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D.D.

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Boston - November 1922.

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Dedication

TO UNION COLLEGE

IN WHICH MY COLLEGIATE TRAINING WAS RECEIVED,
AND TO YALE

IN WHICH MY THEOLOGICAL STUDIES WERE PURSUED,
EACH OF WHICH HAS BEEN TO ME A TRUE ALMA MATER,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF MY INDEBTEDNESS TO
THEM BOTH FOR ANY POSSIBLE MERIT THERE MAY BE
IN MY AUTHORSHIP OF SIX VOLUMES.

TO MY WIFE,

WHO SHARED WITH ME IN KEEN ENJOYMENT OF THE
ORIENTAL TRIP, AND WHO JOURNEYED BY MY SIDE IN
HOLY AND HAPPY WEDLOCK FOR NEARLY FORTY-FIVE
YEARS, FROM MAY 18, 1876, TILL HER SUDDEN TRANS-
LATION TO THE NEW JERUSALEM.

JULIA A. ARCHIBALD,

April 23, 1851 — March 5, 1921.

ALSO TO MY GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE,
ANDREW WARREN ARCHIBALD

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PREFACE

BEFORE the World War, hundreds of Americans every year went on a cruise to the orient, one agency alone for a decade and a half conducting thither annually six to eight hundred tourists. With the cessation of the tragic interruption to touring, with the resumption of the normal, the procession of pilgrims to the world's chief shrines will doubtless be renewed in even larger numbers than hitherto. The return to "normalcy," of which President Harding in his campaign spoke, has already here begun, and the stream of travel, so long dammed, will naturally assume flood conditions in its onrush after the release.

The present volume is a kind of sequel to the mighty conflict which so lately has been engaging our attention. Preparatory to a consideration of great world cities may seem appropriate an introductory survey of the world war, which likewise to a greater or less extent has been incorporated into the six chapters that follow, and especially into the two culminating chapters on Constantinople and Jerusalem. The whole book contains not a little of classical, of archæological, and of Biblical lore popularized, and scholars and others will find it acceptable for reference purposes, with the index to help. It is designed to stimulate to the mobilization not of troops but of travellers for a peaceful penetration of the Near East under the new conditions.

The Orient has always acted like a powerful magnet to draw pilgrims from all the continents of the globe, but it has now been invested with an additional charm and spell. There

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will be a greater desire than ever to see the regions whose future was being determined, and especially to see redeemed Jerusalem, no longer under Turkish and Mohammedan but under British and Christian rule, with the opportunity of the return of the Jews who have been expatriated for 1850 years. Never did the Scriptural prophecy of a Hebrew restoration seem so romantic.

England's capture of Jerusalem in 1917 sent a thrill throughout the world. Celebrations of the event drew immense crowds everywhere. A meeting of jubilation called in Los Angeles, and attended by the writer, filled an auditorium seating 3,000 to its utmost capacity, and 2,500 were said to have been turned away, unable to gain admission. Though under Jewish auspices, Gentiles were there in great numbers as well as Hebrews. The very name, Jerusalem, strikes a responsive chord in all hearts, and actually to see it under the regime that the march of progress has brought about will be the aspiration of increasing multitudes. Sir Mark Sykes, a British authority on eastern affairs, believed that there will now be "a series of pilgrimages to Jerusalem more extensive than that city has ever seen before." With this fresh impulse for cruising eastward, a volume to guide thither in the changed situation may be welcome. Decidedly the most enthralling places usually included in the itinerary are Rome, Athens, Cairo, Karnak or Old Thebes, Constantinople and Jerusalem, which generally will be regarded as the world's greatest centers of interest.

While the writer has covered Europe twice as well as the Near East once, and while he has read quite extensively, so that he could prolong his story almost indefinitely, he recognized that he must make a selection if he would not be too voluminous, and if he would make a compact book which might meet a public need. He has aimed to produce a volume,

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which might be considered a satisfactory resumé for those who have been to the Orient, and a sufficient guide, as to the main things to be seen, for those who plan to go, and a succinct yet graphic compendium for those who cannot gratify their desire to take the trip, but who still wish for the information that would seem to be essential to any claiming to be at all adequately educated.

