ress always has been, and must of necessity be, slow. The Free Church has less than two thousand communicants, and from the beginning has been more a political than a religious movement. Gavazzi, their great orator and patriot, died while I was in Italy, and the memorial addresses and services were proceeding in the different cities during most of my stay in the country. He hoped that the Waldensians and the Free Church would unite, and that the body would take the name of the Evangelical Church of Italy. Since the failure of this proposition the Free Church has made little progress. Besides these, there are six hundred English and American Baptists, about fifteen hundred Presbyterians, and the English and American Methodists. The Plymouth Brethren also do a limited work.

Other forms of Christianity encounter immense difficulties in Italy. The poor Italian says within himself: "How can I succeed if the Church is against me? When I am old who will take care of me? Can I die under the ban of the Church, and leave my wife and children to mourn me as a lost soul? Can I be refused burial among my ancestors?" Comparatively few are ready for such a sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXV.

Going Down to Egypt.

Brindisi—Coast of Greece—Candia—Gaudo—Coast of Egypt—Arriving in Alexandria—Pharos—View of City and Harbor from the Base of Pompey's Pillar—Site of Cleopatra's Needles—Journey to Cairo.

AT Naples our party of two became three by the addition of an old friend, Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft, Principal of Phillips Andover Academy, Massachusetts, who, in accordance with previous arrangements, joined us there. Rising at daylight on the second of February, we rode several hundred miles over mountains and plains, through olive orchards, tunnels, among aqueducts, impressive ruins, and in sight of villages situated high on mountain sides, flourishing towns, populous cities, castles, cathedrals, battlefields, which kept eye and mind busy through the long day, until, in the shades of evening, we caught a glimpse of the Adriatic as we rolled into the station of Brindisi, where we spent a quiet Sabbath. The chief relics of antiquity are near the hotel, and consist of a high column of Greek marble, with an ornate capital, and the remains of another pillar.

On the morning of February 4 we sailed for Egypt on the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Hydaspes*. One half the passengers were English, one third American, and the remainder of different nationalities. Early the next morning the coast of Greece appeared, and we ran within sight of it for twenty-four hours. The irregular masses of the Morea first burst upon our vision, and beyond them the lofty mountains of Arcadia.

Some of the passengers claimed to identify Mount St. Elias, the highest point in the Morea; but while they dogmatized I doubted, as its appearance would overthrow all the geographies in the world. We sailed so close to Navarino, where was fought the great battle between Ibrahim Pasha and the allied forces of England, France, and Russia, which was

undoubtedly preliminary and essential to the independence of Greece, that we could have followed the evolutions of a regiment with the naked eye.

For hours we were within sight of Candia (ancient Crete). An old traveler familiar with the island assured us that St. Paul's words concerning the Cretans, which he quotes from one of their own writers, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," are as true of the people now as then. The island belongs to Turkey, but three fourths of the population are Greek and belong to the Greek Church.

Luke's account of his voyage with Paul along the same coasts says that they meant to winter in one of the ports of Crete, and thought they could do so, owing to favorable winds, "but not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up, . . . running under a certain island which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat." Clauda (Gaudo) now has a revolving light, which stands on the summit of the island eleven hundred and eighty-one feet above the sea. We saw this light, which flashes once a minute, at a distance of twenty miles.

After four days of fine weather and smooth seas, the long sandy coast of Egypt appeared about daybreak in dim outline. In the best light the highest parts only are visible eighteen miles away, but the general coast line cannot be seen until the vessel is within twelve or fourteen miles. The passengers were all on deck, and soon were seen the breakwater, with its lighthouse, the forts, the ruined palace of Said Pasha, the quarries from which the stone was brought to construct the breakwater, stretching away to the westward until those are reached from which the stone was taken to build the ancient city. The cove was pointed out near which Napoleon landed his troops July 1, 1798, in order to march on Alexandria. Ships now go up to the pier, and no such difficulties with boatmen as former travelers complained of were experienced by us.

I was landing in Egypt, "the cradle of history and of human culture," of which Herodotus, in words which have been used a thousand times to introduce books, essays, letters, and lectures upon Egypt, said four hundred and fifty-six years before Christ: "It contains more wonders than any other land, and is prominent above all the countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." When General Grant, after his tour around the world, met Andrew D. White, ex-President of Cornell University, he said to him: "After Egypt there is nothing."

