a good place from which to get a view of Jerusalem, and, of course, a place that can be seen from many parts of Jerusalem and therefore, if a man was to be crucified it is a fine place for that purpose and I think it was the policy of those days to have criminal executions where they could be seen by the public, and I do not remember to have seen any other place around Jerusalem that was nearly so well adapted to that purpose.

The top of the Mount of Olives can be seen from Jerusalem very much easier than the top of Calvary can, but the top of the Mount of Olives is so far from Jerusalem, about two miles in a straight line, that the details of a crucifixion on it, could not be seen from any point in Jerusalem.

There is no timber growing on the Mount Calvary, and I suppose there was none growing there even in the days of Jesus, assuming that there was such a man there nearly 2,000 years ago. Calvary is a smooth hill, covered with grass, and with no rocks on it. It is not steep enough to be hard to walk up. The party of six or eight that came out in carriages with me—the distance around through the gate that we went through being about two miles—remained in the garden at the foot of the mount until I had been up on the mount, alone for a half hour, and then they came up. I felt lonely and somewhat homesick, and it may have been that I rather encouraged the tears to come into my eyes so that I could tell about it in this book, and I thought about those vile, lying rascally priests that I had seen in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and I believed that those scoundrels would, if the Mohammedans would allow them, crucify any man, to-day, who would go there and say to them truthfully just the same things that Jesus said to the priests there, in his day, and I got to trying to determine whether or not Jesus had done that, and the wish may have been father to the thought that he had done it, and I am past my three-score and I have always been a little weak in my emotional nature, any way, and I felt that the tears were dimming my eyes, and

I checked myself, because I did not want the Cookies to find me in anything that looked like tears, and I did not want to dim my glasses with tears and I felt that I was acting the hypocrite in trying to give way to an improbable piece of sentimentality. But at this day that I am writing this as it has appeared to me since I saw Jerusalem, the idea that Jesus Christ was, very probably, altogether a myth, so far as his existence in Palestine is concerned, is not so strong in my mind, if any difference, as it formerly was.

All the miraculous and supernatural part of the life of Jesus Christ as given in the N. T. is but a revamp of those same old stories that had been in all countries and in all ages, long before Jesus was born, and that are, up to date, bobbing up serenely in various parts of the world.

George O. Barnes, of Kentucky, was, in many very striking respects very much like Jesus Christ, one of the resemblances being that Jesus and Barnes managed to live for a good many years, without working any, and yet Barnes was a good man and I loved him, and still love him, though he is now engaged licking the boots of old Dowie, an old rascal, for whom hanging is not a bit too good.

While I was in the Orient a Christian, here in America, named Eugene B. Willard, advocated the burning at the stake of infidels, and I have right in my own State of Kentucky seen the time when with such a man as Willard to lead them, the preachers and politicians of Lexington, and distillers of Paris, Ky., might have combined to burn me at the stake, just as Christians did burn a man at the stake, about three years ago, in Maysville, Ky. It is not at all impossible then that the priests of the days of Jesus may have taken great pleasure in crucifying him, for saying about them the things reported in the N. T. It was not the policy of the Roman government to interfere with the religion of its provinces, and yet I do not think that, ordinarily, that government would have allowed one religious faction to persecute another to death, yet, in the case of Jesus there was no little to warrant the idea that his views of religion were calculated to produce rebellion against the Roman government, and while Pilate, representing the Roman government evidently hesitated, from the account in the N. T. about the propriety of giving Jesus into the hands of the Jews, it is not at all impossible that they would crucify him, or encourage the Romans to crucify him.

I think, therefore, that there probably was a young man in Jerusalem who had some of the peculiarities that we may rationally recognize belonged to Jesus, and that, like other men, he had good qualities and bad ones, some of them being very striking, and that he had enthusiastic admirers and that after his career resulted

in his being crucified by the Jews his admirers added to the story of his real life, all miracles and supernaturalism that we have in the N. T. woven around the story of his life, as had been done with other men.

Two other possibilities are that Jesus may have been simply an impostor, or that he may have been demented; but, altogether, I incline to the impression that there was a man more or less like the character of Jesus in the N. T. and that he was crucified and killed, or possibly did not die from having been crucified, and that the story of his having arisen from the dead may have come from honest error or imposture. Certain it is, to all competent thinkers that he never rose from the dead.

If Mount Calvary and the tomb and garden at the foot of it are regarded as one place, that place and the Mount of Olives are the most interesting two places in, or very near, Jerusalem, and I hope, therefore, that you will not be impatient if I use considerable of your time in describing that garden and that tomb.

The garden occupies about an acre and is nearly level, but is a little lower at the place that you come into it than at the back of it. You have to come into the garden to get to the tomb. The gate into the garden is at the left hand corner as you come to the garden. Immediately to the right of the gate after you have come in, is the house of the gardener. The N. T. says that Mary Magdalene thought the risen Jesus was the "gardener" when she first saw him. That gardener's house is about, say, thirty feet by twenty and is one story high. It is built of stone, in the same permanent way that all the old houses about Jerusalem are, and looks like it might have been standing there ever since the days of Jesus with probably some repairs on it and some little modern improvement about the porch. I saw nothing at all about that garden, or tomb, or about Mount Calvary, or about the people there that looked at all like fraud. The Catholics have nothing at all to do with it, so far as any reverence for any of the three places goes. I picked up a number of pebbles from the garden a few feet in front of the door of the sepulcher, and gave my Catholic friend Sweeney one, when I met him a day or so after, telling him that I had brought it from the tomb of Jesus. He took the pebble as if he was quite glad to get it. It is almost impossible to find a pebble or a stone of any kind near the tomb of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and Sweeney evidently supposed I had found that pebble near the sepulcher in the church. He kept the pebble for a while and then came to me and asked me from which of the two sepulchers I had gotten it, and when I told him it was from the one out at Calvary he handed the pebble back to me and said he did not

want it, and in a manner that showed that he regarded the sepulcher at Calvary a fraud.

Any intelligent man who is familiar with the history and conditions of Jerusalem would know that it was not possible for Joseph of Arimathea to have had a "new tomb" where that one in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher now is, in the days of Jesus Christ.

That garden is cultivated in fairly good style in flowers and vegetables and a woman who lives at that house sells flower seeds that she says grow in that garden. It seems to me probable that she was selling more flower seeds there than seemed to have been produced in that garden, and I think she was.

There was a man there who had special charge of the sepulcher of Jesus. He was the meanest man I saw in my whole tour, except that Richmond, Virginia, Cookie we took along with us. He spoke good English and was there from England or some of its possessions, was a Protestant and had been there for seventeen years, holding down that sepulcher job. The associations of the place did not seem to have made him very amiable. When somebody asked who would conduct us to the sepulcher the woman said she would and said that the man there was no good, or words to that effect. I thought it was the woman's rivalry against the man, but she sized him up about right. The woman was so occupied with selling her flower seeds that the man conducted the party. The sepulcher is about the middle of the wall on the left side as you go in. The front of the tomb forms a part of the wall. The front of the tomb is about twenty-five feet long and ten feet high, and is cut straight and perpendicular in the solid rock. Running all along the length of the front of the tomb and up against the wall is a place also cut in the solid stone that is about six inches higher than the level stone surface in front of the tomb and in that elevated place there is cut the groove a foot wide in which rolled the round stone that I have described to you, as having been used to fasten the door that goes into the sepulcher. The man in charge there said that round stone had been taken from there to Rome. I never saw or heard of it in Rome, and do not see why the Roman Catholics would want that stone unless it was to destroy it, as all Catholics at Jerusalem say that sepulcher is not the one in which Jesus was put. At some time in the history of that sepulcher some one has made, across that groove, out of cement that is almost as hard as the stone, four or five little division walls each about four inches thick so as to divide that groove up into troughs in which to feed donkeys, so the man said, and that seemed a probable explanation. Every thing about that sepulcher appeared very ancient. Since that tomb had

been made pebbles and soil had accumulated against the front of that sepulcher about four feet deep and then this, some time apparently in the last one hundred years, or so, had all been dug away down to the solid stone that is leveled off in front of the sepulcher the whole length of the sepulcher and for about ten feet wide and carried away so as to restore the opening into the tomb. There is enough of pebbles and solid debris in front of that sepulcher that has evidently gathered there since the sepulcher was made, to load several big American railroad gravel cars.

The door that goes into the sepulcher is about six feet tall. It was made before the Catholics began to make doors into their holy places that forced you to bow. I lack a half inch of being six feet high and I do not remember that I had to bow, except possibly to save my typical Southern broad-brimmed soft-hat that I wore when ashore. That door was about two and one-half feet wide and was cut into the solid stone about two and one-half feet when on the right side it opened into a chamber about ten feet square and about seven feet high. A passage the width of the door continued to the opposite wall. To the right of this passage there were three graves, or places in which to put dead people, the end of which came to the passage. These graves were each about two and one-half feet broad and two feet deep, and were cut square down to their bottoms. Between the graves there were, originally, two spaces or partitions, each space being about five inches thick. All of this was cut solid and neatly and accurately.

An interesting fact is that the space between the first two graves, as you enter, has been broken out so completely that the first two graves are thrown together so that one might suppose the space occupied by them and the small remains of the partition between them to be a part of the room and not to have been intended for burial places. All of that stone is perfectly solid and without any kind of fissure in it. The guard said that the grave farthest from the door and which is still in perfect preservation was the one in which Jesus was laid. Of course he could not know. It is practically impossible that the partition between those first two graves ever could have been broken out by accident. It required a heavy hammer and considerable pains to do it. No part of that partition remains in the tomb except the small part that never was broken loose and that sticks in the corners and along the floor of the two graves. The appearance of what remains of that partition would indicate that it had been broken out a long time ago. It occurred to me at the time that some one, in a mistaken religious spirit, had broken out that partition in order to have it appear that no one but Jesus had ever been buried in that tomb, and though that theory did

not seem very plausible, it was the one that I entertained until I came to the point where I am now writing, and now my impression is that the partition was broken out to make the place a good little stable for donkeys, the grave of Jesus being used as a trough or manger in which to put their food. I would have asked that guard about that partition being broken out but an incident happened that showed me that he was not the kind of a man with whom I wanted to have any more words than were necessary.

Of course I knew that it would have been wrong to do anything to disfigure any part of that sepulcher in order to get from it any small piece of stone as a souvenir. There was not a loose piece of anything in it, and nobody could have gotten anything out of it except by the use of a hammer. I happened to notice that, back of the grave of Jesus there had oozed out of the wall a little deposit of some kind that had hardened on the side of the wall in two little lumps about the size of two péas, and which were about as hard as the plaster on the walls of one of our American houses. I pulled them off, intending to bring them to some Christian friend in America if they did not crumble. That fellow who was guarding that tomb, and who seemed to be about forty-five years old, saw me break off the little pieces and he became so mad that he was insulting and threatened to have me arrested. I knew a man who was mean enough to talk as he was talking to me, an old man, who certainly appeared to venerate the grave of Jesus Christ and to crave just any little memento from it, was mean enough to lie to have me arrested, and to have been detained there, after the departure of the Cookies, would have been a very serious thing to me; so I demurely took back the two little lumps of sediment and laid them on the edge of the tomb of Jesus—real or so-called.

I have heard preachers descant a great deal upon the loveliness of "living near to the cross," but that fellow, for seventeen years, according to his statement has been living nearer to the cross than any man in the whole world, and it certainly has made him a cross man.

That woman at the gardener's house is a good woman about fifty years old, and, as she says, has lived there all her life, and probably several generations of her ancestry before her, and, as she said, it is reasonably to suppose she knows more about the place than that man, and as the most interesting traditions of the place are the N. T. stories of the women who were there as the friends of Jesus, I think those who have control of the sepulcher and garden ought to dismiss that man, and put the woman in charge.

It is only a suggestion of mine that that woman sells more garden seed, reported to have grown in that garden, than the

garden, though still a good one, produces, but, if she does, it is no worse than the thousands of men in Jerusalem who make their livings by selling Jerusalem souvenirs that they all say they know are genuine because, they say, they have made them themselves, when it seems to be generally known that nearly all of those things are made in Germany and that the very few that are made in Jerusalem are all made by women.

One theory about the resurrection of Jesus is that he never died on the cross and that having been put in the tomb he revived. This is entirely possible, especially as Pilate, representing the Romans, was not in favor of crucifying Jesus and the tomb in which he was placed in a grave with no covering to it, had an abundance of fresh air, especially if Jesus was the first one that had ever been put in that tomb, as the N. T. says.

Mount Calvary from which Jesus is said to have ascended to heaven is a place of great interest. No Catholic believes that Jesus was crucified on the mountain called Calvary, but both Protestants and Catholics agree in believing that Jesus ascended to heaven from the Mount of Olives, and the Catholics go still further with the story than the Protestants do. What the N. T. says about things in the history of Jesus seems to cut no figure at all as to what the people there think about him, if we except the few Protestants there, whose opinions have no general influence. If the N. T. agrees with what those people believe it is regarded as being creditable to the N. T., but if it does not agree with them it is "so much the worse for the Bible," as Wendell Phillips said.

A straight line, from the middle of Jerusalem to the highest point on Mount Olivet, would be about two and one-half miles, but following the windings of the nice carriage road that goes up it, it was four miles from our hotel. Mount Oliver is one of the highest points near around Jerusalem. The idea that by getting on the top of a mountain you get nearer to heaven pervades our whole Bible, and was entertained by the Greeks and Romans, many years before the beginning of the Christian religion. The Mount of Olives has scarcely any trees on it except such as have been planted there. It was, when we saw it, covered with short green grass. The mountain has hardly any rocks on the top of it but is quite smooth. From the top of that mountain the Dead Sea, about thirty miles off, can be plainly seen. There is a modern and nice and permanent house on top of the mountain. There is no use for this house except to get money out of people who visit there. There seems to be no necessity for anybody to take care of that mountain. It seems liable to remain there for a good while, if not longer, unless it gets to "skipping and dancing for joy," as the Bible says moun-

tains sometimes do, or unless, sometime, Mohammed comes to earth again and not being able to go to that mountain the mountain may go to him, or unless, some night, an angel may move that mountain to Rome, as angels seem liable, at any time, these days, to take things of that kind from Jerusalem to Rome. In any of these events that house on the top of Olivet and the people in it, would not probably hold the mountain down. There are two things up on that mountain to be seen. One is an apiary there, managed by the man who has the house. It is said to be very interesting. I did not see it, because while I was up there, we saw the only rain coming that the Cookies saw in the whole tour, and we hurried to our carriage and went back to town. But I did not go until I had thoroughly seen and examined what is perhaps the most flagrant of all the thousand and one frauds of the Christian religion. This is the stone in which Jesus made the track of his bare foot when he ascended to heaven. I think it is of sufficient interest to warrant a minute description of it.

My friend, C. F. Sweeney, of 57 Havre street, Boston Mass., was the only person who was with me, except the guard when I looked at that track in the rock made by Jesus when he ascended to heaven. Sweeney is a Catholic, and a Boston lawyer. "As sharp as a Boston lawyer," and "As sharp as a tack" are two proverbs with which I have been familiar, the first for over fifty years and the latter for thirty years. Sweeney regarded that track in that rock just as reverently as he regarded the tomb of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Sweeney had in his pocket two bundles wrapped in newspapers of English print. These bundles were each about five inches long and two inches in diameter, and I supposed had in them souvenirs for his friends at home. He took those two bundles out of his coat pocket and laid them in the heel part of the track, and stood for not more than ten seconds and looked at them reverently and religiously, as if he felt that the articles would gain some religious significance or miraculous power by their being in there. I would not say that he wanted to be well heeled for healing, by miracle, because I do not know or even suspect that that was his purpose, and it would not be a good piece of wit anyhow, and I simply say it in order to forestall some fool who otherwise, might say it.

I could start out to-day and on the banks of Elkhorn creek near which I live, and find a half dozen rocks that had indentations in them that were fully as much like the track of a man as was that track on Mount Olivet. The track was in a piece of yellow stone, somewhat like marble and evidently was not of any variety of stone in that mountain. That piece of stone was about

two feet long and ten inches wide. I could not see how thick but I would have guessed, from circumstances, that it was not more than four inches thick. There was a curbing of the same kind of stone, made of slabs two inches thick that were set in the ground on their edges, evidently to hold the flat slab containing the track in its place. It was perfectly evident that that slab did not naturally belong there, as there was no other rock near it, and it is hardly possible that that slab could have been there longer than fifty years and probably not more than twenty-five.

The part of the "track" representing the heel had some resemblance to the track of a man's heel, but the entire "track" was fully three inches longer than my foot, and I wear a number seven and one-half shoe. An Arab says the highest claim to aristocracy of birth is to have a foot under the arch of which water can run without wetting the foot. That track was not a case in which the "bulldog of her foot made a hole in the ground," but it did not come up to the Arab standard of a high-bred foot. The heel of the track is nearly twice as wide as any other part of the track. The heel and the arch of the foot show it to have been the left foot, but the big toe is on the opposite side from the arch of the foot. That there should be only one track and that the track of the left foot is all right. When you go to mount a horse you start on your left foot and I suppose that a party in making a spring to start to heaven would start from the left foot. The slab of stone in which the track is lies slanting on the hill so that the toe of the foot is two inches higher than the heel of the foot, and a thing that will make some skeptical gainsayer doubt the genuineness of that track is that the heel of the track which is down hill is deeper than the toe which is up hill, and, of course, Jesus started off of his toe and the toe part of the track ought to be deeper than the heel part of the track because Jesus must have put most of his weight on his toe. It is from this fact that my friend Sweeney put his two bundles in the heel of the track which was down hill. The very highest point on Mount Olivet is about fifty yards from where that track is and is ten feet higher than the place where the track is, and the walking is unusually good, so that it seems strange that Jesus, having come four miles to get up on Olivet, did not go fifty yards further and go to the very top, but he may have foreseen that that house would be built there to guard that track and so he made the track nearer to where the house was going to be so that the man could watch it better.

If Moses got two big tables of stone on top of a mountain and carried them down the mountain, Jesus may have gotten that one table of stone at the bottom of the mountain and have carried

it up the mountain just to start to heaven from, and it may have been a parable or allegory intended to teach that the law of Moses must descend while the law of Jesus must ascend. It is also possible that there is a companion piece to that track; that is the track of the right foot which an angel may have taken to Rome, some night, and that may yet be found among the plunder that the angels have carried from Jerusalem to Rome, in the night, and which track has never yet been labled and put on exhibition in Rome. I hope the Pope will have this matter looked into and trot out that right foot track and put it where it can be seen by Cookies and other pilgrims for the ordinary monetary consideration; the Cooks anteing the consideration for all of their parties.

It would certainly be easier for an angel to carry a slab two feet by ten inches from the top of the Mount of Olives to Rome, where the angel would have a good place to start from, than it would be to carry twenty-five white marble steps each twenty feet long from Jerusalem to Rome—not on railroad freight cars but simply flying with those steps, through the air.

“Via Dolorosa” is one of the widest streets in Jerusalem. I would guess about thirteen feet wide. This street gets its name from the fact that it was along that street that Jesus carried his cross on the way to Calvary, according to some accounts, and it is on this street that all Protestants believe Jesus carried his cross and not the place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher as the Catholics believe. There are two entirely separate ways along which Jesus is said there in Jerusalem to have carried his cross, on his way to be crucified; one goes to the Mount Calvary that is about twenty-five feet high in Jerusalem, and the other goes to the Mount Calvary about one hundred and fifty feet high outside of the walls of Jerusalem. Each of these ways have, marked among them, fourteen places where Jesus fell under the cross, though only one such place is mentioned in the New Testament. In each case the places where Jesus fell are numbered up on the side of the wall about twelve feet high. The road that the Protestants believe to be the genuine one has, marked upon the wall, the place where Simon the Cyrenean took the cross and carried it on to Calvary. I do not remember to have seen, or to have heard of, any place on the road that the Catholics say is the true one, where Simon took up the cross.

We saw the house of Dives and the place where Lazarus sat. There are two men in the N. T. named Lazarus. One was a poor man, and one was a rich man and Jesus spent much of his time with the rich one, and then said a rich man could not go to heaven and Dives went to hell because he was a rich man.

The story about the rich man and Lazarus that is given in the N. T. is commonly understood to be a kind of parable or imaginative story, by our American preachers, but in Jerusalem that story is believed to be as literally true as any account in the Bible, and the stone upon which Lazarus sat, and the house in which Dives lived are shown there now just as any of the other historical places there are shown.

If the stone upon which Lazarus is said to have sat was always the shape it now is nobody ever could have sat upon it. The stone sits in a corner in a wall. It is about two and one-half feet high. Its end at the bottom is triangular, two sides of the end coming out about eighth inches each on the two sides that form the angle in the wall and then the stone slopes regularly to a point at the top, and as it is now nobody could sit on it, even a little bit, unless he had molasses or some other sticky stuff on the seat of his pants.

Seems to me, sometimes, that I am inspired, and one of those impressions has just now struck me and I believe I see perfectly clearly how that place used to be the seat upon which Lazarus sat and is now sharp on top, and it just occurred to me how it got to be so and no guide ever suggested it, but I believe this explanation that I am now going to give will get to Jerusalem, through Ephraim Aboosh, the guide who is a subscriber for this book, and that this explanation will be given by him, to future visitors in Jerusalem and will thus become the explanation of the fact that a stone upon which everybody in Jerusalem believes that Lazarus sat is certainly now a stone upon which nobody could sit, and it seems to have been shaped so as to keep anybody from sitting on it.

The following is my explanation of the story about that stone. That stone is about twenty yards from a corner on a street, and if you walk along the wall against which that stone is, on down the hill, until you come to the next street and then turn to the right down that street, still following along that same wall, in about fifty yards you come to the house of Dives, still standing there, and the best of all the ancient private residences in Jerusalem. The house of Dives is built on each side of that street and arches over the street, just like the Grand Hotel where some of the Cookies stayed. The hotel having been built in late years now stands on both sides of the street and goes over the street on an arch.

Old Dives owned all that property clear around that corner and up the street and beyond the rock upon which Lazarus sat. That rock was originally a post just as high as it is now but was square and eight or ten inches on a side. There is no place along there now where any man can sit and the men and women there now sit right down on the street and beg for bucksheesh. When

that square stone post stood up in that corner it was a good seat for beggars to sit on. The word Lazarus in that story is printed as the proper name of a particular man, but the word Lazarus simply means a poor man. Even the preachers can tell you that. Well, there was always some poor beggar sitting on that stone, and whenever old Dives would go up town to see if any Cookies had come in, on the last train, so that he might sell them a lot of Jerusalem souvenirs some fellow sitting on that square-topped post that had the two walls to make a good back to the seat, would bone old Dives for some bucksheesh, and the old fellow got tired of it and the stone belonged to old Dives and he just sent around there and had that stone trimmed down to a sharp point so that nobody could sit on it, and it's that way to this day, and anybody of any sense can see that I have completely reconciled a statement in the N. T. with a historical fact that seems to conflict with it, and it shows you must not go agin the scriptures until you get all the facts before you. Ten years ago the richest man in Lexington drove around the streets with sharp nails sticking up out of the seat on the back of his buggy, to keep the boys from riding on it. Ten thousand people will read what I am now saying and will remember who that man was. He was a devout Presbyterian. That man is dead now and he and Dives are both in hell, one sitting on a sharp pointed rock and one riding all the time on a buggy seat with sharp nails sticking up out of it. Both of those rich men are in hell, and ought to be and I am glad of it. I think the American Missionary Society in Jerusalem ought to buy and distribute not less than 100,000 copies of this book, as the true explanation of the facts about that rock upon which Lazarus sat and which rock, as it is now, without this explanation, is making infidels of half the Christians who go to Jerusalem, because they cannot believe that any man ever sat upon that rock.

The house of Dives is there now and is in good order and it spans across that street just like the Bridge of Sighs spans across the canal in Venice. Dives' house is built of white marble, or white stone, and it really looks like it might have stood there ever since the days of Jesus. And now I am going to give you another theological pointer. Dives is not the name of any one man but it is a name for any rich man, and Jesus alluded to the rich man who lived in that particular house, and without giving any name thousands of people knew what man he was talking about just as thousands of people in Lexington will know about the rich man there who had nails in his buggy, though I give no name.

We went to the Mosque of Omar. It is a fine building, very large, and has a great display of mosaics and gilding, and texts

from the Koran and columns and lamps. It stands upon the site of Solomon's temple. It is said that ordinarily Christians are not allowed to go in, but the Cooks fixed it some way so that we could get in. I suppose the Cooks told the Mohammedans that there was not enough religion in the party to hurt and the guards having looked at the gang concluded the Cooks were right about it. I thought it all a bluff about our getting in and it may be true that it was, but it was the only place that anybody stopped our party. We all had papers that the Cooks had given us that seemed to have enough of red tape about them to satisfy any ordinary man, and our papers had taken us into other very exclusive places without any trouble. There were so many of us and there were plenty of millionaires and big bankers in the party and our women had diamonds by the peck, like peanuts, and we had always counted that our gang could paralyze anything we went up agin and our custom had been to walk right on into anything we saw and leave Cook's men to do any quarreling, or put up any extra bucksheesh that might be necessary, as the Cooks were under contract to do for us. This time we started on in to see the sights as usual and a big Mohammedan guard called a halt on us that had a sound about it that I had not heard since the American civil war, and it sounded like that fellow meant business, and he had a whole lot of gold and jewelry hanging all over his clothes, and he had a lot of big Arab soldiers standing around, and that fellow said something in very vigorous Arab to our Arab guides, the exact tenor of which I did not catch so far as the words were concerned, for I was a little rusty in my Arab; but I saw from the look on that fellow's face that he was saying to our guide that the little bluff of his Yankee gang of Christian dogs didn't work worth a cent with him, and that if they (our guides) didn't communicate with us in the heathenish lingo that we jabbered, and do it p. d. q. he would put the whole gang of us where we would not be so fly, and then our guides called on all of us for our papers, and that big Turk with the gold and jewelry on his clothes, looked at the pile and said the whole lot was n. g. so far as he was concerned but that there were dealers in waste paper in town if he wanted to find a house of that kind.

So we had to stand right there like a gang of convicts until our guides could go off with one or two soldiers that the big Turk sent with them, and finally they came back with a paper with a lot of hieroglyphics on it that I didn't think the devil himself could read, and they all very humbly handed it to the big Turk with all the fine clothes on and he looked at us and said something in Arab which again I did not clearly understand, but from the sardine expression on his face I understood him to say that the next time

we came to that town and started to go into a house the worshippers of which believed in the only true Allah and Mohammed as his only prophet, if we did not get some better manners on us he would put the whole gang where we would have the benefit of a night school. And finally he told them to bring out some slippers and they brought out three or four wheel-barrow loads of them about the size of snow shoes and all of us, with a look of great reverence for the Mohammedan religion, got out of our profane Christian shoes—they ranked me and the preachers as all links of the same dog sausage—and into those big yellow slippers and then started into the show, and to apologize for our exceeding flyness, we all pulled off our hats but were told to put them on again. It seems that we ought to have known that etiquette in a mosque required us to pull off our shoes and keep on our hats, but we had become accustomed to the opposite of that in the Christian churches and had to break ourself of a long practiced bad habit.

Paul requires that the ladies shall keep their bonnets on in church and so that is the custom in our Christian churches to this day, and a woman who would come into church bareheaded would be regarded as ill-mannered, and the Mohammedan has that same idea about a man coming into a mosque bareheaded. So that in religion, as in other things, fashion goes a long way.

There is a rock there fifty feet across on which Solomon sacrificed to the Lord. There is also a rock there, forty or fifty feet across that is round like a disk but is somewhat higher in the middle. It is the rock from which Mohammed ascended to heaven and has Mohammed's foot-print in it made at the time Mohammed ascended. I cannot exactly remember the appearance of Mohammed's footprint, except that I think I recall that it was hardly so much like a foot-print as the one that Jesus left in the rock where he ascended to heaven. I suppose the rock from which Mohammed ascended is ten feet thick in its thickest part and an average of five feet thick and I would guess that it would weigh fifty tons. When Mohammed ascended to heaven from that rock the rock attempted to go to heaven with him and would have succeeded, probably, had not the angel Gabriel caught the rock and held it back and when Gabriel pulled it down it made the prints of the angel's fingers in it and those finger prints are there to this day, and like another doubting Thomas, in order to assure myself that there could be no mistake about the angel having made those finger prints there, I put my own fingers into the prints that the angel made. My hand is not one of these dainty hands that some of the society ladies wear, and the finger prints of Gabriel were so much larger than my fingers that I estimated that Gabriel must have been thirty or

forty feet high as indeed, he must have been to hold down as big a rock as that was just hell-bent on going to heaven.

I had been under the impression that Mohammed started from Arabia, when he went to heaven, and that might have been true, and an angel may have brought this rock afterward, to Jerusalem as the angel took those big marble steps from Jerusalem to Rome, and if I were an angel and had to fly and carry those steps or carry that rock, I would just pitch up heads or tails to decide between them. That Mohammed ascended to heaven from that rock where it is now is evident from the following fact: That big rock is suspended in the air, except that it touches a little bit around the edges, but it touches so little that anybody can easily see, to this day, as we all saw, that it is held there by a miracle.

When Gabriel stopped it as it was starting to heaven he failed to pull it clear back down to the ground from which it started, and the result is that Gabriel having stopped it when the bottom of the rock was about seven feet from the earth and not having pulled the rock back, it is there to this day hanging suspended between heaven and earth, and as an evidence that this is so and that it stands there to prove the truth of that story to this day, the Mohammedan guides and guards took all of us Cookies down a set of steps, and we all walked around under that rock having all confidence that the angel Gabriel would not let it fall on us. If he had done so there would have been a gang of Cookies that went to do Jerusalem and got done themselves, and in ten thousand years from now the Mohammedans would be showing that rock, back in the place it came from with all our bones under it, and would have explained that Gabriel let that rock fall on us all there, because we were too fly, just as the tower of Siloam in that country fell on some people and killed them.

But that that rock did, at one time, start to fall, Gabriel possibly, for a second, having failed to attend to his business, was shown us by the Mohammedan guides. Mohammed just happened fortunately, to be under that rock at the time and when he sprang to catch the rock his head struck against the solid stone wall that was left in the natural rock by the other rock starting to heaven, and there they showed us the print of Mohammed's head in the solid rock, and I am under the impression that that print is just what it professes to be, because it indicates that Mohammed was a hard-headed man, and that was the character of the man, according to history. And that this happened is further proven by the fact that the rock is there, all properly leveled up, to this day.

In the pavement that is all around that rock, there is an interesting miracle that is going on now that throws some light on the

question as to when the world is coming to an end, and is of special value to theologians who are making a specialty of the study of the Millennium and especially to Millerites.

There are, I suppose, 100,000 blocks of marble, black and white, in checker board style in that pavement. They are each about ten inches square.

When Mohammed was there he took a hammer and some nails and drove the nails into one of those blocks of marble in that pavement and he said that when those nails had disappeared the world would come to an end, and a Mohammedan guard of two or three men, sits there all the time, day and night, I suppose, for fear some bad fellow will come there with one of these patent Yankee nail pullers, some time, and pull those nails out and bring the world to a close before the people there are ready for it, for those Mohammedans, like Kentucky Christians, don't seem to want to go to heaven until they have to.

How many nails have disappeared, according to the regular arrangement that Mohammed contemplated, I could not gather, because I was not up on Arabic, but there are there now three and one half nails, the half of one there indicating that these nails disappear by degrees, but how long they estimate, from those three and one-half nails that the world will still last I do not know, but if I had known enough Arab talk to find out how many nails Mohammed drove into that rock, I could have told, almost to a year when the end of the world would come, for I already know how long it was since Mohammed was on earth.

Nobody can see any reason why, of all those blocks of marble, Mohammed should have picked out that particular one to drive the nails in, and, therefore, I conclude as Tertullian did, and as many of the clergy do, in theology, to this day, that the very fact that there is no reason in it is high evidence that that story about the nails in that rock is true.

I did not examine the nails closely, but I looked at them as I walked slowly by and my impression is that they are about eight penny fence nails. I did not inspect, very closely, the manner in which the nails were driven into that rock, but if I did not it was my own fault; those Arabs were there for the purpose of showing them. But if I had examined them and had thought I discovered anything about the job that I thought bogus I would have had sense enough to have kept my head shut, for that big Turk that had charge of the guard there had taught me a lesson about being too fly about things connected with the Mohammedan religion; and I do not blame him. The Mohammedans have entire and absolute control of all that country and they do not believe in the Christian

religion a little bit, and yet they stand there patiently and respectfully and guard the tomb of Jesus and the one of the two places where he was buried that all the fighting is done at, and all of this is done at the expense of the Mohammedans—paid for by the government—and they demand that the Christians shall show the Mohammedans just as much respect as the Mohammedans show the Christians, and I say, bully for the Mohammedans, for doing so. And yet I heard one or more Catholics, and I think Sweeny was one of them, expressing contempt for the Mohammedan show, and wanting to make all the Cookies get out of it, when those Catholics would kiss the foot-print of Jesus in that little rock, that you could carry under your arm, and ridicule the story of the foot-print of Mohammed in that big rock that it would take a lot of big freight cars to handle; so big that even the Moltke could not handle it without first breaking it in pieces.

That foot-print of Mohammed in that rock, has, dead certain, been there ever since the Mosque of Omar was built which was away back during the career of Mohammed or of his immediate followers. That mosque had to be built over that rock, for it could not have been put in the mosque since the mosque was built, and the fellows who built the pyramids in Egypt were not able to handle such a rock as that in the Mosque of Omar, and the whole thing indicates that at some time, less than fifty years ago, the Christians had put that rock with the track of Jesus in it up on Olivet, having caught the idea from Mohammed's foot-print in the big rock in the Mosque of Omar; and when the Mohammedan guides would stand by respectfully, and see the Christians kiss that foot-print of Jesus on Olivet, or lick it if they wanted to, when some of those oldest guides could recollect when the Christians put that rock on Olivet, and the Mohammedans were still protecting the Christians in their right to reverence that rock, and then a gang of those very same Catholic Irish Yankees would go with those same Mohammedan guides and ridicule the track of Mohammed in the Mohammedan rock, I would have laughed if the Mohammedans had arrested the whole gang of us Cookies and put us all in jail, for it would have taught those fellows a good lesson and I would not have minded it for the Christians have put me in jail until I am used to it, and to have been put in jail by the Mohammedans would have, at least, been some variety.

The guards who had charge of that block of marble with the nails in it, said if anybody would put some money on that block—and let it stay there, of course—he would go to heaven. It looked like the best chance to get to heaven, on a cheap plan, that I had

seen but I was short on money and did not put up—or, rather, put down—any.

The Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem is the most holy place in the world, to Mohammedans, except Mecca.

We saw the place where Abraham, David, Elijah and Solomon used to pray. I could not exactly understand how Abraham got to praying there. There was a fountain there that came from Solomon's pools. We saw the place where Zechariah was slain between the temple and the altar.

Out in the grounds near the mosque was a well into the stones of which there were grooves worn two inches deep by ropes used for centuries in drawing water. They showed us also Christ's cradle. I cannot recall how it looked. I wish I could. I cannot even remember whether it was wood or stone, or a manger or horse trough.

About three acres of the ground on one side of the Mosque of Omar is covered with dressed stones, about two feet square. The whole space under these is occupied by the stable of Solomon. The Bible says he had 60,000 horses. Seems like a good many horses for one man, but then he had 1,000 wives and a good deal of company and it took a good many. The stable is all in one room, the bottom of which is probably thirty feet under the ground and the roof is held up by probably one hundred columns that are about twenty-five feet high. This stable is about square and I suppose has about three acres in it. I do not remember whether the columns were made by just hewing out the solid rock, or are built up with masonry. There are arches from the top of one column to the other. The place is tall enough to have had three stories for horses, but they never had any woodwork in that country capable of holding such a weight, and there is no evidence that there was ever intended to be but the one floor on the ground. I could see nothing that indicated that the place was intended for a stable, but I suppose it was, as there was no other theory about it. It may have been that stone was taken out of that place to build the walls of Jerusalem, but there was no evidence of that, as there probably would have been had that been so and nobody said anything about that. On the other hand Solomon's quarry is a place where he evidently got an enormous amount of stone of large size, almost certainly for building some parts of the walls of Jerusalem.

We saw the tombs of Zecharias and of Absalom and St. James. We were shown the Valley of Jehosaphat. The Mohammedans say this is the place where hell is going to be. Mohammed is going to stretch a wire from the top of the wall around Jerusalem at a point near the Mosque of Omar and fasten the other end of the wire to

a mountain on the other side of the valley and all the people who have ever lived will have to go to Jerusalem to try their luck walking that wire. All who can not walk it will fall off into hell, but all who have been faithful to Mohammed will walk across and will be saved. I suppose circus tight rope performers will stand an unusually good chance to get to the Mohammedan heaven.

When the guide was telling about the Mohammedan hell Sweeny tried to stop him, seeming to think it was sacrilege to listen to a man talk that way; but Sweeny had told me that he believed and hoped there was a hell, and that he hoped he himself would go to hell if he was not a true Christian.

We saw from that part of the wall of Jerusalem the Valley of Cedron and one of the two places about which the Catholics and Protestants dispute as to which is the garden of Gethsemane. From that point we saw a dome on a Russian church that was exceedingly beautiful and seemed to have its entire surface gilded.

We saw the place where Jesus rode on the ass, or the ass and her colt, as he came into Jerusalem, when the people were crying Hosanna, and proclaiming him King. To connive at that reception by the people was the worst job that Jesus ever did. It was that kind of procedure that enabled the Jews to make the Romans believe that Jesus was plotting to be King of Judea, and that made the Romans willing to have him crucified, or made the Roman ruler, Pilate, so vacillate about the propriety of crucifying him, that it seems doubtful whether or not the crucifixion of Jesus really killed him. While the guide was showing us the place where Jesus rode on that entry into Jerusalem, I called his attention, respectfully, to the fact that one account of that ride, in the N. T. seemed to indicate that Jesus rode only one ass into the city of Jerusalem and another account seemed to say that he rode an ass and her colt, at the same time, into Jerusalem, and I asked him which of the two accounts the people of Jerusalem accepted as the true one. Ephraim Aboosh, who was then guiding us, said "We believe both." I supposed some of the party would laugh as if they thought Ephraim had caught me in a wily trick to entangle him in a religious argument. But nobody laughed, or seemed to think my question was an unfair one, and, soon after a lady said to me, "You are the only one in the crowd who understands these things," and my good friend that I always think of as the whisky bottle woman, said she would rather have me as an escort than any man on the boat.

Ephraim showed us that the gate of Jerusalem through which Christ rode, on that occasion had been stopped up with rock, and said it would not be opened again until Christ came again.

This may be true. The gate looks like it may have been closed up for keeps.

We saw the pool of Bethesda and Mohammedans and Christians seemed to believe, alike, that it was the place mentioned in the N. T. as the place of the miraculous healing of the blind man and it seemed to me that the Mohammedans believed that story just as the Christians do. It was strange how the Mohammedans and Catholics and Protestants would some times agree and some times disagree about things all of which seemed equally credible or equally incredible, and it seemed to me that there was as much harmony between the Mohammedans and the Protestants as there was between the Catholics and the Protctants. The Catholics all came back from Jerusalem and from every other place they went, confirmed in their Christian faith by what they had seen—or, at least they said so—and there was hardly a Protestant on that tour, who did not come out of Palestine with his faith in the Christian religion shaken, and especially by what he or she saw in Bethlehem and in Jerusalem. When we got back to Joppa, to sail for Egypt, Rev. Marshall said to me that ninety-nine hundredths of what we had seen and heard in Jerusalem was fraud, and Marshall was recognized as the brightest man on the boat, and everybody respected him.

As we were coming back from the outing that day, Miss L. E. Rosenthal of Philadelphia, with Ephraim and me on either side of her, was leading the party on our way back to our hotels. We came along to a place where, for a considerable distance the houses were built across the street like that one of old Dives, so that the place looked like a tunnel that was only fairly high enough for a man to ride through the place on the back of a camel.

There were two camels lying side by side in this place with the ends that they carried their tails on next to us.

Miss Rosenthal and I came up to these two camels at the same time. I did not see any owner of them about and I thought I would get on that one, just to say I had been on a camel and would not have to pay anything for it. The old camel that I proposed to ride looked as gentle as an old cow and I suppose he was, and he did just about like a cow would have done under the same circumstances. A camel saddle has a lot of poles sticking out from behind it to the camel's tail. Both of them were down on their knees as they generally are when they have no job on hand, and they have a meek look on them like they are saying their prayers and I supposed that nothing but an order from his owner would make that camel get up. I am a pretty spry old cat for a youth of sixty-six summers, and I pitched one leg up over one of those poles

intending to do ditto with the other leg, over the other pole, but that durned old camel jumped up just like an old cow would do if she saw a fellow was going to ride her, and with one leg hung over that pole and with nothing else but the camel's tail to hold on to, that was the worst scared I got—not even excepting that ride in the small boats out from Jaffa—on my whole trip to the Orient.

That town of Jerusalem is just chuck full of miracles, and I am dead certain that it was a miracle that every scrap of my breeches was not pulled off right there before all those people.

Miss Rosenthal went around to the side of her camel—he was twice as big as a Lexington circus camel—and by the time I had gotten myself together again the owner of the two camels put in an appearance to find out what was making all that commotion around his live stock, and he showed Miss Rosenthal how to get on the camel, and seemed to be saying, in Arab, that he thought I had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and when that old camel got up with Miss Rosenthal the top of her head was fifteen feet from the ground, and she yelled like she was scared to death, and I was scared for her, but she swung onto him like grim death, and now, believe it or not as suits yourself, I walked along beside her going up a hundred steps that that camel walked up with that woman on him. All the Cookies shouted and laughed and a crowd of heathen Arabs joined the party and the whole gang laughed, and that Philadelphia girl from the top of that camel waved her hat and yelled out "Everybody subscribe for Dog Fennel in the Orient," and I told that girl that that was a boss advertisemnet—though, of course, the Arabs could not understand her—and that I was going to put that in my book.

I am not going to say this now, to hurt the feelings of my Christian friends, for I have many such whose friendship I prize, but I could not help thinking during that girl's ride, how easily possible it might have been for Jesus to get up a crowd, if he came riding into Jerusalem on two donkeys at once. I have no way of explaining that ride that Jesus took on those two donkeys at the same time except on the supposition that it was a very peculiar ride. I suppose I must have seen 10,000 donkeys rides but I did not see anybody ride two of them at once.

CHAPTER VI.

On March 6th, the division of Cookies that I was with started for Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordon. We would want to go to different places and spend different lengths of time in them so that we had to arrange when we first contracted with the Cooks, as to what places we would go and how long stay there, but they were accommodating and let almost anybody change that wanted to. There were sixty-three carriages that started on the trip to Jericho at that time, carrying about two hundred of us. As we passed out of Jerusalem that day I saw, waiting to get into one of the gates the largest drove of camels and donkeys I ever saw. There were about 500 of each. The camels were all down on their knees, and I think they were working their jaws like they were chewing tobacco. I believe it is this habit of chewing without having hoofs like cows, that makes the Bible say camels must not be eaten. A camel is a lazy looking thing but he can always get up and hump himself; he's built that way. Jericho is thirty miles off and we met many strings of camels, from twenty to fifty in a row, each one tied by the head to the saddle of the one ahead of him, and the front camel tied to a little donkey that was leading the whole gang, and the donkey was some times following along behind an Arab, and some times just going along on his own hook, and all of the camels seemed to think that the donkey had more sense than an Arab, and I think that as a general thing the camels were right in that opinion. There are instances of donkeys that are intellectually inferior to the higher grades of Arabs, but take the donkey in his specialties and he has got more sense than any man in the world. Those Palestine donkeys can give the finest civil engineer in the world pointers about finding the best road from one place to another over that country.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho over which the carriages travel now is probably not more than twenty-five years old, is built by the government, and is a beautiful piece of engineering and grading and curving to get over and around mountains, but nearly all the time the fine new road follows the road from Jerusalem to Jericho that had been traveled for 3,000 years until the new road was built.

The new road would frequently cross the old one and some times the old road would be far above and at other times far below the new one, and sometimes the old road was destroyed by having the new one run right along it. Arabs in traveling on foot, their feet always being bare, except some times when they had slippers with no stockings and only a place in the slipper to stick their toes in, would follow the fine new road most of the time, but some times they would take the old road when that was the shorter way, though they had to walk up or down hill, or both, to go the shorter way. Some times the old road would climb along the side of a mountain on one side of a deep and precipitous gorge for a half mile or so, and then pass around the head of the gorge and then run for that distance parallel with itself on the opposite side of the gorge. In many places the old road had been chiseled out of the solid rock on the side of a mountain and a low stone wall built along the edge to keep donkeys and people from falling over the precipices, and doubtless, in the course of time, there must have been hundreds of instances where donkeys and people fell off of those roads. In some places such a fall would be almost perpendicular for two or three hundred feet. No camel could go along the old road, but the new road has long droves of them. Donkeys could hardly, if at all, pass each other at many places on the old road, even without their burdens, and certainly not with their loads. The old road could not get muddy as it is all over stone. Some times when there was plenty of room there would be several paths making the road, but each path was of course only a foot path. No kind of a vehicle could pass along it. As we went along we frequently saw soldiers or armed police, who were well mounted on good horses, having swords and long guns, to protect us from the Bedouin Arabs, and in every camel caravan the camel drivers had long guns to defend themselves, and nearly every individual rider or walker carried his gun, and all of these were to protect themselves from robbery by the Bedouins. Nearly all of these guns looked very old, and did not appear very formidable as weapons. They were all very long, of the flint-lock variety and were all inlaid with little squares of pearls, in their stocks, from one end to the other. The carriages in which we rode, each had three horses fastened abreast.