The work does not contain anything new, for professedly it deals with recent happenings in the war events recorded, and more largely with antiquities, and with those of very old and oft-visited cities. Its merit, if it has any, consists in its grouping of striking occurrences and in its bringing together from many different sources into small compass and perhaps in a readable form what the average person with a Christian viewpoint would like to know before starting on an oriental cruise, and what he might desire to refresh his memory upon after completing his journey, and what he might wish to send forth to friends as a broad survey of what he had seen. The author certainly had to peruse many books to get what is comprehended in this single volume. He is cognizant of no endeavor ever having been made to cover so briefly such extensive ground as he has attempted to traverse in a continuous tale that has sought to be illuminating after a popular fashion. He has tried to be sufficiently sketchy to get the atmosphere of each center to which he has gone, leaving to Bædeker and similar authorities all technical details. He has endeavored to be correct in the conveyance of his facts, while yet guarding against being prosaic in setting forth his materials, which surely are entrancing enough to merit the liveliest portrayal. The volume is illumined by numerous illustrations. Its appeal is to the more thoughtful of the laity, and also, particularly in its make-up, to the clergy. It has in mind travellers of

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intelligence though not necessarily of profundity, persons who care less, for instance, for the snake charmers of Cairo than for the mummies of the great Pharaohs in that city. It deals preeminently with the classical and Biblical, but it also moves in the sphere of present concern, as this appears in the settlement of the perennial "Eastern question," wherein was involved the destiny not only of the Balkan States, but also of countries like Greece and Egypt, and of cities like those on the holy hill of Zion and on the historic channel of the Bosphorus.

All students of the Bible will find such a trip as has been depicted to be of intense interest, because of discovering so much that is confirmatory of the Book of books, and because so frequently they are in places made sacred by the presence there centuries ago of Scriptural characters whose names have been household words from childhood, and whose personalities seem so much more real to one walking over the very ground they trod. Above all, modern travellers have the transcendent experience of those who of old journeyed so far, and with these Magi they can say jubilantly, "We saw His star in the east," as again and again they come face to face with Him, who was cradled in Bethlehem's manger, who was nurtured in the humble home at Nazareth, who had his tragedy and at the same time His crowning victory at Jerusalem, and who has shaped the course of all subsequent history.

Considerable of what is herein contained, with modifications and adaptations, has been given to miscellaneous audiences here and there, and likewise to students in College and Theological Seminary. Four of the six chapters, before they had been expanded into their present shape, were given as travel discourses to the Dorchester Second Church,

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the second largest in membership of the Congregational denomination in Boston, during the writer's acting pastorate there. They met with such acceptance that they more than doubled the Sunday evening congregation, while they received special mention in resolutions of appreciation that were passed. This fact first lodged the thought in the author's mind, and the impression was accentuated by the evident travel-need after the World War, that they might seem worth while to the general public, with subsequent enlargements, and with two more chapters added on the Grecian capital and on the city of Constantine. Since they were first largely given as spoken addresses, they purposely have been made to bear still, as narratives, their original impress, because of the greater vividness which possibly may thus be imparted thereto. The writer would be most happy, if perchance he should be deemed by any considerable number to have produced a volume of permanent value, as containing a cotemporary and therefore an animated setting forth of the world's greatest crisis, and still more largely as marshalling in orderly fashion the things oriental that always have been and ever will be of unfailing and even of absorbing interest.

New Haven, Connecticut.

A. W. A.

Note — For courtesies graciously extended in connection with the illustrating of the following pages, grateful acknowledgement is herewith made to the Cosmos Pictures Company of New York, to my son, Cecil Archibald, of Los Angeles, to the Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., LL. D. of Oak Park, Illinois, and for Constantinople and its Prize Harbor to *Asia* the American Magazine on the Orient.

INTRODUCTION

DRAMATIC ENDING OF THE WORLD WAR

NEVER so applicable as to the present and to the period from which we are just emerging have been the throbbing lines of Bishop Coxe:

“We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age of ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray:
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?”

The supreme crisis of human history has been the titanic struggle between autocracy and democracy, with the final defeat of barbarism by civilization. The tremendous contest started with several declarations of war around August 1, 1914, with others following at later dates as the involvement spread, until never was there an international upheaval so nearly universal. Germany (chiefly responsible) and Austria-Hungary (whose unreasonable ultimatum to Serbia not being fully acceded to was the pretext for unleashing the dogs of savagery), Bulgaria and Turkey were arrayed against England and France (with their loyal and powerfully contributing Colonies), Belgium and Portugal, Italy and Greece, Montenegro and Serbia,

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Rumania and Russia (treacherously swung by the traitorous Bolsheviki from the alliance to which she had pledged herself), Japan and the United States. On the side of these twelve powers, but not so directly and actively engaged in the conflict, were fourteen other countries, big and small, namely, Arabia (the Hedjaz) and Liberia, Siam and China, Cuba and Panama, Guatemala and Ecuador, Hayti and Honduras, Costa Rica and Nicaragua, saucy little San Marino and gigantic Brazil. Four other governments, Bolivia and San Domingo and Peru and Uruguay, severed diplomatic relations with the lawless aggressor, coming only a trifle short of a full and final break. Moreover, when we consider that arrayed with the Allies were such Colonies as Canada, India, Australia and New Zealand, which were like separate States in dignity and importance, and when we recollect that with these also stood extensive African territories constituting most of the Dark Continent, we see that the alignment against Germany was practically world-wide.