I was also in Alexandria, a name which causes one to think of him who founded it to be the emporium of the world; of its rapid prosperity as a commercial center through which "the lucrative trade of Arabia and India flowed to the capital and provinces of the empire;" of its schools, its grammarians, philosophers, astronomers, physicians, poets, orators. In Alexandria the Septuagint was made, and to its museum and libraries students flocked from every land. Alexandria was not only the chief factor in the world's early intellectual growth; it was historically related to the development of Christianity as no other city. It was because of the dispute between Alexander, the patriarch of Alexandria, and Arius, that the Council of Nice was convened, which settled for the orthodox Church the doctrine of the deity of Jesus Christ. Athanasius here fulfilled the order of his course as a deacon, and after he had persuaded the Council of Nice by his eloquence, entered upon a stormy career as bishop, and here, after being deposed, banished, and restored several times, he died in peace.

From having sunk to a population of five thousand Alexandria has of late years increased to a quarter of a million and again become important. The ruins are so few and accessible that there is nothing to detain the traveler long. The site of the ancient Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, claims the first place, though no ruins remain. It was a lighthouse constructed of white marble, several stories high, each successive story diminished in size, and having a gallery around it supported on the outer circle of the story beneath. Near the spot is a castle now known as Fort Pharos. Pompey's Pillar is of beautiful red granite, and stands on a height whose name is derived from the Roman Prefect Pompeius, who erected it in honor of Diocletian.

A fine view of the city and harbor is obtained from the base

of the monument, which was probably the highest ground in the ancient city. Near it is a Mohammedan cemetery, and we met two long funeral processions. There seemed a solemnity and a weirdness not unmingled with pathos in the monotonous chants and wailings of the mourners, who elevated above their heads the uncoffined body upon a kind of bier, and passed along seemingly oblivious of their surroundings. We reverently took off our hats, but noticed that the passing Egyptians paid no attention to the ceremonies. Funerals are so numerous in all the cities of Egypt as to suggest the prevalence of an epidemic; men come to regard them as ordinary scenes.

We made a journey to the site formerly occupied by Cleopatra's Needles, but did not see them, for the sufficient reason that one is in London, and the other in Central Park, in the city of New York. Originally they were erected at Heliopolis, and were transported to Alexandria in the eighth year of Augustus. In the year 1800 one was standing, and the other fallen. The latter was given to the English by Mohammed Ali, but was not moved till 1877, when the late Professor Erasmus Wilson and another gentleman furnished the money. It was encased in an iron cylinder and rolled into the sea, fitted up with a rudder, deck house, and cabin, named the *Cleopatra*, and taken in tow by a steamer. Encountering many storms, it was abandoned in the Bay of Biscay, but was finally found, towed to London, and in October, 1878, set up on the Thames embankment. The other was presented to the government of the United States by Ismail Pasha, and was erected in Central Park January 22, 1881.

An English writer thus speaks of the removal of these monuments: "Some may be of opinion that it would have been a more noble monument to England had this buried obelisk been reerected beside its fellow on its native soil; but few will hesitate to stamp as sacrilege the removal of the remaining one from the place where it had so long stood and its transport to the United States." Here in perfection is the art of putting things! If the removal of most of the many remains of antiquity from their original sites for purposes of science or ornamentation or popular interest is to be branded as sacrilege, there is scarce an ancient temple or mediæval structure that

ought not to have the word *fraud* inscribed upon it, and that noble institution, the British Museum, which has done so much for the education of the modern world, should be entitled "The Depository of the Results of Sacrilegious Plunder." Egypt has ruins enough and to spare, though the present jealousy of foreign explorers and travelers can be trusted to protect all existing remains of importance.

Toward evening we left the city by the express train for Cairo, distant one hundred and twenty-eight miles.

Around Alexandria are well-cultivated gardens, and the whole country, profusely irrigated, appears fruitful and flourishing. Long lines of camels could be seen on the banks of the canal and of the Nile, and processions of donkeys heavily laden. The most diverting of these scenes was a string of twenty camels tied together, preceded by a diminutive donkey which piloted the procession, as a steam tug sometimes takes out to sea an ocean steamer a hundred times larger than itself. Cotton fields; wide expanses of grass; distant villages, built of mud and placed on heights to escape the annual floods, surrounded by palms, minarets gracefully rising above them; hundreds of men, women, and children on foot; crowds in picturesque costumes at all the stations, made a splendid panorama which introduced to us Egyptian life and manners.

At length the walls of Cairo appeared, and soon the train shot into the station. The railroad over which we traveled was the first built in the Orient, and dates from 1855. The great Stephenson was the engineer, and it was his plan by this road, together with an extension from Cairo to Suez, to meet the commercial needs which the Suez Canal effectually supplies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Cairo—The "Mother of the World," and Heliopolis.