The first place we came to in coming out of Jerusalem on that trip was the garden of Gethsemane, which I had before seen from a distance from the walls of Jerusalem. It is about a mile from the wall of the city. This is one of two places that it is claimed is the garden of Gethsemane. I think the other one is inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where the Catholics have arranged all the

places in the life and death of Jesus under one roof so that you cannot get to see any of them without having to pay your money to see them. It is absolutely impossible that any of those places in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher can be what the Catholics claim for them, but you pay your money and you take your choice. With us the Cooks had paid for us in advance to see everything and there was no reason for us to have any prejudice about it, but even the Gethsemane that we saw outside of the wall at Jerusalem did not have much appearance of being what was claimed for it.

The story in the New Testament seems to be that Jesus went into the garden to hide himself. It seems very absurd that any one would try to hide in a garden any where there, when a garden was a public place and it was easy to hide in the mountains. That place shown as the garden of Gethsemane has only about a quarter of an acre in it. The whole thing presents the appearance of having been selected by guess from the country that surrounds it and fixed up within the last fifty years to exhibit as the garden of Gethsemane, and they have not only fixed it up for that kind of an exhibition but they have collected right conveniently, just around it, a lot of side shows like the Catholics have done in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. All the trees in Gethsemane are young and the wall around it is all new and the only place that you can get into it, through a strong wall which is about ten or twelve feet high, is at a little door about three feet high and evidently made that way to force one to bow in coming into the holy place. It is quite uncomfortable to get through; you almost have to get upon your knees and crawl in, and one feels inclined to quote the scripture "lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors."

Close by this door on the outside was a woman begging who was dreadfully eaten up by leprosy. All the Cookies walked around the poor woman as if they were afraid to touch her, and indeed it did seem to be dangerous.

The little garden is planted in flowers and laid off very neatly in walks. There is, lying inside the garden, a black stone, and there is no black stone around there that is natural to the place. It is said that it was at this black stone that Judas betrayed Jesus. I think the idea is that the stone become black after the betrayal though nobody told me that. When we went out of the garden the guard stood and directed us to go out backward, this crustacean mode of locomotion being regarded as specially reverential, even when the parties are forced to do it. Of course that nonsense about bowing and backing out is managed by the Christians and is a matter of no importance to a Mohammedan.

Close by the gate outside is shown a rock from which the Virgin Mary ascended to heaven, and upon which she dropped her garments when she ascended. We were not told whether or not anybody saw her ascend and how high she got before she took off her clothes.

Elijah and the Virgin Mary took off their clothes before they ascended to heaven, but Jesus went to heaven with his clothes on, unless he left them in the cloud.

We were told at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, that the Virgin Mary had died near Smyrna, so that there is quite a difference of opinion as to what became of her. The New Testament says nothing about what became of the Virgin Mary, and as the Catholics do not endorse that Gethsemane I cannot fully agree that the Virgin Mary ascended to heaven from that spot.

Near there is the place from which Jesus is said to have repeated the words beginning "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem," etc. The guide tried to repeat it and then said he could not repeat it in English, and I quoted it for him, and he thanked me very politely.

They then showed us the place where Stephen was stoned to death. It looked like it might have been so. That was a common way of conducting religious argument in those good old days, and there were certainly a plenty of stones lying around there now, a number of which may have struck the poor man, but I never had any respect for Paul on account of the contemptible and cowardly part he took in that performance.

On that whole trip Sweeny and Hartman rode on the back seat in the carriage and I rode up in front. We quarreled nearly all the time, but, like three fools, we all insisted on sticking together. Each one of us quarreled with either of the other two about religion or anything else that came up. Hartman said foxes killed lambs and I said they didn't and we quarreled for an hour about it.

Really I didn't know, but I knew that he did not know, because he never said anything except something he did not know, and I opposed him just on general principles.

I got so mad that I would not speak to him for a half hour and then we got into another quarrel. There were some big black birds that I said were crows, almost just the same as ours in Kentucky, except that these crows were putting on some extra airs because they had traveled in the Orient. Hartman said they were buzzards and I said those birds had feathers all over their heads and that anybody but an idiot knew that a buzzard did not have any feathers on his head, and then we had it hot and heavy for another hour. Hartman and I finally agreed to leave it to Dr. L. O. Jenkins of Paris, Illinois, who was in the next carriage behind

us as to whether they were crows or buzzards, and the Doctor said "they are the ravens that Elijah fed." Jenkins is the man who joined with me in the quarrel with Harrison about Jonah and the whale.

Before Hartman and I got to quarreling, though, we had come to Bethany, where Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary and Martha lived and where Jesus sat in the parlor and talked to Mary while Martha was getting supper for all of them and Mary would not even set the table and get out the sugar and the jam and the honey, and get the milk and butter out of the dairy, and then Jesus decided that "Mary had chosen the better part," and any domestic woman will say "just like a man." I was specially glad to see Bethany, because that was the college where I got a large collection of sheepskins with Latin on them that I could not read, except a few words here and there, from which I gathered I was guaranteed to be an exceedingly learned man by a lot of gentlemen who had thereunto affixed the college seal and their sign manuals.

I would guess that Bethany—the one in Palestine—had hardly changed any in the last thousand or two years. The houses are all "founded upon a rock" like that of the wise man in the parable, and they are all stone, low, with thick walls, and only one or two rooms each, with flat stone roofs and built square like big boxes. The town is right on the roadside, and has about two hundred people in it, and was probably always about that size. The people looked pretty poor, and dirty and lazy but I suppose they were doing the best they could do in that country. There was a goodly supply of babies and tots, and the whole town was sitting around to look at the Cookies and, altogether, they looked pretty happy. I think it is evident that Lazarus and his sisters were quite rich people and that all the town used to belong to them.

Martha was the house-keeper and had plenty of money to hire a cook and could get a half dozen of them in two minutese by standing in the kitchen door and calling, and Mary said that she (Marv) had to do the honors of the house when company came and that if Martha was so dead stuck on doing her own cooking she might just do it.

The remains of the house of Lazarus are still there, but the family are all dead, Lazarus having died the second time—or at least if he ascended to heaven neither the New Testament nor his old neighbors seem to know anything about it.

I have heard it said that the house of Lazarus was a three-story house. I do not know how anybody now can find out that it was three-stories, but it was evidently a good house and a very fine one for those days, in a little village, and Jesus used to go out there

sparkling Mary and to get something good to eat and if he had had money and had not been merely a carpenter's son with the facts about his birth a little shady, but had belonged to the aristocracy and had had plenty of money, he and Mary would have made a go, and you never would have heard of the Christian religion. The walls of the house of Lazarus are still there and about three feet of them are standing, and the stone from the balance of it, most all still lying on the ground there, some of them possibly having been removed for building around there. The stones, I think are about two and one-half feet long, two feet broad and eight inches thick—that is my guess from memory—and the house was about forty by thirty feet. There is a good strong wall around it, which, from memory, I think looks very old. You have to come out of the yard of the Lazarus house on the side next to the principal part of the town, the Lazarus house being on the edge of the town and the whole town not covering more than two acres, and walk around the yard wall, which is about ten feet high, to the opposite side from the gate, to get to the tomb of Lazarus. The road around to the tomb is paved, and is about ten feet wide and walled on either side, and it is about 125 yards walk around the wall from the yard gate to the tomb of Lazarus. That tomb could not be constructed, today, for less than \$500, and possibly twice that much, and nobody but a rich man for that day and quite a rich man at this day, would, or could, construct such a place. The bottom of that tomb is twenty-five feet from the surface above, and comfortable steps go down to it, and the room down there is ten feet square and five feet high, and every part of the tomb, including twenty-five or thirty steps, is cut out of solid rock. There is no ground for suspicion that it is not very ancient, I would say fully 1,900 years old. Some of these nights when the moon is not shining so that he could be seen, some male Irish angel is coming to that place and take the whole tomb and the hole too, to Rome, for, if the New Testament is true, that place is the place of the best authenticated resurrection from the dead in the whole world. There is something shady about all the other alleged resurrections from the dead, and the only chance that the infidels have to beat this case, is to say that Lazarus was in a fit or something of that kind. I know Mary said to Jesus, "by this time he (Lazarus) stinketh," but she may have been mistaken, or she may have learned from Jesus to speak in parables and may have meant that he was "in bad odor" with the poor people around there as is always true of a rich man a few days after he is dead.

The neighbors seemed to look at us as if it was strange that people who seemed to have the means of living comfortably would come

clear across two oceans to go down into that hole in the ground. I imagined that some of them would have been glad to own that old tomb to start a goat milk dairy in. Neither the genial Moody's man Ephraim, nor any of the neighbors there seemed to know anything about what became of Lazarus after he resurrected, and the New Testament does not say, and only one out of the four gospels alludes to the resurrection of Lazarus the most remarkable statement in the whole New Testament. Bethany is interesting because the Catholics have not yet sent a man out there to collect bucksheesh from the faithful. They will probably do that in a few more years and then they will close up all of that door into Lazarus' yard except a little one that you will have to stoop down to crawl through and it will soon be a fine dividend paying investment.

It has been so short a time since that rock from which the Virgin Mary ascended was discovered that it is well not to agitate the matter too much now, but if in a few more years the Catholics will build a high wall around that place with a door so low that you have to crawl in and require all visitors to crawl out backward it would bring much money to the church and be a great means of spiritual upbuilding to the pious.

We saw the village of Abadira, where the disciples got the ass, or the two asses, whichever it was, that Jesus rode to Jerusalem.

We were getting along to the inn that the "good Samaritan" took the man to who had fallen among thieves, and Sweeny asked me to tell him the story about it. There were, I suppose, about twenty Catholics in the Moltke party and my friend, Sweeny, listened with the rapt attention of a man who was hearing that story for the first time, and it evidently was new to him, and yet Sweeny the Boston lawyer, was the champion of the whole Catholic cause on the boat. He and I combined to paralyze Protestantism, and so I told him the whole story of the good Samaritan and the man who fell among thieves and explained its application. Sweeny came from "the hub" where the people are supposed to know it all. At the "Inn of the good Samaritan," as its sign called it in several languages, we stopped and all of us got drinks. The Arabs and I were the only parties that I saw fooling away their time on water. The inn of the good Samaritan that now stands there seems to have been built about the time the fine new road was, and there seems no reason to suppose there is any place that can be identified as that to which the good Samaritan carried the wounded man, and the story probably was told by Jesus simply as an illustration or parable, the road from Jerusalem to Jericho being selected because

that was a road famous for robbers, and that seems to be its reputation to this day.

I heard one of our party, that day, say to another man, that he had heard my two carriage companions compliment me very highly, and to this day, for all that we quarreled, and as ugly as both of them were, I have a warm place in my heart for both of those two men, Sweeny and Hartman, though I suspected all the time that what finally developed into a friendship between us, began by their wanting to use me like a guide, because I could tell them about the Bible and the places they were seeing, quicker than they could read it out of their guide books, and they both believed I would tell them the truth and that the guides would lie, to suit the parties they were with. Along there I saw some sucking camels and I didn't know whether to call them colts or calves. It was the first time I had ever heard of a young camel, and I had had an impression that they were all born old, like Minerva.

We were going down a long hill and I was singing for Sweeny and Hartman an old negro hymn that our slaves used to sing "fo de war," beginning:

"As I went down in de valley to pray,
A studyin' about dat good ole way,"

when quite a startling episode happened. Our road just, at that point, had a hill running up on our right, and a bluff about eight feet high on our left. We were going pretty fast and the carriages making a good deal of noise and the carriage right ahead of us had in it Mr. James W. Hampton, of Denver, Colo., with his little grand-daughter and his niece, a splendid lady. They were all fine people, and old Mr. Hampton had been my roommate the night before. For twenty-five yards, and occupying a few seconds, I had seen that the three horses and that carriage were, each step and each turn of its wheels, getting nearer to the edge of the bluff. I could not talk Arab, and did not know how to attract the attention of the driver, but I looked, each second to see that Arab snatch those horses back into the road, but I now suppose he must have been asleep. One horse went over and pulled over the other two and then the carriage went over and threw the whole party down the cliff, the heavy carriage fortunately not falling on any of them. Sweeny's seat was lower than mine and he got to them before anybody else. I had to climb down from my high seat, but was the second one to them, None of the people, including the Arab driver, nor any of the horses, was able to get up. All of the people were badly hurt, but the Arab more than any of them, as being high up on his seat he had further to fall. If he had not been a Moham-

medan I would have suspected that he was "high up" in another sense, but I remembered that all the Mohammedans and I had drunk water together at the inn of the good Samaritan, and I say this knowing that every Colonel in Kentucky will say that shows the danger of drinking water. The poor driver was asleep, I suppose, as I afterward saw another driver asleep, by my side, as we came down Mt. Vesuvius. I got to old man Hampton and found he was not dead, but barely conscious and I stuck a carriage cushion under his head to keep it off the rocks, and I then ran to the Arab, as the Cookies were gathering around the white people. I thought, in a flash, about that story of the good Samaritan and the man who fell among thieves, and as I expected to have trouble to get to heaven by the regular route, I thought I would get one on St. Peter that he could not go back on and so I stuck by that Arab. Sweeny being a Catholic Irishman yelled for whisky and I being a Prohibitionist and half Mohammedan myself, yelled for water, for my man that seemed to be fainting. There was plenty of whisky in the party, but my good friend, Mrs. Copelin—she was not much stuck on religion—got there first with her bottle.

There was plenty of streams around there which in old Bible times used to flow with milk and honey, but since they had quit that, in later days, they had never gotten into the habit of running water, and every durned one of them was as dry as the bones in the vision of Ezekiel, or dry as a powder horn, or a Kentucky Colonel or any of those proverbially dry things. So as I could not get any water I poured some whisky into my Arab, and he swallowed it like a good Christian, and didn't seem to care a durn what Mohammed said about it. I am the most prominent Prohibitionist in Kentucky, except Colonel Geo. A. Bain, and I am the only Kentuckian who was ever born that ever got a drink of whisky down a Mohammedan. In Rome everybody is not dead stuck on popery by a long jump. One of the guides in Rome said that when Pope Gregory died and went to the gates of heaven to get in, he knocked at the gate and in answer to St. Peter's question, "Who's there?" answered that it was Pope Gregory. St. Peter said, "You have the keys of the Kingdom of heaven; unlock the gate, yourself, and come in." Pope Gregory got out his key and fumbled with the lock a long time, but could not get the gate open. Finally St. Peter made the Pope pass his key in through the grating and St. Peter looked at it and said, "Why, that's the key to the Vatican wine cellar," and that Italian never did tell us whether or not that Pope ever got in.

Dr. Jenkins was on hand in a few minutes and he fixed up the whole dumped party and being somewhat in the same fix that I was

as to his chances for heaven he worked for the Arab just as he did for the rest, and as we were not more than two miles from Jericho, we got the hurt people hauled in pretty soon. When I was in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, I had one of the nicest times I ever had in my life, and a few of us preferred creditors, used to draw our rations at a place in there called "Jericho," and I was very anxious to see how the grub in the Palestine Jericho compared with the grub that "Uncle Sam" gave me at the *Ohio Jericho*. I never have much money, but you know "it's better to be born lucky than rich," and my tour with the Moltke cost me less than any man on the boat, and that long stay in Columbus did not cost me a cent, and the government gave me \$5, and a new suit of clothes and a railroad ticket all the way home beside. Any man who knows how to stand in with people like the Cooks and our Uncle Samuel is all right.

When we got to Jericho, Sweeny and I were put at the Jericho hotel. Sweeny was put in a room with four beds in it, and four men to sleep in them, and I was put in a room with a bed all to myself and nobody else in the room with me. Hartman was put in a better hotel than ours, judging from outward appearances, but Sweeny and Hartman would spell each other in damning Jericho, so that they never let up on it for a week, and I had the nicest stay there—probably because it was a poor little house and reminded me of home—that I had seen anywhere in the Orient.

That air from around the Dead Sea was perfectly delightful and I never had a more delicious sleep in my life, excepting about a half hour, during which a couple of *Jerusalem flat tail Tom cats*, that had gone out to Jericho for a little country recreation, got into a religious discussion about Joshua blowing down that town once with rams' horns and while the discussion was conducted in the Arab language, and I could not keep up with the argument, it did not have a lulling effect.

I got onto that Ram's Horn business p. d. q. Joshua was a newspaper man, and he was called "General" because he was leading the Salvation Army, and was editing this Salvation Army paper called the *Ram's Horn*, and the General did not like the municipal management of the town just as Sweeney and Hartman didn't, and so General Joshau came out for seven days in editorials in the *Ram's Horn*, blowing up the town, and the fellows translating that story from the Hebrew got the story all wrong, and the consequences is that we have in the English Bible, to-day, that cock and bull story about Joshua blowing down the walls of Jericho with rams' horns.

It's all stuff. I saw walls still in good shape that were old

walls when Joshua was born, and I looked all around Jericho and excepting the rock that was brought there from a distance about ten years ago to build the new hotels there, there is not as much rock lying around that town as I could haul in one wheel-barrow load, and the town is bigger to-day than it ever was before in the world, and it has not more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants in it.

The first evening—and when I say evening I mean it; not night, like the Yankees do—that we Cookies got there we drove on through the town a mile and a half further out to the spring where Dr. Jenkins said “Elijah fed the ravens,” and we didn’t see enough rocks to pelt a woodpecker out of a cherry tree. Honor bright, I did not see but one rock on the road, from the time we drove into Jericho until we drove clean through the town out to Elijah’s spring and back again, and that was one rock that I could lift, if I had to lift it or bust a hame-string, and all around that town and out to the Dead Sea and the Jordan for about eighteen miles drive you do not find any rock. I had no money to buy souvenirs, like the balance of the Cookies, and I brought rocks and pebbles from every place I went except Jericho and the Dead Sea and the Jordan and I didn’t bring any from any of those places because there is no rock there, and there never was a bigger lie told than that one about Joshua blowing down the walls of Jericho with rams’ horns if we are to understand it as the people now in America understand it in the Bible.

If there had ever been a wall around Jericho high enough to turn a Billy goat and Joshua had put under it all the dynamite that that Chicago tobacco smoking fiend ever made, and had blown the whole push as high as Gilroy’s kite, there would be something there to show for it to this day.

Then there’s that spring of Elijah, and I know there is something in that because the spring is there to this day. It’s a beautiful pool, fifty feet by fifteen, and a lot of tattooed women around there who are good looking and don’t care who knows it, but Dr. Jenkins was right in saying it’s “the place where Elijah fed the ravens.” The old fellow was sensitive about his bald head and made the bears eat up forty-two Sunday school children for saying “Go it; old billiard ball,” but the little devils didn’t have any right to worry the old fellow and he taught them a lesson that they never forgot when they got to be grown-up people. It was a perfectly natural mistake in translating the Hebrew language caused by getting the Nominative and Accusative cases so mixed that they did not get it right as to which it was, Elijah or the ravens that fed, or got fed, but just change a little as Dr. Jenkins suggests, and we

have Elijah feeding the ravens, a perfectly possible story. There are lots of ravens there; we saw them. Elijah was probably a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as we may infer from his inclination to feed ravens and bears.

It is eight miles from Jericho to the Dead Sea, and the next day we were to go to the Dead Sea, and I was anxious to find out all about "Lot's wife." In anticipation of my going to the Orient more people had asked me to bring them a piece of Lot's wife as a souvenir than anything I would see. I do not suppose that any of them believed I would ever find it. I never heard a single preacher or priest allude to Lot's wife as a thing that we would be liable to see. Even Sweeney did not believe in it, though he would believe the whole story implicitly if they would show him Lot's wife now in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, or anywhere in Rome if they would tell him that an angel had brought it to Rome in the night. Even Mrs. McCarty, a Catholic Irish sister, poked fun at Lot's wife. She said "Lot's wife turned to rubber and then turned to salt."

There were three guides. I asked one of them Ephraim Aboosh, about Lot's wife and he said she was away on the other side of the Dead Sea, ten miles off and that we would not see her. I asked the second guide and he said that we would not see her. I then found a Negro guide who spoke English better than either of the other two and seemed perfectly willing to give the facts about Lot's wife. That Negro seemed to be about twenty-five years old and to have spent his life in or about Jericho, and was perfectly familiar with the Dead Sea, and he was willing to tell all he knew about it. He said that the thing that is now called Lot's wife is a block of salt about two feet long and two feet high.

Only a week or two before I started to the Orient some one unknown to me, sent me a book called "Around the World on Sixty Dollars." It was written by Robert Meredith, a thorough Christian, and published in 1895. In speaking of Lot's wife, Mr. Meredith says: "The sea was in plain view and about two miles away, so I thought I must be in the vicinity of Mrs. Lot, and began to look about for the old lady, intending to give her a call. I soon found her and hurried up to greet her. She is about thirty feet high with a head five feet in diameter and a neck of proportionate size, only very short. Although her sides were so steep I could hardly walk up, yet she looks too big at the ground. I had about concluded this was not the woman, but, when I remembered she lived in the days of crinoline, that dispelled all doubt."

Our drive from Jericho to the Dead Sea was eight miles and of very level ground with nothing growing on it except occasionally

one variety of a scrubby bush about two feet high. There were occasionally white spots on the ground that looked about as white and as thick as frost on the ground. This was salt mixed with dirt. It was not as strong as our commercial salt but seemed to have "lost its savor," like that spoken of by Jesus. It was delightful weather when we were there but there had been a rain there only two or three hours before we got there, and the ground was so sticky and so hung onto the wheels of our carriages that the horses could hardly pull us, and we walked the last mile to the Dead Sea. It was a rather hard job, for if we cleaned the mud off our feet, at all, as it was very hard to do, as we could not get a stick, or rock or shell, or anything but our fingers and pocket knives with which to clean them, it all stuck on again in a few steps.

The mud was about half the depth of our shoes, and though city people made great ado about it, it had sand in it, and was not as bad as common mud. Rains like that, in running over this kind of soil, had washed out ridges, leaving some of it in mounds of different shapes, the mounds generally being twenty-five or thirty feet high. We saw at that place probably twenty of those mounds in an area of twenty acres. Nobody remarked anything peculiar about any of them, and the guides and about 200 Cookies walked by them and nobody made any mention of Lot's wife. But I had read Meredith's book and I was on the lookout for Lot's wife, and recognized, as soon as I saw it, the particular one of these mounds that Meredith describes, as I have quoted it to you. Two of our guides had told me that Lot's wife was ten miles further on than we would go, and as Meredith's Lot's wife was a mile short of the place we did go, what is called Lot's wife according to the guides is eleven miles from what is Lot's wife according to Meredith. So far from Meredith's Lot's wife being made of salt, there is no salt in it, or near it, the nearest being three or four miles from there on the high ground where it is dry, and not being in the low and moist ground near Meredith's Lot's wife. The mound that Meredith calls Lot's wife is of soft dirt—about thirty feet high and that far across the base, and is shaped somewhat like a haystack, having a round knob on the top of it, from five to eight feet in diameter, the knob having been formed by the water cutting a groove around the mound about six or eight feet from the top, making what Meredith calls the "neck" of Lot's wife. The whole outfit does not look a bit more like a woman than would a haystack that had a big pumpkin set right on top of it.

Anybody can see from the way in which Meredith describes this mound that he calls Lot's wife that, while he is not willing to commit himself to a serious statement that this is the Lot's wife

alluded to in the Bible, it will help him as a Christian writer to sell his book by forming a ground work for a statement to be made by preachers and religious propagandists, like Harrison, of the University of Virginia, that Lot's wife can be seen on the shores of the Dead Sea to this day. And yet Meredith has left himself in such shape that while he gets money as a defender of the Christian faith by supporting the story of Lot's wife, as given in the Bible, Old and New Testaments, and endorsed by Jesus Christ himself, he (Meredith) is still in good shape to say he was only joking when a man like I am comes along and exposes his deception. And yet what Meredith describes is the thing of all that anybody can find on the shores of the Dead Sea that looks most like a woman. Even the poor joke about "Crinoline," made by Meredith, is not true, as "Crinoline" was an invention of very modern days.

The old family Bible upon which I was raised, printed about eighty years ago, had in it a picture of Lot's wife. It represented her as being made of white salt; but she was in the shape of a round column, rounded off on top. The picture and the annotations took pains not to say how high that column was. The Bible that I now use, that was printed in 1871, is a large, annotated edition; but is careful not to say whether or not Lot's wife could be seen at the day it was printed.

Anybody can see that the mound that Meredith calls Lot's wife has probably been washed into that shape in the last hundred years, possibly in the last twenty-five years, and that it may be all washed away in twenty years more; and yet Meredith's evidence of the truth of the story of Lot's wife is just as valid and reasonable as that in Jerusalem that the Christians and Mohammedans offer in attestation of the truth of the stories of their respective teachers—Jesus Christ and Mohammed. Meredith's pile of dirt looks just as much like a woman as that place in the rock on Calvary looks like the track of Jesus, or the places in the big rock, in the Mosque of Omar look like the foot-print of Mohammed, or the finger-print of the angel Gabriel.

When we got to the Dead Sea Sweeny asked: "Is this the sea that Abraham crossed going with the Jews to Jerusalem?"

As there is no such account as that in the Bible or in any other book on earth, not even a Catholic book, Sweeny was evidently alluding to some story that he had heard of somewhere, about Moses leading the Jews across the Red Sea; but the story being in the Bible, and Sweeny being a Catholic, he had gotten Moses and Abraham and the Dead Sea and the Red Sea all mixed up. Sweeny was not joking at all. He was too devout a Catholic to joke about the Bible. He was in hard earnest. And yet, as

opposed to what I say showing the absurdity of nearly all of these Bible stories, the preachers and the priests will accept the statements of Sweeny, a Boston lawyer, who has made a fortune by investigating evidence and the credibility of witnesses, and of all the 446 Cookies of our party, I am the only one who will come back to America and tell his people that when we came to see these Bible stories on the grounds where they are said to have transpired, we all either recognized that they were simply enormous lies, or did not have the courage to contend for their truth if we thought them true.

The Dead Sea is forty-seven miles long and nine and a half miles broad. There are four stories that I have heard about the Dead Sea ever since I was a young boy. One is that you cannot sink in its water; another is that there are beautiful, delicious looking apples growing on its shores and that when you bite one, expecting to have a delicious fruit, you find it to be all filled with ashes. Another is that no bird can fly over the water of the Dead Sea without falling dead into it; and the fourth is that the remains of Sodom and Gomorrah can still be seen down in the deep waters of the Dead Sea.

So thoroughly have these stories been drilled into us that the average person who will read this will not know in advance how much, if any, of it is true. All of these stories I have heard from my childhood to prove that the story in the Bible about God having destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah is true, and yet if they had all been true, it would not have proven that story to be true. Before I started to the Orient I was rather under the impression that we would be able to see deep down in the waters of the Dead Sea some old columns and other remains of cities or some rocks that had the appearance of the ruins of cities, deep down in the water; the water, as I supposed, being so clear and so abruptly deep that one could stand on the shore and see these ruins, or appearances of ruins, down in the water. And this was rather my impression after I had been a preacher—trained at a regular theological school. By the time we got to Jerusalem, however, I had heard so many lies about things told about in the Bible that I felt more satisfied that there was such a place as the Dead Sea, if, indeed, it was not a mirage, when I took a look at it from the top of Mt. Olivet in Jerusalem. Out of these four stories one is true, the balance being lies out of whole cloth; and that is fully as good as the average of the stories told about Bible things.

The fact that you cannot sink in the water of the Dead Sea is true—more remarkably so than I expected to find. We all walked up to the edge of it in the sandy mud and stood and looked at it.

It seemed to me that the waves on it were running about as high as they would upon any body of fresh water of that size, though one would hardly expect they would. It was intensely salt, with a little taste of bitter about it. It was just as salt as water could be that came off a barrel half full of salt and the balance filled with water. It has all the salt in it that it can hold in solution by keeping it stirred.

I am going to give, now, an incident that may sound a little indelicate because it is the best way in indicating the density of the water. I did not go into it myself, not because it was too cold in that climate at that time, March 6th, but because I had no bathing suit. There is a temporary kind of a shed about thirty feet square standing close to the edge of the water. The Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and, of course, no water can get out of it except by evaporation; and yet the Jordon running into it does not seem to affect the sea at all, in keeping with varving conditions of the Jordon, which is a stream large enough and deep enough to be navigable for a small steamboat.

It was expected that the ladies would have the use of that shed on the shore, but some men rushed into it and some ladies who wanted to bathe in the sea had to go a quarter of a mile further down the shore to go in. Whether or not they had bathing suits I do not know. Some of the men went into that shed, disrobed and went out into the sea, in perfectly plain view of all the party equally of men and women. These men may have gone into that water thinking that they would sink, somewhat like they would in ordinary water, and that it could therefore be done with some modesty.

The only one of these I recognized was Mr. R. B. Morrison, 82 Wall Street, New York City. He and his wife ate almost opposite me at the table on the steamer, and they were both not only modest people, but both unusually modest. Morrison is about 30 years old. He waded out into the water for about forty feet, the water getting gradually deeper, until, at that distance from shore, it was about three feet deep, and, as I thought, because of its buoyancy he could not then wade any further. He then lay down on his back and swam further out into the sea. He floated on that water just about like an ordinary poplar saw-log would float on the Kentucky river—about half of its diameter, and of Morrison's diameter, being above the water. Not only did all of those men and women sit there together on the shore and look at him about fifty yards away, but I heard one of the women tell Morrison when he had come out and dressed that she took a kodak picture of him in the water. I had heard a great deal about the scantiness of

bathing suits at the bathing places on the Atlantic Coast, up about New York, but that Dead Sea bathing laid it over anything I had read about.

I am not a very bashful youth when any interest of science is to be subserved by a little boldness, but to look at that man in the sea at the same time a lot of women were doing the same thing was so hard on me that I got away from there and was glad to find Sweeny and Hartman cussing, as usual, in their impatience to get on and see something new. I will not at all object to looking at a lot of good looking mermaids standing up on the fish end of them in the brine, holding to looking glasses in one hand and combing their hair with shell combs, as mermaids are in a habit of doing, but I don't want any Yankee merman in mine. A day or two after I got home one of my neighbors said to me in hard earnest, no joke about it: "I understand that you saw a mermaid while you were gone." I never had authorized any such understanding in any of the letters that I wrote home to the Lexington Leader, but it was evident that I could have gotten off the orthodox mermaid story to a Kentucky constituency with no damage to my "reputation for truth and veracity." We do some pretty tough things in Kentucky with our hip pocket guns, but sometimes these fellows have some "method in their madness." I am not a typical Kentuckian; I am not a Colonel, don't drink whisky, don't swear except occasionally in print, when I get mad, and don't go to horse races and don't go to church except when something unusual in theology comes along; but if there had been a dozen Blue Grass Colonels standing in that party with their wives and their sweethearts, and "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," all around them, there would have been at least six of them that would have pulled their guns and would have shot holes in Morrison.

When I was a college boy no college speech was regarded as complete that did not say something about Greece and Rome, and about some very illusive, elusive and delusive thing which "like the Dead Sea apple turns to ashes in your grasp." There is no bogus about there having been such places as Greece and Rome; I know that, for they are there yet, and we saw them; but a search warrant for a Dead Sea apple would have to be returned "non est inventus"—that is, it has not yet been invented, and it's a little too far from Jerusalem for the Christians to go to raising them, for the American market, though they would be good Cooking apples. Pity the Garden of Eden had not been on the Dead Sea; never would have had all that trouble about apples.

There is absolutely no foundation for the story about the Dead Sea apple. Some fellow, like Sweeny, who had never read

the Bible, got that story about the apple in the Garden of Eden, a good orthodox story, the accuracy of which no sane man is going to gainsay, all mixed up in his expansive Boston lawyer brain, and hence the story of the Dead Sea apple; but now that story is dead. See?

It is likewise a lie that no bird can fly across the Dead Sea. But this is true in any case where the bird cannot fly nine miles.

I don't know whether or not there are any fish in the Dead Sea. I did not ask because the Arabs who know could not talk American, and any Christian guide or any Mohammedan guide who has associated much with Christians will lie so that you don't know any more after you ask either of them than you do before. Ephraim Aboosh was born a white Mohammedan and was converted to Christianity, and he combined all the lying proclivities of an Arab guide, a white man, and a Jerusalem Christian.

I asked Ephraim where I would get to see Sodom and Gomorrah, after I saw that three feet was not deep enough to cover the ruins of some of the cities I had been seeing. Ephraim said I would see the remains of Sodom and Gomorrah as we drove on up the Jordan, towards the Ford of the Jordan, five miles from where we were.

Sweeny, like nearly every Cookie on the boat, except some that were not very pious, had saved one of his whisky, wine or beer bottles to get some Jordan water in. They were going to take this water home to baptize all those brands of babies that believe in sprinkling.

We had heard, away off in the Orient, what Roosevelt had said in the preface to that woman's book about the baby business, and every true Republican man and woman, especially the man, was going to go into the baby-raising business as soon as the Moltke got us home. Sweeny was so dead set on getting him a bottle of Jordan water that he could not be induced to wait at the Dead Sea any longer than was necessary to see the thing, especially after Morrison's swim.

From the Dead Sea clear off to the Ford of Jordan there were no "remains" of anything, except the remains of the rain in the shape of that sand mud. All the carriages in that country have brakes on them so that the drivers can go to sleep when going down hills. That mud piled up on these brakes until it so filled the space between the brakés and the fenders that the wheels would not turn and the poor horses were nearly pulled down. Sweeny and Hartman, being good Christians, damned the Arab in the Yankee dialect of the American language, neither of them knowing their Bible says "A merciful man is merciful to his beast;" but

I, being a heathen, took the reins from the Arab and stopped the horses and the Arab and I got down and pulled the mud out with our fingers. Sweeny got out and looked at the situation and tramped around in the mud and fussed, and Hartman sat in the carriage and cussed and I got so mad I thought I would bust. Finally we got to Sodom and Gomorrah. Every house in those two cities has been built exactly like Mrs. Lot was—by the rain washing ravines in the dirt and leaving some more solid parts of the dirt in mounds. The houses in Sodom and Gomorrah are all about the same size as Mrs. Lot, and are made out of the same kind of mud. But if you ever get there to see those places, as I hope you may do some time—but you will call once “a plenty”—you can tell Sodom or Gomorrah from Mrs. Lot, by the fact that in Sodom and Gomorrah one of these piles of mud has a square knob on the top of it, while Mrs. Lot has a round knob on top of her.

We traveled along parallel with the river Jordan for five miles, and on an average of about a half mile from it, until we came to the Ford of Jordan. The river there is 150 feet wide and apparently ten feet deep. It had been raining a good shower, but it was only sufficient to make the water only slightly muddy. I had heard all my life that Jesus must have been baptized by sprinkling because the water in the Jordan was not deep enough to baptize by immersion and I had seen that picture at Bethlehem representing Jesus Christ being baptized in about three inches of water. I have done some baptizing of the Campbellite brand, and I am a good swimmer—have saved my man by swimming—but I would not want to baptize any woman there unless we had brought along a supply of Moltke life preservers. I might baptize a man there, because I would risk my own life to get a chance to drown the man.

A party said to me, apparently seriously, that there was a lady there who had come there to be baptized, and seemed to want to know if I would do the job. I said I would, supposing that she wanted to be immersed. I would not have baptized her by sprinkling, because sprinkling is against my religious convictions. I had on my store clothes, of course—\$11.98; Moses Kaufman, Lexington, full suit—but I said I would baptize her. I think all the other preachers there were of the sprinkling brand, and I suppose no woman in America would be fool enough to go all the way to Jordan to get sprinkled. I was ready to wade in—no slang—right then and there, “Just as I am, without one flea.” I knew that with all that mud it would be awful tight on my onliest only wardrobe, but I’ll do almost anything for a woman—baptize her or anything else. I did not hear that anybody objected to me on account of anything peculiar in my theology, but it may have

been that the lady got "skeered" of the looks of the water and mud, for the water seemed to be about ten feet deep and the mud where we would have had to wade out seemed to be about fifteen feet deep, so that if we had not got drowned in the water we might have got stuck in the mud and there was not a Cookie or Arab in the crowd that would have waded in to help us out.

They had cut a lot of branches with leaves on them and had thrown them into the mud to get out into the boats, and a lot of the women that had pretty ankles and neighboring contiguities pulled up their skirts, very high, and waded out to these boats over these branches. I did not go because the boat ride cost a piece of their heathen money about as big as one of our quarters, and I did not have the money to blow in. There was a swamp there that showed that that river gets to be a quarter of a mile wide some times when it gets on a high lonesome, and I pulled out a nice little knife that my dear old neighbor, Mrs. Letitia Robb, aged 85 years, had given to my daughter, and that the latter had loaned me, and cut me a walking stick from the banks of the Jordan. It was an awfully muddy place, and the Cookies were leaving and I was in a h— of a hurry, and while I was trimming the stick that I had cut, I stumbled over the stub that I had just made by cutting the stick and fell in the mud, and I came nearer cussing right then and there than I had done anywhere on the whole trip, except when old Hartman and I had that quarrel about the buzzard and the crow.

I told you, through mistake, that it was where they put Paul in that hole in the ground at Citta Vecchia that I got so dirty that a he Cookie told me it would cost me a dollar to get my clothes cleaned, and I told him I would let it all stay on there until I got back to Kentucky before I would pay that for it, but I now remember that it was when I fell down in the mud on the banks of Jordan that that Cookie said that, and I was mad because he seemed to be enjoying it. I had been singing for years and years: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and yet when I came to try it on, it panned out that on Jordan's stormy banks I fell. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

I drank some of the water there; it was cool and very good. I can't see where the Dead Sea gets all that salt. I suppose, though, that sea had to be salted, for some dead things smell bad if they are not salted. All the pious Cookies filled their bottles with Jordan water and then went into a queer kind of a house, built out of reeds, close by, that had a flag on it that said "Cook," and having filled their bottles with water they filled themselves with

wine and beer in that house, while the heathen Arabs and I contented ourselves with filling up on Jordan water.

From the Ford of Jordan we drove back to Jericho in time to get ready for a nice dinner at 7 o'clock, and after dinner I went out and got in one of the chairs under a big tree and some ladies came out and joined me and we had a good time. About 9 o'clock that night six or eight of us, men and women, went to a tent of Bedouin Arabs. That fellow—Longfellow, I reckon—that wrote about "folding up your tent like the Arab and silently marching away," was either a guy of the first water or he never had seen an Arab tent, or he was indulging in a very expansive spread of poetic license. I got from that man the idea that an Arab's tent was like one of those little things like the Yankee soldier can "fold up" and carry on top of his knapsack; but the dry-goods—that is when it isn't raining—in an Arab's tent would weigh about 500 pounds. An Arab's tent is about forty feet square and nine feet high and it is covered all over and around the sides with goods made of camel's hair, and the goods is about an inch thick, and an average Arab tent is a hundred years old, I would guess, and some of them look like they had been where they are ever since Joshua passed through that country concerting on his cornet band.

There were about twenty Arabs in that tent, ranging all the way from very antiquated beldames down to a new arrival of two days since. The young one was wrapped from its head to its toes just like an Egyptian mummy, bandaged up so tight that it could not cry, and how it could draw its rations I could not see. It was about as big as a premium Irish potato, but didn't look near as much like a baby as some potatoes I have seen. You can see eyes in a potato, but I could not find any eyes in that thing. Its mother seemed to be about 15 years old and was lying on a blanket in the dust. The dust didn't seem to hurt the Arabs, but a dust like that will kill hogs in Kentucky as quick as hog cholera. The doting grand-parents for three or four generations back passed around the baby. I took it when my time came and looked at it, taking pains not to let it fall in the fire of camel coal that was burning in the middle and around which we were standing. I did not kiss the baby; I was not a candidate for office in that part of the country. Then old great-grand-ma Arab poured some coffee into a brass cup that looked like it might have been clean when it was made, a hundred or two years ago. Everybody passed it, and all voted that I was the one in the party to sample it. I didn't exactly understand that this was in compliment to my age, but I rather got the idea that they thought if it killed any of us it

had better be the one of the party who probably had the shortest time to live; and it would look like rejecting the family hospitality for none of us to drink it. I know it was coffee because the guide said so. It had one fine quality as a drink for a large family; a little of it went a long way. I thought the Cookies probably had another idea about it. It is commonly understood that one of the peculiarities of the Bedouin Arab's hospitality is that they will kindly entertain a stranger, and then meet him out in the mountains and rob him of his money, and all the Cookies knew that all Bedouin Arabs in Palestine could not get any money out of me. They may have seen me victimized in some respects, but getting any money out of me was not one of these respects. Then the Arab children heard that we were there, and forty or fifty of them called on us and danced by the light of the moon—I think the moon was shining that night, in that country, at least—and they sang some very peculiar music in Arab. Some fellow said: "Music is the same in all languages," but the fellow who said that knew about as much about music in the Arab language as that other fellow knew about folding up Arab tents. I would just about as soon undertake to fold up a small tobacco barn and silently march away as to fold up that Bedouin Arab's tent and march away with it, with anything any more silent than a railroad freight car.

I forgot to mention that at the dinner table that night I found myself, unexpectedly, delivering to an audience of about fifty Cookies an improvised lecture on "The Seven Wonders of the World."

I also forgot to mention that after the children got through singing and dancing at the Bedouin Arab's quarters they went around among the Cookies and in the course of their remarks made many allusions to "bucksheesh."

Ephraim repeatedly promised to take me to see the house of Rahab, the lady who kept the boarding house at the sign of "The Red String," where Caleb and Joshua called one night when they went into that town before Joshua blew it up with rams' horns. It seems a little unusual that the commanding generals of any army could go by themselves into a town and come out again without any trouble, but had to blow up the walls with rams' horns to get in with a whole army. It may have been that away back in those days Joshua battered down the walls of some town with a battering ram, that had on it the iron head of a ram with horns on it, and some Boston lawyer, like Sweeny, got the story mixed up in his mind and, knowing that horns were things to blow, wrote that story in the Bible making it appear that Joshua blew down the walls of that town with rams' horns. I can only explain the

phenomenon of Ephraim's failure to show me the remains of Rahab's boarding house where Caleb and Joshua probably found collar buttons and Jerusalem souvenirs in the hash, on the supposition that Ephraim was lying, and had found out that I was not the kind of a man to see plainly, as the pious generally do; that one pile of mud is Sodom and Gomorrah, just because certain theological subtle distinctions require that I shall see it that way, or be thought heretical in the event of my failure to see things as the general public sees them.

The next day, March 7, we started back to Jerusalem. We were shown the place where Jesus fasted forty days. That was the record in fasting until Dr. Tanner broke it by fasting forty-two days about twenty years ago. There was one thing that tended to confirm that story about fasting. The Devil told Jesus to make bread out of rocks and Jesus did not do it, and the rocks are to be seen there to this day—rocks enough to make bread for all Jerusalem from that day to this.

We came to the Apostles' Fountain. It was not very good water and not very much of it. At this place we stopped for lunch at 1 o'clock and took our lunch in a tent that the Cooks had prepared for the Emperor William of Germany, when he had been traveling in that country not long before. The tent was about fifty feet long and twenty feet broad. It looked as perfectly new as if it had been stretched the first time for our entertainment, a company of American queens and kings. The material of the tent was very heavy goods, in most brilliant colors, that were in flowers and many beautiful designs that hung in luxurious drapery on the ground. In our country rain and wind would have ruined that beautiful thing; but the weather does not do that way in that country. There was a table the full length of this tent, on which were spread the most beautiful linen and elegant glass and China ware, and the greatest abundance of silver for each plate. There was on the table in the greatest abundance every delicacy that would be appropriate for an elegant lunch, including wines of various kinds. I wanted some water. The steward insisted that it was not good to drink and suggested all kinds of mineral waters; but when I insisted upon a drink of plain natural water he sent a servant down the mountain side to the Apostles' Fountain and brought me some of it, but I think the Apostles and I were the only people except the Arabs that ever drank any of it.

We got back to Jerusalem to dinner that night, and the next day we visited a Jewish synagogue. The people in it seemed to be densely ignorant. We saw the place where Jesus and his disciples ate their last supper and where the Holy Ghost descended

and they spoke with different tongues, but I cannot recall the appearance of the place or places. I also saw the place where the Virgin Mary was baptized in a room about twenty by twenty-five feet, and the big silver basin from which she was baptized. That scored one for the people who believe in sprinkling for baptism. I am satisfied that Jesus was a Campbellite or Baptist, but his mother must have been a Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopalian. No reasonable man ought to doubt that. Mary was sprinkled at her baptism, for there is a bowl there to this day that the people there say was used for that purpose. Then there was a well that Mary dropped her handkerchief into. They didn't say whether she did it intentionally or accidentally, or whether it was fished out for her, or whether the handkerchief was fresh laundered or not, which, of course, would make some difference to the people who drank water out of that well, especially if Mary had a cold at the time she dropped her handkerchief in the well. There is no mention of this handkerchief incident in the New Testament, but the old people in Jerusalem remember that their parents told them about it, and they say that the religion of their mothers is good enough for them.