Strange Scenes—Citadel and Mosque of Mohammed Ali—Mosque of Sultan Hassan—Mosque of Amer at Old Cairo—Island of Roda—Nilometer—Palace of Gezireh and of the Khedive—The Only Egyptian Lunatic Asylum—Virgin's Tree—Heliopolis—Ostrich Farm.

As soon as possible we plunged into the street and were absorbed in the ceaseless crowd. The streets are narrow and irregular, and of sidewalks there are none worthy the name in the principal Arab quarters. Donkeys and camels without number are forcing their way through. Different races of men, with their costumes and cries, move in and out; a wild masquerade dance is the only figure of speech which will convey any idea of the scene. Loud, hoarse, and dissonant yells in languages unlike those of Europe, threaten with rupture the tympanum of every foreign ear.

The barber shops are open to the street, and in the course of a few hours' walk a hundred barbers could be seen rapidly shaving the heads of their customers. Men run in advance of coaches and by the side of donkeys. With these are mingled camels, whose drivers are constantly yelling to persons to get out of the way. They specify the part of the body in danger of collision, uttering, in Arabic, such directions as, "Your left side," "Your right side, girl," "Your back, lady." Water carriers work their way about, a few selling the water, but the majority giving it, being paid by some one who tells them to do so. They utter cries equivalent to "May God recompense me!" When they are accompanied by their employers they ejaculate, "God forgive thy sins!" Instead of calling the names of their vegetables, those who sell them use such expressions as, "God will make thee light, O lemons!" meaning that he will make the baskets that hold them light. Wandering cooks go about setting up their kitchens anywhere, and cook fish, puddings, and whatever they have,

while their customers sit crosslegged along the side of the street.

Nearly all the mechanics work with doors and windows open, and many of them in the street. It is surprising to see what excellent work is done with primitive tools. Auctioneers run to and fro, calling out their wares and the last bids. Peddlers carry tables on their heads and set them up wherever they fancy. All is done in the best of humor, but with excessive voice and gesture. The vender of roses cries, "The rose was a thorn, but the sweat of the Prophet caused it to blossom." Beggars add to the confusion by screaming, "I am the guest of God and the Prophet;" and toward night, "My supper must be thy gift, O Lord." Here and there are rings of spectators witnessing feats of legerdemain.

Amid all this a funeral procession may come, pushing its way through, preceded by camels bearing bread and water to give to the poor at the tomb, though this is not done when the deceased was poor. Singers follow chanting the usual formulas, then friends, and finally the promiscuous crowds. An astonishing snapping of whips goes on continually. Some sound almost as loud as pistol shots, and every one who has a whip does his best to make the loudest possible crack. The ordinary method of traveling about the city is upon donkeys. The person who hires a donkey mounts it, and the donkey boy runs by his side, never appearing in the least degree weary.

These are but a few, taken almost at random, of the elements of the confusion. I should certainly have lost my head if I had not previously visited the stock exchanges in New York, London, Paris, and Hamburg. Unmoved amid all this are hundreds, sitting in the doors of the coffee houses, drinking coffee, or smoking peculiar pipes that have contrivances for the smoke to pass through water, and afterward to be drawn through tubes from six to ten feet in length. These loiterers look as serene as if upon the shady bank of a stream on a midsummer's day.

Above the uproar, at certain hours, the cry of the muezzin, from the minarets of the hundreds of mosques, falls upon

the ear, calling the people to prayer, and the majority respond; but few minutes are devoted to the act. In the bazaars many a dealer who does not happen to have a customer can be seen reading the Koran. The crowd rushes by, and this man sits crosslegged, not more than three feet from it, entirely absorbed in his devotional book, but is ready at a second's notice to drop it, his abstracted look disappearing, and a keen eye for a bargain taking its place.

Turbans are quite a study. While Arabs from the earliest times have distinguished their religious divisions, families, and tribal connections by the color of their turbans, it is now impossible to decide absolutely upon any general principle. The descendants of the Prophet, called Sherifs, wear green turbans, but they are now frequently worn by pilgrims to Mecca. Scholars and priests generally wear wide turbans of light color, and non-Mohammedans generally wear dark turbans; the Copts adopt the blue, and the Jews the yellow color; but even this, though dating from a decree four hundred years old, is no longer a certain method of identifying the wearer. It is stated that an orthodox turban worn by a Mohammedan is seven times as long as his head, so that it can be used as his winding sheet, and that wearing it may remind him of his mortality.

The crowds that fill the streets where business is done would deceive a stranger as to the population of the city. When one steps out of these streets he finds few people during business hours; the women are in their houses, the men gone to their places of trade. In the middle of the day, if it is at all warm, traffic ceases as if by magic; but about two o'clock, the *siesta* being finished, the rush begins and continues until late in the afternoon. These scenes never palled nor grew monotonous during our various visits to Cairo.

Having spent the first morning in the street, we went in the afternoon to the Citadel and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, passing through the Ezbekiyeh, the finest public garden in the city. The citadel was built by the great Salaheddin, the site said to be selected merely because it was found that meat would keep fresh twice as long there as anywhere else. From it one has a view of the city, the desert, the distant Pyramids, "the City of the Tombs," the Nile, and the plains that

neither words nor pencil can worthily present. Harriet Martineau says: "I would entreat any stranger to see this view first in the evening before sunset." We saw it at this hour. She says that the city "looks a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets, and palm tops, . . . speaks of the fawn-colored domes of the City of Tombs rising against the somewhat darker sand of the desert, and the river gleaming and winding away from the dim south into the blue distance of the north, the green strips of cultivation on its banks delighting the eye amid the yellow sands." Two mosques are connected with the citadel—the old mosque, now disused, and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. The day was Friday, and after exploring the Mosque of Mohammed Ali we were obliged to retire on account of the approach of the hour of prayer, but had the opportunity of looking in at the windows.

On this hill, March 1, 1811, the famous order of Mamelukes was extinguished by a massacre ordered by Mohammed Ali; he had grown weary of their schemes against his authority, arranged for their massacre, and invited them to a reception. They were at that time the finest cavalry in the world, and did not suspect their fate. When they entered the fortification, as the portcullis fell behind the last, they saw their danger; four hundred and sixty of them and eight hundred more in the city were slaughtered.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan is considered the finest in Cairo, and one of the most superb monuments of Mohammedan architecture. It is in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but evidences of its former grandeur are not lacking. It is built of blocks brought from the Pyramids. It has oftentimes served as a fortress, and in one spot is a dark stain of blood, of which the legend says that the Sultan slew with his own hand his unfaithful prime minister. A gloomy grandeur relieved only by the graceful minaret and the majestic arch is its chief characteristic.

There are about two hundred and seventy mosques in Cairo, and more than two hundred chapels. In general terms, whether ancient Mameluke or Turkish, they consist of open courts, of a broad niche in the wall looking toward Mecca, a stone or wooden pulpit, a platform, a portico, a desk for the

Koran, a tank for washing, a canopy supported by columns, a dome, a mausoleum, a minaret, and a tower resembling it, but not having balconies. Of the oldest style the Mosque of Amer at Old Cairo is a conspicuous example. We went to see it, on the way passing the aqueduct. It is held to be the most ancient mosque in Egypt, is three hundred and fifty feet square, and shows the original mosque plan, never having been a church. At the entrance is a single line of columns, at the sides three deep, and at the end six deep, amounting to nearly two hundred and fifty. One of the columns is said to have come there miraculously from Mecca. In one corner is the tomb of the founder, and in another a spring. The more superstitious Mussulmans think that this spring communicates with the holy well at Mecca, and state in proof that a pilgrim lost a ring in that well in Mecca, and afterward found it in this spring. This mosque in 1808 witnessed an extraordinary scene. At the usual time of the rising of the Nile it began to fall. The whole land was filled with dismay, and all the Mohammedan priesthood, the Latin, Greek, and Coptic clergy, in fact, the clergy of every Christian sect, and all the Jewish rabbis in Cairo assembled in this ancient mosque to pray for the rise of the water. Though the water rose, this union under stress did not destroy their ancestral hatred of each other.

The island of Roda lies opposite Old Cairo, being separated from it by a narrow branch of the Nile. The Arabs declare it to be the site of the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter; accordingly a beautiful palm on the island is called Moses' Tree. When the Nile rises to an unusual height the whole island is under water and boats sail across it.

The Nilometer is a square chamber having a graduated pillar that rises from the bottom to the top. The scale measures seventeen cubits, each twenty-seven and seven sixteenths of an inch long, but the regular cubit as now used in Cairo is only fourteen and one fourth. This Nilometer is supposed to have existed more than a thousand years. When we were there it showed the river to be within two feet of the lowest point, a fact of which we afterward had a very unpleasant demonstration. When the Nile begins to rise the fact is proclaimed about the streets of Cairo by criers, each of whom has his district. It generally rises from twenty-one to twenty-six feet. It has been charged that the government sometimes "doctors the returns" in order to make plausible reasons for additional taxation.