Whether the Virgin Mary dropped her handkerchief in that well when she was a young lady just in a sportive way, to see if some young fellow would be gallant enough to risk getting drowned by climbing down to get it, or whether she dropped it in after she was married when she came out to get some water for some domestic purpose I do not know, because Ephraim did not tell me; but I had no difficulty in believing the story because the well was there; but when Ephraim told me that that was the place where the Holy Ghost descended, of course I could not be so certain because the Ghost was not there, and the Bible makes no mention of his ever having left there. Then we saw the place where Rhoda opened the door for Peter—entirely possible because to this day nice young ladies open doors for gentlemen, even for a married gentleman as Peter was, and I think it possible that in Jerusalem some young lady opened a door for me.

Along there I got information as to the present population of Jerusalem and was told that there were 85,000 families. That is their crude way of taking the census. As the people are very poor, and poor people are blessed with an abundance of children and the Jews have Roosevelt's ideas about raising large families, there must be nigh onto a million of souls in Jerusalem, not counting the camels that are the most soulful-looking denizens of the town.

Right along there, too, I saw a blind boy leading an old blind man, and I thought about Jesus calling these priests "blind leaders

of the blind." Jesus may have said some things that I ought to lay more store by than I do, but I have a high appreciation of anything he said against these Jerusalem priests. They are the most arrant set of knaves I ever saw. I did not get to see the Pope this time and never saw one when I was in Europe before. I am guarded in my statement when I say those Jerusalem priests are the biggest rascals I ever saw. I was somewhat surprised when I came to another place where Jesus and his disciples ate the last supper. Two places where the last supper was eaten somehow suggest to me the difficulty suggested in Mr. G. P. R. James' "Two Solitary Horsemen." There are mysteries in theology that are insoluble by the carnal mind. It is possible that this last supper was eaten in two different places, one to be shown for the benefit of the Catholics and the other for the benefit of the non-Catholics. The New Testament speaks of the place of this last supper as having been in "an upper room," but neither of these rooms of the last supper is now an upper room. It may be that they have brought that "upper room" down stairs for the greater convenience of pilgrims, or it may be that in 1900 years the deposit of Jerusalem cats that have become defunct of their "nine lives," and other things that, for convenience, are just left lying in the streets, have covered up that house, or those houses, where the last supper, or two last suppers, were eaten, until only the "upper" story is now sticking out of the ground and the door we went through may formerly have been merely a window. I don't think any man ought to claim that there are discrepancies in the teachings of the Scriptures and of the churches when it is so easy thus to reconcile them.

Then we saw a place where Peter had been imprisoned. I know it may sound presumptuous in me to be discovering any kind of parallelism between Peter and Paul and myself, but it is a fact that all three of us have had a phenomenal alacrity for getting ourselves in jail.

Then we came to "The Jews' wailing place." I had heard about that for a long time and had heard lecturers tell about it and I had seen magic lantern views of it and I was anxious to see the place. I had never seen any picture of "The Jews' Wailing Place" that represented more than six Jews as standing there. I think all of these pictures of that place that I had ever seen had been taken by preachers and missionaries, who had, for the occasion, hired an extra lot of ancient Jews to come there and stand in a good light, and stand right still and look at the artist and wail until he counted ten and put the big black rag over the machine. We had kodaks galore and Cookies that could handle

them so as to catch on the fly, and they could not get more than one Jew in a group at a time.

I don't think the day we were there could have been a good day for wailing. There were only two there and they did not seem to wail with any great energy. I could not talk Hebrew to them, one or two chapters of Genesis being the extent of my attainments in that language; but I went up to one of them and by my looks said to him that I was a moneyless stranger in a strange land, and that if he did not charge anything for it, I would take it as a great kindness if he would wail some, even if it was only a little bit, for my special benefit so that I could say in a book that I was going to write, called "Dog Fennel," etc., that I had heard the famous Jewish wailing at their famous wailing place in Jerusalem; but he looked at me like an old idiot—that is, he was like an old idiot—and he didn't wail worth a cent. So I got tired waiting for the durned old fool to wail and I walked on up the wall, looking at one particular crack in the wall, and was trying to make some estimate of how many nails those old fellows had stuck in those cracks and whether they stuck in one nail for each wail and when they began it, and whether or not they were not condemned to drive nails because once their grandfathers had been too handy in driving nails into a man whose own job had been nail driving, and I was wondering if some live Yankee could not go to that town with a dray load of our nice bright wire nails and open a nail store along there and make a fortune by selling nails at ten cents apiece to old Jews to stick in that wall when, I noticed a noise going on behind me that I had thought was some fellow selling fish or camel coal (call it Campbell's Creek coal, popular variety in Kentucky if you prefer), or both mixed together, was really one of those old Jews that had got down to his job of wailing as soon as he saw I was gone. I saw he was right in the middle of a wail and believing he would not stop if I went up close to him to see how the thing was done, I walked up to him and took it in with eyes and ears. The noise that he made was very much like a combination of a Lexington priest saying mass—when he has an unusually large mass of something that he wants to get off his mind, or his stomach—and the sound of the bagpipe as we hear it in the side-show of the "Scotch giant" at a circus, and then I would add the sound of the last rather remote notes of a Cairo donkey when he wants the public to understand that he wants his dinner; but as I know that the majority of you who will read this have not been to Cairo, and as my friend Sweeny might take offense at this ass-ociation of American priests and Egyptian donkeys, we will leave the donkey

out. That old Jew was wailing in Hebrew; another support of the proverb that "music is the same in all languages."

I was told by a Virginia Cookie of the peculiar name of Smith, whose pride was his theological lore, what the Jew was saying, but I can only remember that among the remarks he was making to the Lord was that "The glory of Jerusalem had departed," and this was true, if there ever had been any glory about that town, for there was none of it there when we were there. I soon afterward learned that the learned Virginia college President Smith had just read that day in Baedaker's guide book what that Jew was saying, for they all say the written formula that that Jew was reading out of some kind of a book, written backward, that he used like an Episcopalian or Catholic priest does his prayer book. *Haec fabula docet*; \$2.50 invested in a Baedaker makes a profound Hebrew scholar when the absence of the \$2.50 makes a country bumpkin with his hair full of hayseed and dog fennel.

I asked Ephraim the interpretation of the vision of the nails and he said that when a Jew pilgrim came to that town and went to that place to wail he stuck a nail in one of these cracks to keep the Lord from forgetting him until he got back next time. I don't think that any of those nails can be over 1800 years old, because the glory didn't depart from Jerusalem until some time in the second century, A. D., when Titus came there and kicked the stuffing out of Jerusalem and murdered a million Jews just as the Jews had murdered the Canaanites. The Jews were fighting under the Hebrew God, with a big G, and Titus was fighting under the Roman god, with a little g, and it was tit for tat between them, but when two first-class gods get into a theological discussion their parishioners always have trouble. It seems to me that the wail of Jew is on the wane and that since St. Peter came into the management of things in Jerusalem the Jew is petering out. They say these Jews kissed those old rocks in that wall. If they did I did not see them do it, and if they did anything of that sort as enthusiastically as we used to go for our best girl in our younger days, I would have heard from it. I think the Jews have seen Catholic Sweenies kissing the rocks around Jerusalem until the Jew, like Othello, thinks his "occupation has gone," and has let up on it. I measured some of the rocks in that wall; they were nine feet long and three feet thick and I could not see how far they went back into the wall. The walls were about thirty feet high and were built on both sides of a passage of some kind about thirty feet wide, and the place seemed to be near the center of Jerusalem, and not on the outside of the city wall that is now all

around Jerusalem, as I had supposed their wailing place to be. With a wall thirty feet high all around Jerusalem and with two accessible sides to it, I could not see why the Jews came from all over the town to wail at that particular place.

We saw the palace of Herod, or at least what is left of it. There were growing in it cactus plants as large as my body, that seemed to have grown there "volunteer." They looked like they might be a hundred years old. We saw Tophet, the Jewish hell. It did not seem to be such a hell of a place as you might imagine. They already have two hells in Jerusalem and a place where Mohammed is going to start another one when he gets back. Jerusalem is the best place to start a first-class hell that I ever saw; so little change would be necessary because so much of the preliminary work has already been done.

We saw Solomon's quarry from which he got the stone to build the walls of Jerusalem. Solomon has the reputation of having had great wisdom, but, sometimes, he had a strange way of showing it. The Jews were great fellows for working in stone. Rocks and theology, two hard subjects, are all that there is, or ever was, about Jerusalem for anybody to work in. The idea of killing two birds with one stone seems to be a popular one among the Jews. When Solomon opened that quarry he picked a place where the stone "dips," as geologists call it; that is the strata slant down into the ground at an angle almost the half of a right angle. His scheme was to get out the stone for building the walls of Jerusalem, and at the same time leave an immense hole in the ground into which the inhabitants of the city might flee in case an enemy got into the city. When Titus, therefore, who was the Stonewall Jackson for Vespasian, who was the old Mars Bob Lee of the scrimmage, got into Jerusalem a hundred thousand Jews went into Solomon's big hole and as they could not pull the hole in with them, old Stonewall Titus piled an immense amount of fuel over the mouth of the mine, struck a match on the seat of his breeches and touched it off, and smothered 100,000 Jews in there at one time. They were little things like that that gave Solomon the reputation of belonging to the "smart set."

I don't believe I ever saw any hole in the ground except the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky that would hold 100,000 men, but Solomon's quarry at Jerusalem is an awful big hole in the ground. It goes back 1,000 feet and has one room in it that is 190 by 100 feet, but the debris from dressing the stone has filled it up so that you cannot tell how deep it is. There are a dozen or so stones lying there now that are dressed ready for building, but are lying where they were finished, never having been moved from

there. These stones are about six feet by three by three. One of these stones has been left on the solid face of the stone in the quarry so that it shows how the stones were gotten out. A straight, perpendicular groove, about four inches wide, has been cut, apparently with a hammer and chisel, both in the horizontal and vertical, from the roof of the quarry down to the floor at that place and then when a similar groove was cut across the top and across the bottom of that stone it was ready to be prized off. We were told that those stones were prized off by driving in dry wooden wedges and then wetting the wedges so that in swelling they would prize the stone off. I think that is simply a popular fallacy and that those blocks were prized off by driving iron wedges into those grooves. We were given wax candles to go back into the quarry. It is a very wonderful place.

Strange what ideas do come into the minds of the unregenerate when viewing holy things. As I climbed down the hill in that quarry I was thinking of a verse of my childhood days:

“Solomon was a wise man,
Eve was another;
Abel was a wicked man,
‘Cause he killed his mother.”

We went to the tombs of all the Kings of Israel. It is all cut out of the solid rock with a long flight of thirty or forty steps, all cut also out of the solid rock, going down to the sepulchers. These are all cut in one great enclosure cut thirty or forty feet down in the solid stone, the whole thing occupying a space about a hundred feet square. Down in this space on the opposite side from where the Kings were all buried is a tomb made by Queen Helen, 400 B. C.; for her twenty-five children. That woman was one after Roosevelt's own heart. In front of that tomb is a vestibule, or porch, the roof of which is supported on a row of pillars and the whole thing is cut out of the solid rock. I noticed that rock in all such places: it seemed to have no flaws or fissures or seams in it. This room in Queen Helen's vault is abundant for burying twenty-five people without their unpleasantly crowding each other, and before that door is the same plan of closing the door of a sepulcher which was evidently the one of the sepulcher of Jesus cut at the foot of Mt. Calvary, but the rolling stone door—which, by the way, I noticed was “a rolling stone that had gathered no moss”—at the door of the tomb of Helen's children was very much more perfectly constructed than the one at Calvary had been. That round stone at the tomb of Helen's children was probably eighteen inches thick, third thicker than the one at

Calvary, and the groove in which it rolled was three or four feet deep so that as soon as any part of the door opening into the sepulcher was uncovered that stone would have moved just that far back into that groove and there was the rolling stone now clear back its full width into the groove, and it was fitted into that space there so perfectly and so neatly that, weighing about 3,000 pounds, it would have been exceedingly difficult for any number of men who could get to it, at once, to lift it out of there, even with good implements, without first breaking it up with a heavy hammer.

The round stone at that place called the "Tombs of the Kings," was the only thing about the whole place that was separated from the solid rock. The round stone at Helen's tomb did not seem to me to have, by six inches, the diameter that the rolling stone at the Calvary tomb must have had. The groove being only about four inches deep at the tomb of Jesus, and the round stone being higher than that at the tomb of Helen, and thinner, made the stone at the tomb of Jesus a perfectly unnatural thing for an angel to sit on.

On the other hand the stone that is now rolled away from the door of the tomb of Helen's children, being down in a groove in a platform upon which people walk in coming to the tomb and that groove being right along a smooth wall, that makes a back for the seat and the stone platform being just about the distance from the top of the round stone to make a comfortable and graceful and natural seat, it was perfectly natural that I or any other angel that was a little tired should walk up to that round stone to sit down on it.

It never occurred to me to institute this comparison between the round stone at Calvary and the round stone at the tomb of Helen's children until I came to write this account at my home in Kentucky, in the regular progress of writing this book, Sunday, May 15, 1903, so that I could not have acted as I then did for the purpose of writing it in this book; but unless you can sit flat down on the floor like an Arab that rolling stone at Helen's tomb is the only real good place to sit down about there, and I now remember that I at once walked up to it and put my hand on it. I cannot remember whether or not I sat on it to rest for a few breaths, just as any other tired angel would probably have done, but I am almost certain that if I did not sit on it, it was because I did not have time, having to keep up with the guide that had started with the party into the tomb of "Helen's Babies," the originals of the tots that wanted to "see the wheels go round" in their uncle's watch.

Now here is the point of the long explanation about that

round rock. The man who wrote that story about the angel sitting on the stone that had been rolled away from the grave of Jesus—which is certainly the one out at Calvary, Sweeny and the Pope to the contrary, notwithstanding—was off his nut. He had never seen the particular rolling stone at the grave of Jesus, and had seen this rolling stone at the tomb of Helen's babies, or some one like it, and he knew that the one, or ones, that he had seen, or knew about, were good places to sit on and he didn't know that the rolling stone at the grave of Jesus was no place to sit on, for man, angel, or anything else, unless an angel is a variety of fowl that could fly up there and roost, for a Jerusalem Tom cat couldn't climb upon it, and therefore when the writer, or writers, of that story about the resurrection of Jesus introduced the angel feature of the story, he, or she, made the mistake of representing the angel as sitting on the stone at the grave of Jesus, because he had seen that the stone at the grave of Helen's babies was a good thing to sit on.

Angels have caused a great deal of trouble in theology in that country, any how, by their eternal meddling with rocks. Beside this angel and rock business at the tomb of Jesus, there is at Loretto a whole stone house that an angel brought from Palestine to that place one night, and the big stone steps that the angel carried from Jerusalem to Rome one night, and then the big rock that wanted to go to heaven with Mohammed that the angel Gabriel pulled back.

At the breakfast table at our hotel, in Jerusalem, Mr. F. E. Gregg of Denver, Colorado, told a story that I told him I would put in my book. We were eating some of that honey that in old Bible times used to flow down the mountans in large streams while streams of milk flowed down neighboring streams. Two Jews, Mose and Abe, had come to Denver and gone into the clothing store business. They tried it a year and didn't make any money and Mose sold out to Abe, and Mose went to California. When Mose had been in California three years he wrote Abe that he had made \$100,000 by getting some hands that would work for him every day and Sunday too, and he sent Abe a check for \$1,000, and told Abe to come on and see him at his hotel in New York, and then Mose explained to Abe that he had been in the bee business.

Abe stuck to the clothing business in Denver, and at the end of three years he sent Mose a check for \$2,000, and said that he was worth \$200,000, and that he had made it by going into the bee business and crossing the bees on lightning bugs so that they worked all night.

The condition of Jerusalem is pitiful indeed. I have a scheme

for its betterment that may sound visionary to many, and the details of the materialization of which are, perhaps, fraught with some difficulties that I could not explain away to an adverse questioner. But it is an extraordinary case and extraordinary interest in it should be taken.

Mr. W. E. Lee and wife, of Long Prairie, Minnesota, he being a banker, were the most superior couple of people on the Moltke, regarded as all around man and woman. Neither of them regarded the Christian religion as having in it any element of supernaturalism any more than Mohammedanism, but recognized that there was good and bad in Christians and Christianity as in all other religions, and yet Mr. Lee, when he and I were discussing the unhappy condition of Jerusalem, said he would be glad to start, with \$500, a subscription for the benefit of the people of that city.

Jerusalem has incomparably more in it to make human life miserable than any city in the world. It has disease and ignorance and poverty and it is the policy of its hordes of lying priests to keep them in ignorance that the priests may rob them of even the pittance that they may have and with which they ought to buy food and raiment but both of which they have only in the scantiest degree that these vile priests, the same gang of thieves that Jesus Christ damned in righteous indignation—whatever may have been his own faults—may be decked out in their gorgeous livery of heaven and stuff their rotten carcasses with costly comestibles and fine wines. I do not blame such men as Sweeny, who was personally kind to me, any more than I blame those poor ignorant people in Jerusalem. Sweeny is what he is, and Lee is what he is, because their respective environments made them what they are, and I do not know that, strictly speaking, Lee is entitled to any more credit than Sweeny, but, all the same, the influence of a man like Sweeny, who devoutly believes, from the influences that he has drawn in with his mother's milk, in all the gross religious superstition of Jerusalem, or at least in the Catholic Christian part of that superstition, will go to keep these miserable people of Jerusalem just where they are, while the influence of a man and woman like Mr. and Mrs. Lee will go to better the condition of Jerusalem and good and intelligent men and women, the world over, should interest themselves to do good in this conflict between religious superstition and the advanced thought of the world.

In no other place in all the earth can old women half starved and in rags with their bodies disfigured with leprosy, be found sitting in the rain and mud, with their bare feet on the rocks begging all day for an average of less than five cents and passed unheeded by these vile lying besotted priests as no Turk would pass an old

sick dog on the streets of Constantinople. The Mohammedan has immensely more sympathy for his old dogs in Constantinople than the Patriarch of Jerusalem has for the blind old women in the streets of Jerusalem, the birth-place of the Christian religion. If the civilized world that boasts of the beautiful influence of the Christian religion can do no more for Jerusalem than it is doing it might at least go there, and in pity, chloroform these miserable human beings as a humane society does for hopelessly miserable dogs.

The greatest insult to human intelligence and justice and mercy that can be conceived of is for people of a country like ours to be paying money to some missionaries to live in comfort and luxury and elegant vagabondage outside of the walls of Jerusalem when all of that misery is there inside. It is a time when of all times in history "it is the unexpected that happens," and it may be that the circumstances of my own strange life have peculiarly fitted me to start the sentiment in favor of some rational way of benefiting Jerusalem. A man like the Emperor William of Germany is not fitted for such work. He went to Jerusalem, saw the condition of affairs, kneeled and kissed the same old rocks that Sweeny did, built another fine church in Jerusalem and then came back to murder Chinese men, women and children because they did not believe in his religion.

My town, Lexington, Ky., is for its size the worst town in all the world, and for its population, 30,000, does more to demoralize than any place of its size in the world. It and the whole State of Kentucky have more suicides and murders and assassinations than any place, according to population in the whole world. This is because the chief productions of the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky are whisky, tobacco and race horses. The difference between the base women on Megowan Street in Lexington, whose calling is recognized as all proper by the Christian people of Lexington, and the base women that we saw at Monte Carlo is that those of Lexington are the common run of their calling and those at Monte Carlo are the pick from all over the world of their calling. The only remedy for this condition in Kentucky has been to build more Christian colleges and more fine churches and to hire more and finer priests and preachers. In this State of Kentucky I have had the honor to be regarded by thousands of people, and especially by the clergy, as the worst man who has ever lived in the State. Assassins compared with whom Czolgosz was a model citizen have had their clienteles of the most devoted admirers and have been thought infinitely more of than I am because the ordinary Kentucky Christian assassin only destroys the body while it is regarded

that my work is to destroy the souls of men, women and children in eternal hell. And yet here I am making a plea for Jerusalem, the birthplace of Christian religion, and it is from some principle of this kind that I hope to be able to attract the attention of the world to the condition of that city, with a view to helping them.

It has been my experience that laudable enterprises are more easy of practical accomplishment than they antecedently appeared to be. When I was 28 years old I wanted a railroad through Georgetown, Ky. I had more money and less sense then than I have now. The difficulties in the way of getting a railroad there seemed almost insurmountable, but I started the idea and advanced as I got more light, and the result was the Queen and Crescent Railroad through Georgetown, from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, New Orleans and California. A boy's snowball may start an avalanche.

In the same way it may be possible that what I here say may result in a literal "New Jerusalem" in Palestine. No Infidel, any more than a Christian, can afford to have the story of Jerusalem wiped from the pages of history. The man who would now destroy the remains of Pompeii would certainly be a vandal and an assassin of enlightenment. Jerusalem is certainly of as much historical value as Pompeii, and yet Jerusalem, as it is, is not a fit place for an abode of human beings, and it never was, because there is nothing in it or around it upon which people can profitably bestow their labor. Priestcraft and religious trinkets are all that that town and country can ever produce, and to introduce into the town the improvements of modern days would simply require the demolition of the town. And it would be a world's loss if even with the rub of Aladin's lamp the most beautiful city in the world could be placed where Jerusalem now is. That town is now just as it was 2,000 years ago, when Jesus was there, and it will be just like it now is 2,000 years from now unless the world does something to help it. I honor all of those good people, including Booker T. Washington, eminently, who are doing what they can to help the Negroes and Indians of America; common justice, to say nothing of mercy, demands it. We robbed the Indian of his country and then robbed the Negro of his labor to make America what it now is; but the Negroes and Indians of America are Kings and Queens compared with the people of Jerusalem, who are systematically trained by old priests to believe that the highest duty of life is to kiss old Christian and Mohammedan rocks and support Christian and Mohammedan priests. What ought to be done, then, is to engage for the help of these people such rich philanthropists as Carnegie, the Infidel; Rockefeller, the Chris-

tian, and Rothschilds, the Jew, to combine in a scheme to help Jerusalem, and I believe this can be done without the ultimate loss of a single dollar to them, and possibly with great profit to them.

Jerusalem should all be cleaned out just as Pompeii has been and left to be visited by searchers of information, just as Pompeii is, except that some of the best houses in the best parts of the town and possibly some of the best people of the town might be left there, under strict police surveillance, to conduct any intelligent and honorable business that might be desirable by the intelligent there. Nobody would have any right to curtail the just religious privileges of the Jew, Christian or Mohammedan, but the whole world would have the right to stop the flagrant superstition there, in all the main part of it that is simply the robbery of the poor and ignorant people by the priests of all three of these religions.

The aged and diseased and all physically unable to take care of themselves should be provided for in the fine charitable institutions that are already established outside of the walls of Jerusalem, including the asylums for lepers. I saw Infidel and Christian men and women right at the gate of Gethsemane walk around a leprous woman sitting in the street, as they would around a snake because they were afraid to touch her. Your Dowies and Christian Scientists and other brands of Christian liars and fools will practice their healing fakes here in America where they can make money out of their dupes, but you never hear of them going to Jerusalem to tackle the lepers in that place.

In connection with this moral and physical cleansing of the Augean stable of Jerusalem, and some some little in advance of it, there should be laid out and built, as there was a demand for it, in the middle of the beautiful and fertile plain of Sharon at a point about forty-five miles from the present city of Jerusalem, a city with all the modern advantages in it, the city to be called "New Jerusalem," just as our greatest American city is called New York for old York in England. American and European experts in agriculture and manufacture, with the finest machinery in all departments, should be sent as instructors to the people of this New Jerusalem, and a railway should be built from the nearest good harbor on the Mediterranean to New Jerusalem. Such a railroad would not probably have to be more than twenty-five miles long and could easily be built because that half of the railroad to Jerusalem runs over perfectly level ground with the easiest possible conditions for the building of a road, and no harbor can ever be made at Jaffa because the rocks there make it

dangerous. The people who now live in Jerusalem should be induced to come to New Jerusalem, nice, sweet, though, comparatively inexpensive, homes and land for them to **work on**, in exchange for their miserable dens of masonry in which they now live in Jerusalem, and these able-bodied people in New Jerusalem could support by their labor, themselves and their poor in the asylums outside the walls at Jerusalem, while **any young** and able-bodied that may now be in Jerusalem are **fast going**, like their ancestry, into all the inevitable infirmities, mental, moral and physical, of their ancestors.

That plain of Sharon, in which New Jerusalem should be built is, I would guess, about sixty miles long and thirty miles wide; that is about the size of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, the most famous agricultural region in the world. The Plain of Sharon is splendidly watered by streams, the sources of which are in the mountains of Palestine where the water falls on the rocks and runs off to make these streams in the plain. The Plain of Sharon is in a great many respects better adapted to human abode than is the Blue Grass region, and it lies between that plain and the fields of Egypt as to which is the most perfect for agricultural purposes that I ever saw. The plains of Egypt have to be irrigated from the Nile, but this can be done cheaply and with great success. The Plain of Sharon that literally "blossoms like the rose," because it is the home of the rose of Sharon, seems not to need irrigation, but could, if desired, be easily irrigated from the streams in it, because the country is almost perfectly level.

Altogether the Plain of Sharon, taking its splendid climate, rich soil and abundant water for man and beast and vegetation, all combined, is, I believe, the finest place to live that I ever saw, so far as nature has done for human comfort. And yet the larger part of the people of that splendid country, live in houses made of mud or of the product of the camel. Women, camels, cows and donkeys and old men all work together in that plain, while the strong young men are put into the army of the Sultan to keep the Christians from robbing him of that land as the Christians' predecessors, the Jews, led by the God of Moses and Joshua and David and Solomon, tried some years since—about 2500—to rob the Philistines of that plain and couldn't make the raffle because the people of the plain had chariots of iron and literally "took the Jews off at the knees," when they got before those chariots. That beautiful plain is now cultivated by plows made out of the fork of a tree or by digging it with short handled grubbing hoes, over which the laborers "do bow down their backs always," while I, poor as I am, have on my Kentucky farm a disk plow and self-binding reaper,

either of which, in my sixty-sixth year, I could mount and with a nice umbrella over me, if necessary, do as much labor as fifty of those Palestine laborers are doing, and do it with pleasure to myself. If Socialists are fools enough to argue that what I suggest would throw thousands of people out of employment, I am under no obligation to pay any attention to a man or woman whose argument, carried to its legitimate conclusion, demands that as a farmer I shall go back to the wooden mouldboard plow that my father made a large fortune on, or that, as an editor and publisher, I should throw out of my printing office my linotype and go back to sticking type the old-fashioned way, or that I should throw away my cylinder press, run by electricity, and get a printing outfit like the old Infidel Ben Franklin used, when Franklin was certainly a greater man than I am, and never was put in jail or the penitentiary in his whole life, and all of this because linotypes and cylinder presses and electricity threw out of employment thousands and thousands of honest and hard working men.

The only objection made to my plan by the Cookies when I related it was that Palestine belonged to the Turks and that the Sultan would not allow any interference with his plans. Nearly all of those people were Northern people. I was born a slave owner and I remember that when the Southern people wanted to defend their "peculiar institution," slavery, those Northern people said "Johnie, get your gun," and they spent billions of dollars and thousands and thousands of lives to emancipate slaves who were glorious freemen in comparison with the miserable men and women in Jerusalem that I want you to help. All reasonable concession and advance should be made to the Sultan to induce him to do what is reasonable and right for the miserable people in Jerusalem. We should be willing to make even greater concession than we would in any individual business, and then, when all reasonable modes of inducement had been tried, if still the Sultan was unmoved, as I do not think would be the case, as his generosity to us Cookies showed that he was fully as kind-hearted as any Christian ruler, the slogan that should pass along the lines of the whole civilized world should be "Johnie get your gun, and get it p. d. q."

Another plan to help Jerusalem is for the balance of the civilized world to say to England: "Go in and win, and the balance of us will keep hands off." And the English would do for Jerusalem what they have all along done for Cairo and the balance of Egypt on the dead sly. England has her hand on the wind-pipe of the Sultan, and the Khedive of Egypt, professedly subject to the Sultan, and every other Mohammedan in Egypt is glad of it, and the English soldier has taken Cairo when it was like Jerusalem

now is, and he has made of it the city of all the world, that royalty from all over Europe select as the place to spend their winters, and Tommy Atkins has done it with his little hatchet.

It is strange to me that a people of such intelligence as the English would be willing to play with as expensive a toy as royalty is, even if their Kings and Queens, including the present male incumbent, were ordinarily decent people, and it is true that Edward VII. is just as truly the Pope of Protestantism as Leo XIII. is the Pope of Catholicism, and I would not give a tinker's damn for the difference between the two men, and my sympathies were with the Boers on the same principle that they are with my grandfather and my father, who fought the British, respectively, in the Revolution and the War of 1812.

Nothing succeeds like success. If Washington had failed his reputation now would be the same as that of Wat Tyler or Benedict Arnold. If Jefferson Davis and Oom Paul had succeeded they would now be two more Washingtons, and Lincoln and Grant would be two more Catalines. But money talks and facts speak louder than words, and it is true that England, like Rome, before the latter swapped her old gods for the new ones now in power there, has always conquered only to improve the condition of those she conquered. Give England the wink on this Jerusalem question, and with no trouble to the balance of the world she will take care of Jerusalem just as she has done of Cairo, and if the "unspeakable Turk" does not like it he can lump it.

CHAPTER VII.

Just before I came to this point, in writing this book, some person unknown to me sent me a copy of "The Christian Herald, an Illustrated Family Magazine," dated "New York, April 8, 1903." Its first page has elegant pictures of the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and the article on that first page is headed: "Easter Day in Jerusalem—The Strange Spectacle of the 'Holy Fire,' as Described By An Eye-Witness."

I had written my account of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre before this account from this Christian paper had been sent to me, and I reprint this from the "Christian Herald" to show how strikingly it agrees with my account. The account from the "Christian Herald" is as follows:

Jerusalem was thronged with pilgrims. As we rode in through the new parts, outside the old walls, it seemed as if all the city were having holiday; and after passing in through the Jaffa gate, the crowds became more dense. So did the dust and the heat.

The streets were busy. In spite of the sun, people of all colors and races were crowding and pushing, all hurrying to one point, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was the day before the Greek Easter, and at two o'clock, they told us, "holy fire from heaven would descend upon the sepulchre of Christ, as an eternal token of his resurrection from the dead. There were manly-looking officers and seamen from the Greek man-of-war stationed at Jaffa, native priests, with their queer stove-pipe hats, and tall, solemn fanatics from Abyssinia; but most numerous of all were the multitudes of Russian peasants, stolid and solemn, the men all wearing heavy beards, and long, light hair parted over meek foreheads. Poor peasants! They come at enormous expense, and even at risk of life, thousands of weary miles, over muddy roads and in filthy steerages. They are so simple, so sincere, as ignorant and trustful dumb as the beasts. However we may condemn the priests, we can only pity them.

Of course there was no place for us on the floor of the crowded church, but through the kindness of our consul, ten or twelve American gentlemen were admitted to a little archway reserved for the purpose. Under the guidance of the consular dragoman

and two "kawasses," a path was cleared for us, and we were led safely through the dark mazes of the crowded building, and up to a gallery, some forty feet above the main floor. We were under the great dome, in the best possible place for witnessing the coming ceremony. Below was a sight never to be forgotten. Under the center of the dome is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—an ugly octagonal building, about twenty-six feet long and seventeen wide. Around this a narrow aisle was kept open by Turkish soldiers. There must have been a couple of regiments of them. The privates locked arms all along both sides of this pathway, and the officers preserved order by the unsparing use of rawhide whips. Except for this narrow aisle, the whole building was packed with people, not only under the rotunda, but out in every direction as far as we could see.

I have been in many great crowds in New York and Chicago, but I never saw such a crowd as this. Men and women were pressed together so that they could not even move their hands. The fronts ranks were driven back by the strength of hundreds of soldiers, and by the blows of whips; the rear ranks were simply crushed until they could be crushed no more. There were many fights, fierce ones, too, not like the good-natured struggles of an American crowd. Most of the people had been standing there since the night before, standing perhaps twenty hours in that heat and stench! No wonder they lost their tempers! Now two big Syrians would enter into a fierce struggle for some place of vantage. Now a priest would vainly attempt to force his way through the solid mass. The scene was strained, crowded, filthy, earnest, cruel. We heard afterward that several Russians were trampled to death. It is probably true. Such things happen nearly ever year.

It is now one o'clock. The ceremony is not due till two; but it is beginning already. The Greek patriarch, resplendent with gold and jewels, marches around the Chapel of the Sepulchre, followed by bishops and deacons, only less gorgeous than himself. Now the crowd takes up a chant, fierce and loud and monotonous, and a roll of thunder comes from the voices of 10,000 pilgrims, who are at the consummation of their hopes. I was told that the chant begins like this:

"God has come to earth to-day: we are saved by his blood.
We are glad; but the Jews are sorrowful"

After encircling the chapel three times, the Greek patriarch was joined by the Armenian patriarch and both entered the sacred building. What happens inside? The Greek priests say that fire descends from heaven upon the sepulchre of Christ. A man, who

stood next me, derided this as "a heathenish farce." It would be interesting to enter with the two patriarchs and see how they act in the presence of this greatest of mysteries, or this greatest of impostures. But to the multitude outside, it is all intensely true.

The moment has come! The fire is to be handed out through a hole in the side of the chapel. Near it are stationed a score of large, muscular men, dressed only in their underclothing. They are runners, strong men of the different churches, who will take the fire and carry it to their chapels, which are scattered throughout the great building—Coptic, Armenian, Greek, Abyssinian, Syriaë.

Every one is silent now. The great bell suddenly begins clanging, as if for an alarm of fire, and again the throng takes up its weird, thunderous chant. A spark appears at the opening. A runner lights his torch and holds it under his bent body, while two others rush him through the crowd and out of the church. Now he is mounted and galloping toward Bethlehem. Others of the strong men light their torches and, forming wedges, they rush through the struggling crowd and bring the fire to their chapel. The Abyssinian team makes frantic efforts, but again and again their torch is put out by the opposing factions, and it is only at the fifth rush that they are successful.

Here and there in the multitude, men have caught the fire. Each pilgrim has a torch made of twenty or more candles and the flame is passed from one to another. Ropes carry it up to galleries above. Away down the long aisles lights appear. Now the whole building is one mass of fire and smoke. And all the while the great bell is clanging, and ten thousand throats are roaring out a chant which is half a praise to God, and half a curse upon their fellow-men.

Poor pilgrims! They let the smoke of the candles play around their faces and naked breasts. "It will not burn them," they say. They will save these candles, and will light them upon festal occasions or on the days of sacred feasts.

The very caps with which they extinguish the flame are sacred, and will be worn upon their death-beds as a sure passport to paradise.

Poor pilgrims! They are so happy now. You can see it upon their homely, careworn faces. For they have journeyed far to see the Holy City, and they have "lighted their candles at the very flame of God."

LEWIS GASTON LEARY.

Beirut, Syria.

CHAPTER VIII.

On March 9th we left Jerusalem. The last thing that I remember, inside the walls, was a crowd of Russian pilgrims that seemed just to have arrived in Jerusalem, all wearing an expression of ignorance and expectancy and very poor and dirty clothes and the women all wearing big, heavy leather boots that came up to their knees.

We went back to Jaffa over the same route that I have described to you, and had this ride in small boats out to the Moltke that I have described to you. My last view of Jerusalem being that of the new city outside of the walls, was like my first view of it—very beautiful.

We got to Alexandria on March 10th. It is 267 miles from Jaffa. It has 335,000 inhabitants and a very fine harbor. There was a fine arrangement for coaling vessels by steam instead of by baskets carried by men, as we had been seeing. The palace of the Khedive stood on the edge of the harbor and was comparable to the new and unoccupied palace of the Sultan at Constantinople. Many fine ships lying in the harbor were gayly decorated with long strings of flags. Some said it was in celebration of a Mohammedan feast of four days, something like the Christian Christmas. The dragomans that came to meet us were beautifully attired in what seemed to be silk costumes. In 1820 the English bombarded Alexandria and took possession and put 10,000 troops in possession there, and the Khedive's army is officered by English. Alexandria is a good-looking city, but is in the style in which it was originally built. It was originally much handsomer than Cairo and is handsomer than old Cairo now, but is not comparable to the new part of Cairo. Steam machinery was unloading electric street cars. We did not stop in the city going, the itinerary being arranged to see it as we came back. There were some elegant suburban residences. On the farms we saw them working buffaloes to their plows. They were not like an American buffalo or bison that is now becoming extinct. These Egyptian buffaloes have long horns that so lie back on the sides of their necks that they can not be used for fighting. They are all black, and all look fat and well, and they seem to be very docile and their owners seem to treat

them kindly. They are generally worked singly and when they stop to eat and rest at noon the workmen eat and lie down and sleep wherever they are in the fields, and the buffalo eats and then goes to the canal that comes out from the Nile and gets his drink and then lies down so that only his head sticks out.

From Alexandria to Cairo is 240 miles. We made the trip by railway. The railroad is of very perfect construction, and the coaches are of the English style and are very luxurious. They run fast and very smoothly, much of the road being along the Nile so as to be in sight of the river much of the time. For a considerable distance from Alexandria the Nile is so wide that you cannot see across it. The bulrushes in which the infant Moses was found grow along a great part of the Nile shore, and the water is nearly on a level with the land. These bulrushes are a round smooth reed about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and grow so thick that they make a nice place to hide a little baby, put into a nice tight soap box, that is set to float in the bulrushes. The bulrushes are about four feet high and slope up to a point. They are so stiff that they would keep the baby boat from floating away in the moderate current of the river. The bulrushes in the river form the only good place to hide a baby and it must have the little boat. It is perfectly possible that Pharaoh's daughter found that baby perfectly accidentally, but I believe, both from the Bible story and the general looks of things along that river, that she knew where that baby was before she found it, and had good reason to know who its mamma was. I would not say this but for the fact that the young lady is dead now, and her matrimonial eligibility cannot be damaged by any misconstruction that may be put upon my remarks, and as the Pharaoh family were not up on the American language I don't think I am liable to a suit for libel for what I have here written.

We saw date farms and sugar cane growing in abundance. For some miles the railway ran through the shallow water on an embankment not more than three feet high. Thousands of wild ducks, if not millions, would fly away as the train approached, and I could but think of old Grover Cleveland. There were many beautiful yellow flowers, some of which reminded me of our American golden rod. There were adobe towns. I suppose it was into these sun-dried bricks that the "straw" was put that is mentioned in the Bible, and I suppose the straw was the very tough thing that I saw the Egyptians making matting of, and that the straw was cut in pieces a few inches long and mixed through mud to make the bricks stronger. There were no trees except palms. The country was perfectly level as far as the eye could reach. There

were running all through the country canals running out far from the Nile for the double purpose of irrigation and navigation. These canals had on them boats about fifty feet long that were carried by latteen sails on yard arms sixty feet long that stood at an angle on short masts. Much the greater part of the time you could not see the canal so that these ships looked exactly like they were sailing through the fields of wheat and English clover.

There were beautiful smooth roads through the country and some very beautiful houses with fine grounds around them, and some of the adobe towns were exceedingly picturesque. Along these roads were walking many nice looking young women, who seemed to be healthy and happy, most of them having burdens carried in bundles or large trays on their heads. These burdens were not heavy, though sometimes quite large, and it was surprising how jauntily and gracefully they could carry these and how fast they could walk and talk at the same time.

It is remarkable how much of their work the people do while sitting down. I saw men making brick who sat right down in the mud they were working, and yet they seemed to be cleaner than our American farm laborers, and not to be working hard. The making of brick just seemed to be a natural advance from the mud-pie state.

All Oriental people have modes of sitting down that are quite different from ours. With the introduction of Europeans into Egypt the native Egyptians have, to some extent, learned to sit on chairs as we do, but the natural way for the Oriental to sit seems to be to draw his feet up under him and sit on them as the feet lie on their sides on a floor or elevated platform when they are sitting at leisure. When they sit down at work they let the soles of their feet remain on the ground and then they squat down until they sit on the ground, their legs being shut up like a jack-knife and supporting the body. No American people can at all sit that way and yet it seems quite as natural and as restful to these Orientals as our mode of sitting down to us. They cut the English clover as they sit down and bind it in bundles as they go, and then pack about 800 pounds of it on each camel and take it right from the field to the market. That "English sweet clover," as our Cookies called it, is quite different from our American clover. It has a white bloom on it like our indigenous clover, but the balance of the plant is more like our red clover. It does not fall down like our clover, and, of course, is not injured by rain, as rain is not common there. This clover is about two and one-half feet high and stands perfectly straight and very thick on the ground, and they only cut it as they use it or sell it. It seems to

be the main food of all their live stock, even of their fine carriage horses when they are worked every day. On the roads the people ride camels, buffaloes and donkeys and some horses. The whole country is irrigated from the Nile. The river is about ten feet lower than the country during the greater part of the year and the water is run off from the river in large canals and these large ones divide into small ones, and all of this water has to be raised about ten feet to get into the little trenches in each field from which the water can be let out or shut off by a few shovelfuls of dirt removed from the side of one of these little trenches and then put back when the desired amount of water has been run out. This water is sometimes raised from the river level by various hand appliances, one of these being a hollow screw that slants down into the water, but the most common way of raising it is by a wheel turned by a buffalo, generally a cow, the wheel being from ten to fifteen feet in diameter and having buckets, or earthen pitchers, that hold about three gallons each arranged on a chain that runs over the wheel. We saw a few instances where they were doing this pumping by steam. The soil that is deposited by the annual overflow of the Nile from the water that starts 3,000 miles from there, is the very richest alluvial deposit. The higher this overflow the better for all crops and the greater the prosperity of the country, and the highest point to which the Nile will get at each annual overflow is watched with great interest by the people, and from this they know almost precisely, in advance, each year what will be the yield of their crops for that year. I saw men sowing wheat in water nearly up to their knees, the mode of sowing that the Bible alludes to when it says "cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to thee after many days." One day I heard one Cookie who was trying to make another give to a beggar, quote that about casting your bread upon the water and the fellow said: "I don't like water-soaked bread." We saw them plowing in water over a foot deep. When the Nile subsides the ground bakes and great, deep, broad cracks run through it, but in cultivating it it pulverizes perfectly. All along this road there are many fine new factories. Many large piles of sacks of grain are left lying out on the ground as if the people were not afraid of having them stolen nor of their being injured. I saw a great many things that showed that theft is not nearly so common there as it is in our country.

At every village we would see the minarets from the mosques, but there seemed to be little or no appearance of Christian churches. I think that the Mohammedans in Egypt are a more moral people than the Christians in America. They do not seem to get drunk, or to fight, or to steal. They do a great deal of quarreling and

disputing with each other, but they rarely come to blows, and if one man strikes another at all he nearly always simply slaps him with his open hand. When they are mad at each other instead of shutting their hands in the shape of a fist and shaking them in each other's faces, they stick their fingers straight out and bring them all together in a point and shake them in each other's faces, and the man who does the most talking is always regarded by the crowd as the victor.

I saw many crows, the heads, tails and wings of which were black, while the balance of their plumage was a blending of blue and yellow. In nearly all other respects these crows are like ours in America. But in the Orient, in one respect, the crows and pigeons are just the reverse of what we have in America. The crows are almost as gentle as our poultry, and light on any houses in the cities, while the pigeons live wild in the country as our crows do here. The bird that in America we call a dove is unknown in the Orient, and what the English-speaking people there call doves are our commonest variety of blue pigeon. It would be truer to nature to paint the white dove that is said to have descended from heaven on the head of Jesus as a blue pigeon.

In the fields along the road to Cairo you would see parties of about twenty-five farm hands all in a row digging in the fields. There would be one boss to every five or six. The bosses do not work, but stand in front of the laborers all the time and watch them. The handles of their hoes are not more than two and one-half feet long and they bow down very low in digging. The Orientals are, when straightened to run or walk, much straighter than our American people, and are much stronger and faster, and yet they seem to take pains to double themselves up in sitting or lying. The telegraph poles were all of iron. The peculiar product of the camel would be seen drying everywhere for fuel, and it is almost the only fuel used for cooking in the old part of Cairo. We saw in some places brick yards of hundreds of acres that it seemed must have required thousands of years to consume the immense amount of soil that had been taken from them. I suppose the Jews were made to work in these brick yards when they were slaves, and that it was because the Egyptians increased their labor by requiring each man to make his number of brick and gather his own straw, which had formerly been furnished him, that the Jews arranged to run away from Egypt, and their departure was probably not very earnestly resisted from the fact that they had leprosy among them.

We saw the Pharaoh that is said to have been drowned in the Red Sea, in the Museum in Cairo. He had been stored away in a

pyramid. He did not look like he had ever been drowned. He was an awful dry looking old cuss when I saw him. He had a smile on his face that looked like he was amused by that biographical sketch of him in the Bible. He seemed to regard it as a good joke that he knew I appreciated as I stood there looking at him. There were around old man Pharoah—I think they call him Sesostris and Rameses II,—a number of young ladies that Pharoah used to go to see, Saturday nights, and several of them had smiles on their faces and one had her hair curled and had real nice yellow hair. I do not think it was blondined. Embalming a smile so as to make it last three or four thousand years is a pretty good joke in the undertakers' line, but those old fellows did it just the same. I hardly think those people died with their smiles on their faces, but there was no reason why they should not do it—they did not believe in any hell—and that smiling expression may have been put on their faces by the embalmer, or it may have come there naturally from the shrinking of the flesh; but, any way, old Pharoah looked like he had just read the Bible story about his getting drowned in the Red Sea, and had said: "Well, I should smile," and was acting accordingly. As a Prohibitionist I did not know what to say about Pharoah. There was no doubt about his being a "dry," but he took his "smile." There were some cactus fences ten feet high. There were some striking cases of immodesty among the men in their bathing in the canals as we saw them from the train windows, but nothing so bad as we saw among the Cookies at the Dead Sea.

I got my first view of the Pyramids when we were about ten miles from Cairo, the pyramids being eight miles from Cairo in a line at right angle with the railway. I shall never forget that first view of the pyramids. I had been day-dreaming about that first view of the pyramids, and believing that I would see them, for more than fifty years, and I said to some one near me: "All things come to those who wait, if they wait long enough." I had often wondered if I would feel disappointed when I should first see the pyramids, and now I realized that after all of my years of thinking about them and reading about them and seeing pictures of them, here they were at last, seen by me in my sixty-sixth year, through a beautiful clear air, and with my remarkably fine eyesight, and they were even more wonderful than anything I had ever imagined, or could have imagined. There were three things that we saw that impressed me more than anything else. They were the pyramids, the Coliseum and Mount Vesuvius. There were many other things that came on fairly close behind these, but those three are my trinity of the world's wonders. There is

an awe of grandeur, a solemnity of dignity about those three things whose "silence is golden" that tells the story of the ages that have swept over them and left them still standing and looking at the rise and fall of nations and kingdoms and religions, yea, and of continents, that makes me feel like a pigmy, morally and intellectually and physically, as I sit here in my far-away home and tell about them, and that I realize ought to make me an humble and better man when I think of them.

No man who is not a consummate and incorrigible ass whose bray is discord to every educated ear, can go and see those things and then come back to America to any pulpit, or tripod, or rostrum, or forum, and say to the gaping fools that generally make the audiences for such men: "Our religion, our laws, our morals, our country, our men and our women are the greatest and best that the world ever saw." It is this brand of fools of whom Job said: "No doubt ye are the ones, and wisdom will die with you." The pyramids are the nearest to supernatural looking things that I have ever seen. As I looked at them from our train they seemed more like dreams than reality.

Cairo has a population of 750,000 inhabitants. About one-half of the city, that is from five to ten thousand years old, is very much like Jerusalem, except that Cairo is on level ground, and everything everywhere in Cairo is just as clean and healthful and happy as Jerusalem is the reverse of all of these. The old part of Cairo should, for its historical interest and as a kind of kindergarten for "grown-ups," be kept perpetually just as it now is. What are called "The Streets of Cairo" at our American World's Fairs are intended to be an imitation of the old parts of Cairo, and are about as good a "stagger" at a representation as would be practicable. The streets in old Cairo, I suppose, would average about twelve feet in width and, of course, such narrow streets could not have accommodated the crowds that thronged the "Midway" at Chicago, and hence the streets of the imitation Cairo at Chicago had to be very wide. The Chicago Cairo made as much noise in one day as old Cairo would make in a hundred years. The shops, or what we call stores in America, are, in old Cairo, generally small, but sometimes as large as the largest store-rooms in Lexington, and outwardly they are unpretentious, but internally they are quite ornamental in the gorgeous and brilliant colored style of the Orient and they are filled with beautiful and attractive things designed largely for trade with tourists, and our Cookies, especially the women, were so dazzled by thir beauty and cheapness that those bazaars, as they are all called, got great amounts of money from the people of our party, nearly all of whom were rich. The rivalry

among the women to get "bargains" was just as great as among American women at an auction. You would imagine that these people, who had money by the barrel, would not stop to higgie about the price of things that they wanted, but they were all the time trying to "do" the shop people in trades. A woman would buy something for a dollar—of course, we had no such money as dollars and cents; I mean their equivalents—and would be boasting to everybody that would listen to her, about her bargain, until she came across some other woman who had one just like it that she said cost a quarter, sometimes lying and sometimes telling the truth, and then that woman who had paid the dollar would fall into abject despondency and could neither eat nor sleep and would abuse the hotel and the Cooks and the Moltke and she would hire a fine carriage and its turnout and a guide and she would spend another day in the bazaar of that fellow that she would claim had swindled her out of seventy-five cents, and she would vilify the fellow awfully. The bazaar man would not know any English and she would have to tell the guide what to say to the Arab rascal, and, of course, she could not tell what her guide was saying, and I suppose that in all cases these two people, who had heard this old racket a million times before, would simply be talking about anything and everything except what the woman thought they were talking about and that woman was paying that guide and the carriage driver for their time.

But the new part of Cairo is the most beautiful and delightful city in the world to live in, and therefore the aristocracy and royalty of all Europe go there to spend their winters. The Cooks divided us up among three hotels. They were the Gezira, Shephard's and the Grand Continental. I was at the last. They were all splendid, but each had its advantages and disadvantages. The Gezira and its grounds cost \$5,000,000. A Mohammedan young blood built it for a palace, but it was too rich for his blood and he just changed it into a hotel without making any change in the house or the servants that attended. Sweeny was put at the Gezira and he just raised sand and cain and hell, and all those disagreeable things, because Cook's managers, Young and Dosse, had put him away off on the other side of the Nile, where he had to cross the river and come into the city every time he wanted to see anything. The hotel that seemed to have the most reputation was the Shephard's. It was very handsome, but not so much so as either of the other two, but it had, back of the hotel, grounds of two or three acres that were as beautiful as a fairy land. The Shephard's is on a part of the street where it is not very wide, and the view in front is obstructed by business houses. The Grand

Continental occupies nearly a whole square. It has a white marble veranda in front that is about eight feet above the pavement and protected by banisters, and which is 300 feet long and sixty feet wide. Half of that veranda was curtained in with beautifully colored curtains and covered with material of the same kind and lighted with many beautiful chandeliers, and decorated with elegant growing flowers and all opening into other immense rooms in the hotel, making a grand ball-room, one night when we had a ball there. The Cookies went from one to another of these hotels, as suited them, it being understood that each one was to eat and sleep where or she was assigned. That veranda had on it an abundance of comfortable chairs, and in front of it was the broadest and most fashionable street in Cairo, and along that rolled the elegant carriages and automobiles and autobicycles and all modes of modern elegance and luxury mixed up with the strange carriages, or carts, or wagons, or whatever they were, upon which rode the Mohammedan women of old Cairo. On the opposite side of that wide street from us was a park of perhaps fifty acres, having in it many strange trees, among them the banyan. These banyan trees were about seventy-five feet, measured across the center from the ends of the limbs on each side, and they would have a hundred or more bodies coming down from the limbs. The limbs start out horizontally about twenty-five feet from the ground and from under the bottoms of these limbs there start down growths that look like straight vines and on the ends of these vines there is, in each case, a bunch of fine roots. This vine-shaped thing grows on down to the ground and these little roots grow into the ground and then that vine-like thing grows into a very firm and hard body about an average of six inches in diameter and stands like a stiff, firm post to support the limb from which it came. I believe that that banyan tree thinks and that it supports itself just like the Mohammedans supported the roof of the Alhambra with those small pillars and that the banyan tree suggested to the Mohammedans the architecture of the Alhambra. Along in front of that veranda where we sat much of the time at that hotel there passed continually a strange panorama of people in strange costumes. The most beautiful women I ever saw, the most of them, and each beautiful, were at that hotel. They were dressed very handsomely and in exquisite taste. They would come to that hotel, sometimes with their gentlemen friends and sometimes without any gentlemen, and sit on that veranda and order different drinks and ices and light repasts and eat them at the little tables on that veranda. But few of them spoke English. We had a few right pretty women among our Cookie people, but we had a good many

that were not so awfully much so, and some of those pretty Cairo women made some of our Cookie women show to a bad advantage. The Cookie women said that all of those pretty Cairo women painted. I don't know; I am pretty good on the eyesight and if there is anything on earth that I can see plainly it is a pretty woman, and I tried my bifocals on a lot of those pretty women, and if they painted I could not see it. But their complexions were absolutely perfect. They were very bright and vivacious. None of those women were Mohammedans. All Mohammedan women dress in black and have black veils that cover the whole of their faces, except a slit across their faces that enables you to see from the top of their eyebrows down nearly to the end of the nose. Across that space there was a singular thing that ran from the top of the nose and was fastened to the veil on the end of the nose so as to hold it up. That thing was a piece of brass just about the length and diameter of an average shotgun cartridge, but open at both ends. But the brass or oride was a very deep yellow, and rough like it had been cast. There were around this cylinder three rings, the edges of which stuck out an eighth of an inch from the cylinder. Every Mohammedan woman had on one of those things, and half the women we saw were Mohammedans. These things were all just alike, and all seemed bright and new. It is a rare thing that fashion in women's dress has in it any element of common sense, but that thing on those women's noses was the most unnatural thing I ever saw, and it seemed impossible that those women could have good health and wear those thick veils over their faces, especially in that climate, where we were then keeping in the shade in the first half of March, because it was too warm, and fighting some of those same old flies that Moses and the Magicians brought there to worry old Pharaoh. Among the things that the Arabs had to sell, who thronged the pavement in front of the veranda, were fly brushes, neatly made by fastening hair from the manes or tails of white horses, on nice handles. I did not think the flies were any worse in numbers and energy with which they attend to business than I have seen them in Kentucky. But the philosopher, even of the Stoic brand, has never yet been born who could retain his equanimity after the same fly had lit at the same place on his nose fourteen times. When that happens the man who does not swear is a liar and a hypocrite, because he feels in his heart of hearts something that he has not the manly courage to utter with his lips, and I have no respect for a man who acts so as to try to make the world think that he feels one way when he feels another.

Mark Twain is a good fellow and generally a reliable historian, but he is a liar. He says you can go out to the pyramids

and dip up a bushel of sand and let it sit fifteen minutes and half of it will jump out, because it is fleas. That statement is exaggerated.

The vehicles that those Mohammedan women rode on were curiosities. They had nothing but a pair of shafts and an axle and two wheels and a flat platform on top and on this platform five or six women would be sitting flat down, and the whole push would be pulled by a little donkey three feet high, with the hair on his legs done up in a tonsorial art that suggested that the donkey barber must have set up of nights to do that. That donkey, if he would be feeling right good, would attain a velocity of two miles an hour. The woman could look at you but you couldn't do any good by looking at them, and it got monotonous after you had examined two or three million of those shot-gun cartridges they wore on their noses. When I would look at them coming by I would sometimes feel like yelling out: "Whoa, January!" or "Whoa, Emma!" or inquiring: "Are you going all the way to-night?" but I thought they would not appreciate such an Occidental joke, and that they were not up on English, and I could not see if they smiled, anyhow, so I refrained.

The women that were not Mohammedans had very fine carriages and very fine horses and they not only had mated horses, but the had match men runners that went before the horses about fifty yards in front, that were as much alike as the twins in "Comedy of Errors." What the use of these two men was I never did find out. The fashion of having them started somehow in Pharaoh's time and nobody in fashionable society had had the courage to disregard a social precedent. A pair of men would run about fifty yards in front of every carriage and whether the ladies in the carriages were shopping, or calling, or just driving for recreation, those two men would run just as long and as fast as those horses could go, and they were good horses, Arabia being close by, and those men always kept the same distance from the horses and were followed by the driver and carriage wherever they went. Those two men could go that gait hours at a time, and talk Arab to each other as they ran just as easily as any two Americans can walk on a good street and converse. Those two men, in all cases, had the same kind of costumes, but their legs and feet were always bare from the knees down. They were always very handsomely dressed, and were always very handsome men. They all wore red fezes with handsome tassels on them and red silk jackets that glistened with beautiful spangles, perfectly white negligee shirts with soft loose linen cambric bosoms, and white linen trousers that came to the knees and the legs of which were

so large that they looked like solid skirts. Each of these men carried a rod of polished wood of mahogany color, about six feet long and an inch thick, caught with his left hand in the middle and carried perpendicularly in front of him.

Funeral processions and wedding processions would pass by there very frequently. They were always impressive and extensive and you could not tell one from the other, except in the bridal procession the thing on wheels, in which the bride was, and which was wrapped all over in a long drapery glistening with brass and spangles, was without the thing like a stove-pipe that stuck up out of one end of the box, with a fancy-colored piece of goods tied around the end of it, when the party inside had gone dead. Whether they had their funeral processions and their wedding processions so much alike because they thought it was jolly to die, or because getting married was just about as serious as getting dead, I never found out. The bride is always going to the house of the bridegroom and he has never seen her, and never will see her until after they are married. There are generally two or three hundred people in one of these processions, all on foot, generally with a dozen priests and a chorus of about twenty persons, all in white robes down to the ground and singing, and then there is a band of music. In some of these processions there will be several camels loaded with bread, wine, figs and dates, that are being all the time dispensed to the poor, as they move along and there is a lively scrambling among the poor to get them. Sometimes these processions have four or five fat, black buffalo cows which are to be butchered and given to the poor.

The Khedive and his retinue of about twenty-five handsomely equipped cavalymen came by there several times. There was a great big American flag flying from a staff on the top of our hotel, in compliment to the Cookies, and the Khedive, a handsome, jolly fellow, would gracefully salute by a wave of his hand and the Cookies would reply by waving hats, handkerchiefs, parasols, fly-brushes, newspapers, or whatever came to hand. Along on the pavement in front of that veranda there was almost a continuous performance of some kind, acrobats, monkeys, snakes and birds and many curiosities such as foreigners would probably buy. They would stick their trinkets up through the big marble banisters and the Cookies would frequently take them and pocket them and pretend that they supposed they were gifts and not to be paid for, but the Arab would never show any uneasiness about it and still hand up more.

The police would sometimes come along and scatter the whole crowd from the pavement, but as a general thing they seemed to

think it was amusement for the Cookies and profit for the Arabs and the police would connive at it. I saw them once do something that I would commend to our American people. What seemed to be the nearest to a serious quarrel that I saw in the Orient, except the triangular quarrels between old Hartman and Sweeny and me, occurred there between two men in front of that veranda. They looked like they were going to have a slapping match. If it had been in Lexington I would have got back into that hotel p. d. q., for I would have known that in about two more seconds each fellow would reach for his gun. A policeman was standing out in the street and saw the scrimmage and started at once toward them. I have been in a large assortment of scraps in Lexington, and I generally have looked for a policeman to come along as anxiously as old Wellington looked for "night or Blucher," but I never yet have known a policeman to come along until the fun (for the crowd) was all over. That Cairo policeman just walked up to those two men in a dignified manner and without any excitement. They stopped their quarrel when he got to them and stood there. The policeman asked the people who stood by to tell him, one at a time, what they had seen and heard, and each man gave his testimony in a half minute. When they were through that policeman told one of the men to go away in one direction and the other to go in the opposite direction, and each obeyed him and the policeman walked out in the street again and took his position where he had been. In Lexington there would have been two policemen and each would have yanked his man off to the station and cracked him over the head with his "billy" when the man resisted. There would have been two police court cases for "noise and disorder;" they would both have been fined, if they were poor and unimportant men, and the public would have had to pay the costs of their prosecution.

I was struck with the peculiar way in which the women carried their children. The child always sat astride the woman's shoulder, with its face to the woman's head, and the child would put both of its hands on the woman's head. But, of course, the thing of all things of greatest interest about Cairo are the pyramids and the sphinx, and so on the morning of the first day after our arrival in Cairo our carriages were driven up before our hotels and about 200 of us, in a procession of fifty carriages, started for the famous pyramids, the balance of our company who had stayed longer in Palestine not having yet arrived in Cairo. That ride was one of the most memorable events of my life, and I can see it and feel it now almost as if I were on the road going out there. I got up with the driver, as usual. It is eight miles from Cairo to the

pyramids and it is perhaps the most beautiful road in the world. The weather was perfectly clear and the thermometer stood at about seventy-five degrees in the shade and eighty-five in the sun. The road is a dead level all the way from the city until you get to the bluff of about 200 feet high that you ascend, beginning about a half mile from the foot of the nearest pyramid, Cheops, which is the largest of them all, and there are eighteen in all. That road is about sixty feet wide, measuring from the great trees that grow upon either side of it, and there is on it abundance of room for five or six carriages to drive abreast, though we all drove single file, and drove pretty fast. All along that road we saw going and coming each way, long strings of camels, laden with farm products generally. The trees on either side of that road are very large and spread as wide as the largest elms that we have in America, and they make an unbroken arch of shade the whole length of the road, and the road being straight and the lowest boughs of the trees being about thirty feet high, you can see for miles along this beautiful way. Those trees seem to be of uniform size, about two and one-half feet in diameter at the bottom and are all in perfect order. They are probably fifty feet tall and there is not a single one missing that I noticed on either side. Along on one side of that road is an electric trolley car line running the whole distance. All the trolley cars there have first and second class in the same cars. The whole car is nice, but the end that is for the first class is all nicely cushioned and the second class is not. The first class fare is five cents and the second class two and one-half cents. These cars leave for the pyramids every ten minutes and they run as fast as our fastest in America. The posts for the trolleys are all of iron and are very ornamental. As we started out we came, in the edge of the city to the bridge across the Nile. It was built there by the English. There are four great columns—two on each side, that support this bridge at its ends and on each of these four columns is an enormous bronze lion, the largest things in bronze animals that I ever saw. The selection of these lions as ornaments for that great bridge is not accidental by any means. By these John Bull means to say to the world that his lion has his paw on that river, the most famous in the world, and that they have come there to stay. The Turkish flag, with the crescent and star on it, is flying everywhere, but you can see that everything is managed by the British, and as soon as John Bull can find any excuse to quarrel with the Sultan, John will take all of that country from the Sultan; but it may be that the masses of the people there are wise enough to see that the English will rule them better than they can rule themselves. If the English

will be wise enough not to tamper with the Mohammedan religion the Mohammedans will never resist the English. There are beautiful mosques now in Cairo, but if there is any Christian church or Jewish synagogue there at all I do not remember to have seen either. That bridge has a draw in it that opens at certain hours of the day to let the Nile boats with their long latteen sails through. There will be from fifty to one hundred of these boats waiting there to go through every time the draw is turned.

As we went on to the pyramids we could, all the time, see the the main two big pyramids sticking up like two big notches in the sky just as they look in the pictures. I finally made up my mind to say in this book that the sizes of the pyramids had been greatly exaggerated and as much as I hated to destroy the illusion, for myself as well as for others, who I expected to read this book, just as I had tried to destroy some of the illusions about Palestine, I was going to tell the plain facts about the pyramids and denounce as frauds and liars the people who had for years been deceiving the world about the pyramids and the sphinx and I was, in prospect, solacing myself for my own disappointment by thinking that those who read my book would say I was the only man who had ever gone there and seen those things and had come back and told the truth about them.

My dear old friend Major B. G. Thomas of Lexington, an old Confederate officer, had, with his order for this book, sent me \$5, though he understood that the book costs only \$1, but he had, in his young days, been a civil engineer, and he said in his note to me that he sent the extra \$4 because he wanted to hear from a man in whom, from personal acquaintance, he had confidence, just how large those stones were in the pyramids. In New York City, I had found a man selling on the streets, beautiful little tape lines, five feet long, for a nickel, and I had bought one of those for the special purpose of measuring the stones in the pyramids for old Major Thomas. The old Major is the best man in Lexington except Moses Kaufman and it's nip and tuck between them. I have had much to do with the religious training of both of them and they are fair samples of what I have done in that line.

Between the old Major and me there is only one difference in theology. He is willing to go to heaven on the conditions that he can take his race horses along with him, and, while I have sympathy for all animals, the race horse, with his influence on things in Kentucky is not one of my admirations. I do not at all expect to go to heaven and am not losing any sleep of nights thinking about it, yet if it proves another verification of the statement that "it is the unexpected that happens," while I would not want

even a race horse to go to the devil, I would not spend eternity pining for him if I did not meet him in heaven.

I had that little tape line in my pocket and was going to use it to disprove the statements of others who had written about the pyramids. I noticed though, after a while, that my extra fine vision was affected by something like the mirage that I had read about on the desert. In that wonderfully clear atmosphere I saw the pyramids so plainly that I got the impression that they were much nearer me than they really were, and, therefore, as we did not get to the pyramids as soon as I thought we were going to do, I discovered that I was underestimating their proportions because the distance to them was further than I had thought.

This same illusion keeps up even after you are at the foot of the pyramids.

When we were about a half mile from the first pyramid we began to ascend the bluff, on the beautifully graded but pretty steep road that leads up from all that immense fertile plain that is almost down to the level of the Nile, for thousands of miles, to the desert of Sahara on the edge of which the pyramids and the sphinx are. This desert spreads for thousands of miles also, and from the elevation upon which the pyramids stand you can see the desert stretch such an immense distance that finally you cannot tell where is the dividing line between the yellow sand and the yellow sky. This sand is very much finer than the river sands that we see in America. That desert sand drifts almost like snow. Even in a moderate breeze you can drop a handful of it as you hold it up five or six feet from the sand on which you stand and some of that sand will fall five or six feet from you. The desert is not all level by any means, it has hills and valleys and level land, all sand, with nothing growing on it, of course. When along the edge of the desert you find a place where there is no sand, there is never any soil but all a solid rock that looks unlike anything we have in America, but it is very solid and so deep that there is no way of telling its thickness. In America we are accustomed to seeing the sand down in the valleys where the streams and the rains have washed it, but there as we get to the pyramids we find the sand some two hundred feet higher than the rich alluvial valley below.

At that point there are nine pyramids and fifteen miles further off, up the Nile river and also in the edge of the desert there are nine more pyramids, but the first two that you come to are much larger than any one of the others, Cheops being only a little larger than the next largest to it, which is about a quarter of a mile away.

I had always heard that the base of Cheops covered thirteen acres, and right until I stood at its foot and looked up it, I was going to print in this book that I guessed it covered between three and four acres. As a farmer I have had much experience in measuring land by stepping it off, stepping, as nearly as I can, a yard at each step. I could see that the sides of each pyramid are all equal, and I stepped off one of the sides of Cheops and found it to be 245 yards, which makes the base of Cheops cover a little more than thirteen acres.

I asked two guides how high Cheops is, and one said 477 feet and one said 490. This difference may originate in the point that is regarded as the base of the pyramid; that is whether they measure from the point at which the laid masonry begins, or at the bottom of the natural stone which, in places, is so cut as to form a part of the pyramid.

About eighteen feet of the top of Cheops has been taken off at some unknown time and thrown down the sides of the pyramid for building purposes, and it may be that in giving the height of Cheops this eighteen feet, on top, is counted in as it originally was. The debris around the sides of the pyramids is such that it is almost impossible to determine from what point of the bottom to measure to get its height. I went up to the first pyramid and measured what seemed to be the largest stones I could find, though they are, in that pyramid, all of about the same size. Of course, you can only get the three dimensions of any of these stones by measuring those at the corners. The largest stone, so far as I could guess, that I saw in Cheops, was five feet eight inches long, three feet four inches broad—that is measured horizontally—and four feet two inches high. I spent all of my first day there without going to see the second largest pyramid. I went to see that one after, and was surprised to find much larger stones in the smaller of the two larger pyramids than in the larger one. The name of the smaller of the two pyramids is Cheffrin. When I got there I was greatly distressed to recall that I had left my little tape line in my room, but "Old Arkansaw," fortunately, had one even better than mine and he and I measured the largest stones that we could find near the corner that we first came to and the largest one was twenty-five feet long and eleven feet broad and five feet thick. The next largest stone that we saw was twenty feet and six inches and five feet thick, but we could not see how far it went into the wall. Another was sixteen feet long and five feet thick and we thought from indications, though we could not measure it, was eleven feet broad. These largest stones were all in the bottom course of Chef-

frin, and those above seemed to be about the same size as those in Cheops.

"Old Arkansaw's" right name was G. A. Viquesney, of Little Rock, Arkansas. He was born in France and came to this country when he was young, and spoke French and English equally well. He was a good friend to me, and is a fine gentleman, 71 years old, with the mental and physical activities of a boy. "Old Arkansaw" and I spent much of our time together. He was a great advantage to me in his talking French. He had provided for his family so that they were independent of him and he of them, and then he had \$1,600 left and he took \$600 of that to take him on that cruise. He also had a \$300 passage, and so had plenty of money to spend. I suppose he had less money than anybody on the boat except me. We liked each other because we were both cranks, both heretics, both poor and both from the South. I never called him anything but "Arkansaw," because I could not recollect his outlandish name and could not pronounce it if I did recollect.

"Arkansaw" and I started out that second trip to the pyramids to see them all ourselves, but we took along with us two ladies and a gentleman of our party. "Arkansaw" and I did not want any guide, but a guide got possession of the other three of the party and he and I got separated from them and did not find them for a long time, and he and I had to employ a guide, too, because if you do not have a guide they will meet you at every turn and want you to hire them, and you have to hire one to keep the others away. He was a good guide, though, and showed us some very strange things that "Arkansaw" and I never would have found or understood if we had found them, if we had not had that guide.

When we were standing at Cheffrin we saw a party of men excavating. They had gone down about forty feet in the sand, and only a few feet below the surface of the sand they had found a white marble temple covered all over in hieroglyphic writing. The building was in perfect preservation. I suppose people may have been walking over that building for thousands of years without knowing it was under their feet until it was now being excavated, and we Cookies may have walked in the deep sand over various such places without knowing that they were under our feet. The sand from this excavation was being carried off on the heads of boys about thirteen years old, each boy carrying his load in a willow basket on his head and piling it down a dump about fifty yards from the excavation. I thought it quite probable that they were piling that sand on the top of some building just as handsome and wonderful as the one they were excavating. Those boys all seemed happy and well, and their loads were not heavy and they

seemed to be having a kind of a picnic of it. They poured the sand over that dump in a continuous stream. As they marched back and forth like a lot of ants, clearing out a hole, they were singing a song, and they all sang nearly all the time. They were singing in Arabic, of course. It's a big mistake that says "Music is the same in all languages." That Arab song did not sound like any music I ever heard, and I do not believe there is a man born in America who could make any music like it. I saw in Cairo an Arab band of thirty pieces, playing fine modern classic music, but it was no kin to that those boys were singing. The original Arab music seems not to have more than two bars. I asked the guide what the words of their song were. He told me in Arab, but I will never tell you, and then he translated them into English and said they were as follows: "Coming out of the house of his father one man from the house of his father he wear shoes, business man hammer as man he wear clothes black and white." I could not exactly get onto it, even in English, especially the word "hammer," but that is just what the guide said they said.

There were near that place, lying on the sand, iron dump cars and rails for a little railway, arranging for an up-to-date excavating plant and I suppose the sand will be scooped and loaded by steam, and then hauled with a little engine on the railway to be made, and dumped down the 200-foot bluff upon which the pyramids stand, so what is dumped from any excavation may not have to be removed for some succeeding excavation.

I suppose the pyramid of Cheffrin covers eight or ten acres. I suppose it is about 375 feet high. For about seventy-five feet from the top down Cheffrin is just as it was originally built, out from that point on down the original covering of the pyramid has all been taken off, and this is true of the whole of Cheops from top to bottom. This leaves the whole of Cheops and all of Cheffrin up to the point from which the outer coving has not been taken, now in the shape of stairsteps, each step being about five feet high. Originally the angles in these stones were all smoothly filled in so as to make each of these pyramids perfectly smooth from top to bottom. The stones that are found there and which were evidently formerly used to fill in these angles are of granite, white marble and alabaster, and possibly some other kinds. These stones forming this outer coating have been prized off and slid down the pyramids at later dates to build temples that are around the pyramids, the temples being so old that you cannot see that they are not as old as the pyramids. The stripping of Cheops probably began at the top. In sliding these stones down so many have been broken into small pieces, or so many small pieces broken from so

many stones that in the middle of each side of Cheops this debris is piled up as high as fifty feet upon the sides of the pyramid. Most of this debris has been, in modern times, by excavators, dug away from the pyramids, but the whole line is plain on all four sides of each of them and this line in each case naturally describes the arc of a circle, the highest point being the middle of the side as, of course, the most stone would roll down at the middle of each corner.

No cement has ever been used in the building of these pyramids. Each stone has been squared and faced and leveled, so that between any two horizontal surfaces you would hardly find more than a quarter of an inch of space though between the perpendicular surfaces where one stone fits up to another, there would frequently be a space of an inch or so, and in some instances a space of two or three inches. Of course the hardest earthquake would not affect the pyramids. The stone of which the pyramids are built is of so fine a grain that it is almost a coarse marble. The only disintegration that I saw in any of it is on the South side of Cheops. That would appear to have been the effect of heat. There the stones have disintegrated in to a depth of about three inches, and, strange to say, this disintegration does not in any instance go nearer than two inches to the edge of the stone, and the line of disintegration runs regularly along parallel with the edges of the stones. That, to me, was an inexplicable phenomenon.

By the time the carriage we were in had gotten to the foot of Cheops there were Cookies climbing up the pyramid. Nobody seems to go up any but Cheops, and they all take the same route up. They start about fifty feet from the left corner of the pyramid as you go up to the pyramid and climb up on that debris that forms a path about a foot wide that sticks on the face of the pyramid, and they go up that to a door from which an inclined plane of smooth rock goes down into the pyramid where there are two rooms in which were the sarcophagi of mummied bodies found there. Cheffrin has in it nine chambers of this kind. That door in Cheops is about fifty feet from the ground. From this point all persons ascending walk along to the left corner of the pyramid and climb it right at the corner, and they ascend by the same route. It takes three Arabs to each person that goes up—two pushing up and one in front pulling—and then, in coming back, they reverse the order, two holding behind and one down in front. Before they get to the top they are so high that you can hardly tell a man from a woman. I did not climb to the top, principally because I did not have the money to spare, and partly because it was too hot. If I had had light clothes I believe I should have

tried it, though I saw some strong men who seemed to have had a hard time climbing it. Women seemed to go up as easily as the men did, but one woman gave out about half way up and had to come back. She seemed to be overcome with fright, and the Arabs had to watch her very carefully to keep her from killing herself. There would be very few persons who would go up there without guides. I went a little distance alone and found the rocks from a long walking over that same path to be very smooth and dangerous, and coming down was more dangerous than going up. I would guess from the wear on those stones that people had been climbing up that same path for a thousand years. A British soldier went up there alone a few years ago, and slipped nearly at the top. He did not hit the rocks but two or three times until he got to the bottom, "with every bone broken," so they said.

The site for those pyramids has been prepared by cutting away the solid stone top of the hill 200 feet high upon which they stand. The top of this hill was so formed that in cutting it away two adjacent sides are left in the stone while the other two are cut down to the level of the desert. So much of this rock was removed that from the nearest points of the pyramids to these walls that have been left standing in the solid stone is, from my guess and memory, several hundred yards. The walls or faces that are left in the solid rock are about forty feet high, and are cut perpendicular and straight, and form a perfect angle where they meet. The billions of chisel marks left on the faces of these walls show that they were all cut with the hammer and chisel, and held in each hand. On the surfaces of these walls there are cut in some places hieroglyphic writing. The reading of this hieroglyphic writing was accomplished by two men named Champollion and Smith, the first a Frenchman and the latter an Englishman. How they came to read it seems to me nearer a miracle than anything any part of which I have ever personally witnessed. These gentlemen accomplished the reading of hieroglyphics by the "Rosetta stone." I saw the stone in the British Museum, in London, in 1865, where it is set in a solid silver desk in a position to be studied. This stone was found at Rosetta, in Egypt, by Napoleon. I think I give a full account of it in my book "Behind the Bars, 31498." The stone was captured from the French by the English. The stone seems to be agate and was originally about as nearly round as it would be possible to roll a snow-ball, and the stone was about two feet in diameter. It has been cut in half, though apparently almost as hard as a diamond, and the surface of the part now preserved in London is polished just as perfectly as the finest glass. On that surface, cut so as to occupy the greater part of the surface,

are cut three inscriptions and even the edges of these inscriptions are as perfect now as the cutting on a new seal ring, and every character in these inscriptions is cut with wondrous accuracy, the lines in all cases being as nearly absolutely straight as art can accomplish. These inscriptions are in arrow-head, hieroglyphic and Greek. It was found out, in some way that I do not know, that these inscriptions all say the same thing, and they tell of the exploits of some certain Egyptian King. The comparatively easy reading of the Greek gave the clue to the other two inscriptions and from these, Egyptian hieroglyphics have been read by a few scholars in that science.

It has seemed to me that some scientist and philanthropist at a time when he saw that the arrow-head writing and hieroglyphic writing were doomed to become obsolete by the more perfect invention of the Greek alphabet, prepared this stone in this manner to preserve the arrow-head and hieroglyphic writing. The hieroglyphics cut on the faces of those rocks are about a foot high each, and are cut in lines of fifteen or twenty feet and are almost as perfect as they were when cut. In the faces of these stones are cut a number of tombs. The doors going into these, and going from one room to the other of these are probably seven or eight feet high, but the sand from the desert has so drifted into these that "Arkansaw" and our guide and I had to lie flat down and crawl through any of the doors, and the space was so small that I pulled off my coat and dragged it behind me. After I got back to Kentucky I found Sahara sand in my left vest pocket and I know I must have gotten it in there crawling through those doors. After we got inside those tombs they were abundantly high. In one of these the roof was fifteen feet high and one room in it was about twenty feet broad and thirty feet long. Though it was cut out of the most solid substance it seemed to be a fancy of the designer to make it look frail and perishable, so that he had gone to great expense to cut the solid stone in the roof so as to make it look as if the roof had been formed by laying palm logs about fifteen inches in diameter, side by side across that roof. When about half the roof had been finished in this kind of ornamentation, that sculpturing in the roof had, for reason that I could not discover, been discontinued and the balance of the roof of that room left level as when first hewn out. There was enough room in that tomb for a good family home. I could not see why they were all necessarily tombs, but the guide said they were, and probably down in the bottoms of some of these sometime, when they had had the sand taken out, there were evidences that they were tombs. The sides of these tombs were polished perfectly and in them were cut

from the roof down to the sand, and supposedly down to these floors, hieroglyphics and pictures that covered the entire walls. The light was hardly sufficient to see these perfectly, but they were all clearly cut, and the Arab who crawled around with us in his long white dress clean down to his bare feet, picked out some parts of these pictures and explained their meanings to us and I thought they meant just what he said they did. I think they recorded the performances of great rulers and military chieftains and hunters just as history does now, Cleveland and Roosevelt and Emperor William respectively shooters of ducks, bear and hogs, doing all they can to restore the departed fame of hunters. There are through these faces of this stone in two or three places cracks from top to bottom, from one to three feet wide and that were almost certainly made by earthquakes. I could not tell whether those cracks were there before the rock was cut, but I would guess from their appearance that they had been there for thousands of years—from 5,000 to 10,000. It is from these hieroglyphic writings that scientists and antiquarians have gotten some part of the data about the building of these pyramids. How accurate these are or how accurately the guides report what the scientists say I cannot tell, but I think much of the conclusion of the scientists is accurate and that they are fairly reported by the guides.

I noticed that occasionally the guides would dispute with each other about some facts about the pyramids as if they were jealous of their reputations for accuracy; this not only being their profession for making their livings, but probably that of their ancestors for generations before them. These guides say it took 200,000 men for twenty years to build the pyramid of Cheops, and they said that Cheops was built 3250 B. C., and that Cheffrin was built 2250 B. C. According to the Bible, therefore, the world was only 754 years old when Cheops was built and Adam lived 196 years after Cheops was built, and Noah's flood was 901 years after Cheops was built. The flood must have been clear over the top of Cheops, but I did not see any trash up on the pyramid—olive branches or anything of that kind—that seemed to have got stuck up in the cracks of the pyramids when the flood was on, and the mummies that we saw, and their wrappings, and sarcophagi that were gotten out of those pyramids, seemed never to have gotten such a soaking as they must have gotten had the flood ever been over the tops of the pyramids and filled those immense sarcophagi with water that must have stayed there a long time, soaking those old fellows, before it would have dried out by evaporation in those cool places.

If you would tell one of those Mohammedan guides that their

accounts did not tally with the accounts given by Moses in the Bible, they would point you to the place about ten miles from there where Moses was found in the bulrushes and tell you that their grandparents, some generations back, knew Moses and his family; that his origin was quite shady; that he had had to run off from that country to escape hanging, like Governor Taylor of Kentucky had done, because he (Moses) had murdered an Egyptian and buried him in the sand, and that Moses's Bible, and the Bibles of other men, were written to be read and believed by people who lived away off in America, or some other heathen and benighted country, where the people got drunk and assassinated each other and where they had no chance to know anything of the standing among their neighbors, of the men who wrote Bibles. These men might—I don't know that they do, for they do not seem to want to hurt the feelings of the believers in other religions—say that a strong point against the truth of the New Testament and in favor of the truth of the Koran is that the N. T. itself says that none of Jesus' own four brothers believed in him, while even all Christian history emphasizes the fact that the first sixteen followers that Mohammed had were those of his own household living with him every day, who personally saw and knew him. If I were going to start out to be a great leader of the people, working under the direct and immediate management of the Lord, I would want to have my own family believing in me and not have one of my sons blasting me as a rascal as the son of "General" Booth, of the "Salvation Army," blasts his father.

I found, crawling around in the sand near the pyramids, the scarabaeus, or scarab, as the Arab vendors of them call it. This is a variety of black beetle about an inch long with little sharp points sticking over its back. I picked up one of these, wrapped it in a piece of paper, put it in my baggage and brought it home and it was living for a week or so after I got home. My wife and I could not tell whether it died from starvation or from the colder climate of America. I could see nothing that it could find to eat in the Sahara and being the only animal life of any kind that I could see that lived in the desert, I suppose it is from these beetles that the ancient Egyptians got their idea that there was something supernatural about these bugs. It was cruel in me to treat the poor bug as I did, but I did it because I was so anxious for my family to see a specimen of this bug, imitations of which are sold by the thousands every year in Cairo, ranging all the way from ten cents up as high as \$500, according as these imitations are evidently merely modern and currently made things, or have been pronounced by a famous and trusted expert in Cairo—to whom

buyers there go as we would to a trusted jeweler to determine the genuineness of a diamond—who has pronounced the imitation of the scarab, made in pottery, and perhaps only a half inch long, an imitation of a scarab that was taken from the eyes of some mummy and as the case may be, one of the two scarabs that were taken from the two eyes of some famous mummy, possibly in Pharaoh's time, in which case they have sold for as high as \$500. You who are familiar with our American tumble-bug know that if you touch him he "tends like he is dead," and draws his legs close up to the side of his body. I saw, I suppose, several hundred of those scarabs and do not think that I saw any of them draw their legs up in that way, but in all cases where there is nothing but the model of the scarab itself their legs have to be represented as being drawn up, because it would be impractical to make and preserve these models with the slight legs of the insect extended. Models of these scarabs appear on many things connected with Egyptian burials. The largest that I saw was six inches long, cut elevated on a slab of black granite that came from a famous tomb and it was represented with its legs extended. I suppose it would take some thousands of dollars to buy that scarab, and it will probably remain where it is in the wonderful Egyptian Museum of Antiquities, at Cairo, until it is captured and carried off in some war, as the Turks had captured that divan that cost \$20,000,000, in Constantinople, from the Persians, that will stand where it now is until the English capture it and carry it to the British Museum in London, or until the Russians capture it and take it to St. Petersburg, or J. Pierpont Morgan captures it with dollars and brings it to New York.

Another instance of the fate of such treasures is the capture of the Rosetta stone from the Egyptians by Napoleon I. and its subsequent capture from him by the English, to remain in the British Museum until somebody will subjugate England again as Caesar once did, or until Macauley's "Gentleman from New Zealand shall sit upon the broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul."

The present commercial scarab that is manufactured and sold by the thousands and which thousands of American Christian liars, men and women, buy in Cairo for a quarter and bring home and show to their friends as having been taken off the eyes of mummies, are said in some instances to be so well executed that they "deceive the very elect." The imitation scarabs that were found upon the eyes of all Egyptian mummies are about a half inch long. They are all made flat under the bottom so that their under surfaces look like the under sides of turtles. This flat surface is covered with hieroglyphic characters, which, of course, are very

small. It is said—I do not know upon what authority—that these characters tell about the immortality of the soul, and that these scarabs with these inscriptions under them are laid on the eyes of the dead in order that they may there read about the coming resurrection of the dead. If this was their meaning then certainly Jesus was not the author of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and Jesus may have learned that doctrine in Egypt, where he might have stayed until he was nearly thirteen years old and may thus have introduced it to the Jews, among whom the Pharisees had for some time been inclined to that belief.

These inscriptions on the eyes of the mummies were too close for reading conveniently, but I have told you that many Orientals are near-sighted, and it may have been that it was as fashionable to be near-sighted in those old days as it is now; and the places in which they had to be read were very dark. It seems to me that those old fellows who have been lying there over 5,000 years reading those inscriptions would get awful tired waiting for the resurrection, and that, in some instances, an individual one might get to be very much discouraged by the thought that the resurrection had possibly come and that everybody else excepting him or her had been resurrected, while he or she may have been, by some accident, overlooked or failed to awake on the morning of the resurrection when the angelic hall steward tapped on his sleeping room door. It seems to me that a man lying flat on his back for over 5,000 years, and reading those inscriptions on his eyes, would be liable to get, anyhow, into an unpleasant perplexity as to whether he was dead or alive, or having the nightmare or drunk. I should think that he would reason that the very fact that he was reading was an evidence that he was not very dead, but a pretty live corpse, to be able to read at all under these circumstances, and that noticing that each thousand years he was drying up more and more and getting back to the dust out of which he had heard that Adam was made, he would feel some anxiety as to how he was going to pull himself together on the morning of the resurrection, and that when those who had been buried before Noah's flood found the water coming in upon them and making mud out of their dust, they must have gotten awfully mixed in their judgments about the meaning of the scripture, "dust to dust," that they heard the preacher say at their funerals.

In two or three hundred yards of Cheops are some very ancient temples that are now in ruins, but the black granite masonry of some of them still stands, six or eight feet high in the walls. They are not very large, but are built with wonderful permanency. The stones in them are perfect and they have probably been destroyed

to do other building with. The guides said they were built 3500 B. C. All of the other pyramids there are small and unimportant as compared with the two that I have described. The pyramids fifteen miles away can be clearly seen from the base of Cheops, and none of them is so interesting as Cheops and Cheffrin.

The question as to how the pyramids were built and whence they got the stone is one of great interest to all. I think it probable that at the time they were built the Nile ran right along at the base of the bluff upon which the pyramids now stand. The Nile is now eight miles from them, but in that alluvial soil, all of which has evidently been deposited there by the Nile, as it is all the time being deposited now in the Delta, at Alexandria, the Nile would naturally shift its position and has almost certainly, at some time, run right at the base of the bluff upon which the pyramids stand. If the stone then could not have been floated upon boats to the base of the bluff on which the pyramids are, it would have been an easy matter to cut a canal from the river to the point, or points, at which they wanted to land the stone. Where they got this stone seems to be one of the mysteries. Fifteen miles up the river from Cheops—which is on the Plain of Gizeh and they are, therefore, sometimes called the pyramids of Gizeh—there is a mountain which has been hollowed out showing that a large amount of stone has been taken from it, but engineers think that but a small part of the stone used in the eighteen pyramids could have been gotten there and that the great part of the stone used in building the pyramids came from a place 300 miles up the Nile and was floated down. The ordinary variety of palm trees is very light and easily cut, and would make the cheapest kind of rafts and then possibly be used for fuel or other purposes at Cairo, in which climate wood lasts immensely longer than in America, or this stone may have been brought down in boats and the boats taken back by sails, as are thousands of boats sailing up that river today, its low banks and the low country around it making it favorable for sailing. The stone being landed there, it was simply a matter of physical force of men, or camels, or donkeys, to take those stones from where they were landed up the hill to the level of the desert and then on up the pyramids.

A part of Egypt that is about 750 miles long and 300 miles broad has all been deposited there by what has washed down the Nile. Estimating the rate of deposit at Alexandria as it seems to have been, so far as known to history, I do not think all of that country could have been brought there in less than one or two hundred thousand years. In one of those temples I measured a stone that was seven by seven by ten, and another that was fifteen

by seven feet, and there were some monolithic columns that are four by four by fifteen feet.