We were exceedingly fortunate in the courier obtained for Cairo and vicinity. His name was Mohammed Abdel Rahman, and he proved the most competent conductor we found in all the East. Making no pretense beyond his knowledge, using few words, never obtruding nor contradicting, he was, what few professional guides are able or willing to be, silent when he saw that we were observing, conversing, or meditating.

Cairo has numerous palaces besides other immense edifices, now devoted to other purposes, formerly occupied by different Khedives, or built for members of their families, wives, or concubines. We visited the palace of Gezireh, a building internally attractive; the furniture consists in part of articles exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1867. The rooms are shown which were occupied by the Empress Eugenie when the Suez Canal was opened, and afterward by the Emperor of Austria; the blue room was elegantly upholstered from floor to ceiling in blue satin embroidered with gold.

We also went to the palace occupied by the Khedive, and waited an hour to see him come forth for his afternoon drive. While his escorts were gaudily dressed and blazed with gilt and silk, and the runners with the carriage wore a uniform which rivaled the fantastic decorations of wandering acrobats, and would set the urchins of an American city wild, the Khedive was so plainly attired that he would have attracted no attention if walking in a European city.

Some of our friends were invited to dine with him. Dinner was served at half past seven. The guests assembled at the palace and were ushered into a small reception room, when the consul of the United States and the chamberlains escorted the ladies up the grand staircase, passing between lines of soldiers on each side of the vestibule. The hall was decorated with tropical plants, and the palace brilliantly lighted. The Khedive received in his grand *salon*, in a cordial and easy manner, conversed with each separately, and never sat for an

instant except at dinner. There were twenty-two guests. The band was so far removed as not to interfere with conversation, and, in compliment to the Americans, the first selection which was played when they entered the dining room was "Yankee Doodle." There were several American dishes. The centerpiece for the table was a bed of roses and other flowers grown in the open air, though this was the month of January. There was nothing Egyptian about the palace or the *menu*.

The Khedive was about thirty-five years old, and fine looking. He spoke English and French, drank only water, and did not smoke; but three kinds of wine were served for his guests. At the dinner his dress was the same as that of the other gentlemen. He wore no medals, nor was there anything to indicate that he was other than an ordinary personage. When the guests returned to the *salon* coffee was served in Turkish cups, the holders being of solid gold studded with diamonds.

The modern palaces in Cairo are thoroughly European. The Museum of Arabic Antiquities is a valuable and instructive collection of treasures of Arab art. The ancient mosque chandeliers, magnificent brass tables, an extensive collection of brass lamps, some of the finest of which were made for the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, give the best view of the proficiency of the Arabs in special work. The name of Sultan Hassan is wrought in colored transparent letters on a light ground in the lamps. The Arabs place a high value upon manuscripts, everything connected with them and their preservation; this museum contains carved ivory bookstands divided into sections; certain of the doors are inlaid with ivory.

There is but one lunatic asylum in Egypt. To that is devoted a building formerly a palace, which, with its surrounding gardens, is admirably adapted to the purpose. I spent an afternoon there, and was courteously received by Dr. Abbas, the superintendent. Up to comparatively recent date the Mohammedans did not regard insanity a disease so much as a proof of divine inspiration. Lunatics were allowed to do almost what they pleased: to run naked through the streets, to assault persons; and not until their actions became dangerous

to human life were they restrained. This was traced to the early notions of the Christians, who believed all lunatics inspired by God or possessed of the devil. Forty years ago the few insane persons and idiots whom it was found necessary to restrain were left in dungeons, excavations, or mud huts, in squalor and wretchedness indescribable. Dr. Abbas is an Egyptian, but highly educated, having studied in Paris, and evidences of his familiarity with the approved methods of treating the insane were obvious. Not a picture or a book was visible in any of the rooms occupied by the patients. Everything was scrupulously clean, and as no artificial heat is requisite at any season of the year, the ventilation was perfect.

It was not to gaze upon lunatics that I visited this institution, but to ascertain what are the principal causes of mental derangement among the orientals. Many exhibit there, as elsewhere, a mere degeneration of stock. Their parents were feeble-minded, and by sinking one degree in the scale, they become *non compos mentis*. Others had been made insane by bereavement, loss of property, persecution, domestic trouble. The influence of the climate had affected some, but others were children of the best families, made lunatics by disease or vice. The evil habits which in Europe and America send so many to asylums are equally potent there; but the number insane from the use of alcohol is, relatively, very small.