I believe that about the Sphinx I gained some ideas that are correct and which I have never heard suggested by any other writer or lecturer upon the subject. My idea is that the Sphinx is certainly a combination of nature and art. The idea of the Sphinx is found almost everywhere in the most ancient Egyptian architecture, especially among their temples. Whether the Egyptian idea of the Sphinx originated from the singular natural formation there on the Plain of Gizeh, a half mile from Cheops, or whether that idea was already extant in Egypt when this formation was found that resembled the idea I do not know, but I incline to think that the idea was extant in Egypt when this natural Sphinx was discovered and the resemblance still increased by artificial means. How this idea got into the world is on the same plan that the Egyptian idea of a winged lion got into the world, and the Roman idea of the winged horse, Pegasus, and the English idea of the winged dragon that St. George killed, and the Christian idea of the winged men, called angels, when they have feathers in their wings, or the devil, or devils, when they have wings like bats—all alike from the distorted imaginations of men—the men embracing women—or from the mere poetic fancies of men. The body of the Sphinx is almost like it was originally found, but in a few places the people cut the stones into such shapes as being fastened onto the body, in masonry cemented firmly together and to the body of the lion, have made the shape of the lion a more apt resemblance than it was by nature. That stone that has been cemented onto the body of the lion is almost as firm and solid as the original stone except in some instances in which it has been wedged off by persons who, I imagine, thought that masonry might close up a door that went into the body of the lion. The head and neck of the woman on the lion's body were, by nature, very much more like the head and neck of a woman than Meredith's round ball of dirt was like the head and neck of "Mrs. Lot." The neck is naturally the right length and the head naturally the right size, with the right poise of her head on her neck for a woman who felt that she was being looked at and was liable, at any moment, to have a snap-shot picture of her taken that would go into some book. There is one striking feminine peculiarity about that Sphinx woman—she never tells anybody how old she is. I have been a census taker twice and I would not even ask her, even if she were not an Arab, or Egyptian, or some kind of foreigner.

But there is another peculiarity about her that is not so much like other women—she never repeats anything that is said in her

presence. I am a shorthand writer, and if I could get that woman to talking the Kentucky language and let her tell about some of the things that have happened there right before her eyes I could get up a better book than this one. Men, all the way from Sesostris down to Napoleon, have stood and looked that woman in the face and she never blushed—she didn't have to; her face is painted red. She is a hard-faced, stony-hearted, hard-headed woman; but she has got staying qualities and when she puts her foot down it stays there for five or six thousand years and she stands pat on the same position and the same views of things that she originally took. Cleopatra has looked at that woman many a time, but no passion burned the heart of the Sphinx woman as in the heart of that famous Egyptian queen, whose wiles ruined Anthony. The Queen of Sheba probably saw that Sphinx woman and told Solomon about her, but she was one woman that Solomon could not beguile. Moses looked at that woman, and it is quite possible that Jesus Christ looked at that woman, but her stony eyes shed no tears to wash his feet and the granite tresses of her hair did not fall in soft luxuriance to wipe them, as when Mary Magdaline looked upon the handsome young Nazarene carpenter.

The woman's face that men cut on that natural suggestion of a head and face has in it the character that is appropriate for such a woman. The whole face was, at the time of its making, perhaps, and certainly at some time that nobody now knows of, painted red, and the paint is there to such a degree to this day that any good eyes can see that it has been painted. Whether this was done to preserve it or because it was fashionable for the ladies of her day to paint their faces, I do not think anybody will ever know, but my impression was that it was because that was a feature of female beauty, because I saw no other instance of anything in stone being painted to preserve it. The nose has nearly all gone but whether it was broken off or has disintegrated from time, I could not tell. It is quite difficult to get to her nose—impossible, in fact, without a long ladder. The legs of the lion part of the woman that are stretched out in front of her are fifty-two feet long, and there is room enough for a camel and a man to stand on one of the claws of her paw. I could only see one leg—of the lion, mind you—and only the top of that, and that part was artificially made. That one was almost covered in the sand and the other one was entirely so. To the top of the woman's head from the sand that came up to the nether side of the lion is forty-five feet. The face is about fifteen feet long—long-faced but not hypocritical—and twelve feet broad, but the face, and hair that sticks out each side, like that of the Egyptian fashion, probably

when she was a young lady and first went into society, are almost thirty feet broad. From the top of the front legs down to the bottom of the body of the lion—and that part of the whale that Jonah got into, and not to be mentioned in connection with a lady—is ten feet, but all that part was filled up with sand. There are, about twenty feet from the paws of the lion, thirteen steps that go down to the stone upon which the lion is crouched, but only a part of the top step showed above the sand. That step seemed to have been made at the time the Sphinx was put into shape. The body of the lion is about fifty feet long. The sand was about six feet from the top of its back so that I easily got up on the back. The resemblance, which was all natural, to the crouching haunches of a lion, was very striking and the stone had almost exactly the tawny yellow of a lion. The back of the woman's head has not been cut to represent hair, but it has been symmetrically rounded by chisel and hammer. The sand for about fifty feet square in front of the Sphinx was, when we were there taken away down to a depth of about twelve feet deep. The filling up or digging out of this space accounts for the great difference in the appearance of pictures taken of the Sphinx and sometimes these pictures are taken from down in that space and sometimes from the level of the sand of the desert outside, so that sometimes the sand appears in the pictures to be right up to the neck of the Sphinx and sometimes the whole front of the body can be seen. If in any modern day anybody has ever cleared away the sand from around the Sphinx so that all of it could be seen, I know of no evidence of it. Right in front of the Sphinx on a granite slab probably two feet thick and ten feet long horizontally, and extending down into the sand how far I did not know, is carved the familiar Egyptian emblem of a sphere with wings to it. An Arab guide gave me his version of the meaning of the emblem. I do not know whether he was right, but I think it alluded to the worship of the sun. If the Egyptians did not worship the sun they worshiped pretty much everything under the sun.

While that old Arab was sitting there looking at me and giving an occasional bit of information he looked at me with a half smile and said in very plain English:

“Jack and Jill went up a hill, to get a pail of water.”

It had no relevancy whatever to anything we were saying or doing, and seemed to be intended to surprise me with his familiarity with a piece of English that he thought I would not expect him to know. He certainly succeeded, if that was his graft, for the remark as coming from him was only second in point of

surprise to me to some flippant suggestion that might have fallen from the lips of the Sphinx, some forty feet—that is the lips—above me.

If there was any rock in the whole of the Orient that I would have kissed like those people around Jerusalem kissed rocks, my gallantry, and a habit I contracted in my young man days—before I got to be a Puritan preacher—would have made me kiss the Sphinx woman right in the mouth. It would have been a purely Platonic kiss—I would have kissed her for her mother. All this supposing that I had some way to get up to her mouth. When I had gone a short distance on my way from the Sphinx back up the hill to the Cheops, I came to an Arab standing by his camel that was kneeling on the sand and for an equivalent of ten cents, in our money, the Arab gladly agreed to let me ride up to the pyramid, about a quarter of a mile away. I got onto the queer pack, or saddle, without any trouble and the Arab told me to lean back. I did so and soon saw the reason for it. The camel rises first on his hind legs and the tendency is to throw you over his head. I rode on up to the pyramid. If I had to decide between walking across the Sahara and riding a camel across it, I should ride the camel, but when a man starts out to ride a camel purely as a matter of pleasure, I think the joke is on the man. I am writing this book having for one purpose of it, at least, to impart information about men and women and things that I saw on that tour. Say, if you please, that the very main purpose in writing it is to get money. Starting back from that pyramid, that evening, to the city, Prof. Harrison, in the great lot of carriages, got separated from his wife and little son, and thanked me very politely for assisting him in finding them, but neither he nor his wife ever thought it worth while to indicate to me, in any way, that they were at all sorry for their offending me about Jonah and the whale. Now, here is the point I want to make. Sweeny is a Catholic because he is an Irishman, and he was born an Irishman and can't get over it. If he knew the story about Jonah and the whale he would not care at all what I believe about it, and I think I might, in a good-humored way, have made fun of any part of his religion except the Virgin Mary. All Catholics draw the line there, and I am just enough of a woman's man to have more sympathy for the female divinities of all religions than for those of my own sex. But if Sweeny had gotten mad at me and had said anything unkind to me, because I did not agree with him in religion, he would have seen me at the devil before he would have accepted any favor at my hands, or, having accepted it, he would have shown by some word or action, not necessarily a formal

apology, that he was sorry for what he had said. Prof. Harrison knows more about the Christian religion than a thousand men like Sweeny and all the priests on that boat thrown in for good count; and yet there is a warm place in my heart for Sweeny and none for Harrison. I feel sorry for any man who is a dupe of priestcraft as Sweeny is, but while I sympathize with any man who loves any religion because it was the religion of his mother, I despise men who have their religion for revenue only.

At Shephard's Hotel that night we were at a grand ball, and its elegant grounds in the rear of the hotel, where great American flags stretched between tall palm trees, were a fairy scene. The throwing of confetti was a prominent feature in the amusements of the evening. My age exempted me for some time, but I felt quite complimented when some laughing little children filled my long hair and beard with it and then scampered away hilarious over their temerity.

In Cairo we went to see the mosque of Sultan Hassan. It is 650 years old. The tomb of Sultan Hassan is the largest and finest in Cairo. There are 465 mosques in Cairo, and I suppose there are some Christian churches there, but I do not remember to have seen any or heard of any. We visited the mosque of Mohammed Ali Basha, built in 1166, all of alabaster. From it is a fine view of the city and the pyramids and the desert. It has around it many monolithic columns of alabaster that are twenty-five feet long. In a court by the side of it, in 1811, by some kind of a ruse all of the last of the Mamelukes were assembled and all of them were murdered except one, who forced his horse to jump off a precipice there a hundred feet high, the rider going with him safely to the bottom. Many changes have been rung on that story of the man making his horse jump with him down a great precipice. In Rome, Marius and his horse jumped down into a great crack in the Tarpeian rock to make the crack close, and the record says it did close, and we saw the Tarpeian rock and there was no crack that we could see, with a man and a horse down in it, and it must have closed as the story says it did. In "Arabian Nights" stories some poor but ardent and handsome lover rides up to the castle of some rich old fellow and receives his beautiful and only daughter, who slides down a silken rope into his arms and sets her before him upon the shoulders of his horse, but seeing the old man coming with a bull dog and shot-gun, the gallant lover has only time to escape by jumping his horse off a precipice three or four hundred feet high, and his picture is caught by a snap-shot as, in mid-air, he looks back and smilingly waves his plumed hat at the old man. After this the horse and his two riders proceed

on their way to the plain below and the fire flashes from the hoofs of the horse as they strike the flints as they gallop on and the old man sends a darcy with several barrels of money to the young man, with a note from the old man stating that he had hung himself dead before writing the note and that the young man and his bride would please hurry back and bring along a cradle and a sewing machine and go to housekeeping in the castle.

In America the story is somewhat modified and the histories for the children to read in school represent General Israel Putnam running a Kentucky race horse at full speed down some steep steps a half mile long, the horse getting over about twenty steps at each leap and the bullets from the rifles of the British and Indians straggling along behind the General and only failing to go clear through him because they could not get there fast enough to be effective. The roof and dome of the mosque of Hassan are held up by the alabaster columns 100 feet high and thirteen feet square. It is 125 feet up to the dome. I can only remember that it is a thing of dazzling beauty where gilding and painting and mosaics and lamps and rugs and carving and jewels each rival the other in bewildering splendor, where we all walked around in slippers amazed at its wonders and splendor until we had all exhausted over and over again all of our adjectives of admiration and amazement and looked at the things in silence because there was nothing that we could say that we had not said until we were ashamed to say it any more; and I saw so many of these gorgeous mosques that, in my memory, they all blend into a gorgeous fairy scene, as if indeed the story of Aladin's lamp had proven true and I had witnessed its wonderful revelations.

The tomb of Mohammed Ali Pasha is about 125 feet square and 100 lamps hang from its roof. Mixed up with these things were strange things in the streets. Two boys were grinding coffee. Their coffee mill sat in the streets and they poured in a half bushel of roasted coffee at one time, and catching hold of a sweep about eight feet long they pulled, walking around the mill like two horses. Then there were the "two women grinding at the mill" that you read about in the Bible. They were not grinding grain, but were doing something more like hulling roasted peanuts than anything I could think of. Then a man was selling walking-canes. One cane was hollow and would hold liquor, while four inches of the top of it screwed off for a cup. Another cane that looked like it was made of ebony was made of a steel spring and could be all telescoped together and put in your pocket. Men were sprinkling streets—this in old Cairo—out of goat's skins full of water on their shoulders, and it was astonishing how well they did it. Yes,

I forgot; I saw a Christian church of the Coptic sect. It was very old and dilapidated and very plain, but it was dear to their old Christian hearts because it was built over a place where Joseph and Mary and Jesus had stayed when they were in Egypt, fleeing from Herod. The old church did not appear to have been used as a place of worship for years—possibly hundreds of years. The holy family seem to have had the luck of getting into holes in the ground. We went to a stairway of about twenty-five steps that slanted down through the pavement into a dark hole below. The hole was a room or several rooms, with an area all of which would amount to twenty-five or thirty feet square. I think there were several apartments. The whole hole had the appearance of being very ancient. The guides told us that this was the place where Joseph and Mary and Jesus stayed when they were in Egypt. A tub similar to that one that I told you I saw at the “well of the star,” and out of which the “wise men” drank, on their way to Bethlehem, was in this subterranean house in Cairo. A block of stone of about two feet cube had had a round concave bottomed tub cut in it that would hold about ten gallons, leaving the thinnest part of the edges about three inches thick. They told us that this was the tub in which Mary washed the clothes of Jesus. This tub appeared to be very ancient and it and the whole house appeared to have been made for use and to have been used. It is, of course, quite possible that this place may have been dug out of the stone just as a religious fraud as the tomb of Jesus in the Church of Nativity in Jerusalem, and even the “stable” of the nativity of Jesus at Bethlehem may have been. It hardly seems possible that this alleged home of Joseph and Mary and Jesus, in Cairo, could have been made since the Mohammedans got possession of that country, for although the Mohammedans seem always to have been generous to the Christians, it does not seem that in any ancient time since the Mohammedan possession there, there would have been enough of the Christian influence to perpetrate such a fraud. As to whether, therefore, granting some foundation for the existence of the family known among the Christians as “the holy family,” this story of the family is a true one; is a question of interest to those who want to be informed and as affected by the place in the old Coptic church in Cairo. Only one of the gospel writers mentions the flight into Egypt, and it seems very stupid to suppose that Herod could have feared that Jesus would take his throne and seems impossible that Herod, or any other man, could have had all the infants in a country killed. It seems indisputable that all the manuscripts of the canonic N. T. originated at Alexandria. It was at Alexandria that Hypatia

lived in the Fourth Century, A. D., and was murdered by St. Cyril, Christian Bishop of Alexandria, because of her most effective opposition to the Christian religion, and such a man as Cyril was, would, of course, not hesitate at the perpetration of any kind of a fraud to sustain his religion from which he gained wealth and power and honor. It is quite possible, then, that such a Christian spirit as once prevailed at Alexandria would have been equal to the task of perpetrating the fraud of making the house of the holy family under the Coptic Church in Cairo, the two cities being in constant communication, and the Christians of that day may have done this to supplement the influence of the Christian religion in Jerusalem by making this under-ground home for the holy family, in Cairo, to sustain the story of the flight into Egypt. A strong suspicion of imposture about the Coptic Church home of the holy family is in the fact that it is made to resemble that where Jesus is said to have been born in Bethlehem, when it is a fact that living in these houses cut out of the rock as they have long done in Palestine does seem to have been a custom of the people of Egypt. On the other hand the houses of the masses of the people in Egypt where rock is scarce, except in the desert where nobody would, or could, live, seem to have been made of very frail material because their climate was favorable to that, and so their houses were made of adobes and straw and reeds plastered over with the product of the camel. The Christians knew that one of these perishable houses could not be preserved in connection with the history of Jesus, so it seems that they may have found this place in Cairo, close to the desert and chiseled this permanent alleged home of the holy family out of the rock. Then, again, it is quite possible that there were such persons as this holy family who came from Palestine to Egypt, and that after the Christian religion came into power, in the Fourth Century, by the conversion of Constantine, this home of the holy family in Cairo may have been constructed simply as a fraud, or it may have been there so that the holy family actually lived in it. It rather seems to me that the stories of the presence of Jesus in Egypt go to indicate that there was some such person as Jesus and that upon his becoming the leader of a religious sect the marvelous stories about him were added either by his own influence or that of his friends or a combination of the two, as has been true of various religious leaders in my day. The followers of my grandfather, Barton W. Stone, the founder of the present Christian, or Campbellite, church, almost forced miracles into his history, though he never encouraged anything of the kind, and the progeny of those people are now among the finest society of Kentucky. In my own limited abilities as an

orator as I went preaching on foot, through the mountains of Kentucky, I thought at the time, and still think, that I saw it perfectly possible, with just a little connivance at fraud on my part, to gain some sort of supernatural reputation, and I felt the temptation to do this. The getting of money was absolutely no part of my purpose, and the people saw that and they had never seen it in any other preachér, and the step from where I was without any effort to where I could have been with a little effort, would have been an easy one.

Jesus may have been a very attractive man personally, and may have had, as an orator, to an extraordinary degree, the thing called personal magnetism, that Kentucky has produced in such men as Stone, Lincoln, Barnes and the Breckinridges, John C. and William C. P., and Jesus may have been a lover of justice as Lincoln was, both infidel to the religion prevailing around them, each having his faults and yet each aflame with the desire to do good and both martyrs to their convictions.

During our stay at Cairo we went out to Heliopolis, about eight miles distant. The road to that place for several miles runs along the edge of the desert where the sand is only a little above the level of the rich alluvial soil, that, on your left, as you go out, stretches far away until it meets the sky at the horizon, while the sand of the desert does the same on the right. All along this road as you go out from Cairo are magnificent residences, all new, and many in process of construction. They are built of yellow stone or marble with much stucco work about them, and all indicating that Cairo is a rapidly growing city. When the thousands of square miles are recovered from the desert as will be done, or is about done now, Cairo and Alexandria will be great ports for shipping grain and cotton and Africa is almost certainly destined to attract immense immigration.

At Heliopolis stands now the only remaining one of the four granite obelisks that once stood there. One of these obelisks has been carried to Paris, one to Rome and one to Central Park, in New York City.

The one standing at Heliopolis now is in a good state of preservation, though it is somewhat damaged, on its surface, on one side for fifteen feet up, supposed to be by the fact that, at some unknown time, somebody, or bodies, has built a fire or fires against it. It is about sixty feet high, is a monolith, about ten feet square at the base, then sloping to about four feet square a few feet from the top from which it slopes to a point. The hieroglyphics on it are from top to bottom, are about an inch deep and are perfectly preserved. This obelisk stands perfectly erect. One of those that

were taken away had, for a long time, lain upon the ground. The work on the obelisk now standing there indicates that it was originally built so that the entire shaft was above the ground. Since it was built the Nile has deposited all over that country, about ten feet of soil, and that soil had, of course, covered about ten feet of the base of that obelisk. The soil has been removed down to the foundation of the obelisk that was originally on the surface of the ground, and a fine stone wall has been built all around it, leaving a passage of twelve or fifteen feet all around the obelisk, and, down to the bottom of the space thus enclosed, there goes a nice stairway, though the gate at the top is kept locked. There is no occasion for going down there, as it can be perfectly seen without that, and the wall and the iron fence on top keep the relic vandal from doing it with his little hatchet.

There is no sign of any other antiquity near it. All of the houses around it are modern, many of them new. It seems hardly possible, though, that those four wonderful monoliths could have stood there with no city around them, and I suppose that down under the ground around there, there are the remains of some city that has been buried by the deposits of the Nile. The effect of loneliness and solitude produced by that obelisk standing there, is certainly very impressive. How long it has stood there nobody knows, but its record in hieroglyphics shows that it was put there before any writing by an alphabet was known to the world. From the Bible account, Moses, who lived in that country was writing the Hebrew language 3,476 years ago. That obelisk has almost certainly stood there for over 4,000 years—possibly twice that long, and is good for several thousand years more, if it is not destroyed in war or by some freak like Herostratus who burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

There is no telling what men will do. M. D. Atwater was in our party. He formerly represented the United States government at Tahiti, and married a princess there. You could not call her a black woman, and yet she was not a white woman, but she was a very lovely lady, and her husband and she, a devoted couple, were exceedingly attractive people. And yet Mr. Atwater said that if he had his way with the pyramids he would put dynamite in them and blow them up. I do not believe he would do it, and it would take a lot of dynamite to seriously damage Cheops; but such a speech as that from a man of the standing of Mr. Atwater might suggest to some fool like Herostratus to blow up the pyramids to make himself famous, as the assassins of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley did to make themselves famous, and as I felt disposed, to make myself famous, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, in Jerusalem,

to rush up behind the Patriarch of Jerusalem catch up the skirt of his robe laden with jewels and gold when, for a moment, my long gray hair and beard, might have made the Mohammedan soldiers think I was a religious devotee who simply wanted the honor of lifting that robe, while with my thick-soled shoes, I would have given that old devil a kick under that robe that would have immortalized me and made a million of people read this book, while I would have come nearer doing like Jesus Christ when he kicked that gang out of the temple than any other man who has lived. I wish I had done it and had taken my chances. I know the Christians would have killed me right there, if the Mohammedans had let them do it, but I know that five minutes talk with a Mohammedan, who understood the Kentucky language, would have saved me from the Christians, but I suppose it would have been impossible for me to have gotten through the line of Mohammedan soldiers who stood there to keep other Christians from killing that old rascal.

Three or four miles from Heliopolis is the tree, still standing there, under which Joseph and Mary and Jesus staid when they first came to Egypt, and a spring that the Lord made for Mary, close by, when she asked the Lord to give her some water to wash Jesus in.

This tree seemed to be dead. It has a high stone wall around it, enclosing about the eighth of an acre, and a good broad and high gate that does not make you bow as you come in, and there was nobody there to make you back out, crawfish fashion like they make you do at Jerusalem. I never had been in a habit of backing out of anything that I went into, but they made me do it at Jerusalem. If I had had as much money as some of those Cookies had, I would have seen those fellows at the devil before I would have backed out of any of their shows. I would have tested it in the Mohammedan courts if necessary, but poverty and independence are like oil and water—they won't mix.

That old tree was something that looked like a combination of a big old Kentucky sycamore tree and an olive tree, with a little dash of mulberry in it. It looked like a very old tree. It was about forty feet high, and came up from the ground in two about equal parts, each three feet in diameter. One part stood straight and the other part leaned so much that I saw a man walking up its trunk and so many people had done that and cut their names on it, and chipped off so many souvenirs of it that the old tree was about done for.

If you just listen to the guide he will tell you that that is the tree under which Joseph and Mary and Jesus stopped, and I think

probably only spent the night, when they were in Egypt, and you will understand from the guide that that is the identical tree, and that Joseph probably hung his long white dress on that leaning part of the tree when he took it off and put on his pajamas that he got out of his grip, and went to bed by lying down on the ground and putting his head on one of those roots, possibly whistling in a jocular mood, to cheer his wife, a bar or two from "Root hog or die." Beside the day wear of Joseph probably hung those of Mary and little Jesus when the two had put on their "nighties," and the little fellow had said, "Now I lay me," ending with "And this I ask for Jesus' sake," or possibly had said, without making a mistake, "Our father who art in heaven." But if you show some disposition to quibble about that particular tree being about 1903 years old that guide will so compromise his original statement to you, as to suggest that some authorities about that tree have suggested that as soon as one dies there, at a very old age, another immediately appears in its place. I think that before many years, the same angel that carried those steps from Jerusalem to Rome, one night, will, some night, plant another tree where that moribund one now is. Everybody else went out of there and left me and an old harper in there. He possibly took me for some kind of a nondescript Frenchman, for he plunked the Marseilles Hymn on that harp. Considering his instrument he did it fairly well, barring two or three bars that seemed to be an Egyptain version that would not go in Paris. That old harp had a case of curved spine that was pitiful. If David did not take his harp to heaven with him to give the angels a few pointers on plunking harps. I think that must have been Davy's old harp that that old fellow had bought in a junk shop in Jerusalem, for I never saw Davy's harp on exhibition either in Jerusalem or Rome.

About fifty yards from the gate of the wall around that tree there is what is called Mary's spring. In the morning after sleeping under that tree through the night, Mary wanted some water to wash Jesus and asked the Lord to give her some, "and that spring bursted out of the ground" is what the guide said, though, as a matter of fact, it is not a spring, and does not bust out of the ground, but is a walled well and the water is now being pumped up for irrigating purposes, by the same kind of blindfolded black buffalo cow that is turning two wheels with a line of buckets over them. These cows are kept blindfolded, so they cannot tell when to stop walking fast by noticing that nobody is watching them.

As an evidence that this spring was miraculously made, the guides say it is true that there is no other water like that in all Egypt. I looked at the water, washed my hands in it and drank

some of it, and found it just like all the water I found everywhere else in Egypt, and that well is exactly like thousands of wells that are found all over the part of Egypt that the Nile inundates, and just such water as is found there anywhere they want it by digging ten or twelve feet. It is very clear and soft, but not so cool as our Kentucky springs.

I saw the place where they say Pharoah's daughter found Moses. There is not a single bulrush near it now, though there may have been some there when Moses was found there. They ought to plant some there and build an iron picket fence around them and say they are exactly the same bulrushes that Moses was found in. The place is now in Cairo, but in the opposite side of the river from the main part of Cairo. That place is the origin of the modern "baby farm." It would be an appropriate place for a foundling hospital. Moses and the greatest of all presidents of the United States hadn't any particular pa that anybody knew about.

The Nilometer is one of the curiosities of Cairo. It is close to the place where Moses was found. It is simply a pillar with figures on it—Arabic figures of course—in the middle of a deep cistern or pool connected with the Nile by stone pipes so that the water shows the depth of the Nile by the figures on that pillar. The same thing now has been so much more conveniently accomplished by simply putting a scale, that can be seen at a long distance, on a prominent wall that stands on the edge of the Nile, that the historic old Nilometer seems to have fallen into disuse and is only visited as an antiquity.

There is a large building in connection with it, and much fine mosaic pavement around it.

A remarkable thing about Arabs is that they have slashes cut in their faces on the sides of their eyes and in their foreheads that tell something about the family to which they belong. These slashes are about an inch and a half long, and are made in infancy by their mothers. They are cut with razors and must be quite deep. I did not notice it on any young children and think the custom is probably becoming obsolete.

I saw a banyan tree that was 120 feet spread. The ladies wear their bracelets on their ankles. They are nice bracelets; I looked at a lot of them. "That reminds me," as Lincoln used to say. One day some of the Cookie ladies and gentlemen were riding donkeys on the desert. The women all rode man-fashion. One lady got her dress so pulled up on her ankles (?) that some gentleman had to assist her, and Rev. Marshall, aged 66, was voted the right man to do it. I happened not to be there. Rev. Marshall, in telling me afterward of his embarrassment, said: "Some people seem to think

a preacher has no feeling." I have been a preacher, and have, sometimes in my life, been called upon in such emergencies as that. I have always been willing to sacrifice myself.

The Dancing Dervishes are one of the curiosities of Cairo. From David, who "danced before the Lord," clean down to the Shakers in Kentucky, there have been people who thought the Lord enjoyed seeing people "tip the light fantastic toe," in such varying versions of "Highland fling" and "pigeon wing" as unto the pious seemed good. One Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, a hundred or two Cookies went to see these strange Mohammedan dancers. The place we saw them in Cairo is the most famous in the world for that peculiar worship. Cook furnishes the carriages and guides for the place, all "nominated in the bond" before you start. The church where this dancing is done is in the old part of Cairo. It is almost like going through the Labyrinth where Perseus found Andromeda to get it. We went up steps and down steps and around corners and through alleys and under arches and all sorts of unreasonable highways and byways to get to it. The old church has a general dilapidated and blase appearance that indicates that that particular brand of Mohammedanism that worships there is dying out.

The room into which we went was about fifty feet square. In the middle of this was a smooth circular floor about thirty feet in diameter, around which was a plain wooden railing about three feet high. There was not a seat in the whole house except on the floor. We were not required to pull off our shoes or to put on any slippers. All Mohammedans wore their fezes, and all other men took off their hats simply at their own suggestion. About fifteen feet above the ground floor was another floor with a circular opening through it the same size as the circle below, with a railing around it, and so arranged as easily to see the floor below. All Mohammedans went up the steps to that room above and all others, equally men and women, filled the space below, nearly all being able to see well over the railing.

The Mohammedan audience upstairs was not more than forty. There was not a Mohammedan woman in the house. Down in our part of the house there were about 200 people, all mere spectators. When we had waited about a half hour, three old men came in and went up stairs to a little place partitioned off for them. They all sat down on the floor. One had a book and, sticking it almost up until it touched the end of his nose, read from it in a noise that sounded like a combination of singing, crying and a Catholic priest. One man took up some kind of a weird instrument and, blowing into one end of it, made a strange and discordant noise.

There seemed to be some kind of a tune to it, but it was different from anything I had ever heard. It was more like our Southern negro songs than anything else, but lacked the melody of the negro song. A man sat facing him who had a queer kind of a drum upon which he beat with one stick. The man who beat the drum beat it to beat the band, but seemed to make no effort to keep time with the man who was blowing the instrument. Then fifteen old men came in and took their positions near the gate that came into the circular floor below. All of them took off their slippers and left them outside the ring, leaving them bare-footed, and all kept on their fezes. Thirteen of them had on long white skirts like womens' dresses, made very full and of light material. Two of them who were priests had the same dress with a broad badge hung around their necks like Episcopal preachers. One old man then walked out into the circle and, standing fronting the audience, turned his right foot in pigeon-toed style and then, fixing his left foot in the same pigeon-toed style, he carefully crossed his left big toe over his right big toe and stood for a half minute carefully and apparently prayerfully, contemplating the effect, then walked to the railing and took a position facing the center of the circular floor. A second old man came in and reverentially crossed his toes, contemplated the effect, just as his predecessor had done, and took his stand beside the first one, and so on until the whole thirteen had done this, the whole occupying a quarter of an hour. I have not for years witnessed any religious ceremony that so deeply impressed me and for which I had so much respect. Then one old man walked out into the ring and stretched his arms straight out at right angles with his body, both hands being open and the palm of the left hand turned up and the right one turned down. I was told that the left hand was receiving good gifts from heaven and that the right one was pouring them out upon the earth. I did not see anything pass either way. Then the old man commenced turning, and in a half minute, he was going so fast that his skirts stood straight out and had much the motion of one of our American vaudeville skirt dancing women, the vaudeville woman, however, as a general thing, having the advantage of the old man in the matter of underpinning. I enjoyed seeing that one day's performance of the dervishes more than I would any one performance of a vaudeville, but as a regular, everyday performance I would rather see the vaudeville. It developed, fortunately, that all of those old men had on pantalets. I would not have stayed if they had not had them. I remembered the Dead Sea. The old fellows spun like a top; that is, while rapidly spinning around they also made curves around the circle. Every half minute a new man would step in

and they would so arrange it that sometimes all would be whirling at once and sometimes about half of them. Their toes would be close together and it was quite astonishing to see how fast the toes of those old codgers chased themselves in getting around. Each fellow before he would start out thus into life's busy whirl would kneel on the floor and butt his forehead on the floor, like he was trying to drive down any loose nails in the floor that might otherwise snag his feet, or he was trying to jolt his brain somehow so as to enable him to get along without addling his brain in the whirl. In the mean time the two priests were making remarks to Allah and to Mohammed, looking up toward the sky where they were, calling their attention to the excellence of the dance and the music, for the musicians never let up. Then these priests would get down on their knees and acted like they had these magnetized tack-hammers strapped on their foreheads and were tacking down oil cloth preparatory to putting up the winter stove. Then when the priests had bumped their heads around on the floor a while they would get up and walk around the old fellows whirling, and an interesting part of the performance was to notice that the old waltzers with their arms stretched out never hit the priest or hit each other, and the priests seemed to be walking in among them simply to show this strange fact.

I told old "Arkansaw" to time them and he said they spun from four to six minutes each, then an old fellow would waltz out to the railing, drop down on his knees, drive down a few more nails with his forehead and then waltz in again. We watched them spin around for about an hour, and I thought I could stand and look at them as long as they could spin, but they beat me. It was somewhat suggestive of that boat-ride out from Joppa to look at them. I got tired and left and they were still spinning.

I saw a man sawing wood for fuel in a wood-yard. The saw was fixed stationary and he held the wood in both hands and raked it over the saw. He said nothing and sawed wood. The man who was selling the wood sold it all by weight. It was almost as hard as a bone and very heavy, though perfectly seasoned.

I passed a bucket-shop—not the Lexington and Chicago kind; a place to make buckets. The cooper was sitting flat on the ground. He used both hands and one foot as a hand. He worked on one end of the bucket with his hands, while with his big toe and other toes he caught the edge of the other end of the bucket and handled it with his foot just as well as he could with his hands. He handled his foot just as a monkey does and the similarity was so striking that I recognized that it scored one for Darwin. In cold countries where we wear shoes the toes have naturally lost their

simian dexterity, while in that warm country where they do not wear shoes that man had a skill in grasping things with his foot that was different from anything in that line I ever saw. My only objection to the theory that man is a development from the monkey is that in so many instances it is so hard on the monkey.

At the museum we saw some sculpture that the guides said were 6,000 years old. That sculpture must have been made ninety-three years before Adam was made, if the Bible chronology is true. The people in charge of the museum are the finest Egyptologists in the world.

Some of the Cookies went out on the desert hunting quail. They are not so abundant there now as they used to be in the days of Moses, from the Bible accounts of them. There were four or five gentlemen in the party. They killed nineteen quail, and their donkeys, guns, guides and quail drivers cost them twenty dollars. The birds looked like our Kentucky quail, or partridges, and field larks and flickers or yellow-hammers. They are not so large as our Kentucky partridges. These birds are so exactly the color of the sand that they hide by lighting on the sand.

I saw a monkey looking in a hand-glass that he held in one hand and arranged his hair with his other hand. Score one more for Darwin.

I saw some Cookies going out to an ostrich farm. Another Cookie said to one of them: "What do they raise at an ostrich farm?" And the first Cookie answered: "Chickens, of course; what else do you suppose they would raise at an ostrich farm?" And then the other fellow said: "I thought, maybe, they raised lobsters out there." He could have said they raise sand out there; it is in the desert.

I find that the man who said he would blow up the pyramids was named Thompson. I saw a woman carrying as babies three of her own children. She had a pair of twins, one astride of each shoulder and one in her arms. Roosevelt ought to know that woman. Cairo has 600,000 inhabitants. One day I heard a native Arab band playing as I was sauntering around the city and I went to see what was the occasion. It was on a street about twenty-five feet wide and in a very fine part of old Cairo. There were about thirty musicians in uniforms with some strange looking instruments and some like ours. The band was in two about equal parts, sitting on benches on either side of the street. Sand was spread on the street and children were dancing on the sand. I went up and took a seat, and a nice looking waiter came and handed me cigarettes and coffee in a pretty brass cup. I declined both with thanks. While I was sitting there an elegant carriage drove up,

and a handsome and richly dressed lady went into the house. I did not hear what the occasion was, but think it must have been a wedding or a funeral.

I saw a man on the street with a little white rabbit in his hand. The man would put an egg in his mouth and gulp it down and then pull the egg out of the rabbit's mouth. He would do it with any number of people standing around him in the broad daylight on the pavement. It was that kind of a fellow that worried Moses by making his walking cane turn to a snake.

I was walking along the pavement in a part of the city where there were not many people passing. I came to a big pile of green clover. I might have walked up that pile of clover with the expectation of walking down it on the other side, but I happened to see a camel's tail sticking out from under it. I walked around the other side to see if I could find the key to the situation and found the camel's head sticking out of the other side. I remembered that Jerusalem camel and was glad I did not start to walk over that pile of clover.

In a market I saw in one stall thirty-two varieties of macaroni, sixteen varieties of beans and seven varieties of souse. I saw a lot of girls that were gathering cigarette butts. They had an amazing lot of them. I suppose they are made into cigarettes and sold in America, as genuine Turkish cigarettes. I hope they are. I don't smoke. I saw a wedding procession in which, among the wedding presents, were camels loaded with household and kitchen furniture. If each of Solomon's 1,000 wives got such a lay-out of presents as that woman had no wonder he was rich. He ran a house-furnishing store. I saw a hearse in ebony and gold with six horses and two drivers and two runners, that would have made Lexington think that Barnum's band wagon had come to town. There were in the procession fifty blind people chanting the Koran. One of our party, Miss Ramsey, daughter of a railroad magnate, died of Nile fever in Cairo, after returning from a long trip up the Nile. I did not go up the Nile further than Cairo, because that cost \$75 extra and I did not have the money.

CHAPTER IX.

Rev. C. A. Marshall, of Cresco, Iowa, took the Upper Nile trip, and wrote the following account of it:

ON THE NILE.

“For I have seen the strange light on the sky,
That leaps unwavering o’er the prophet’s tomb.”

—Egyptian Lyrics.

Egypt is the wonderland of the world; a land of hoary antiquities, a land of unperishing youth. The glory and freshness of this land is the river Nile. A party of forty of the good people of the Moltke had trusted still further in Thomas Cook & Son for a voyage of pleasure and profit upon its broad stream. Leaving Cairo on the eve of March 13th in a “wagonlit” for Luxor, we were soon beyond the turmoil of the particolored city and the everlasting cries for “backsheesh.”

Our sleeper was fairly comfortable, though we missed the neatness and genial showing of ivories in the visage of our great American institution—the colored porter of the Pullman. The moon was nearing its full and I could look out of the window in my waking moments and catch glimpses of the river and watch the date palms dash past like couriers of the night.

Here and there, too we saw a village of mud huts, where the sleeping fellahs had forgotten their troubles, while over all was the strange white light of the moon casting wild shadows over scarred rock and broad plain and conjuring up memories of five thousand years. This, then, was Egypt, land of mystery, land of the river, land of undying fame.

The morning was burning into the lurid glare of a tropical day when we pulled into Luxor when we went at once to the hotel of that name. It is a veritable oasis in the desert. Here the flowers were blooming, the birds singing and the date palms waving their broad arms as though welcoming us to our home. Under my bedroom window a large oleander tree poured its rich fragrance through the air and the old stories I read when a boy of the “Arabian Nights Dream” came wandering back. All this floral delight

was created by irrigation. Every third day the water of the Nile is let in by many little channels; so the desert rejoices and the roses, lilies, cannas with a blaze of tropical flowers I had never seen before made a most charming scene and I sauntered out to a seat saying, "Alabama! here will I rest." But I had reckoned without my host, for at once innumerable small flies began to tease with a persistence second only to our Iowa flies. They have a special regard to the "tenderfoot," and an Englishman passing me had his face speckled up with them in a queer way. But Cook & Son do not allow much rest, and soon the sharp call of the dragoman summoned us to donkeys for Karnak.

Perhaps it was a judgment upon me, for my levity in regard to the donkey ride at Ephesus, but any way I got hold of a most vicious brute. The driver said, "Best donkey in Luxor, Sah! His name Ass-ouan." But he was an ass with a record and as many tricks as Barnum's mule. His canter was something between a bucking broncho's trot and a young elephant's gambol and his principal pleasantry consisted in trying to scrub one against the wall. The donkeys' names seem interchangeable, to suit the nationality of visitors. Some lately ridden by Americans rejoice in such names as "Highball," "Cocktail" and "Whiskey Straight." Well, the race began, a wild charge of forty or fifty donkeys upon the ruins of Kanak. Amid jeers and scoffs of the Arabs and the yells and prods of the drivers; amid dust, heat and flies we were off to the Temples of the Gods.

"Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,
Of which the ruins are tremendous."

I cannot speak at length of these; any guide book will tell you about them. It is the province of the present scribe merely to record his own impressions. These I can sum up simply in the one word "overwhelming!" Huge columns eighty-eight feet high and thirty-eight feet in circumference; a thousand acres of ruins. The records of a grand race in war and peace carved in undying characters upon the face of walls that defy the ravages of the tooth of time.

Somehow, though, I never could appreciate the beauty of Egyptian sculptures. It was a hobby with my old professor in England, but my own boyish idea was that either those old artists had queer ideas of beauty or else they had poor specimens of the "human form divine" to model from. Contrast, for instance, the pictures of Rameses driving back his enemies with our statue of Hancock in Washington, or Ibrahim Pasha in Cairo. Contrast the long, lanky, lean representations of a Cleopatra as we saw her

on the walls of the Denderah Temple with the Venus de Medici, or Powers' Greek Slave; what a difference; what a contrast! How grotesque the former; how superb the latter. And yet these Egyptian sculptures show a breadth of conception, a daring in execution and a patience in detail which may well excite the admiration of the modern art student. From Karnak we returned—a rather jaded cavalcade—to the ruins of Luxor lying at the very door of our hotel on the banks of the “Eternal River.” These Egyptian ruins are after all very much alike except to those versed in the mysteries of hieroglyphics. However, we “did” the ruins patiently and conscientiously. We climbed over prostrate columns; we stumbled over great masses of fallen stone; we listened to the flowing periods of our dragoman, Mahmoud, with enduring interest, but I confess I was glad to get back to the quiet seat in the garden, out of the melting heat, the dust and scramble, and try and collect my thoughts. Our best time came that evening, after dinner, when a party of five of us, with one brave lady for a chaperone, sauntered out again to look upon a scene that can never fade from my vision. And the sight was worthy of the scene. The full moon poured her pale light on the silent river and the hoary ruins far away to the South, the great star Canopus burned with unwonted fire. All the misery and woe and poverty of the fellaheen were buried in the hush of night, buried under the soft moonlight that cast its cloth of gold as a mantle of mercy over the misery of the fellah and left us only the outlook toward the stars. At our feet flowed the Nile in majestic volume, no longer muddy and dark, as in the daylight, but blue and silvered under the glory of the Egyptian night. While my friends went on to visit a part of the ruins which they had not seen before, I sat down on a fallen column to rest and to dream. I heard the voices of my friends die away with their retreating footsteps. The only other live being in the enclosure was the Arab guard, the click of whose key in the lock had just shut out all the world from this treasure house of centuries.

Then there rose before me like a dream the grandeur and the glory, the Oriental splendor and gold, the tread of triumphant hosts, the incantations of the priests. All passed before me in procession. Court and corridor were peopled again with living forms. Ancient Egypt was “revisiting again the glimpses of the moon.” The next day was Sunday and our tourists streamed out on the plains of Thebes as on other days. I went to the little English church in a shady nook of the garden at the hour of Holy Communion. The priest stood with lighted candles on the altar and his back to just two communicants, and I could not help asking

myself: "Where are the nine?" As I have witnessed the devotions of the faithful Moslems, I must say they set a good example to us Christians. Indeed, I have thought sometimes since we started on this "Moltke cruise" that, what with a wide-open Cairo and repeated Sabbath excursions, some of our Christianity will need to be "laid up for repairs" when we return to the land of prayer-meetings and Sabbath schools.

In the cool of the Sabbath eve we went on board the steamboat "Amasis," which was to bear us down the Nile. The sun had just set and now looking out over the river to the colossal statues of Memnon "that at sunrise played," there came to us the famous afterglow of the Egyptian sky. The lights came and went. There were orange and pink and purple and gold.

"Then came a magical, mysterious glow;
Gold leapt to rose, rose lightened into flame;
The undying sun once more a bridegroom came."

Then it died out and it brought to my mind the dying of a great and good man. I thought of Gordon on the upper reaches of this same mighty river. Gordon, whose aspiration was to heal the "open sore of the world" and destroy forever the blight of the slave trade in the great dark continent. Gordon is gone! I saw the statue which an admiring nation erected to his memory in Pall Mall, London, a few days ago, but he lives yet in martyrdom, a hope, an inspiration and a cheer to the dusky multitude for whom he laid down his life.

At 4 A. M. Monday morning, while the shadows are yet on the silent stream, the moorings are quietly slipped, we are "a-weigh" on the flowing tide, but half an hour had not passed before we went with a dull thud on a sand-bar, which was only the precursor of a good deal of tedious waiting. These Nile pilots have not yet learned, like their brothers on the Mississippi, to sail on "a light dew." An hour more and we are again afloat and now the panorama of this wonderful stream that flows for fifteen hundred miles of its course without a single stream joining it, is unrolled before us. Reach glides into reach, opening out vistas of impressing beauty and interest. Of all the sons of rock this Nile is the most marvelous. Out of the great mothers of Central Africa a thousand nameless rills rush to feed the new-born river. Around the great inland seas of the Nyanza the majestic stream joins the strength of unperishing youth. Amid the haunts of the lion and the river horse, fed by the melted snows of hoary giants that lift their silver crowns in the region of the African sky, nowhere in all the wide

world has the loving mother poured her choicest treasures with such unsparing hand.

Down those streams of living water have flowed all the treasures of human civilization, human thought, law and order, science and art. The Roman learned from the Greek; the Greek from the Assyrians; the Assyrians from the Egyptians; while the Egyptian drew from this unceasing source the eternal mysteries and the inspiration which has kept alive through all the centuries. No wonder the people should worship the great river, the source of all their wealth and life and hew out to them silver blocks of granite and build temples, pyramids and pylons to record the glory of the river through all future time. There is no more joyful message through all the land of the Pharaohs than the sentence, "The Nile has begun to rise." But the tide of time as well as the river bears us onward. Denderah, Abydos, Assiout with its mummies of the sacred wolves and its sepulchres in the rock where we saw coffins drawn only five days before, from their sleep of 3,000 years, fresh as though buried yesterday. On this is the great barrage where Britain is storing the sacred waters to raise more corn for the ever-growing population of fellaheen. Onward, ever onward, to the great pyramid and that mysterious sphinx under whose shadow the right of the French army halted when the memorable order reminded Napoleon's victorious troops that "forty centuries were looking down upon them."

Onward, ever onward, to modern Cairo, that degenerate child of an illustrious sire, of which W. F. Butler says: "Modern Cairo is one of the saddest sites the world holds to-day. Amid its glorious tombs, and in the ruins of mosques the lowest extremes of the humanity of three continents fight for a supremacy of theft."

But we are "homeward bound." We have begun to retrace our steps and "fond hearts are waiting in the land to which we go." We are leaving behind us the harems of the rich and the mud-huts of the fellah, and are bound for the land of happy homes. Egypt may have a glowing sky and a winter unmarred by frost and snow, but the showers which fall on the broad acres of the Iowa cornfield bring treasures of greater value than even the store houses of the Nile. I contrast the poor fellah toiling in the scorching sun as he dips his buckets to pour the slender stream into the irrigating trench, with the Western farmer who sits on his veranda while the showers drop their welcome rain on his thirsty fields and those lines come back to me.

CHAPTER X.

I was at Cairo twelve days, but though it is one of the most beautiful and luxurious cities in the world, I became tired of looking at it and was glad to get away when the time came. At Cairo I was at the most remote part of my tour, from my home, and it was a happy feeling that the first turn of the wheels on the railway train that day, March 22, was the first step on the long road to my home in far off America, which humble little home had gotten to be a place that I wanted more to see than any other place on earth.

We came back to Alexandria over the same railway that we had traveled going to Cairo. Alexandria, though in history one of the most interesting cities in the world has now comparatively little of interest to be seen. It is the place at which was one of the seven wonders of the world, the lighthouse called the Pharos. If even the site of it is now known I did not hear it mentioned. It was at Alexandria that the Mohammedan fool and bigot burned the Alexandrian library, his reason being that if that library had in it anything that was not in the Koran it was too much and ought to be burnt, and that if it had omitted anything that was in the Koran it had too little in it and ought to be burnt. If Christians had sense enough they would learn a lesson from that, namely, that the burning of books that had views different from those of their readers is a piece of stupidity that did not originate with the Christians of this day. A Mohammedan was stupid enough to do that more than a thousand years ago.

Cyril the Christian, in Alexandria, had burnt the beautiful and scholarly Hypatia, the pagan, the most wonderful woman character in all history, because she did not believe his religion, and the Mohammedan said, and not without some appearance of reason, that a library that contained the books of such a man as Cyril ought to be burnt, and when it was burnt nearly all the learning of the world was in ashes, never, like the Phoenix, to rise again. With that library we should probably be far more familiar with the history of the pyramids and the Sphinx than we now are with the history of the Parthenon at Athens and the Coliseum at Rome. But Christian fools from that day to this

have burnt the books that did not suit them and their authors just as far as they have had the ability to do that kind of arguing. It was from Alexandria that were gotten all the manuscripts that were used to make our present canonic New Testament.

The only thing now left in Alexandria that strangers go to see is Pompey's pillar. It is ninety-nine feet high and is a column about eight feet in diameter, at the base, sloping to about six at the top. Seventy-three feet of it is in one stone, and the whole has been set up on a foundation sixteen feet high. It was erected in honor of Diocletian.

On Sunday, March 22nd, we set sail from Alexandria to Naples, 1,040 miles. On that Sunday I saw a waterspout—the only one I ever saw. It was the most wonderful phenomenon I ever saw. It was on the port side of the ship and a little ahead of us, and the cloud was about twenty-three degrees above the horizon. I thought it was ten miles away, but Rev. Marshall, an old sailor, said it was only about three miles away. The cloud that formed the upper part of the waterspout was not a very large one, nor a very black one and had nothing peculiar about it. The general appearance of the cloud was flat. From near the middle of the bottom of it there went down a point shaped somewhat like the horn of a steer. This was about three or four degrees in length, and was simply a continuation of the cloud. From the end of this point there was a white something that looked like an immense roll of wool as it comes from a carding machine. This occupied about fifteen degrees and went toward the water at an angle of about forty-five degrees. About where it would have touched the water had its line been continued, the water was flying in spray and mist as if being twisted with a whirlwind, and from the surface of the sea up to the end of the roll that looked like wool it looked like smoke. We could not see that it was moving. I saw it complete from top to bottom for ten or fifteen minutes and then it ceased at the water and gradually disappeared from the water up, occupying another ten or fifteen minutes. I had heard of waterspouts from my childhood and had always thought them a figment of the sailors' imagination, but there it was, and seeing was believing. The officers of the ship did not seem to regard it as a matter of any danger. It looked to me that a whirlwind was twisting the water into a great coil and pumping it up into that cloud. The sea was pretty rough in the morning of that day, but I had gotten my sea legs and was feeling all right. I had doubted the existence of such a thing as a waterspout, and if, before seeing that one, the ship's captain had told me that the waterspout story was only a sailors' yarn it would have been just what I had always

believed and I would have told him so. The water spout, as I had seen it, was not a large column of water pouring straight up into the sky, as I had seen it in the pictures, nor did it seem liable to affect such a ship as ours, as the stories that I had heard seemed to warrant; but it was not a thing that I would have liked to be any nearer to in the small boats that took us to the big ship at Joppa.

Finding that I had been mistaken about the waterspout, I concluded to ask the captain about that story so often alluded to, metaphorically, as "casting oil upon the troubled waters." I had asked some intelligent Cookies about it, and they thought it was a fact, and when I asked the captain about it I supposed he would certainly tell me that that was only a sea myth, that had no existence any more substantial than its popular use among writers and speakers. But, to my surprise, this captain, whose knowledge of seafaring had put him in charge of this great ship, told me that in storms at sea the ocean could be calmed by throwing oil on it, and in answer to my further questions he told me that in a storm it was the custom for a sailor to go to the bow and drop overboard about two pounds of oil at once and that they would somewhat slow up the ship while he was doing so, and he told me how often or at what spaces they would throw over the oil, but I have forgotten that, but I am under the impression that it was perhaps as much as an hour apart, and he told me that that ship was then prepared with the oil and the arrangements for that purpose.

There was nothing in his appearance and nothing in the circumstances or general deportment of the man that would warrant him in deceiving me in this matter, unless it is a rule among officers, under such circumstances, to say anything that they think will promote a feeling of security among their passengers; and yet I do not believe that two pounds of oil or 2,000 barrels of oil would have any perceptible effect upon the sea.

Rev. Marshall said to me that he thought that nearly all the miracles in the N. T. could be accounted for on natural principles and he instanced the story of Jesus walking on the water. If that story can be accounted for on a natural principle and Captain Dempwolf's story about calming the Atlantic Ocean or the Mediterranean Sea by dropping on either of them two pounds of oil, so that it would save the Moltke is true, a gill of oil that Jesus might have had with him would have calmed the little sea of Galilee so that the little boat he was in would have been saved. I believe the testimony of Captain Dempwolf is worth more than that of any unknown man who wrote the N. T. centuries ago. Thomas is the only one of the disciples who insisted upon

having all the possible evidence in a case that asserted the miraculous, and is therefore the man whose testimony, of all the disciples, would have been the most valuable, and yet Jesus rebuked Thomas for wanting to proceed the most intelligently of any of them, and the N. T. has in it not a line from Thomas. Commend me to Tom.

On March 23d we sighted Sicily and Italy. I had from my boyhood longed to see a volcano, and Aetna and Stromboli are both in Sicily. It was getting to be nearly dark when finally we came in sight of Aetna. It loomed up high above the sea, and from its top there lazily floated away a continuous stream of smoke. I had in my boyhood days made many a volcano by piling leaves or straw over a small fire, and in my earliest recollection there was a vision of coal pits at the country blacksmith shops before they got coal out of the ground, where they stacked wood and covered it with a nice hill of dirt and set it afire and made charcoal, and those things had given me my earliest impressions of volcanoes, and then as I grew older and read about the heathen gods it was interesting to me to hear how they threw Vulcan the blacksmith out of heaven and broke his leg by the fall, and then, even though he was crippled, had to put Mount Aetna on top of him to hold him down. But "it's hard to keep a good man down," and Vulcan managed to get up and started another blacksmith shop under Mount Aetna, and all the people of those days said that the story must be true, because there was the smoke coming out of the top of Aetna, and, sure enough, here in my old days I had come to see Aetna at last, and there was the smoke still coming out, and it looked to me, from things I had been seeing, that the Jews, Christians and Mohammedans had all gotten the arguments for their religions in exactly the same way that those old pagans proved that the story of Vulcan was true by pointing the people to Aetna still smoking, and as an argument, it seemed to me immensely more dignified than the tracks in the rocks, of Jesus and Mohammed, and the finger-prints in the rock of the angel Gabriel all of which we saw at Jerusalem. In pagan argument for the truth of paganism, based on the burning of Aetna, there was certainly something grand and dramatic. No Sweeny could walk up to the crater and stick in his bundle of sacred trinkets to have them hallowed by the contact, and then get home with them. There was nothing that Harrison had to show for his story of Jonah and the whale except the Mediterranean Sea, and the Christian argument is that the stories of Christianity have stood so long that they are to be accepted as true until somebody can prove that they are not true; and yet here was Aetna, still standing, as certainly a part of the pagan story about Vulcan and that story was an old one for centuries

before there was any Christianity, and Christian logic demands that that story of Vulcan should be accepted as true until some Christian can prove that Vulcan is not, to-day, under that mountain still forging the thunderbolts for Jove that rend the heavens with a crash, when Jove is on his ear, because of some dissatisfaction with the way people are doing, and blasts their churches and new-fangled Jerusalem religions with his lightning as the newspapers are continually reporting.

It was Sunday night when I saw Aetna and it may be that Vulcan, while not a Christian, was obeying the law of the land that had been Christianized since he began business there, and would not work on Sunday and had banked his fires and gone to bed early that night so as to get an early start on Monday morning.

The Captain told me that I could not see Stromboli without sitting up until midnight, and even then my chance to see it would be a poor one, so I went to bed without trying to see it. The approaches to Italy, the clear sky, the beautiful sea, the picturesque towns and islands and boats, and the delightful atmosphere, and the far-off snow-capped mountains were all that the pen of poet or brush of painter or modern kodak could warrant you in expecting. I saw away off in the clouds something that looked like it might be a real mountain on the earth and then looked like it might be one of those clouds that sometimes look so much like mountains, but I had an idea that it might be Vesuvius and was finally assured by those who knew it that it was the famous volcano. I could see no smoke. I had never heard that any city ordinance of Naples required that Vesuvius should consume its own smoke.

"See Naples and die" was the proverb, but I felt inclined to postpone the dying until I got home and wrote a book about it and took time to consider the matter of dying. The bay of Naples I suppose, has the reputation of being the most beautiful place in the world. When morning came we found ourselves lying at anchor in the bay. There were many small boats around and there were parties of men and women singing and dancing and then occasionally one would stop and open out a parasol and, inverting it, hold it to catch any money that might be thrown them for the performance. The women were pretty and were all bare-headed, as was the case throughout the whole city. In some of these boats were women cooking for anybody that would buy. Some of these small boats had in them large piles of sardines, off of which men and boys were pulling the heads. About that time some very elegant lady of our Cookie companw said to me on the Moltke: "If you will say in your book what you say to me here, I will send you ten dollars for it." The lady who said this was the one who

wanted the bottle of whiskey at Constantinople. She is a rich woman and a subscriber to this book, and must judge, herself, whether in the book I have talked as I talked to her.

Naples has 250,000 inhabitants. It is a model of cleanliness and beauty. A railway station there is as beautiful as a picture gallery with many beautiful fresco paintings in it. The streets are of solid stone. But at Naples I was occupied with thoughts of Vesuvius and what it had done at Herculaneum and Pompeii, in which I had been greatly interested since I read "The Last Days of Pompeii" in my boyhood. We were put into a beautiful railway train and carried out to Pompeii. In A. D. 79 an eruption of Vesuvius covered Herculaneum and Pompeii. These two towns are each about six miles from Vesuvius and I think about six miles apart. Herculaneum was covered with lava and but little has been done in the way of excavating it. The lava so ran into the city and solidified, when it cooled, that it will be very difficult, if at all possible, ever to exhume it. Pompeii, though, was only covered with ashes that fell on it, and that city has been largely excavated and is in almost perfect preservation. The ashes were fifteen feet over the highest part of the city. The part of it that has been excavated is four miles around, and at the limits of the excavation you see the ashes now, fifteen feet deep but almost as solid as the natural soil. It is thought that about half the city has been exhumed, but that is the more beautiful part of it. The streets and the walls of the houses, inside and out, have been so perfectly cleaned that it is hard to realize that it was ever covered with ashes.

The streets are in solid stone, and are so narrow that chariots and other wheeled vehicles could only pass each other at certain places, and the iron tires of the wheels have worn ruts in the solid stone pavements in some places as deep as five inches. There was no arrangement for vehicles with one horse to them, as is evident from the fact that right in the middle of the streets, at all crossings, there is a stone as high as the narrow sidewalk on either side and in crossing this street all persons had to step from the sidewalk onto that stone and then the next step onto the opposite sidewalk, and the two or four horses in their vehicles had to divide so as to go each side of that stone in the center of the street. We walked, I suppose, through four or five miles of these streets, and through the buildings until we were all too tired to walk any more. The whole city is built of marble and stone and no part of it was destroyed except that the roofs, which were all tiles, had all been broken in and destroyed and that part had been removed. In some instances, in order to preserve paintings and sculpturing on the

walls, some houses had had the tile roofs put on them since the excavation. There are many paintings on the frescoes and smooth marble walls. We came into a large court in which was the temple of Apollo. In this temple there were perhaps a half dozen pieces of statuary, all life-size and of men or gods, but only one of these was as it had been found at the excavation. It was in almost perfect order and was a fine piece of statuary. The others were restorations—either statues to which missing parts had been supplied or, in some instances, probably the whole statue was modern and had been modeled from one that had formerly occupied that place. In some instances the pedestal of the statue was the original one, though the statue was modern. The guides carefully told us of each case that was a restoration and there was no disposition to have it appear that any modern thing there was ancient. There was a solid stone or marble altar there upon which they sacrificed to Apollo. The altar was large enough to hold a whole large beef at once.

Then there was a forum that was about 300 feet by 100, having a large platform upon which the judges sat that was eight or ten feet above the level of the floor. The floors in all cases were marble. There was a temple to Jupiter and one to Mercury and an arch to Nero and one to Caligula, and another large altar in marble on which was sculptured a procession of priests leading a bull to sacrifice. Then there was a stock exchange that had in it a room about a half acre in size. Over this was a roof of tiles. At different places we saw lead pipes, the largest of which were about three inches in diameter. These were not made at all like our modern lead pipes. They were made by having long, flat strips of lead, then laying them in a groove and hammering the pieces in half-round strips so that when two halves were put together and the edges beaten together they formed a pipe, but it was a very imperfect thing and was only used to run water where there would not be much pressure on it. Twenty-five thousand people are supposed to have lived in the city, but it is larger than most ancient cities of that much population, because a great part of the city is occupied with the very large houses of the rich and with large public buildings. I am not certain whether it is estimated that the whole city has 25,000 people or only the part of the city that has been exhumed—risen from its ashes in a novel sense. One of the main streets of the town is the street of Abundance, and the cornucopia is in evidence in many places and many forms. That street is abundantly wide for carriages to pass each other. I would say twenty feet wide, beside a sidewalk on either

side four feet wide. The streets and side walks are in perfect order.

As we came out of a narrow street into the street of Abundance there was a perfectly preserved drinking fountain, but there was no water in it. There was a brass tube from which water once flowed. It was about a half inch in diameter and about two inches long. In order that children might drink, I suppose, this tube was too low for grown people to drink without stooping. There seems never to have been any cup or vessel of any kind for any one to drink out of and the only way was for each person to take the end of the spout into his or her mouth. In stooping to drink it assisted the person drinking to put his hand on a certain part of the marble fountain.

The guides showed us that the placing the hand at that place had worn away the stone a quarter or half inch deep, just in the shape the hand would be in placing it there. There was evidently every reason to suppose it had been worn in just that way. I call special attention to this in connection with the wearing of stones by kissing, as the Christians and Mohammedans each lyingly profess, has been done in some cases that they show. In that spot on that fountain the human hand with a large part of a man's or woman's weight upon it was pressed upon the rock and in the process of drinking was probably scrubbed around some each time. It was at a place where the dust from the flinty stone street would settle upon it, and perhaps the place was generally damp from the fountain, and that in some hundreds of years that that fountain had been used in that way, that wearing of the stone would have resulted is just what we would naturally expect. This is quite a different thing, however, from the alleged kissing off of St. Peter's toe, in St. Peter's, in Rome, and the alleged wearing off of the steps of the "sacra scala" in Rome by pilgrims going up there on their knees. The latter two are simply samples of the common religious lies that are palmed off upon ignorant people, or people who have motives in claiming to believe those things.

Then there was a triangular forum. In most of the immense amount of masonry used in Pompeii there was no cement used. The stones were cut to fit each other perfectly and were held in place only by their own gravity.

There were, side by side, two theaters; one for tragedy and one for comedy. They were formed by rows of marble seats that circled around to the stage as our theater seats do in this day. These theaters were so constructed in a natural depression in the ground that the highest seats were on a level with the surrounding

part of the city and all persons had to come into the theater at the top of the seats. In some places that seemed to be the cheaper class of seats the steps that led between the ends of the rows of seats were so worn that they were hardly steps at all, but simply inclined planes. Back of the stage, separated by a space of fifty yards, were handsome quarters for the actors. The columns in front of the long porch in front of those actors' quarters were perfectly preserved. Each of those theaters would have seated three or four thousand people.

Gladiators fought in these theaters and there were elegant barracks provided for them to stay in. The supposition is that the only covering of these theaters was a heavy canvas that was stretched over them.

There was a temple of Isis from which it was thought that a statue spoke to the people. There was a very handsome house that had belonged to a man named Cornelius Rufus. There was in the house a statue of the owner, with his name on the pedestal. By the side of the house, as costly as land must have been there, there was a garden fifty feet by twenty-five. It was surrounded by beautiful pillars, nearly all of which were in an almost perfect state of preservation.

Very great pains and expense were expended on bath rooms. Some of these bath rooms were thirty feet square and about twenty-five feet high, and the walls, ceiling and floor were all made of marble and were all doubled so as to leave a space of about six inches between the two walls all around the whole room. Outside of each one of these bath rooms there were furnaces so constructed that the heat from them passed entirely around the whole bath room, sides, tops and bottoms, and thus the water was warmed for baths large enough to swim in. These bath rooms were ornamented with sculpture and paintings on the marble walls and mosaics.

When we came to a certain place we were shown a great wine cellar. I was so surprised at the proportions of the place that I wandered around in it so long that I found the whole party had gone off and left me when I came out. I ran on to overtake them and found that the guides had made the ladies stop while the gentlemen had gone on. I went on and found that the gentlemen had all been taken into a house of such shady reputation that no ladies were allowed to enter. The paintings on the walls of this house were such as it would not do even to mention. The most remarkable of these paintings had, in some modern day, had a strong box fitted around it so that it could be locked up and the guide had the key in his pocket and, having exhibited it when they first got into that house, I did not get to see it. From the descrip-

tion that the others gave me it was quite a naughty picture, but it showed that somebody who painted that picture had a high sense of the ridiculous. On the walls of this house were many pictures in keeping with the reputation of the place, and their colors were well preserved. There were many rooms in the house, in each of which was a double bed. These beds were all made of solid stone and at the head of each bed was a stone pillow the whole width of the bed. That pillow was about six inches high.

There was one house that is known as the "house of the bear," from a picture of a bear in it. I could not see why the bear was so remarkable as to give its name to the house. It may have been accidental, or there may have been some reason for it that I did not understand. In the "house of the bear" there was a fountain that had over it a round and concave picture about six feet in diameter. The picture was that of a pretty woman and some pretty surroundings and it was a mosaic made of colored shells. It was in a perfect state of preservation.

There was a soap factory and the kettles on the furnace held about ten gallons each and were made of lead. I would have thought they would melt. There was a butcher's shop and the extraordinary wear of wheels in the stone street that went to it indicated that it must have been a place where a large and very active business had been conducted. A lady called my attention to the very deep tracks that seemed to terminate at the butcher shop and we traced that same peculiarly deep track for a considerable distance through the city. That man was the Armour of Pompeii. He may have had the job of furnishing the meat that was burnt on the altars in their temples.

I suppose the priests there, like the priests in the Bible, let the gods fill up on smoke while the priests ate the good fat beef and mutton. There was a wine shop. There were large earthenware jars with big mouths in which the wine was kept, and these jars will hold water now. There was a baker shop and in that shop were found some loaves of bread that are now preserved in the Pompeian museum. There were a number of mills for grinding grain. The upper mill stone was also a hopper that would hold about three bushels of grain and the stone that turned was the lower one. The mill was constructed much like one of our coffee mills. There was no arrangement for separating the bran from the flour. It was whole wheat flour.

On one wall we saw written in nice red lettering, in Latin, of course, a notice of a public election. It occupied a space about five feet long. The colors were well preserved and the man who put the lettering on the wall, which was in manuscript style, showed

that he was an expert in his art that compared favorably with brush-writing experts of this day. The man who wrote that election notice there could no more have anticipated how a man could read that in nearly 2000 years from the time he wrote it than a bill-poster in Lexington to-day could anticipate any conditions or circumstances that would make it possible for men 2000 years from now to read an election notice stuck up in Lexington to-day. Shows we ought to be careful what we write. Wonder if, in 2000 years from now, anybody can read a single line of what I am writing.

We saw a bank. On the marble vestibule of that bank there were written in mosaic colored stones the words: "Salve Aurum"—save your gold. They counted gold in those days by weighing it. I went into Cook's bank in Cairo to get \$2.50 in American money changed into Egyptian. While I was waiting there a Cookie came in and poured out on a counter a pile of American gold and said: "There are \$501." He wanted it changed into other money. The teller shoveled it into his scales, and all in a half minute said: "There are \$502," and shoved him the change for that amount. I have been a bank clerk, but that kind of a way of counting money and no more time than that to look for counterfeits dazed me.

We then visited the house of Vetti, that is called the "new house." It is the handsomest residence in the city. I did not know why it was called the "new house." There was probably something in some inscription about it that spoke of it as the "new house," or there may have been some evidence that it was right new when Pompeii was covered with ashes. In Latin the word "vetus" means "old," and the name Vetti may have been the way of spelling it in those days, and the people may have called it "the new house" because a man named "Old" lived in it. From indications that I saw in the city these people would have been liable to get up just that kind of a joke. The paintings in the "new house" are the finest in the city. In the dining rooms of the "new house" the tables are of marble and are fixed permanently to the floor. The tables are perfectly preserved. There are bedrooms and a library; the library walls being almost full of paintings, the preserved coloring of which, had it been a Christian church, and the pictures of Christian things would now be shown as being miraculous. There is for this house a complete kitchen, where the pots are still in their places on the range where they were when Vesuvius buried the town. The pots look as if they were made of lead. On the side of the main entrance door of the "new house" there is a picture of a fight between two game cocks. They have damaged each other's plumage very much and one of

the cocks has in his mouth a long feather that he has pulled out of the other one. I did not hear that this picture had any special significance, but I suppose it had. If it had been in Kentucky it would have meant that two Democratic roosters had gone up against each other. There were so many things in the "new house" that could be damaged by vandal relic hunters that strong modern doors had been put at the main entrance of that house and it was kept locked.

Pompeii is a walled city and the wall around it, so far as it is exhumed, is in a good state of preservation. We went in and out through the regular gates of the city where guards and guides are all the time on hand, and the city is perfectly preserved.

We saw a stable with stone mangers in it. I would have expected to find some such stone mangers as those in the alleged stable at Bethlehem, where the infant Jesus was said to have laid in a manger, had it really ever been a stable.

Then in Pompeii we visited the residence of Panza. It had a fine aquarium. That picture that was in the box that was locked up was a woman who had a pair of balances in her hand and something in each side of the scales. One side, that was going up, showing that it was the lighter side, had a big bag of gold in it. I suppose the picture was intended to teach a truth, and from what I heard about it, I do not see why it was any tougher thing for us to stand and look at, women and men all together, than the piece of statuary in the Stadium at Athens, that we did, women and men together, look at, though none of us stood very long,—it was too rich for my blood—that had been put there to be seen by the people of Athens that was at that time the most cultivated city that the world has ever seen, and even up to this day, and that statue in the Stadium, having been excavated from the rubbish of centuries, has been put back in the most conspicuous part of the Stadium to be seen there by the *creme de la creme* of modern civilization who are expected to go to Athens from all over the world to see the renewed Olympic games; the same idea, though in a more dignified form, that we now have in the gymnasiums and foot-ball teams of our colleges. It is the same old question about sexual matters, as to whether a self-appointed official like old Tony Comstock in New York can manage this whole matter for the Government of the United States, or whether this Government is old enough, and big enough, and rich enough to appoint as its own officials men and women of distinguished morals and intelligence, to decide what is right about these. It is the same old question as to whether a Methodist preacher like Southgate of Lexington, and a local college professor like Rucker of Georgetown, can arrest me and send me

to jail and to the penitentiary, as they did, because I think these things are, from all points of view, moral, economic and sanitary, things to be decided by accredited experts rather than by men of no distinction for their knowledge of science and who want to punish religious heresy under some guise or disguise.

I was told by Infidels and Christians that on the Moltke and at various parts of the cruise, there was conduct between men and women, Christian and Infidel, the details of which are not admissible in print. I do not know personally of any of these things, though I saw many things, all among Northern people, in this line that indicated that these stories were true. I do not say that it is to my credit to say it, but there were two Infidel women on that cruise both of whom were perfectly respectful to me, and true friends to me, one of whom was perhaps the most intellectual woman on the boat, and the other the greatest wit on the boat, and yet I saw in these two women conduct that I could not warrant in any woman friend of mine; and yet it is almost certainly the fact that either of these women is better than I am, and better and more honest than any priest or preacher on the boat. A Mrs. McCarthy, a devout Irish Catholic woman, who seemed to me to be a kind, good woman, told with pride to a party in which I was that she had gambled and won money at Monte Carlo, and that she was going there again for that purpose. It was for saying things like this that the woman said she would give me ten dollars if I would say them in my book.

Out at Pompeii there is, outside of the gates of the city, a museum that contains all the relics of importance that were exhumed from Pompeii. Among these, naturally, the most prominent are the remains of people who were buried by Vesuvius. I do not think there is any disposition on the part of the people in charge there now to deceive anybody about these remains and yet I am of the opinion that the people who see them, as a general thing, do not understand them and I do not think I do. These bodies are kept under glass cases, but can be clearly seen. The impression I got from the guides is as follows: The ashes fell upon Pompeii so suddenly that many of the people did not have time to get into houses and fell in the streets and were buried, of course, where they fell. The material that came from the volcano packed down around these bodies in the different shapes in which they fell, and before the bodies lost their natural shape this material became solid enough to remain in the shapes of the various bodies after the bodies shrank from decomposition. In excavating there were some of these moulds of bodies found so preserved that plaster of Paris was poured into the moulds and whatever remained of the bodies,

which was only a few of the bones in most instances, was covered with the plaster, or partly covered, so that the real bones of some of those people are found sticking out of parts of the plaster. It seems like an improbable story that these casts could have been obtained that way, but there were probably between 25,000 or 50,000 people thus buried and in excavating the city the diggers probably destroyed thousands of these moulds that they found in the ashes, but found enough of them in such condition as to get the plaster casts of about twenty bodies that are now in that museum. These bodies are of men and women and are in such various attitudes as one would naturally imagine they had been caught. A strange thing, however, is that all of these bodies appear to have been naked, as there seems to be no appearance of clothes on the plaster casts, and it would seem that the clothes would have remained after the bodies had lost their shape from shrinkage. That fact I could not understand. Several of the corpses had the impressions of belts, apparently of leather, around their waists and on these belts were what were supposed to be little leather boxes somewhat in the shape of our modern money pocket-books, in which they carried their money. In one case two of these bodies are clasped in each other's arms. They are supposed to be a mother and her daughter, but how they could find that out I could not see. It was scarcely possible to distinguish the sexes. I think that most people who see those bodies think they are petrifications. I do not think that anybody there is trying to deceive others about those bodies, but it seemed to me that nobody understood perfectly how those moulds had been obtained. There would seem to be no sense in trying to practice any fraud about the bodies, as the whole city tells the main facts of its history in unmistakable terms.

On March 26th a party of fifty-one of us started to make the ascent of Vesuvius. The day was beautiful and the weather very pleasant—a little too warm, possibly, in some parts where we had to climb. We started in carriages, each having three horses side by side; the carriages, as in all cases that we met, having their tops turned back in all good weather.

Vesuvius is 4,280 feet high from the level of the sea, and the mountain starts almost at the sea level. It took us fully three hours to go up to the crater, the distance that we had to travel being probably eight miles. A suburb of Naples runs all the way from Naples to the mountain and fully a half mile up the mountain. There were some things of interest on the road going through that suburban town. It was old looking, but in it were some villas that were very handsome. In all old cities the purpose seems to have been to make the insides of the homes the more attractive

part of them. In America probably the greater part of the expense of a house is put on the outside. We may say the American idea is vanity, or we may say that the owner of the house is not selfish and wants more to gratify the eye of the public than his own. The main entrances of these villas would be comparatively plain and yet through these main entrances you could see large grounds and fine trees and beautiful grass and flowers. The street on which we traveled was fifty or sixty feet wide. On both sides of this street, and over this street is built a palace that looks as if it might be only a hundred or two years old. It is larger than, but on the same plan as, the house of Dives, the gentleman who used to live in Jerusalem, and who the New Testament says is now in hell. I saw a macaroni manufactory. Mark Twain described the macaroni at one of these factories as being full of flies and dirt. But the place I saw had tons of macaroni hanging on trestles outside, and true it was a broad place in the street, but everything around there was clean and there was no dust nor anything that seemed untidy or unsanitary. I had long wanted to go into a macaroni manufactory. I never got to go into one, but from what I saw there I can tell you just how they make it. They take a long, straight hole and put dough around it and then cut it up in pieces and they charge just as much for the hole as they do for the dough. From the looks of that establishment I would say that the man who owns it has the "dough." We saw lots of pretty bare-headed women and some beastly fat priests, who reminded me of what Ingersoll said about old Grover Cleveland—"could pull off his shirt without unbuttoning the collar."

There were many gray-headed beggars that ran the streets along by the carriages and begged for money. I saw a man both of whose legs were cut off so that they were only about six inches long, and that man ran by the side of the carriages and begged, and kept up with us for a little distance when we were going a pretty good up-hill gait. It may have been crawling more than running, but he got there all the same. We began to come to houses and walls built of lava. I was up on the front seat and a New York jeweler named Weaver and three ladies who sat near us at the table on the Moltke, were in the carriage. I did not have any money, but Weaver had plenty of it, and he so pitched it out to the beggars that the police along the road and our driver would have to stop the carriage and disperse the gang of beggars, old and young, and of both sexes, to get along with the carriage. As I did not have any money to help the poor devils, all I could do was to encourage their getting Weaver's money, and I laughed at the way the beggars were worrying the police and the driver and

thus encouraged them to follow and get Weaver's money. He was a queer kind of a fellow, but with a sense of the ridiculous in him, and though he blowed in his money on everything that came along, I never saw him enjoy anything in the whole tour as much as he did those beggars. He called the three women "girls." They were two rich widows, about fifty years each, and a maiden of forty summers, all hell-bent on getting married and doing it p. d. q., and any of the three would have taken Weaver, a bachelor of about forty, at the drop of a hat.

Weaver pitched out the pocket full of change that he had with him and then borrowed all that the "girls" had—he knew I didn't have any—and pitched it out, piece at a time, to the beggars just so as to keep the biggest possible crowd following us and scrambling for it. They finally had to drop off because they broke down running up the mountain and scrambling too, but they spotted that carriage and could tell it for a half mile because I was up in front, with my long gray hair and beard, and when we came back that evening what took place with those beggars and Weaver was the only thing in the whole cruise that makes me laugh so I can hardly write for the tears on my bifocals, when I think about it. I will tell you about it as we come back down the mountain. When the beggars finally checked off, we had a band of nine musicians that followed our carriage for nearly two miles and sang and played beautifully. They were all handsome, strong looking men. I had heard about Demosthenes running up a hill and declaiming an oration at the same time, as a lung and voice practice, but those Italians following us up that hill as fast as our horses could go, and playing instruments and singing at the same time, beat the band—that is, any band I ever saw but that one. In America it's a great accomplishment to sing Italian, but any of those fellows there can sing Italian. They played "Yankee Doodle" in compliment to our nationality.

We saw them building an electric railroad that runs from the city of Naples clear up to the funicular railway that is now there. The Cooks are building the electric road and they own the funicular railway that is on the volcano now. The turnpike that we traveled up was finely made, and had to zig-zag back and forth to get up the mountain. In some cases the electric cars will not have room to turn when they get to the end of one inclined grade and start back on the next one, so they run the cars without turning at the ends of these grades. We soon got to the lava beds, and we drove for miles through them. This lava is rock that has melted until it was so soft that as it poured out of the crater that boiled over on top of the mountain it would, by its own gravity, creep down

the sides of the volcano at the rate of perhaps two or three or four miles an hour. This lava got itself into many fantastic shapes, but the general appearance was like waves of the sea rolling and leaping and tossing their spray. Much of this molten rock looked as if it may have lain cold and solid for centuries after it had cooled off, and then steam or gas or dynamite or something had made an awful explosion under it and thrown up from the sides of the mountain great stones that would be as large as a small dwelling house, and these stones had come up through the solid lava and borne it all up again and then more hot lava had run over it all, and sometimes these immense rocks had stuck in the lava when it was soft and all was now as hard as flint. The first lava that we came to had run down there in 1831. Then we came to a place where, in 1858, the lava had run down over the splendid road we were traveling on and a new road had to be built along there when it got cool enough and parts of the first road could be seen here and there below us, looking like that we were traveling over, except that it looked like it had not been used for years. The driver pointed out a place where the lava had destroyed a village in 1873. I do not know how large the village was, but I would guess two or three thousand inhabitants, and the surface covered by the lava was probably three or four hundred acres. The whole village was so completely covered with the lava that no one now would know that any village had ever been there. There was no effort at any excavation that had ever been made there to uncover it. I did not hear, but think the people were not buried there as at Herculaneum and Pompeii. We then came to ashes and pumice stone that had been thrown out when Herculaneum and Pompeii had been destroyed in A. D. 79. The ashes were forty feet deep and were packed as solid as ordinary soil. The depth of the ashes could be seen on the cuts of the turnpike and of the railway. We were beginning then to get up to where we could see very plainly what Vesuvius was doing, though we were about four miles by road from the crater and 2,000 feet below it.

Then we came to a place where the lava had flowed over and destroyed a part of the road in 1895, and a new route had been engineered and the lava quarried out of the way and we were traveling on the new part of the road. I was astonished to see how many eruptions there had been in late years, but all these seemed to have poured out only this molten rock called lava, except the one that in the year 79 threw out the ashes that destroyed Pompeii. While the mountain, at that time, threw out enough lava to bury Herculaneum entirely out of sight as it is to this day, in one direction, the ashes and scoria that it, at that time, threw out in

such quantity and with such force as to bury Pompeii, six miles in another direction, seem to have had no parallel in any of the other performances of the mountain and what it was that on that occasion furnished such an inordinate supply of ashes is one of the many curious questions for conjecture in the history of this most extraordinary of all mountains. It is almost certain that it is only a question of time, possibly of thousands of years, when Naples will all be destroyed by Vesuvius. A Cookie said to me that it was remarkable that all volcanoes started out of the tops of mountains. It reminds me of the suggestion of a man who said it was fortunate that the large rivers all run by large towns. When Vesuvius started, which was certainly hardly less than 100,000 years ago, it broke through the earth's crust at a point that was almost down to the level of the sea, as the base of Vesuvius now is, and it broke through there because the crust of the earth was thin there, and this mountain, which is twelve miles in diameter at the base and 4,280 feet high, has, of course, all been formed by what was thrown out of the earth. What a contemptible little pile of rocks is Cheops compared with Vesuvius, and yet before the first stone was laid in Cheops Vesuvius looked just as old as it does now. How infinitely more contemptible is that class of fools who contend that this world was called into existence out of nothing only 6,000 years ago, when in the nearly 2,000 years that have elapsed since Vesuvius destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, there has scarcely been a perceptible change in the appearance of Vesuvius.

The cavity that must be in the earth under Vesuvius must, of course, be as large as the mountain outside is. That cavity is possibly now under the Mediterranean Sea, or if not will almost certainly be there some time from 1,000 to 10,000 years from now, then some time a hole five miles in diameter will drop out of the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea where it is a mile deep and the water will plunge into a lake of melted rocks twenty-five miles across and at least 4,000 miles deep, if indeed the common belief that the fire of Vesuvius comes from the molten center of the earth is the true one, but which theory I doubt. When that occurs continents will rise and fall, such as the continent of Atlantis, from which the Atlantic Ocean gets its name, and through the mountain tops of which we steamed for 300 miles, beginning with the Azores, on our route home.

It was from the evidences of some such cataclysm as this that some smart Alack, like Moses, or some other Jew who had failed in the ready-made clothing business, raised the wind and got a new stake, by writing that fairy story about Noah and his ark.

I am not inclined to believe the popular theory of the internal,

if not infernal, fire of the earth. I incline to think that down under that mountain, probably less than ten miles deep, there is a reservoir of oil or coal that neither Rockefeller nor Baer has tapped, or gas enough to supply the world if it could be harvested; but how it burns with no more air than it seems to get is what I don't know. Next! What comes out of the mountain that is commonly called smoke is, I think, about such a combination of steam and smoke as comes from a locomotive. The crater from which Herculaneum and Pompeii were covered is, I would guess, ten times as large as the one now doing business, and it is a half mile between the nearest two points of the two craters, and the new crater, the one in operation probably ever since then, nearly 2,000 years, is a hundred feet higher than the old one. The old one probably "blew off its head" in A. D. 79, and is not so high now as before that eruption. It seems temporarily, at least, to have gone out of business and is now "closed for repairs" and is probably getting on a "good ready" to wipe Naples off the map some of these times. The people there are all the time afraid of the volcano and naturally appreciate that it would be phenomenal if some of these times it does not destroy Naples, but the time is so indefinite and possibly so far off that each generation is willing to risk it; but that old mountain hangs like a Damocles sword over that town and its people know it. When we were two or three hundred feet from the top we could see steam coming out of the sides of the mountain. Away up there I saw an old Kentucky crow flying around and trying to make up his mind as to what that mountain was trying to do. This old crow was putting on some foreign airs in his dress and his back was all white, like somebody had white-washed him. In Kentucky the politicians and theologians are white-washed.

I had three different views on three different days of the steam or smoke from Vesuvius. The first time the smoke was just regularly and lazily coming up and floating away making clouds in the sky as far as my good sight or Bro. Buchagnani's opera glasses could reach. The second time the old mountain was playing the Mohammedan and had its head all wrapped up in a great white turban of steam and its foot bare. There was, some years ago, a question of etiquette between a mountain and Mohammed as to which should go to the other when it was desirable that the two should meet in conference, but the mountain stood its ground and stood pat on the proposition that Mohammed would have to get a move on himself, if the two ever came together, and I think that established a precedent that makes it more probable that the Mohammedan learned to wrap up his head and go bare-

footed, from the mountain, rather than that the mountain learned it from the Mohammedan. The third time that I saw Vesuvius was the day we ascended it, and all day long, from the first we could see of it in the morning, it was smoking just the same way—much like Rip Van Winkles's Dutch followers of Hendric Hudson did in the Catskill mountains.

For intervals of from three to five minutes, all day long, there would not be any steam or smoke, and then there would roll up a column of smoke and steam, a hundred feet in diameter, and this would last for about a minute, and that would make a cloud that floated off in the sky just about as high as the mountain, making a chain of clouds that seemed to reach away off to Rome two or three hundred miles away. I do not object to smoking if people who do it will do like Hendric Hudson's men, and like Vesuvius—get out of doors and go away out in the mountains to do it.

Even when we got right to the crater of Vesuvius it did not blow its smoke into the faces of our ladies and gentlemen as the average Cookie did, but considerably blew all of its smoke and sulphurous gases away from us.

When we were about half way to the top we came, about noon, to a nice hotel stuck away up on the side of that mountain, where, with no additional expense to us, the Cooks had prepared an elegant lunch for us, and a little distance off the Cooks had, nearly finished, a large and beautiful hotel built all of lava and volcanic rocks, right on the side of the electric railway that is now being built, and in a year from the time we saw it that hotel will be ready for all the year around occupancy of travelers with electric cars running right to the door, but people who live there should have things fixed up all right, so that they will know that it won't be unpleasantly hot where they are going hereafter, for some of these times that Cook hotel will be under the lava that flows down that mountain and the people in it too, unless the electric cars can beat the lava in a race down that mountain.

We had a luxurious repast and during it, we had the most remarkable music I ever heard, and that I shall never forget. There was a man just out of the door of the dining room, in the open air, who had a large musical apparatus like an elegant hand organ, but much better than I ever saw in America, and he played this instrument by turning a handle and whistled the tunes that it played. I have living in sight of my house a woman who has shown that it is not true that

“A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Never come to any good end.”

She was a Miss Voorheis, one of whose beautiful accomplishments was that she whistled as beautifully as a nightingale sings. She married Mr. Haggin, the copper king, who is worth \$60,000,000.

If you have read "Behind the Bars; 31498" you perhaps remember how I failed to hear the nightingale in England, when I was a young man, but I have heard many other fine singing birds, the finest and the most, including mocking birds and thrushes, and orioles and cat birds and James Lane Allen's "Kentucky Cardinals," at my own little home, "Quakeracre," in "Dog Fennel" precinct; but I have never yet heard any bird music that equaled the whistling of that Italian that I heard at the half-way house, going up Mount Vesuvius. All along up the mountain we would stop in the shade and rest our horses and gather beautiful wild flowers, at the same time that we were looking at snow away off on the tops of the Alps and Appennines that had lain on those mountains for ten thousand years, and I thought about how Hannibal, the black Booker T. Washington of his day, and Napoleon Bonaparte, had with large armies climbed over those mountains, of the strange story of how Hannibal had gotten great barriers of rock out of his way by building fires on them, and pouring vinegar on them while they were hot, and of how Napoleon had dragged his cannon over those snows and had gone with his army clear down into Egypt and at the foot of Cheops had said to his men "The eyes of the world are upon you," and I thought what silly creatures American men and women must be who waste their time and money on the tinsel shows of Yankeedom when they could, just as easily, see all these wonderful things that we were seeing.

We got to the funicular railway that goes up for a thousand feet or more to within about 200 feet of the top of the mountain. That railway goes up at an angle of about fifty-five degrees, and was the most frightful looking ride I ever had. Between jumping down into the crater and being on one of those cars, if those wire ropes should break, when near the top, the difference would hardly be worth mentioning. These cars were limited to twelve persons at a load, but in spite of the horrible danger of the place the guards had all they could do to keep the Cookies from crowding them above their limit.

Mrs. E. M. Chase of Atlantic City, New Jersey, a pretty, blushing young widow and I rode on the last lower seat so that there was nothing, apparently, between us and the abyss of thousands of feet below. She made me promise to say in my book that she and I rode side by side up that railway to the crater of Vesuvius, or as near there as that railway went. I could not get

her to look back below us and I didn't blame her, for only one or two glances of it were all that I wanted of it. I told her a funny story and she was generally kind enough to laugh at my stories, but she was too badly scared to laugh that time, and I was not feeling in any shape to be very funny myself. I said to her as follows: "Once there was an old woman riding up one of those inclined railroads in Cincinnati, and she asked a man sitting beside her what would become of her if a wire rope broke, and he told her that each car had two ropes and that the other rope would hold the car. Then the old lady wanted to know what would become of her if the second rope broke, and the man told her that there was a patent automatic clutch that would hold the car if both ropes broke, and the old lady said: "But what would become of me if the clutch broke?" and the man said: "Well, madam, that would depend upon how you have lived."

Mrs. Chase did not laugh, and I did not blame her, for it was not much of a story any way, and was a mighty poor one to be telling a lady in any such a fix as we were in. When we got to the upper end of that funicular railway there was still about 250 feet to climb, and we could walk it on our own hook, or have three men to carry each of us up, or we could catch hold of the end of a strap and a man would greatly assist us in walking; one man to each. All cost money except the independent walk and so I started out to walk as did the majority of the party.