The Mohammedans are forbidden to drink wine or liquors, and while a small proportion do, the majority do not, or to a slight extent only, so that the doleful spectacle of a large number of dipsomaniacs, and of persons whose insanity was primarily caused by excessive use of alcohol, was not presented to us here.

Opium, however, had many more victims than we find in the United States; for the Mohammedans have endeavored to circumvent the prohibition of wine by addicting themselves to other means of producing intoxication or pleasurable excitement. They compound various mixtures of opium with other drugs, in such a way that one combination will cause the user to sing, another will set him to talking, a third to dancing, etc. The use of opium is not as common in Egypt as in countries farther east.

We saw two wards filled with victims of hasheesh, and the superintendent stated that it causes more lunacy in Egypt than opium and alcohol united. Hasheesh, a preparation of hemp similar to *Cannabis indica*, has been used from very ancient times. Herodotus speaks of it, and says that the Scythians intoxicated themselves in their religious ceremonies with the fumes of burning seeds of the plant. Lane traces it through India and Persia, and finds it in Egypt before the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era.

When it is smoked the leaves are used alone or mixed with tobacco. The intoxicating preparations are made by employing the capsules without the seeds mixed with various substances. Hasheesh can be obtained at various coffee shops, and there are others which sell nothing but this and other intoxicating preparations. Men become very drunk upon hasheesh, and are frequently violent, and the doctor stated that insanity produced by it is difficult to cure, generally passing on to complete *dementia*.

Our word assassin is derived from this word, noisy and riotous being called in the East *hashshasheen*. This name was first applied to Arab warriors in Syria during the Crusades, as they used this drug both to render their enemies insensible and to excite those appointed to slay them.

The only disagreeable circumstance in our visit to the asylum was observation of the inadequate provisions for women. Instead of separate rooms or wards, they are in one hall; all grades of insanity being in the same room. As I entered, a woman sprang from her bed, flew across the room almost with the rapidity of the wind, prostrated herself, and before the attendants could restrain her seized me by the foot. The poor creature was trying to kiss my foot, according to the oriental custom, preparatory to beseeching me to issue an order that she might go to see her children. Several others made friendly or hostile demonstrations. The female attendants, being obliged to conform to the Egyptian custom of keeping their faces covered, were embarrassed in their struggles with the lunatics, for frequently they were obliged to use one hand to prevent the pulling away of their face coverings. Dr. Abbas stated to us that he had applied to the government,

and hoped to secure better accommodations for female patients.

The drive to Heliopolis, of an hour and a half, passed palaces, tombs, plantations of palms, orange, and lemon trees, barracks, the military school, and fine olive orchards.

We paused at the Virgin's Tree, a magnificent sycamore which stands in a garden, so called because of a legend that the Holy Family rested beneath it. The Coptic sect has control of it, but the Roman Catholics affirm that the original tree died in 1659, and that they have the last fragments of it in Cairo. It is claimed by the latter that the tree we saw was not planted till 1672. In this vicinity are the gardens in which Cleopatra planted the Balm of Gilead which, tradition says, was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba.

Alas for the glory of Heliopolis! styled by an English writer the "Oxford of Old Egypt," the site of the supreme Temple of the Sun. There Plato and Solon studied for years, and Herodotus paused in his travels to collect the facts which give him the name of "Father of History." Heliopolis was the capital of lower Egypt, and is mentioned in the Bible under various names. Here Joseph lived, and married his wife, Asenath, the daughter of "Poti-pherah, the priest of On," and the mother of Manasseh and Ephraim. Josephus says that when the family of Jacob arrived in Egypt, their residence was given to them in On. Here the sun was worshiped, and here stood the most famous and ancient shrine in Egypt, with the exception of one in Memphis. But while they worshiped the sun they also worshiped cats and a white sow! In this temple the staff of priests and other officers numbered twelve thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Nothing remains of its glory and magnificence save the ruins of the outer wall and a single obelisk, which is the oldest in Egypt, dating from B. C. 1700 to 2400, according to the chronology adopted. It is nearly perfect.

Obelisks were always built in pairs, and in 1190 an Arab doctor, of Bagdad, saw the other in two pieces; but it has long since disappeared. That solitary obelisk on which we looked was old when Abraham came down to Egypt, but the worshipers of the sun, whose glory it commemorates, are extinct.