Weaver had drawn the line at that funicular railroad and stopped at its foot and waited, but climbing up that last hard stretch one of his rich widow "girls," a New York woman, told me that if she could find another man like the husband she had had she would be glad to have another one. O, no; she knew I was married. She was a good Catholic and is the same woman that went up against the faro bank at Monte Carlo. She was not afraid of a faro bank and she was not afraid to marry another man like one she had tried, and that woman was not afraid of the devil—for she was a good Catholic—and it was because that woman was not afraid of that volcano that some of the balance of us got to look down in the crater. Her name was Ryan or McCarty, I forget which, but it's all the same, as they both wanted to get married and each had money enough to support a husband. So I will call her Mrs. McRyan. That climb from the end of the railroad up to the top of the mountain was one of the hardest jobs I have had in many a day. The stuff we walked in was neither ashes, sand nor soil, but was something black almost as soft as flour, and we would sink into it over our shoe tops each step. I followed right behind Mrs. McRyan and about the time I would break down and make up my mind

to throw up the sponge and give it up and say I could go no higher and my old heart was thumping away like the devil beating tanbark, Mrs. McRyan would break down too and we would all lie in that soft stuff until we could get a little more breath and then try it again. I can't remember whether or not Mrs. Chase ever got any further than the top of the funicular railway, but it seems to me that after we had stayed up there as long as we wanted and started down, I met Mrs. Chase still chasing herself nearly up to the top, red in the face and nearly dropping at each step, and I know that a lot of them did not get back to the Moltke until away after night.

A day or so before I got to this place in my book I got a letter from Mrs. Ada L. Pratt of Boston, inclosing some pictures of us on the top of Vesuvius. One is a picture of me sitting on the rocks on top of Vesuvius, with my hat off and blowing for dear life, and another is a party in which are Mrs. McRyan and Rev. Marshall, and Bliss, the millionaire Boston shoe man, and one of those Italian policemen that all look like Napoleon Bonaparte and all dress like him, and a guide and I. Mrs. Pratt was in good shape to take pictures because what money she didn't have Bliss did have and those two rode up that last stretch on the backs of three men each. Bliss and Weaver and I all stayed in one big room with smaller room attachments in Cairo, and one night somebody stole Bliss' very expensive watch. I laid it on Weaver and Weaver said Bliss never had any watch and Bliss never got it.

After we got clean up to the level of the crater we were about fifty feet from the edge of the crater and there was a valley about fifteen feet deep between us and the edge of the crater. My sister had told me that when she was there about fifteen years ago her two young daughters had ruined their shoes by burning them on the hot rocks. When we were halted fifty yards from the crater the gravel, two inches down, was hot enough to burn shoes, but was not hot enough on top, and I did not have but one pair of shoes.

Mrs. McRyan said to the guides that she wanted to go across that valley and look down in that crater and the guide told her that it would not do to think of it, and pointed to the rocks down in the valley and said they were hot and that some of them had fallen there not more than fifteen minutes before we got up there, and I thought he was lying and I joined Sister McRyan and said I wanted to go, too, and I thought about the elder Pliny who, in A. D. 79, lost his life in looking at that old mountain, and I knew if I did the same thing there would be those who had read what I had written about the elder Pliny at different times in connection with the earthquake that is said to have occurred at the cruci-

fixion of Jesus and which Pliny strangely omitted to mention if that earthquake occurred at the time, and I knew if I got killed there would be some thousands of people who would say that I died a martyr to science like the elder Pliny had done, and I got so wrought up over the idea that I was not one-tenth part as much afraid of falling into that crater as I was of going up that funicular railroad, and I believe that Pliny would have climbed the whole business before he would have gone up that funicular railroad if the Cooks had given him a round trip ticket.

Mrs. McRyan begged so to be allowed to go over there and I joined her, telling the guide that I had been wanting to look down into that hole for more than fifty years and had spent all my money and traveled over 13,000 miles to do it, and sure enough, while we were arguing it, for it didn't take more than three or four minutes, for some times when I turn my tongue loose at both ends I can talk as fast as any woman—sure enough the old mountain shot off its mouth to advise us about it, and it sent up a puff of steam and smoke about as big as a thousand big hay stacks, and the rocks flew up like there were about a million Catholic Irish down there in hell blasting on a railroad. We could not see the biggest ones, for they were in the smoke and steam, but a lot of them about as big as my fist went as high as Gilroy's kite, but they all fell the opposite direction from us. The head guide said if we would wait a minute he would go and see the head policeman in charge of the fireworks department of that plant, and that he himself would be willing to guide us if the head police officer would take the responsibility. No sooner had that head guide got fairly started for that head Bonaparte-looking policeman than Sister McRyan wheeled and made a break for the crater. She was just as dead stuck on that crater as you ever saw any Irishman stuck on the "crater," and the way she struck out for that crater was a caution. The rocks were so hot that I had to keep tramping to keep from burning my shoes and Sister McRyan didn't care a darn if she did burn hers. She had not only shoes to burn, but money to burn, and she had a burning desire to look down that crater and it did look like a burning shame that she could not do it, and if those rocks had been as hot and soft as they had been not long before that, Bro. Sweeny might have seen some tracks in the rock that were better authenticated than that one he saw on Mount of Olives.

Sister McRyan ran for the crater and got a start before the guards saw her. It was an awful looking place for a foot-race. I had only two seconds to make up my mind, and I saw the guards were going to catch her, and while the guards were occupied with her I lit out for the crater by a little shorter route, but before I

was more than half way there one nabbed me and they came waltzing Sister McRyan and me back up on top the places we had started from just as the head man of the police got there. I knew they didn't care whether an old rural rooster like me fell down the crater or not, except that the guard didn't want to lose his job by letting me do it, but that head policeman could not help smile in the Italian language when he saw the guards leading that woman back, and just about that time the Irish in hell touched off another dynamite blast—I wish they had that Chicago dynamite fellow down there with them—and a lot more of steam and rocks went skyward, but Sister McRyan stood with her back to it and didn't even look around, but I watched out to see if any of them were coming back my way. That policeman was one of the handsomest and most gallant fellows you ever saw, and he looked for all the world just like old Bonaparte on the top of that column in Paris that he made out of bronze cannon that he took away from the Austrians. As soon as the widow put her eyes on him I saw it was another case of Anthony and Cleopatra that we had been seeing about down in Egypt and reading about in Shakespeare and hearing about in that Yankee General's song, "I Am Dying, Egypt, dying," and I thought about old Weller's saying, "Beware of vidders, Samivel," and I saw that Vesuvius Bonaparte, just melting under that "vidder's" eyes, like those rocks had once melted under the fires of that volcano, and he agreed that we might go if we would let the guides hold of each of us as we looked down the crater and we said it was a go, and we started, only two or three at a time, and Mr. C. T. Aldrich, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who had to use a crutch, the man who had the pretty Campbellite wife, was one of the first three to start, Sister McRyan and I being the other two. I remember now that Mrs. Chase came up to that place where the police were willing for us to go, but would not go over to the crater. It took three guards to hold the woman—didn't fool me worth a cent—and nobody held me. I got up within four feet of the edge of the thing and stuck one leg back as far as I could and peeped over there about one-half a minute. A little of that went a long way—13,000 miles—with me. I am glad I saw down in there, for it made me think that I ought to try to be a better man, but I don't want any more of it in mine. It was 600 feet across that hole in the ground and it was just like looking down into hell.

Ingersoll said the society in hell was good but the climate was bad, and from that sample it seemed that he was right about the climate. I could not see any fire down in the crater. If it had been night I suppose I might have seen fire or red hot stones,

but in the bright sunlight I could see none. We would wait until there had been an explosion that threw out the rocks and then run and peep into the crater as long as we could, so as to get away before the next explosion. I think I saw a half dozen explosions. I could not see down into the crater more than fifty feet before the smoke would obscure the view, so that I never saw to the bottom. All the inside of the crater was filled with a fine powder that sloped, in a funnel shape, down at an angle that seemed like it would come to a point about a hundred feet down. There was very little noise accompanying the explosions that threw out the rocks. All of the rocks that I could see were those that went above the puffs of steam and smoke, and I suppose I could only see each time about a half bushel.

There is only one point at which people come up to the crater. If the wind is blowing toward that point the odor of sulphur and brimstone from the crater is so suffocating that people cannot stand it, but when we were there the wind was directly away from that point and I could not smell the brimstone at all. The smell of burning sulphur or brimstone is very offensive to me, and on that account, if nothing else, I want to see if I cannot be a better man. I saw various patches of sulphur on the sides of the mountain.

In the first descriptions of Vesuvius that I ever read, they told of a fissure in the mountain near the crater that was called, in Italian, of course, the "grotto of the dog," because a common exhibition that the guides gave was to tie a rope around a dog and lower him into that fissure for a minute, when the dog would become so asphyxiated that he would barely recover when drawn into the pure air. I used to wonder, as a boy, that anybody would be so brutal as to pay the guide to witness such a spectacle, or even to allow it. But no such place is seen or heard of there now. It has probably been filled with lava or ashes, and the sentiment there now and of the people who visit there now would not allow such a thing. Even when I used to hear of it I think it is probable that the fissure was there by that name, and that it was a tradition that it got its name, because the suffocating of a dog, or dogs, had occurred here, accidentally or purposely, in old times. Neither in Spain nor in Italy did we see or hear anything about bull-fighting, and I think the days of that brutality are now about numbered. I saw many signs upon buildings in several of the countries that we visited, indicating them to be the headquarters of "Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." I did not, however, see any societies for the prevention of cruelty to men and women in war, and I think it possible that murdering bulls has ceased to be interesting because the Christian murdering of

men, women and children in China and the Philippines and in Russia is so much more exciting.

Mount Vesuvius is, today, a religious power in the world that beats Calvary and Olivet and Sinai all combined. The ancient heathen and all the writers of the New Testament and Jesus Christ all believed that the world was flat and that heaven was above it and hell beneath it. The New Testament describes hell as a deep pit where fire and brimstone burn forever and from which the smoke arises forever. Christianity got its hold in Rome, and the Roman Catholic religion is, to-day, the greatest power on earth, because the priests in Italy could show the ignorant masses the volcano of Vesuvius, while Aetna and Stromboli were near by, and get money from the people by telling them that that volcano was the opening to hell, and that people would go to hell if they did not pay the priests and believe in the Christian religion.

Sweeney told me that he believed there was a hell, and said he was willing to go there if he did not do right, and his highest ideal of right is to do what the Catholic Church tells him to do. Leo and the Vatican and St. Peter's are all in Rome now because Vesuvius is at Naples. I did not stay upon the top of Vesuvius more than an hour and a half, but as an eye-opener for the wonders of the world that hour and a half was the greatest I ever experienced. Then we had to go down that funicular railroad again and going down was still more frightful than going up, because in going down your face is turned so as to see the awful abyss below you. We would be going down a grade that was frightfully steep and right ahead of us it would look like the railroad just stopped in mid-air and that there was the jumping off place, and when we would get to that we would see that the road had just started down a still steeper grade. Of course I reasoned that thousands and thousands of people had gone up and down that track and that I had never heard of any accident there, and I knew that the owners of that road, simply as a financial consideration, if nothing more, could not afford to let one of those cars get away on that mountain for \$1,000,000, because they would lose more than that in the patronage of the road, but it took all of that to steady my nerves and I have voluntarily gone into a lot of places where no coward would want to go.

We got to our carriages at the foot of the funicular railway and we started down. Weaver and "the girls" were in the carriage with its top back, and of course we went down faster than we came up. When we had gone a mile or two I saw that the driver was asleep and so reported to the people behind me, and I saw how it was that that carriage went over that bank as we were going from

Jerusalem down to Jericho. I felt so sorry for the poor, tired driver that I did not wake him, but I kept my eyes on the lines that he held in his hands.

The beggars knew that the carriages came down the mountain faster than they went up and there were not so many beggars that were old men and women and that had no legs or no eyes, and so only the best runners among the beggars were on duty. Finally we came to a place where there were seven boys about an average of twelve years. They had found out from generations of experience that people would not throw money to big people as freely as to little ones, and also that if they were too little they could not run fast enough and stand the racket. Our driver was wide awake before he came to that pack of boys, and cracked his whip as if he wanted to rush by them as fast as possible. They all knew my gray hair and beard and were ready for us, and met us with as much Italian clamor as if they thought we understood it all. The seven boys commenced to run beside the carriage and would not only keep up with it, but would jump up and turn somersaults and light on their feet and keep on. Weaver would throw money to the boy that turned the somersault and soon all of them got at it. There was one boy considerably smaller than the others and Weaver would throw the money mostly to him and the big boys would run over him and made the little fellow cry lustily, but he never quit running. It was pretty good fun just to see those boys, but when they had all run about a half mile there was a new element in the race in the shape of two girls, one about fourteen years old and a little one. The big girl was the fastest thing in the lot and was a little fresher than the boys. The big girl was built from the ground up. From years of training of her ancestry and herself, she had limbs that were developed for running like those of a Kentucky race horse. I know what I am talking about, because where I live you can see race horses any day. That girl had had a thousand foot-races with those boys, or some others just like them, before, and she knew her business. There was not a shoe or stocking in the whole nine. When they had run about a hundred yards that girl made what the race horse men call a spurt and shot out twenty yards ahead of the carriage. When she was running at full speed her head went down like a duck's, she gathered her skirts—perhaps it would be more accurate to say her skirt—between her knees and without losing any of the impetus of the run, over she went in a somersault, just as gracefully as a butterfly or circus woman. Then she fell back into line and Weaver threw her some money; there was a regular foot-ball rush to take the money on the fly and then a scramble on the ground, but we could not see who got it.

I saw that the little girl was fixing for a somersault, but the poor little thing could not get far enough ahead in the race to tuck her skirt between her knees, and, in this regard, the boys had the advantage of the girls, and it shows what I have always said, that all women should quit skirts and get into big-legged trousers like some of those pretty Mohammedan women. Christian womens' dress is long below and short above, and Mohammedan women are the opposite.

George D. Prentice's apology for low-necked dresses was that he didn't get to see the ladies often and when he did he wanted to see as much of them as possible, and the only good thing that Sam Jones ever said was when he was asked if the ladies at a big dinner where he was were in full dress. He said he did not know; that he had not looked under the table to see. There seems to have been nothing above the table to suggest that they were dressed at all. I am not kicking about low-necked dresses; the only kick coming to me is about having the skirt too long.

When the little girl had gained enough on the others, as she thought, to venture on a somersault she ducked her head and her little hands and skirt were on their way to her knees when a big fellow ran up against her and the poor little thing went sprawling on the ground and the others ran over her. The little one got up crying pitifully, and the tears running down like a young Niobe, or one of that pile of crocodiles that we saw on the street in Cairo. That little girl knew that that was her opportunity and the more she cried the more money Weaver threw to her, but only a small part of which she got. The big girl was leading the field in the race, and her long, heavy Italian hair streamed back like in a picture of Diana running a deer, and she was getting the biggest share of the swag. A fellow behind her caught her hair and gave her a jerk that almost threw her down. She could not see which one had pulled her hair, and I think it possible that she picked the wrong fellow, for they were all running a neck-and-neck race. But that girl wheeled around and she threw her arm around the neck of a big fellow that was next behind her, and the muscles in her bare arms looked, for all the world, like the arms of Greek and Roman athletes that we saw in the statuary and the Arabs we saw in actual life, and the way she held that boy's head under her left arm and thumped him in the face with her right fist made me laugh then until I almost fell off the high carriage seat and is the only thing that I saw in my Oriental tour that I cannot think about now without laughing.

There is a great rage among the Yanks for female gymnastics. If some of those women will send over to that place and hire that

girl and bring her over here, and put her at the head of a school of physical training and pay her \$1,000 a year, she will give them some pointers in that line that they had not heard of. That party followed that carriage for three miles and never let up until Weaver had thrown them all the change that he and "the girls" could raise. When we got down to the bottom of the mountain we met a strange-looking funeral procession. All of them were dressed in long white robes, and had white sacks over their heads with holes for their eyes and noses, and they looked like a gang of ghosts. I could not tell whether they were men or women, or both.

On March 27th we went by rail to Rome, 154 miles distant. The country is nearly all in beautiful plains. There are many houses made of straw. Much of the country produces grapes. Nearly all of the fields have rows of tall trees through them, about a hundred feet apart. Wires are fastened on these trees as high up as twenty-five feet and the vines run along these wires. The ground is also cultivated in other crops. A striking feature is the plowing with oxen, all of which are white. They are placed single, and in pairs, and I saw six oxen pulling one plow, three oxen working abreast. There are pine trees in one shape all over the country and in the towns. They all have straight bodies and are trimmed up almost to the top so that they look like palm trees or umbrellas. There are castles up on the hills, and oranges growing in great abundance everywhere. There seems to be no irrigation and not many streams. The only mode of separating the lands of different owners is by corner stones. The soil is very rich and the cultivation is very fine. The trains were very fine, and there were only three persons in the coach that I occupied. Some distance from the roads were mountains with olive trees on their sides. I noticed all along the road a peculiarity about the stone walls of all kinds; it was that the holes were always left in them where one end of the beams that hold the scaffolds had gone in the wall and these had been taken down without stopping up the holes. I saw this in so many countries that it was phenomenal to me. When walls were built up against banks some Cookies said the holes were left for water to run through, and others said they were left for the birds to make nests in. Both of these theories are unreasonable.

On the railways there were great tank cars, such as we see in America for coal oil, which were used there for hauling wine. There were beautiful macadamized roads. There were as many women working in the fields as there were men, and they were doing men's work, but it did not seem to be hard to them. The women were strong and healthy looking and happy looking, and were all neatly dressed, gay colored garments prevailing. I had

heard much about the women working in the fields in Europe, and I had heard that fact urged as an evidence of the superiority of our American conditions that our American women do not have to work in the fields. I am a "woman's rights" man. I do not know the extent of the education of these Italian women, but in many respects they have great advantages over the society women of our country, or over the laboring women of our country. The health and strength and fresh open air that all of these women had, gave them advantages over our society women, or over our shop women, or our farmers' wives.

Then we saw deep snows upon the mountains while it was delightfully warm down in the plains. There were many good stone houses of great permanency. I saw a drove of about 300 cattle on one pasture, all black and all splendidly fat. Some of these houses seemed to me hundreds of years old, and in perfect preservation. They were all so built of stone, with tile roofs, that there seemed to be no repairs necessary and no danger from fire. All the coal in the country is coal dust pressed into solid blocks of uniform size and it is more convenient for handling than ours in America. These blocks are about twelve inches by five by four, and are stacked up like brick. The plows have only one handle and the plowman walks on the side of that handle. The Alps look somewhat like the mountains around Jerusalem. Trees are trimmed and the brush cut into lengths of about three feet, and this wood thus cut is all straightened in bundles and stacked away up in trees. These trees in which this wood is thus kept and used only when perfectly seasoned, have branches that go out about ten feet from the ground in such a way that it is easy to stack wood in them. In some instances the wood in these trees is so arranged that the top forms a roof for the balance and wood seems to have kept in some of them, in perfect order, for years. There are houses cut out of the stone in the hills. In some places there are tracts of land that are not so good for cultivating that are used to produce wood. It is a peculiar kind of a tree that comes out of the ground in bunches of twenty-five or fifty stalks about three inches in diameter at the ground and grows up twenty-five feet high and seems to attain that growth in probably only three or four years. It is then cut down and seems all to come again from the root almost indefinitely. The poles that thus grow are round and hard and without any limbs or leaves except at the top.

We came along the Appian Way and saw the tombs of Romulus and Remus and the place where Paul stopped on his way to Rome. When we got within twelve miles of Rome we came to the aqueducts that were built when Rome was in its ancient glory.

They are among the wonders of the world. An angel came to a shepherd and told him where was a great spring to get water for the city, and the shepherd reported it to the city. These aqueducts are, in some places, about a hundred feet high. They are all built upon arches from end to end. Sometimes there is only one arch; sometimes one arch on the top of another, and sometimes one arch and one on top of it, and then a third one on top of that. At some ancient time some of the original aqueduct has been taken down to build a lower aqueduct. For miles before we got to Rome we could see the dome of St. Peter.

As I saw the aqueducts and the Appian Way and the railroad, each with its history all going to Rome, there came to mind the saying: "All roads lead to Rome," and "Rome was not built in a day," and then, "In Rome do as Romans do," and "Make Rome howl;" then Blanchard's illustrious "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," and then, "Rome or Reason," and I believe that this last, "Rome or Reason," will, before long, be the slogan of conflict, intellectual certainly, and physical possibly, that will decide whether supernaturalism or naturalism, irrationalism or rationalism, faith or science shall dominate what is now Christendom. Theologically, it is true that all roads, wherever Roman Catholicism has any footing, lead to Rome. Greek Catholicism is a "sick man." Protestantism is so divided that any one of its sects would rather see Roman Catholicism triumph than see any other Protestant sect do so. Roman Catholicism, it is true, has received a check in Italy, its own home, but the Pope has skillfully played the game of being "a prisoner in the Vatican," and while rolling in the greatest luxury and wealth, has gained from his adherents the crown of martyrdom, and the Roman Catholic church, to-day, with a president of the United States pandering to it for political influence, and with every Protestant preacher of any standing in the United States so intimidated that he dare not speak against it, is growing in power every day, and it grows on what it takes away from Protestantism as a big pig knocks away the little one and gets the portion of both. But the hatred between Catholicism and Protestantism is such that either would rather see Infidelity succeed than to have its old enemy do so, and when Romanism gets so strong in America that Protestantism will see that the struggle for supremacy in American politics is between Rome and reason the whole Protestant world and all of Judaism will be combined against Rome, and they will "make Rome howl" like a whipped cur. On the Moltke either a Protestant or a Catholic was ready and glad any time to discuss religion with me, but neither of these ever mentioned the subject to the other.

A few years ago Rome was not a clean city and "Rome fever" was something I had always associated with the place and knew that all visitors there feared. It happens, however, that having been in Rome, I never once thought of the words, "Rome fever," until I came to this place in writing this book. It used to be quite fashionable to go to Rome and die with "Rome fever." The proverb was "See Naples and die," but they went from Naples and died in Rome.

There is certainly nothing about Rome now that indicates imperfect sanitation. It is probably the cleanest city in the world; is one of the most beautiful cities in the world and is the city of greatest historical interest in the world.

We were not to take any carriage drive with the guides until the day after our arrival at Rome, but I had a thousand times wondered if I would ever get to see the Coliseum at Rome and as soon as we could get our lunch at our hotel, old "Arkansaw" and I struck out on foot to find it. We got the general direction to the place. It was probably two miles off. The streets ran in many curious ways and it was hard to get where we were going, but occasionally we would manage to make somebody understand where we wanted to go, and managed to keep on the right road. We found that if all roads did lead to Rome, all roads in Rome did not lead to the Coliseum. The houses and grounds and streets and beautiful uniforms on men and the elegant dresses and equipages of ladies and the strange things in the shops were all of great interest, but any time in the midst of all this modern beauty we were liable to run up on wonderful ancient ruins. These ruins are now being preserved from any further vandalism and are justly recognized as the most wonderful features of this wonderful city, and as the feature of interest that brings the greatest revenue to the city, by bringing visitors there from all over the world.

One disgusting piece of vandalism has been practiced by the Catholic Church and looks like the caricature of some newspaper cartoonist. The statues of Roman Emperors or Roman gods on the tops of many of the ancient columns standing there, have been changed into Catholic saints that have hoops around their heads, apparently suspended in the air, as those things are wont to do in the cases of real saints, when viewed from the front, but which hoops from rear views of these old fellows are seen to be sustained by iron rods running down the backs of their necks and into their marble or bronze togas. Altogether it makes a pretty good allegorical teaching that saints are to be regarded in the light that they present themselves to the public and that you must not go behind this public presentation to find out how their glories are

sustained. "No man is a hero to his valet," is a saying of special force when applied to saints.

We came suddenly upon a great open square and I recognized at once, from the pictures, the column of Trajan, but I had never heard of this desecration of the living pages of history by sticking the hoop of the Catholic saint around the head of the Roman Emperor, and I must say that I felt the deepest disgust for the sentiment that made such an anachronistic caricature. This was erected in A. D. 114. Around this column in sculpture from bottom to top were told the achievements of ancient Rome and her rulers, and around it lay the remains of a temple to some Roman god—broken columns six feet in diameter and capitals and friezes and broken sculptures and pieces of great tablets on which, in ancient Roman letters, were told the histories of thousands of years ago. All of these have been exhumed from the rubbish and soil of ages and are now down below the present level of the city about ten feet, and all protected by a wall built up to the present level of the city with an iron railing around the top. It is a singular fact that the bottoms of nearly all the ruins of ancient Rome that are in the valleys, and frequently those on the levels are ten or twelve feet below the present level of the city. They are all preserved, though, now so that they seem secure for as many years to come as they have already seen.

Then, after passing some wonderful fountains, we came to the Coliseum. One of these fountains has a wonderful aggregation of colossal sea horses with webbed feet and fish tails, and tritons and nymphs and mermaids, all blowing up water at a rate that seemed like they did not care for expenses. Finally we saw, about a half mile ahead of us, what I recognized as the Coliseum. I had prepared myself, as far as I could, for something wonderful, and I recollected that my experience at the pyramids was that the reality surpassed any imagination of any human being that had never seen them; and yet when, finally, the Coliseum burst upon my view I stood almost transfixed and paralyzed with wonder, and could but exhaust my vocabulary of adjectives of admiration in looking at the place. Rome is incomparably the greatest museum in the world—it has 500,000 people—but if you have to miss the Coliseum or the balance of Rome, let the balance all go, and then stand and gaze at the Coliseum from its outside and then go inside and climb its five stories of seats, and wander around through its mazes and, literally and metaphorically, get lost in its wonders and then go and look at the dens for wild beasts and gladiators and see where they came out and fought to the death to amuse the 100,000 people, all of them with abundance of room to sit and to

walk, that once gathered at that place. The walls, with people clear up to the top, are 157 feet high, and the stage upon which the actors came is 278 feet by 177. There are the places where the royalty of Rome sat, and before whom all the actors went and made their bow and said: "We who are about to die salute you," and then turned and fought with beasts or with each other, until the managers of the entertainment called a halt for a few minutes until the "supes" could run and throw sand in the blood, so that men and beasts should not be put to any disadvantage by slipping in their own blood. Just see how just and generous and fair the managers of that popular amusement were. The leaders of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were there, in full force, to see that no man who was artificially armed with a sword and shield should take any advantage of the poor lion who had nothing but his teeth and claws with which to defend himself. Grand old Pagan religionists were the men and women of those good old days of fair play for all. That grand old religion is gone and Christianity has come in its stead and the cowardly, white-livered sneak of to-day amuses the Christian descendants of those old Pagan religionists and gains the shouts and applause of the most devout Christian men and women in the whole world, by penning up a poor bull and horses together and sticking barbed arrows into the bull until, in his rage of pain, he tears the bowels out of the poor, defenseless horses while those cowardly Christian descendants of Pagan sires scamper to places of safety without a scratch in their rotten Christian hides.

Voltaire said of Jesus Christ, as I understand it: "Ecresez l'infame"—damn the wretch. I do not say that; I am not ashamed to say that the tears came into my eyes as I walked alone upon Calvary, and I think it possible that Infidelity is doing injustice to a young Jew, who, like modern Infidels, had become disgusted with priestcraft, and had the courage to blast them as they deserve, but I do say damn to the lowest depths of molten hell under Vesuvius, the infernal fraud of to-day; the two-headed dragon, Christianity, one of the heads being the Pope at Rome and the other head the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, the two wiggling a little tail, the joint property of the two, made of such Protestants as Roosevelt and Edward VII.

I had read "Quo Vadis" with great interest, and all my life had heard and believed that on this arena in the Coliseum the Romans had burned the Christians "to light a Roman feast," and had here thrown beautiful and lovely Christian women to lions and tigers, and had, for the amusement of the people of that place, subjected those women to all sorts of disgrace and contempt,

exposing them naked to be hooted at by the "gallery gods," simply because they believed in Jesus Christ. It had always sounded to me like a Christian lie, made to make the world believe that Christianity is better than Paganism, and I heard that Christian lie nailed by the highest Christian authority in the world on that very ground, right there among those lion dens, only two days afterward. I forget the man's name, but on the third day of our stay in Rome he took too much of our time in lecturing to us about the wonderful places we were seeing. He is a voluminous writer on Roman antiquities and is the man whom, of all the men in the world, 446 Cookies, including nineteen clergymen, and the millionaire Cooks themselves had selected as the highest authority to tell us about those places. That man alluded to the stories of "Quo Vadis" as unfounded, and said to us, all listening most intently to all that he said, that there was no truth in any statement that the Romans had ever persecuted any Christians in the Coliseum, and he pointed over toward St. Peter's and said that all the persecutions of the Christians that had ever been done at Rome was where that Egyptian monolith with the hieroglyphic inscriptions stands in that great circle in front of St. Peter's.

Sweeny and the Catholic Church and the Pope and the guides know nothing about any persecutions of the Christians in front of St. Peter's, except in such cases as that in which Christians burnt at the stake their brother Christian Guiordano Bruno because he told them that the world was round and thus denied the statements of the Bible that it was flat. I never heard, in all my life, until I heard it from the lips of that highest authority on Roman antiquities, that any Christians had been burnt in front of St. Peter's, and just as "murder will out," it is now being developed that that whole story of the persecution of the Christians by the Pagans is a Christian lie, invented by the priests and Popes of Rome to make money, and it naturally suggests to any competent judge of such matters that in the same way, and for the same purpose of making money, the priests and patriarchs at Jerusalem invented the lie that the Romans crucified Jesus for his religious opinions, on Calvary, or anywhere else.

Right along with the temples of the Roman Pagans at Rome, and along, neighbors to the Coliseum, are the ruins of the halls and forums in which were made by these Pagan Romans the laws that the whole civilized world takes to-day as the foundation of all government, only vitiated and perverted when an old Christian fool like Blackstone mixes with those great laws the laws for burning witches, and for which he accurately quotes his authority from the Bible, and it is immensely more probable that Lexington will yet

crucify, or hang me, for my religious opinions than that the Roman government in the halcyon days of its Paganism ever crucified, or allowed to be crucified, any man for what he believed about religion. But if Jesus was really scheming to get possession of the throne of Judea, as very much that is said in the New Testament indicates, and thus became a dangerous citizen to the country and the government, it is possible that a man like Pilate, who was trying to do for the best and so separated from his head government at Rome that he could only get instructions at long intervals, may have "washed his hands" of any responsibility for the results and have given Jesus to the Jews to be dealt with according to the brutal laws of the Jewish Bible, with the result that priests of Jerusalem killed him, just as the priests of Jerusalem or the priests of Rome, led by the Patriarch and the Pope respectively, would to-day murder any such man as Jesus Christ, if such a one should come along again, did not the Infidel Mohammedan hold down the Patriarch and the Infidelity in Protestantism and in enlightened Judaism and in the sentiment that Garibaldi and others have inaugurated in Italy, held down the Pope.

Rev. Marshall, the highest exponent of Protestantism on the Moltke, told me that he did not believe most of the alleged miracles of the New Testament, and instanced that Jesus' walking on the water could be accounted for on natural principles. I introduced Marshall to Harrison, supposing they would be congenial friends, but they were not congenial and as soon as I left Marshall left, because Marshall did not believe in Jonah and the whale and Harrison did. Marshall started life as a common sailor and quit it and made, as he told me, such a fortune at preaching that now, though he could endure all the fatigues of our tour, and make fancy sermons and off-hand funny talks, on the Moltke, he was on the "superannuated list" and was going to spend the balance of his days having a good time spending his money. But he explained to me that he had handed over his preaching job to his son to make a fortune, too, as the father had done, and of course, Marshall is not going to tell anything about what he saw in the Orient that will damage his son's job. I would love to see either Marshall or Sweeny at my house, to-day, but if I were only to have one of them I would rather have Sweeny, the ignorant dupe of those who lead him by the nose, than to have the bright and witty and intelligent Marshall, who has gotten rich on making dupes of others and will now "keep hands off" that his son may have a chance to play the same game that the daddy did.

Marshall was the first man on the Moltke who subscribed for this book, and Sweeny subscribed for it himself and got more sub-

scribers for it than anybody on the boat, and I could have no prejudice between them. But as between the honest ignorance that a man like Sweeny was born with, and that was cultivated in him by heredity and environment, on the one hand, and the intelligent connivance at the propagation of a lie for money, as Marshall does, my heart and hand go to Sweeny.

I measured some of the stones in the Coliseum. They were seven feet and four inches by four feet by three feet. That is the only building in the world that it will do to rank with the pyramid of Cheops. The history of one is as interesting as the other. Cheops is simply the triumph of brute force; the Coliseum is the combined triumph of brute force and of art. Cheops is two or three times as old as the Coliseum, and all the stone and brick in the Coliseum would not be enough to build the first fifteen feet of Cheops. The men who built the water-works of New York City could bring all the water to Rome from that twelve miles away, by pipes, before the people of that day could have built one of the thousands of arches in Rome's ancient aqueduct, and so science strides. For years the Coliseum was used as a quarry from which to get stone for building and marble for making lime. About one half of that main outer wall has thus been consumed and at other parts nearly all of the building has been removed. One of the Popes stopped the destruction of this building. I suppose some other Popes have done some good, but that happens to be the only good thing that I ever heard of any Pope doing.

On one side of the Coliseum the soil, in ages, has accumulated fifteen or twenty feet high, but has been cleared away and the building that is left now, probably two-thirds of the whole, is now in splendid shape to be seen. The caste distinction between plebeian and patrician is there so plainly seen as to worry the modern Socialist. The top stories for the poor folks have their special stairways just as the theatres of to-day have, and the poor were not allowed to come in contact with the rich. The lecturer explained that the people who at this day occupy the high and cheap seats, and are called "gallery gods" first got their name from the Coliseum because they were so high and so near up to heaven, but men in those days feared the hisses and loved the applause of "gallery gods" then just as they do now; and in politics and religion then, just as they do now.

When one gladiator had another one down and had him disarmed and his foot on the throat of the fallen foe, he looked up to the people to have them say whether he must save or kill his prostrate foe. If the people turned their thumbs up the victor saved the life of the man because it showed that he had put up

a good fight. If they turned their thumbs down that meant kill him, and the victor cut off the man's head, and the press and the pulpit are watching the thumbs of the 'gallery gods' to this day. Those fellows up there may have eaten peanuts, but they did not chew tobacco and spit on the floor.

The stones in the outer walls of the Coliseum were held together with iron clasps that were invisible, but the positions of these clasps were known by measurement and thousands of holes, six or eight inches in diameter, have been cut into the elegantly sculptured stone to get out this iron, but the parties who did it were afraid to go more than half way up the walls, and by that time there were so many killed by falling that the work got to be too expensive. Workmen are engaged there all the time, doing all that money and finest artisans can do to preserve the building as it is now. The walls are thickest at the bottom and then slope back, on the inside, so as to have seats all the way to the top. They are about sixty feet thick at the bottom. Much of the work of the building is of brick, but the brick is as permanent as the rock or marble. All of this brick work was originally covered with stone or marble, but most of this stone and marble has been shipped off for building houses and to burn for lime. The brick work is quite different from ours. The bricks are about ten inches broad, two inches thick and twenty-five inches long. They are a hard kind of pottery. In building them into the walls there was no purpose to have the bricks lie as nearly together as possible, with a thin layer of mortar between them, as in our American brick laying, but the mortar is about as thick as the brick and the mortar, or cement, is as hard as the brick and adheres to the brick as if the brick and mortar were one solid piece. Mr. Charles D. Mathewson of Bristol, Vermont, was with old "Arkansaw" and me a part of the time we were wandering around through that old building. There are so many stories and stairways and halls and rooms and arches that when we got ready to go down to the ground we had considerable difficulty to find our way down. When we went afterward with the Cook party all expenses were paid for us, but we had to pay about two and a half cents each to go up into the building when we went alone, though one can go into the main arena of the place without paying anything. Originally the marble floor of the arena or stage formed a roof for the dens in which wild beasts were kept and in which captives, or other persons condemned to death, were kept; but about half of this floor, or roof, has been removed, all on one end of the arena, and the dens and cells can be seen from above. There are two passages, running side by side from outside the Coliseum under the ground

and under the walls; one to the cells for the men and one to the dens for the beasts.

Paul speaks of having fought with wild beasts at Ephesus and it is understood by Christians to mean that he fought these beasts as a gladiator. From Paul's own account of himself and from some things that give an idea of his physical proportions and prowess, in the New Testament, he must have been a man who would have lasted about fifteen seconds on the arena of the Coliseum, and the "gallery gods" would have hissed and cat-called their disgust and disapproval if any such weakling had been brought into the Coliseum. I guess if the hard pan facts about Paul's "fighting with wild beasts" could be gotten at, it would about be that the bad boys set the dogs on him as a Salvation Army tramp and the Irish cops made it convenient to be around a corner and not see what was going on. Nobody of any intelligence about the Coliseum and about Paul would ever suppose that Paul ever fought man or beast in any such place as the Coliseum, unless the entertainment wound up with a farce, and Paul was put to fighting a small but enterprising dog with a stick, on its being known that Paul had taken a very cowardly part in the murder of Stephen.

On March 28th the carriages and guides furnished by the Cooks took us out to see the city. All of the streets are laid in stone slabs about two feet square, that are smooth and that all lie smoothly on the streets. Through these are laid in very perfect style, the rails for the electric cars that run on all prominent streets passing every two or three minutes. In many parts of the city where, in modern times, they have excavated to grade the streets there are found walls that have stood there covered for centuries and some of these walls are twenty or thirty feet high and right on top of them that come up to the level of the soil, as it is now, there are built the walls of splendid new houses. I do not know whether these old walls are thus preserved by the city or by their private owners.

We saw in one place quite a handsome public hospital, nearly new, that had been condemned to be torn down, because it was found there were important ruins under the ground upon which it was built. From the level of other ruins around there, I suppose, the bottoms of the ruins under that house must have been covered with thirty feet of soil that seemed as firm as the natural ground. I rode up in front, as usual. The first thing that attracted my attention enough for special mention was the wonderful way in which some trees were trimmed that grew on each side of the street on which we were riding. It was some kind of a tree the foliage of

which was so thick that it made a solid mass of green, and it was cut into shape as perfect and systematic as if built of stone. The sides were as perpendicular and even as a wall and the tops were perfectly flat and of uniform height, and all the trees were of the same size and they lapped solidly across the street so that it seemed that we were driving through a tunnel or arcade sixty feet wide, thirty feet high to the top of the arch inside and fifty feet to the top outside, and a half mile long. We came to the villa of the Borgias of which Lucrezia came nearer up to the idea of a harpy than anybody known to history. The founder of the family made a large fortune as a physician, and then became a banker, or broker, and as recognition that he owed his fortune to medicine he made three big golden pills and hung them in front of his banking house, and hence we have, to this day, the three balls that are the sign of the pawn broker's shop. There seemed to be fifty acres in the grounds around their villa. In front of that place was a city park of fifty or a hundred acres, and all through this park there were hundreds of statues of famous men, ancient and modern and almost clean up to date. It was a fair display of all ages and nations, regardless of what their respective distinctions were. There were among them some Popes, but it was not a collection that the Catholic church would have gotten up to represent the great men of the world.

We saw various obelisks that had been brought from Egypt with their hieroglyphic inscriptions on them, with Christian crosses stupidly stuck up on top of them. It is a kind of irony that the most "stuck up" thing about Rome is the cross to commemorate one said to be "meek and lowly." We came up to a place on the brow of a great precipice sixty feet high, from which it is thought that the finest view of Rome can be gotten, and especially the view of St. Peter's and the Vatican. From that point the land slopes down to the Tibur, and from the Tibur it rises gradually, on the other side, to St. Peter's and the Vatican. That point there is arranged with every comfort and convenience for those who want to take the view. In order to guard people against falling over that place there is a wall of beautiful masonry about three and one-half feet high and thirty feet long. I was some distance back in the procession of our carriages, but just as the head of our procession got to that place a man went over that wall and fell on the solid stone road sixty feet below. The police saw him fall and ran to him immediately, but the man never moved, that anybody could see from above, after he hit the ground. He was killed instantly. The Cookies seemed to think he fell over accidentally. He was not one of our party. I think he suicided, because there

was no more reason why anybody should get on top of that wall to see Rome than that one should get on top of that wall at Niagara to see the Falls. I think I know about suicides. Several times in my life I have carefully gone all along the argument for and against suicide and have refrained from it, either from the want of courage or from having too much courage; I never could tell. Lexington Kentucky, has more religion, whisky, tobacco, race horses, bad women, murder and suicide than any place of its size in the world. The men and women who kill other men and women in Lexington are generally very bad men. Sometimes they are not bad men, but the men who purposely kill themselves in Lexington are nearly always good men, and some good women have killed themselves there. There are circumstances under which suicide is not only justifiable but right, and any dead man is in a better fix than any living one. I believe that man in Rome selected that place as being a place from which he could get the finest view on earth and voluntarily made that his last view of earth.

We passed three columns, still standing, with the stones on top-reaching from one to the other, that were built there B. C. 500. They were once a part of some magnificent building, all the balance of which is now gone. Then we saw a place where Castor and Pollux watered their horses that they had just ridden down from heaven to make arrangements to build Rome. It is an unpretentious place, only a few columns and tablets lying around on the ground, and not a very large spring, but a plenty of water for two horses. There will be people who will not believe that this actually occurred, but it must be so, for there is the spring yet and a tradition of 2,500 years that it is so, and certainly so many people would not believe a thing for so long unless that thing was true. Beside this it must be remembered that along about that time Elijah drove two horses in a chariot to heaven, and travel on horseback or in carriages between heaven and earth was not so uncommon in those days as it is now. It must also be remembered that this story about Castor and Pollux had its origin in a country and at a time that were the time and place of the greatest cultivation the world ever knew, while the story of Elijah and his horses had its origin among an ignorant nation of ex-slaves who were uneducated. Then we saw a place where Caligula had a golden statue of himself and that statue had to be dressed every morning and put into its "nighties" at night, and dressed for dinner just as Caligula was. If there is anything about a King that I do like it is to see them do up things in kingly style. Why can't our Edward VII have a golden statue of himself made and have its retinue of servants to dress and undress it. I wish he would. I have no respect

for this modern kind of royalty that can only show off its tricks like a jumping Jack when a Parliament or Prime Minister pulls the string that runs up its backbone.

Then we saw an old Senate house built B. C., 651, and some arches ninety-five feet high with eighty-two and one-half feet span. Running right along by the side of these old arches was a little piece of pavement about ten feet wide and about a hundred or so feet of which could yet be seen, and which like many of those other pieces, had been for centuries covered with ruins and rubbish and soil. On that piece of pavement originated what is now a popular slang. A foppish young fellow overtook Horace there and, in order to be seen in the company of the poet and satyrst, insisted upon talking to Horace, when Horace did not want him. Horace turned to him and said: "Does your mother know you are out?" The young man said: "My parents are both dead;" and Horace said: "O, lucky they!"

We saw the place where Paul stood before Nero. The marble floor of the splendid judgment hall in which he stood is thirty-five feet lower than the ground around and has all been found by excavation. Then there was the Tarpeian rock, from which criminals were once thrown. I have in my notes that it is 160 feet high, but from my memory it does not appear nearly so high as that, and is not the frightful looking place that I expected to see from what I had read about it from boyhood. Homes are built nearly up to the edge of it. Close by that is a little temple that was erected to Peace, the pillars and portico of which are better preserved than any ruins I saw in Rome.

One night when ancient Rome was in all her glory, and there had been some great disorder in the city, some wild young fellows got a bucket of red paint and wrote across the white marble face of that temple: "We have a temple to Peace but no peace." The guide said that was the oldest historic instance of "painting the town red." Then we went to St. Peter's. The building to the top of the dome is 447 feet. It is 611 feet long. St. Paul's, in London, is 500 feet long. The ceiling in St. Peter's is 160 feet high, and is held up by columns about forty feet by twenty. I do not remember how many of those columns there are. St. Peter's was built by Michael Angelo, the greatest combination of great talents that ever lived. The external architecture of St. Peter's is singular almost to the extent of being a freak. There is a kind of a porch that is upheld by hundreds of columns that are about six feet in diameter and fifty feet high, that runs from each corner of the front of the building, several hundred feet at right angles with the front and then commences to circle on each side, until

the whole encloses about three-fourths of a circle that is about a third of a mile across. The columns that uphold this porch are so thick that you can not see through it, though it is open all the way through. There seems to have been no reason in the world for building all that, that is almost as large as the church, except for ornament. Nobody walks in it or has any occasion to go into it and there seems to be no practical use for it. I noticed several times to see if anybody went into that place and I saw no one do so, and heard no one allude to it, and yet that porch must have cost millions of dollars. I suppose old Mike was either drunk when he made that part of his plan, or he found when he got through the main building that he still had a lot of money unspent, and instead of stealing that, as a contractor would do now, he built that big circus ring just to use the balance of his money. The capital at Washington cost \$7,000,000. St. Peter's cost \$50,000,000. The Protestants all say that the Catholics raised all the money to build this church by the "sale of indulgences." They had a program that had every crime on it that any man, especially a good Christian, would want to commit; the price that a man had to pay for committing any one of these things was printed opposite the thing. For instance, a man could slap his mother-in-law for a nickel. I suppose the indulgence in that one luxury brought in more than \$1,000,000. He could kick her out of the house for ten cents and kill her for \$1.30. The Protestants say that is the way they raised the money to build that church; but when it comes to talking about religion a Protestant is the biggest liar on earth—that is, except a Catholic. I think that charge against the Catholic Church is a slander and a libel, and I don't believe it is true, because all of them had from the beginning of the Catholic Church, committed every crime they could think of without paying for it, and I do not believe they would all, at that late day, just agree to pay for the privilege of committing any deviltry they wanted to do, when one of the rights of any true Catholic had always been to commit any crime that he wanted to commit without paying for it.

When you get inside of St. Peter's and start from the front door toward the altar there are places in the beautiful mosaic marble floor that state that from the altar of St. Peter's to those places, respectively, are the lengths of other famous churches. I think there are four or five of these and only remember that St. Paul's Cathedral at London, and the Cathedral at Milan are two of them. You go, of course, 111 feet from the main entrance toward the altar before you come to the longest next to St. Peter's, that is St. Paul's at London. St. Peter's is built in the form of a cross and about where the two parts of a cross cross each other there is built

a most gorgeous affair, that is railed off, and in which there are kept, continually burning, very beautiful and costly candles. This place is about thirty feet long and fifteen broad and there were about twenty-five people praying there. Whether these people had a regular job of praying there, and no others were admitted there, I do not know, but I watched Sweeny and saw that he did not go in, and so I supposed it was only for priests that could pray in Latin and that just common, every-day praying did not count in that place. In fact, it would not do to let just anybody go in there to pray, for some fellow might slip ten or fifteen thousand dollars' worth of gold and jewels in his pocket while the others had their eyes shut. The special reason why this was such an excellent place to pray was because there was an arm of St. Peter and one from St. Paul buried there. I do not know whether those two gentlemen each had an arm amputated just to send it as a keep-sake to the brethren at Rome, or whether those arms had been cut off those two parties after they were dead. I did not see the arms, but I know they must have been there because there were all those candles and gold and jewels and pictures and carving and people praying there, and I was told that the two arms were there. Some people won't believe anything they hear and not more than half that they see. Then we went up to the altar and it was a daisy. I would say, at a rough guess, that it cost about \$1,000,000. It got away with any descriptive powers that I can command, because I don't know the names of the things in it, nor what they were made of, but I will tell you from memory as best I can. It is a great pile of things about seventy feet high and twenty feet broad, made of gold and jewels and precious stones. There is in it an assortment of angels all the way from great big ones ten feet high with wings that would make about a twenty-five foot spread down to little bits of tot angels with such short little wings with pin-feathers in them that you wonder how the little ones got out of the nest and got there. Some of the big angels are blowing great long tallyho horns, and the little ones that haven't any horn are all puffing out their cheeks like they were practicing blowing, so as to be in good shape by the time they are big enough to be trusted with horns.

But all the male celebrities in St. Peter's are gotten up like prize-fighters. Even poor little Paul, who said that his "bodily presence was weak," has muscles on his arms that look like they had small watermelons under the skin and a solar plexus on him that looks like he could have knocked out Col. John L. Sullivan in three bats of your eye after John had shied his castor in the ring.

Nearly all the time on that cruise I had a good time, but sometimes I got worried, and up there on the left side of that big pile of angels and things was one of the places that I got worried. There was a piece of statuary that you could not buy out of that meeting house for two million dollars. It was a sculpture of a man and woman that would be ten feet high if they were straightened up, but the woman was reclining on a nice patch of blue grass and flowers, all cut out of solid white marble and the woman had her elbow down on the ground and her head resting on her hand. She had a suit of hair like a hair restorative advertisement. The man was standing looking at her. I think he was leaning over the woman. I did not spend much time looking at him. I suppose old Mike chiseled out that man and woman. It is pretty much like Mark Twain suggests: When you see anything about Rome that is extra fine and you don't know who did it, it is generally pretty safe to lay it on old Mike Angelo. When old Mike got through that job that woman did not have a single stitch of clothes on her any more than Eve had one minute after she had been made out of a sparerib, but after that couple had been there where they are now for a good long time, that woman was found to be too hard on the preaching brethren, and they made out of some kind of metal, that looks exactly like the marble of that statuary, a dress cut high in the neck and so long that you don't see any of that woman but her head and neck and arms, and the thing that old Mike spent his genius on is all hidden under that white metal dress by some Italian Tony Comstock or some other vandal who would put pantallets on the legs of a piano, or of the Sphinx. That is the only case I ever saw where the Puritan had got in his work on the Catholic church.

The guide told us that the woman's dress was metal and all of us, including myself, tapped on it with our knuckles to see if it was certainly so, and so many people had done the same thing before that there was a large spot that had been colored on that woman's metal dress by people tapping on it with their knuckles. Everybody could hear from the sound of those who went before him or her and tapped it—a sort of runic rapping, this everlasting tapping—and yet “doubting Thomas” has been stigmatized for wanting evidence of what he was expected to believe. Of all the Cookies who looked at that job, I am the only one that will ever say that he or she was disgusted and indignant at the sentiment that put that metal dress on that woman. If some other Pope will take off that dress and sell it to a junk shop there will be two good things that Popes have done.

Then we went across and took a look at old Peter, the old cock

that made another cock crow by his lying. Of course, the first thing about him that we wanted to see was if he had his toe kissed off. Ever since I was a little boy I have read and heard about that statue of Peter that had his toe kissed until it was entirely worn off, and they had to keep constantly on hand a supply of toes made out of chilled steel so as to screw on a new one whenever an old one was worn away by the perpetual osculation of devotees; and yet of all historians who have slung ink I am the first man to say to the world that that story about that old Peter's toe being kissed off is a lie out of whole cloth, for which there is not a scintilla of foundation, except the fact that it is kissed by a great many fools. Most of the people who kiss that old cock's cast-iron toe—or bronze or black marble, or whatever the black thing is—are women and little tots. I have never had any special experience in kissing babies outside of my own family, because I have never been a candidate for office, except once for Congress against Billy Breckinridge, in which Billy and I both were elected to stay at home; but there are lots of pretty women in Italy and it has been my luck to feel myself called upon to kiss some pretty woman and if there is a soft snap in the world it the rosy lips of a pretty woman. I think Mike made that statue of Peter, too. It is appropriately black. If it is made of brass or bronze and old Peter is a solid Muldoon there is enough metal in him to make a battery of cannon. He is sitting down, on the corner of a rail fence or something of that kind, and if, some of these days, by a Catholic miracle, that is liable to happen any day, old Peter should get tired sitting there and pull in his toe that he has stuck out for fools to kiss, and get up on his pins, he would measure at least fifteen feet up against all those precious marbles behind him, and his toe now is pretty nearly as big as my fist, and that is no baby affair.

One might imagine that such a kiss as Sweeny, a big Irishman, might give that toe would leave a small scratch on it, but a solid stream of kisses on that toe from the time old Mike put it up there to this day would not take off one corn or trim his toe-nail. It is one of the most appropriate things in the world that the millions of lies that have been told about that toe, the toe from which the Pope caught the suggestion of having his toe kissed, should have been occasioned by Peter, the champion liar of the whole New Testament and to whom Ananias could not hold a candle. It could not have been accidental that the gang who undertook to build St. Peter's church out of the religion of a man who had not where to lay his head should have selected Peter, the man who, just before Jesus was led away to be crucified, cursed and swore like a trooper, and to a woman at that, and said he would be damned if he had

ever heard of the mar before, and until an old Shanghai rooster jumped upon the fence, and with one crow, according to one gospel, and three according to another, proclaimed in a clarion tone that was heard around the world that of all the cowardly lies that ever were told that one took the cake.

The Christians attribute to Jesus Christ some strange inconsistencies on the supposition that Jesus foreknew things. They say he selected Judas to trust with money, a position that supposably required the most honest man in the lot, and then took Peter, the most distinguished liar in the world, not excepting Ananias and Munchausen and Joe Mulhatton, to build his church on. Matthew was a man of a gentlemanly occupation under the Roman government; James wrote the best book in the whole Bible; John was the disciple that Jesus loved, and was the writer of a gospel and three Epistles and Revelations. Judas suicided from sorrow when he saw that he had made a mistake that made his Master suffer. There is no gospel attributed to Peter in the Canonic New Testament and one attributed to him in the early church was rejected by the council that decided our present canon as not proper to put in the Bible, and Peter, the lying fisherman, fishermen, as a class, being the biggest liars on earth, has been most appropriately selected as the head of the Christianity of to-day, that fattens priests and decks Popes in jewels and silks and laces with fools to kiss their toes, and all by the grandest aggregation of lies, hypocrisy and hocus-pocus that the world has even seen.

No; Sweeny did not kiss the big, black, gouty toe of that black St. Peter any time when I saw him, for I was watching him. He may have sneaked back and have taken a smack at it when I was not watching. I wanted to see somebody kiss it, but the Cookies all gave it the go-by. I ventured to give his old toe a twist just to assure myself that new ones were not screwed on every few months and that the present one was not a particle more worn off than old Peter's nose was worn off. And yet the whole Christian world—or at least the Roman Catholic and the Protestant part of it—have ever since I was born, been circulating that lie about Peter's toe being worn off by the kisses of Christians, a degradation that a poor dog would not descend to and a charge that any religion except Christianity would scorn as contemptible. Then there was the column from the temple of Solomon, against which Jesus leaned when he disputed with the doctors in the temple—that is some fools believed it was the same column and some liars said they believed it was the same column.

We saw "The Yellow Tibur." It is still yellow and seems likely to continue the habit. It gets its complexion from the religious

jaundice of the people who live on it. It is about 500 feet broad and seems to be a pretty deep river from having been drawn in on each side by costly walls. At the end of a bridge that we crossed is the great round prison in which the beautiful Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned for killing her pa, so said; but as nobody ever proved it on her the indication seems to be that it was a good scheme for some Pope or big Cardinal to get to be the confessor of a famous beauty under such retired circumstances that nobody would get a chance to hear all the shortcomings that Betty confessed to him.

But my friends have asked me not to write about things that they could read about in the guide books, and I refer all of you who want further information under that head to *Boedaker*.

I am a hayseed and at one place I saw some hay stacks that would daze a Dog Fennel hay raiser. They were hay stacks standing in the open air. Each stack had in it about thirty tons of hay and they were using off of them all of the time and those stacks would stand there and have good hay in them for twenty-five years; straight goods.

Over across the roads from those hay stacks Rome had, at some time in its mediaeval history, undertaken to build a pyramid. It would make an Egyptian laugh to look at it. They had gotten it about as big as three of those hay stacks and then topped it off because they saw it took too much rock. The hay stacks were thirty feet high and the pyramid about forty-five.

On Sunday we went to St. Paul outside the walls. It is said to be the finest church in Rome, though not nearly so large as St. Peter's, but they are still building on it and may be in a hundred years from now if before that time, reason does not call a halt on Rome.

You would suppose there would be thousands of people at worship there on Sunday, but if I had not had ten times that many when I used to preach out among the rocks and trees in the mountains of Kentucky I would not have felt like I was doing anything. In the great St. Paul's, in Rome, the finest church in Rome, the greatest of the two heads of the Christian religion, there were off in one little corner at worship, under the management of a gorgeously bedecked priest, sixteen people, four of whom were men, and we Cookies tramped around looking at the place just like the worshipers were not in it. The place was just so gorgeously beautiful that I could not describe it, and you could not understand it if I could. I could only guess at things, and I guessed there were three million dollars worth of gold in the ceiling of that house; that is counting the value of the gold and the expense of putting it where it is, in the shape that it is.

The long rows of monolithic columns made of all the fine marbles and fine stones in the world, some of them as hard as flint, and polished like French plate glass, tell the tale of the mints of money and inestimable labor that are expended to gratify the pride of those who are the followers of the man who said: "Go and sell all you have and give to the poor," and who said that a rich man could no more to go heaven than that camel that I tried to ride in Jerusalem, that had gotten a hump on himself, could go through the eye of a needle, and yet all of this is done under the eyes of the greatest representative of Jesus Christ on earth; a dried up, skinny old bachelor with not a wife nor chick nor child (supposably) in the world, and who has \$20,000,000, for pin money, and lives in the house that we all saw, with 1500 rooms in it, and yet is always fretting and frowning and fussing and cussing because of his hard lot, and gets the prayers and sympathies of millions of fools and hypocrites who console him with the hope of crowns and harps that he will wear and plunk in heaven to pay for the martyrdom that he has suffered in this world, and there is not a priest or preacher, black or white, male or female, in Lexington, today that would not jump at any possible chance to get into that old Pope's shoes; and yet people of education are surprised that Anarchists and Socialists are "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," and are "heaping up wrath against the day of wrath," like fire and explosives pent up under Pelee and Vesuvius that some day will pour some molten floods of wrath upon the fantastic capers that Christianity cuts before high heaven in these United States of America, and leave the whole government a hopeless buried ruin like Herculaneum or one to be exhumed in thousands of years to come, and to be looked at by strangers from foreign shores as we looked at Pompeii and the ruins of the fanes and temples and forums and theaters of the Rome that worshiped the old gods among the ruins of which now stand these temples bedecked and bedizzened with millions of money in gewgaws and senseless gimcracks and all in the interest of a libidinous gang of priests more degraded than the hogs that ran down into the sea with the devil in them at Gadara.

In front of St. Paul's in an obelisk from Heliopolis, in Egypt, 105 feet high, which is probably the highest monolithic column in the world. A cross has been stuck on the top of that.

Then we went to the church of St. John Latteran and saw another collection of this ineffable gorgeousness. From Italy the the head of the Christian religion that exhibits all this wealth in the name of religion, we sailed away having in the steerage of the Moltke 791 Italians, men, women and children, the only entertainment of which seemed to be petty gambling with old dirty and

greasy cards and other appliances that a Kentucky Negro would not have and these people came to America because they cannot get the comforts of life in a country that builds Christian churches of gold and costly stones and elegant carvings and paintings.

Religions grow up and rot down like weeds. Thus grew and rotted the religions of India, Egypt, Ancient Italy and Ancient Palestine, and thus has grown the religion of latter Jerusalem and latter Rome, which has borne its fruitage of Dead Sea apples that have turned to ashes in your grasp, and that, at the stake, has turned to ashes some of the grandest and best of men and women that have lived.

The special distinction of the church of St. John Latheran is that it has in it the table at which Jesus and the disciples ate the "last supper."

I was exceedingly anxious to see that table. The church is very elegant and has many magnificent pictures, but I wanted to see that table more than any thing about that church. There were young men walking about in the church with dresses on like the priests who seemed to be there for the purpose of giving information and we told one of these that we wanted to see the table upon which Jesus and his disciples ate the last supper. There were about twenty of us in the party that asked him. He said we could see it, but he indicated that there was considerable red tape to be encountered in getting to see the table, but he asked us to follow him, and we did so gladly. It seemed to me that anything so sacred ought to have been put in a place where everybody could see it without any trouble, but that it ought to be kept protected by a railing of some kind so that there would be no danger of any damage being done to it.

We followed the young man who had the Mother Hubbard on, and he led us at a pretty lively gate through an intricacy of elegant architecture and pictures and sculptures and finally came to a massive door of some costly kind of wood upon which was a lot of fine carving.

We stood at that door and he knocked on it. To that magic kind of a knock we had all frequently before seen doors come open like those we read about in enchanted castles, and I expected, every second to see it fly open in the "open sesame" style and that we would see the table, large and strong and big enough for Jesus and his twelve disciples, making thirteen at the table.

I knew that the New Testament indicated that at that last supper they did not sit on benches, but reclined on couches after the custom of that day, but I knew the "old masters" had never paid any regard to the New Testament in painting their pictures; had

probably never read it, if they could read it at all, and, that in spite of the New Testament teaching to the contrary, all the famous pictures of the last supper represented Jesus and his disciples as sitting on benches, and all sitting on one side of the table, and all facing one way, so that all could be seen in a snap shot picture if anybody happened along with a kodak.

But that big door did not open and the young fellow said, so our guide told us, that we would please wait a few minutes until he went and got the key. The fellow went and we waited until our patience was all exhausted and when I began to suspect that that fellow was lying, he came with the key and we were ushered into a splendid large room.

There were in there a man and a woman, both good looking, and we were told that the man would tell us all about it. We tramped around there very impatiently looking at pictures until the man and the woman finally got through their confab, and we were all very polite to him for the kindness he was about to do us. Then the fellow got up and started for the door that we had all come in through, but did not pay any attention to us. He could talk English and we asked him to show us the table, but he said he was not a guide there, and he went off and kneeled and got to saying his prayers, I suppose.

The others scattered and said it was a lost ball, but I stood patiently and waited until he got through his prayer, and then I explained to him my fix and that I was very anxious to see the table and that I would take it as a great favor if he would help me to find it, and I looked as old and as pious as I possibly could to appeal to the fellow's sympathies; but that fellow was the meanest man I met on the tour except that fellow at the tomb of Jesus at Calvary, and the two men we took along with us Wood, of Richmond and the Chicago dynamite man.

Finally the fellow started as if he was going to show me and I followed him a few steps and he pointed to a picture of Christ and his disciples in gold that looked like it might have about a half million dollars worth of gold in it, and that was up above an altar in the church and the fool said either that that was the table that I wanted to see or that the table was concealed from view behind that; I could not tell which he meant. I had seen gold and pictures until I was tired of looking at them and I hardly glanced at the thing he showed me.

Mr. Wilford A. Bean, of Northbridge Massachusetts—no kin to the Boston Baked Bean family—was a good friend to me our whole tour and agreed with me perfectly about these church fakes, and from him I got an idea that that table was to be seen,

somewhere in the church, and I begged him to let me know about it if he found it, but he did find it, and I never got to see it.

From him and from others who saw that table I got the following account. The "table" is nothing but a piece of plank about two and one half feet long and fifteen inches wide. It is simply a plain piece of plank. If I could have seen it I would have told whether it seemed to be very ancient, or was hewed out or sawed out, but none of those who had seen it seemed to have gotten any particulars about it, and from all I could learn it was simply an old piece of plank such as could be found about many plank yards in that country.

They were not to be blamed though, probably, for not having examined it more carefully. In order to get to it they all had to climb a dark stair and go into a dark closet one at a time, and I suppose had to pay a special fee, and then only by the light of a wax candle they could see back in a dark and narrow corner this piece of plank that in Lexington would be split up to kindle a fire and that piece of plank is the famous table of the last supper that gives to this gorgeous church its fame.

Of all who were in our cruise, so far as I understand, only about five or six got to see it, and I am very sorry that I was not one of the number.

We saw the Pope's throne. It is a nice piece of furniture.

Then we went to see the "sacra scala"—the holy stair.

The church in which the holy stair is has nothing of importance except the stairs. So far as I could learn the church was built by human beings as churches are commonly built, but these stairs were certainly brought by an angel from Jerusalem one night and put right where they now are, and these white marbles steps are certainly the identical yellow stone steps that Jesus Christ went up and upon a platform upon the top of which he was crucified in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. That this is absolutely so is beyond a doubt, because the Pope and all the Catholic big wigs in Rome say so. It does not cut any ice at all that the N. T. says Jesus was crucified on Mount Calvary, outside the walls of Jerusalem. The N. T. may do all right for this little gang of backwoods Protestants around Lexington, but when Sweeny and the Pope say a thing is so in the Catholic religion, the religion from which all Protestantism sprung, that do settle it. You may not be able to understand how the identical same yellow stone steps that we saw in Jerusalem are the identical white marble steps that we saw in Rome, but I myself noticed that the steps in each place were about the same in number and about the same length, so that it looks like there might be something in it, and when I add my

testimony to that of Sweeny and the Pope if you can't see it, it is your misfortune and not our fault. The only thorough test of religious orthodoxy is to believe what you positively know is not so. Jesus and Tertullian alike taught that there was high moral quality in believing things that were directly opposed to common sense and sound reason.

Jesus said that the bread and wine that he used at the last supper, when he and his disciples sat around that piece of plank in St. John Latteran, were real and literal, simon pure, bonafide, flesh and blood—no hocus pocus about it; no "tend like," nor anything of that kind. The Catholic is consistent. He believes that what Jesus Christ said there is true, and that what anybody else would call bread and wine, are really flesh and blood, and so the priest feeds the meat to the people and drinks all the blood himself. Protestantism is only a kind of mugwump Christianity, and don't believe that story about the meat and the blood. Protestants are not fit to be Christians and the Infidels won't have them.

As the church in which those steps are would certainly be a very incomplete thing without the steps, as the steps are the main part of it, and there would have been a big useless hole right through the middle of the house if the steps were not there, it is evident that the people who built he church had had an understanding with the angel that he was to furnish the steps for it, or the angel must have brought those steps from Jerusalem and just set them down there, the bottom on the ground and the other end just sticking up in the air, and not going upstairs to any place particularly, and then masons must have come and built the house to fit the steps. There is, at the head of these steps, a life-sized picture of Jesus Christ. That picture was painted there by the same angel that brought the steps and the steps were fixed and that picture painted, all in the same night, and it had to be done in time for the angel to get back to Jerusalem or to heaven, or wherever he went, all before day, for nobody is reported to have seen the angel and it was probably not a moonlight night and it was before Rome had her present arrangements for lighting by gas and before electricity. That picture at the top of those steps, though painted by an angel, is not ranked by picture connoisseurs as one of the fine paintings of Rome, while those of Michael Angelo that are stuck around everywhere there are regarded as the finest in the world. But then it ought to be rememberd, in justice to the angel, that the angel had to do that painting and fix the steps too, all in the dark, while old Mike took twenty years to paint one of the pictures in the Sistine Chapel. But then, in justice to Mike, it ought to be remem-

bered that he bossed the building of St. Peter's, compared with which the angel's step job was simply not in it.

As I stood at Rome and looked at those famous steps, there were seventeen women and two men and one boy going up them on their knees as well as I could count, for by the time I could count them from top to bottom some would be getting off onto the platform at the top, while others were just kneeling on the lowest step at the bottom. All of them were saying their prayers—unless it was the boy—that is, their mouths were working and I don't reckon they were chewing gum. The boy was sweeping down the steps with an ordinary house broom, like we use in America. Being on his knees it was awkward for him to sweep in that fix, but I suppose he would have certainly lost his job, and probably have lost his soul in hell, if he had gotten up on his feet to do that sweeping. I could not see any occasion for the sweeping unless it was just to sweep down the dirty old sins of the people that fell off on the steps, for there was not a foot touching those steps and they were continually being wiped by the silks and satins and velvets of rich women who went up them on their knees, and I don't think anybody but people dressed in store clothes were allowed to go up there.

After they got to the top I could never see what became of any of them, and they all just ascended to heaven, so far as I can testify to the contrary. I would like to have seen what the show was up there, but although I do a lot of walking around on my knees, working in my garden of "Quakeracre," in Dog Fennel, I have never had any practice walking up marble steps on my knees and saying my prayers as I went. These steps are as I have told you, white marble, and yet there is but a little part of the marble that you can see, because the white marble steps that the angel brought there from Jerusalem are so badly worn by the friction of the soft knees that they are now covered by steps that look like they might have been made of Kentucky black walnut plank about two inches thick, so that the white marble steps are seen through openings in the wooden cover left there for that purpose, and through these openings you can see that the edges of the white marble steps have been worn, I would guess from an inch to an inch and a half. Some ungodly gainsayer might suggest that these steps were originally like any other marble steps and that they had been purposely beveled off that way to make believe they were worn by people going up on their knees, from the fact that each step seems to be worn the same way, clean across from one wall to the other, while it would be natural to suppose that nearly all persons would go up near the middle of the steps as we then saw them doing, and

that, as a matter of fact, the sharpest and boniest knee of any ancient maiden that had gone up those steps to seek consolation for unrequited love could not get right up into the corner of the step and the wall to wear away the steps there just as much as at any other part of them. But cavilers at religion can always find some objection to sound truth, and beside that those steps are of supernatural origin and cannot be expected to subject themselves to the same rules and regulations that govern other stairsteps.

It was up these steps, on his knees, that Mr. Thomas Hunt, of Kennedy, Ohio, went. He had previously told me that he was an Infidel, and when I charged him with hypocrisy in this matter, he said that he did it simply to see what was up at the top of the steps. His sister, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Hoel, of Waynesville, Ohio, also went up the steps with him at the same time. They are both as good people as were on that boat, were both good friends to me and both subscribed for this book. Everybody on the boat knew that I talked about religion then just as I am doing now, and I asked Mrs. Hoel why she did it. She did not say why, but said that she did not go up on her knees. I believe what Mrs. Hoel says. There was nobody there to force people to get on their knees going up those steps, even as much as there was to force us to crawfish out of the garden of Gethsemane, or from the various places where Jesus was born and was buried. But the common understanding was that nobody but the devout went up those steps, and that they should go on their knees not only in reverence, but because they would not put their shoes upon a place where ladies put their fine dresses. It may be that that boy was sweeping off those steps because Mrs. Hoel had gone up there, not on her knees, when I was staying back, looking for that "table."

From my intimate association with this brother and sister on a tour that shows the true inwardness of men and women, I am proud to claim these two persons on the list of my friends, and, if I can regard them as my friends, certainly I ought not to complain of the Catholic Cookies who went up those steps on their knees, and yet if the Cooks were to offer free tickets for me and my family for another Oriental tour, on the condition that I was to go up those steps on my knees, I doubt whether I would take their tickets.

The last place in Rome that I went to see is the church of the Capuchins. It is the place where the Monks bury their dead long enough to rot the flesh off them and then use their bones either in the whole skeletons or in separate pieces to decorate a sort of catacombs that they have. The walls and ceilings have many decorations, including lamps, made of these bones. They are worked into varieties of vines and flowers, and one large ornamentation is

made of knee caps. I forgot to say, in the proper place, that judging from the wear that we saw upon rocks, some of which were three or four thousand years old, it would take billions of people to go up those steps on their knees to wear the steps as much as seems to have been done.

I saw everything in Rome that I cared to see except the Pope, the Vatican and the Catacombs. I saw the Vatican externally. From Rome we went back to Naples, and on April 2 sailed to Villefranche, 360 miles. Villefranche is only four or five miles from Nice. Nice is a lovely city and has a beautiful bay. At our lunch at the hotel to which I was assigned there was in the dining room the largest mirror I ever saw—twenty-five by fifteen feet. The city is lovely so long as you stay under the shade of the trees, but with so many white or light yellow buildings of marble and stone and the white stone in the streets the glow of the sun was such that I could hardly see. I found there a cheering letter from my wife. But the main reason for stopping at Nice is to go to see Monte Carlo. It is five or six miles from Nice and we went to it by a railway that ran along the edge of the bay, but which was about half the time under the ground.

I had wondered, in looking over Cook's itinerary that they made Monte Carlo one of its points, and I was rather sorry that we were to stop there as the last place we were to see on the tour. I am in my sixty-sixth year and I had never, in my whole life, as far as I can recall, seen a dollar lost or won in a bet, and it looks like another one of the many appositions of my checkered life that the first gambling I ever saw was to be at Monte Carlo. After getting there, though, I could see why we were taken to see the place. It is one of the most beautiful places in the world, standing above the sea on a picturesque mountain. I had heard of Monte Carlo for many years and expected to see something beautiful, but I had never anticipated anything like what we saw. The Casino is, of course, the principal attraction of the place, but there is an elegant city there, the whole of which is devoted to the entertainment of the rich gamblers that come there from all over the world. There was a park or garden that had in it our Kentucky blue grass and exquisite flowers in all the varied forms of the gardener's art. The Casino is, externally and internally, as costly in its get-up as one can easily imagine. It has everything that could appeal to the eye of cultivated people. As intensely wicked as it is there is nothing "loud" about it and it is one of the most orderly places you ever saw, a model of peace and quiet as compared with the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, and a man on the cruise who was a devout Episcopalian and an exquisite in dress was not allowed

to come into the Casino. He was a nice gentleman and was rich. He had a rather vain air about him and sometimes affected knee breeches, apparently to show his handsome leg and nice foot. Nobody on the Moltke was offended by it, but it was generally regarded as a little but harmless weakness, especially in a gray headed man as he was. When he started to go into the Casino he was stopped and told that his dress would not be admitted there, and he did not get in. My clothes were a black suit that cost me \$12.00 in Lexington, and they were the suit that I had worn all the time. I did not know that there was any regulation about dress, and there was not, except that it was required that it should be in good taste and I had gone in and had come out before I heard there was any regulation on the subject, and butlers and stewards and men in waiting dressed fine enough for kings were, so far as I could see, just as respectful to me as if I had been Roosevelt. There was such a maze of parlors and drawing rooms and halls and arches and galleries of paintings and statuary that I walked around among them for a long time before I saw anything that looked like gambling and then I went into the gambling part of the building. This was in a number of gorgeously decorated rooms that opened into each other through doors so large that they seemed almost as one room. There were in these twenty-five or thirty splendid tables, about half of which were for roulette and half for faro. About fifty people could sit close up to each other around each one of these tables, and every seat at all of them was full, and there were packed at the backs of the chairs, just as thick as they could stand, men and women who were continually handing in their money to be bet by those in the chairs, so that I suppose there were about 200 people at each table. The people at those tables were old men and old women, and young men and young women, but no boys were allowed in the building without matured people who vouched for them. I suppose all the seats at those tables were paid for. The women who sat at them were dressed in the finest of toilets and sparkled with diamonds. No one around those tables spoke a word, not even in a whisper. One bet would be decided in about every two minutes. On some of these tables the money bet seemed to be in about twenty dollar gold pieces. At the decision of each bet the man who managed that table used a thing like a hoe or a rake and he would rake in great piles of gold into a box in front of him, and from this box he would pitch gold to either end of that table and all over it so fast that you could not keep up with the motion of his hand. It seemed to go in the right amount and to the right place every time for the people picked up the amounts of gold and nobody spoke a word or expressed any

dissatisfaction. At other tables they were betting bills, of which there were great stacks. They were so different from our money that, handled as they were, I could not tell their denomination except in one instance, and I thought that bill was equal to \$200 of our money. I could not see on the face of any of those gamblers, men or women, any expression of regret or of pleasure, but I understood it was a common thing for people to walk away from those tables and suicide. These games seemed to go on all day, every day, and until late at night.

There were many of the most beautiful women there that I ever saw. They were elegantly dressed and in the finest taste, but their manners were those of ladies. Whether they were ladies or bad women I could not tell, but I suppose a large per cent of them were naughty. It all struck me as the most depraved place I had ever seen and those old gray-headed she devils, all bloated with liquor and high living, were the most depraved specimens of the human race I ever saw.

All of this time you could hear, out in the grounds, the continual popping of shot-guns, and at nine-enths of the fires a pretty, innocent pigeon would fall, and a dog would run and bring it in his mouth, and a brute, incomparably lower than the dog, would run and put another pigeon in that trap for another brute, meaner than a bull terrier, to shoot.

When I got home I found that one of the Vanderbilts was announced in the papers as shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo. I hate Anarchy, but if it breaks out some day in America and wipes off of the face of the earth, the people who go from here to Monte Carlo, to amuse themselves, the world would be better off.

One of the Catholic women on the Moltke came to dinner that night bragging that she had gambled at Monte Carlo, and had come out eighteen dollars ahead, and she was all excitement to get back there to get to gambling again. She was just the kind of a party to go up those angel steps in Rome, saying her prayers as she went, and the kind that expects to plunk a harp in heaven when she hands in her checks. She was Irish and was just hell-bent on getting another Irish husband, and I advise any honest Irishman to steer clear of any woman who would gamble at Monte Carlo. I saw another woman of the Moltke party who was a splendid looking woman and a very brilliant woman. She told me that she had been an Episcopalian, but was "not much of anything now," meaning, as I understood her, that she was now inclined to Infidelity. She was starting out, as she told me, to gamble at Monte Carlo. The representative Infidels of the country don't want any such women. They have all the dead weight that they can carry now.

I went away from Monte Carlo more discouraged by the outlook for the human race than I had ever been before.

Carlisle said of the people of London that they were "mostly fools." His mistake was in limiting his remarks to London. The matter with the people is that they have no good common sense. Good morals is simply another name for good common sense, and so long as Popes and Patriarchs and priests and preachers can make fat livings by teaching the people religion, as a substitute for good sense and good morals, things will go on just as they are now; one big part of the world will be killing themselves by indulgence and excess and another big part will be suffering for the necessities of life. A man said to me that I reminded him of Jesus disputing with the doctors in the temple. I don't know whether it was the harder on me or Jesus.

When we got back to the boat we had to preach for us a Rev. Jessup, who had been a missionary in Palestine for forty-seven years and was coming back to see his people in America. I went with pleasure to hear him and thought, of course, he was going to give us some arguments fresh from the Holy Land. He preached the same old rot about old Paley and his old turnip of a watch that a theological college had loaded me to the muzzle with in 1859, and it gave me a case of that "tired feeling." After one of the entertainments of that kind the people did me the kindness and honor to call for me, but I declined with thanks. I appreciated the compliment all the more because it was near the end of the cruise when the people knew more about me than in the beginning.

I failed to say, in the right place, that on March 30th we saw the Alps, 13,000 feet high.

CHAPTER XI.

On April 2d we raised our anchor for the last time and sailed—that is steamed—for New York, 3,800 miles away.

We had many times watched the ponderous chains roll over the drums of the great steam capstans as they lowered the anchor down, down, down so many fathoms in the deep harbors that it surprised us, and many times we had heard that sound when we were in bed at night, or early in the morning more frequently, and knew that it meant we were at some far-off place which many on the Moltke had seen before and wanted to see again, and which many of us, including myself, had never seen and wondered what the place would look like and how it would compare with what we imagined it was when we used to read about it, and many times when we had seen places we had watched that anchor come up with mud from the bottom of the harbor falling from the links of the great chains and we had gazed intently until the anchor itself should come and we who had gone onto the forecastle had watched it as it gradually crept up, the mud falling from its great flukes, and then we had listened for the bells and the great whistle to signal that we were going to start to see other wonderful places, and now, for the last time, on that cruise we had seen that great anchor go into its place at the bow and there was a mingled feeling in our hearts—some hearts sad and glad at the same time; some all glad and some all sad. I felt that I had had a wonderful experience—a chapter in my life that, somehow, would be the last of my record when my book about it should be published, and that when I should write the words “The End,” that would be near the end of my life.

My own little home and the dear ones there, nearly 5,000 miles away, seemed more beautiful to me than all palaces, temples and cathedrals, and to me the “home stretch” was a happy anticipation, and there was an inspiring thrill when I felt that the steam was turned on and that that immense machinery would turn the great shafts upon which were the twin screw propellers that were not to stop again, unless by accident, until we came into the dock at Hoboken, in Greater New York.

On April 4th we had only 150 cabin passengers, the others

having gone across Europe. The great ship seemed almost deserted. All of us who had not had the finest state rooms in the beginning were now put into perfectly splendid ones, and I had a beautiful boudoir all to myself, and we were all put to eat in the finest dining room. We had so much room and so many elegancies that it kept us busy trying to occupy them.

Some part of our time was occupied looking at the 790 Italian emigrants when they came out of their steerage quarters onto the front deck below ours. There was with us as a cabin passenger an Italian who was only in the prime of his life. He had gone to America just as those emigrants were going, and he had lately completed, in America, his residence that cost him \$71,000, and he had, in his last trip to Italy, given his sister there \$7,000 to build her a house.

On April 7th we coasted up close to the Azores. They are beautiful and picturesque. For 300 miles there are these islands sticking up out of the ocean and it is the presence of these islands, that were probably known to the ancients, that gave rise to the story of the "Lost Atlantis," from which the Atlantic Ocean gets its name, and it is remotely possible that it is from these that we have the story of the Noachian deluge. I suppose it is true that at some time there may have been a continent or part of a continent along there, but it was probably hundreds of thousands of years ago. I witnessed in one of these islands an interesting effect in scenery. The whole island was covered with cloud and fog so that it could not be seen, and a high mountain on it was covered more than half way up to its top the same way, but above the fog and clouds the sky was perfectly clear, and there rose right out of the clouds, in clear view, the top of the mountain. The mountain was Pico, 7,000 feet high. I suppose nearly everybody has, at times, looked at the clouds and thought that some of them looked like mountains. I can remember once, when a young boy, that in the back part of a large meadow at my old home, "Forest Retreat," I lay on my back under some very tall wild cherry trees and looked at the clouds and wondered if they did not look like mountains. I had then never seen any mountain. Suppose, while I was looking at those clouds, the top of Mount Pico had shot up above them as I was destined to see it in the Azores, wouldn't I have jumped up from there and have scooted to the house, p. d. q.? Yea, verily.

On April 11th we ran into a fog that rises nearly all the time from the banks of Newfoundland, and for several hours for two days, each day, we blew the fog horn as a warning to other vessels. We could not see a quarter of a mile ahead of the ship. On that day the Moltke made 396 miles. Its record was 402, and it had

twice made 401. It was "Good Friday," and it was the only day on all that cruise that we had not had splendid music in great abundance, on the ship, and after that we had it all the way to New York each day. But the custom of the ship forbade any music on "Good Friday."

On April 12th, in order to expedite matters in the inspection of our baggage, blank "declarations" were distributed among us, upon which we were to state, under oath, just what we had bought aboard and were bringing home in our baggage. In order to avoid paying the revenue on those articles I suppose that those 446 Cookies—445, for I except myself—swore to 10,000 lies, say an average of about 200 lies each. I suppose I would have lied, too, if I had had any money to buy anything. I heard preachers deliberately planning to lie about what they had bought, and I heard a nice Episcopalian preacher, one of the two preachers that took that tramp with me at Smyrna or Jaffa, I forgot which, say, and rather boastfully, that he had succeeded in beating the Turkish Government or the Cooks out of two dollars for his passport. I was the only man, or woman, in that whole cruise that swore to the dead, plain "truth, whole truth and nothing but the truth," about what he or she bought and had in his or her baggage. If perjury is a crime I, perhaps, the only one in the gang who has been in the penitentiary, am the only one of the whole 446 that ought not now to be in the penitentiary.

Under the head, "Articles Purchased Abroad," I wrote as follows: "Two pins at ten cents each—twenty cents. Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky. In addition to this I have one bottle of wine that was put in my lunch basket, at Grenada, that I will give to anybody that wants it. Charles C. Moore." When I got to New York the Custom House officer looked at my "declaration" and said: "You ought to have tried to make it thirty cents." I said to him: "I would have done that, but I did not have the money." He smiled sympathetically. He made me unlock both of my suit cases, but with the looking he did I could have had in those two cases things that would have cost me \$10,000 where I had been and that I could have sold for \$100,000 in America, and the next time I go on that cruise I am going to get somebody to stake me before I go, and lie like the rest of them, and do just like I did this time and make \$75,000. I don't see anybody being honest except some fool who has not got sense enough to make money by being a rascal, and any man would rather be a rascal than be suspected of being a fool.

April 12th was Easter Sunday, and the Captain gave a grand dinner, and we had music galore. The preacher that day preached

on the resurrection of Jesus, and made the point that 500 people saw him, at one time, after his resurrection. A lawyer remarked to me, after the sermon that there was only one man who said 500 people saw Jesus after his resurrection, and I said: "Yes, and it would have been just as easy to say 5,000 people saw him as to say 500 saw him." That was the day they called on me for a speech and I "didn't." I thought it was a time when "silence was golden." A big pious college president, named William W. Smith, of Lynchburg, Virginia, had made an ass of himself in trying to be funny and it was a good time for me to keep my mouth shut, and, for once in my life, I had the good sense to do it.

Mr. C. T. Aldrich of Worcester, Massachusetts, whose wife is a good Campbellite, but is not sanctified and is a splendid woman, criticized the church and the preachers on board pretty adversely and subscribed for "Dog Fennel." On that day we were talking about what phenomenally beautiful weather we had had the whole cruise and the purser said it was remarkably pleasant, especially as there were so many preachers on board, and he said that there was among sailors a superstition that it was dangerous to have many preachers on a ship. It is possible that this may come down from the days when the sailors had all that trouble because they had Jonah on board.

April 13th we passed the light ship, 200 miles from New York, and reported to it. The report was sent by submarine telegraph to New York, and the papers had printed our coming before we got there.

On April 14th, one day ahead of the estimate in our itinerary we came into New York harbor, and I thought it the most beautiful of all the harbors that we had seen. The scenery was, of course, greatly different from what we had been seeing, especially in its absence of mountains, but as a place to live, while the climate was not so lovely as what we had seen, it was, and especially for an American, as it seemed to me, the most beautiful of any that we had seen, and it seemed to me that, with all of its imperfections, our own country was the greatest government on earth, though not as great and good as it might be and ought to be, and, as I believe, it will be.

I confess to never having been very patriotic since our civil war, during which I probably would have been in the Confederate army, except that I thought it inconsistent with my calling as a preacher and also because, though born a slave owner, I did not think that slavery was right. But my experience abroad has increased my loyalty to my government, though I want, more than ever, to cherish that sentiment of Tom Paine: "The world is my

country; humanity my brethren, and to do ^{good} is my religion." It is a great injustice in this government, that claims to put no man at any advantage or disadvantage on account of any belief or disbelief about religion, that it requires its citizens to sign their names to passports under the words: "So help me God," when there are among the citizens of this country as good men—and I would say women, if this government would do itself the honor to admit women to citizenship—as were ever born who do not believe in a God; and while it is possible that an atheist may sign his name under this invocation, regarding God simply as a myth, and just as if the government had sworn him by the Jupiter, whose great temple we saw at Athens, it is, to say the least of it, embarrassing to any conscientious gentleman, and inconsistent in the government that knows that our penitentiaries are filled with criminals who believe in God, and that among the last words spoken by nearly every man who is hanged is his expressed willingness to meet his God.

That revolution is an inalienable right of every American citizen is a principle that was established by our Revolutionary fathers, and anarchy by violence, is direct irrationalism and madness, and not to be countenanced under any guise, or disguise, by any moralist and competent thinker. There is no sense in its results as the forcing of any religious creed upon the American people in violation of that fundamental principle of our government that recognized that no religion could be forced upon anybody here, the principle the maintenance of which was the very origin of this government.

Now, then, "let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." Though I have been but little from home during the few days more than a month since I got home, I find, and naturally, that my friends want to know, in general terms, if I enjoyed my Oriental tour and whether I feel that I was paid for all that it cost me, and whether I would do it all over again, if I could, and had not done it.

I will answer this. My father having come to Kentucky from Virginia when he was six months old, 114 years ago, when Kentucky was almost a wilderness, had no collegiate advantages, and yet he was a cultivated gentleman because he was a great reader, all of his life, of the finest literature. He gave to me every scholastic advantage that I was capable of receiving, and I now say that if I were twenty years old to-day and had to elect between a college course and such a tour as I have just completed I would forego the "sheepskin" and take the tour, because reading and study at home may compensate largely, or entirely, for what one

may learn at college, while nothing can be a substitute for such a tour as I have just had.

There is always some danger that a man who has traveled will want to assume some unwarranted importance on account of it, but the same is true of men who have been finely educated; and the man who has been fortunate enough to see some of the world should have, in doing so, acquired enough of experience and sound judgment not to make himself obnoxious on that account. By fair modesty he can always use, as occasion serves, the knowledge which he obtained by traveling, for the entertainment and profit of others, and it affords him, as it does me, a storage of reflection and memory from which he may always draw for his own entertainment.

I think it is the part of wisdom and good finance to save the money that is generally expended upon unsubstantial amusements and gratifications that perish with the using and save it, even if it requires some privation to do so, to be used economically for such a tour as I have had.

People who are cultivated can see the force of what I say, without elaboration, and people who have not had the advantages of the highest cultivation, and yet have some means, can become cultivated, by getting from guide books and books of travel, which are generally interesting reading, such information, in advance, as will enable them to appreciate in a great degree the things that they will see and hear, and can thus become fairly cultivated people, much easier and more effectually in time and money than they could do in any other way.

Traveling ought to make us wiser, and being wiser ought to make us better, and being better is the only way of making ourselves happier, which is the only true purpose of all intelligent life. It is also true that any and all experiences in life should make us wiser and better and happier, and as people fail to be these from all these other experiences there is no assurance that they will be such from having traveled. I do not know that I shall be any better man from having taken this tour, but I hope I will, and I appreciate the moral obligation that rests upon me to be such. You may not see any logical connection between my having seen the Dead Sea and the pyramids and Vesuvius and the Coliseum, and my being any better man, but I shall always feel that the sacrifice that the dear ones at my little home have made for me, in order that I might enjoy this craving to see those places that I have felt, for more than a half century, should put me under greater obligation to do all that I can at my home, to make those happier who have sacrificed for me.

Probably if I could go again on this same tour, next year, without any expense to myself, I might not care to do it, and yet again it might be, as with many of those who were with me on the Moltke, that in a few more years, if I live, I would enjoy it almost as much as I have done this time, again going over exactly that same route that I went and seeing again and remembering what I first saw and heard among them.

I thought in that ride in the small boats from Jaffa, and on that railway up Vesuvius that if the Cooks would give me the tickets I would not take my wife through such an experience as we there had, but I feel now that I would love to go with her and as many of my friends as possible over that same tour. I would not be so home-sick then.

I know that in this book I have said many things that may seem unkind and ungenerous and that many of them are about men and women who were kind and good to me. But I have had a strange life and strange experience and those who have, in advance, engaged to pay their money for this book have been people from all over America, who cared little for honeyed words and flowery rhetoric, and they have been my friends because they wanted to read from some man that they believed would say just what he thought, regardless of consequences, and I can only say, like Pilate: "What I have written I have written," and with "charity to all and malice toward none," and wishing "bon voyage" to all who may read this story, wherever they may be cruising on life's billowy sea, I tip my sailor's cap and this bring us to

THE END.