Four times was the Allied cause in real peril; once at the initial and flood-like inpour into Belgium and France of the invaders who alone in 1914 were prepared to move instantly, and Paris seemed likely to fall, but did not because of Joffre's great victory in the first battle of the Marne. General Von Kluck by his unaccountable and fatal "turn to the south, southeast" exposed his flank, and lost all. After a whole month of steady retreating the French, whose commanders knew exactly what they were about, suddenly halted on orders, and made such a vigorous and rapid offensive as to surprise and stupefy the hostile forces, who had grown increasingly confident and even arrogantly boastful, and who almost in sight of their great goal could not understand why in four

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days, September 6-9, they were rolled unceremoniously back, never again to be so near a great success.

Again was disaster barely avoided when, after the enemy had been driven back from the Marne to the Aisne, he swung to the north and made a vigorous thrust for the channel ports, and with their capture the five million British troops, subsequently transported over the intervening water, would have been unable to cross to France with any facility, and the *twenty* millions could not have been carried *back and forth* between the two countries in four years. The hazard was great when at the first battle of Ypres only about 30,000 British soldiers, already weary with weeks of fighting, had to meet in mortal combat perhaps 150,000 Germans, rested and refreshed and better equipped. From October 31 to November 19 the unequal forces were in close grips, and the very last line of defense was being assaulted by the proud Prussian Guard, but, to use the opprobrious title of the foe, the old "Contemptibles" at last won, and turned back the onrushing hordes, though defeat was escaped, the British commander-in-chief has since conceded, only by a "narrow margin."

A second battle of Ypres in April of 1915 was no more successful, though there was then sprung the surprise of the first use of poison-gas, laying low whole squads of men as by a withering blast, and making a dangerous gap in the defense five miles wide. Canadian reinforcements, however, were thrown in, and the day was saved. It seems almost a miracle, that from Ypres the British Channel was not reached, and once reached the whole course of the war would have been changed to the benefitting and possibly to the triumphing of the savage Huns. This peril, however, passed away, though it was a close call.

In the undying literature produced by the war must be

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included "In Flanders Field," the poem struck off under the inspiration of the second battle of Ypres by John McCrae, Canadian soldier and physician as well as poet. This splendid lyric will never let its author's name perish, though he himself succumbed to double pneumonia January 28, 1918.

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below."

We can still feel the ringing appeal of the closing lines to the living to catch up the torch thrown to them by the dying,

"If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

There was a third trembling of the balances, with the scales indeed tipping decidedly in Germany's favor, as she was steadily winning out, and that was in the earlier part of 1917 at the height of her U-boat success. In order to starve Great Britain she was sinking the world's shipping at a staggering rate, 536,000 tons in February, 603,000 in March, and nearly 900,000 in April. With that continued, the end could be calculated to a mathematical nicety. Official England, which knew the ugly facts without any manipulating to ease the public mind, had an inner feeling of panic, and quietly rushed a commission to the United States to reveal the critical situation. The English in all lost 7,000,000 tonnage and more than 14,000 lives. There was maintained, however, a stiff upper lip, and the usual British pluck at last surmounted all obstacles that had seemed insuperable. The menace was

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exceedingly serious, and the defiant challenge was what brought America on the field of action April sixth. There was the audacious proposal not only to have a mining barrage across the narrow English channel, which is only 20 miles at the shortest way over, but also to mine the whole distance of 230 miles between Scotland and Norway, and this was done with neatness and dispatch, with characteristic American enterprise. There was the multiplying of destroyers, together with the increasing of their efficiency, to chase and hunt down the monster of the deep, or submarine would fight submarine. The airplane from above would locate it, as the eagle from his aerial viewpoint spots his prey far below, and would attack it, and would wireless warships nearby for aid. There was the inventing of depth bombs to blow up the subsurface craft. There was the working out of an elaborate convoy system to terminate the piracy. There was the introducing of the sub-chaser, a small wooden vessel equipped with an ingenious mechanism whereby it could hear the propellers of the enemy twenty miles away and could definitely locate the foe for an effective attack. These little craft became a positive force in destroying what could not be seen but could be heard, and they were being produced in quantities, at New London and Brooklyn, when the need for them ceased.

Perhaps the most unique feature of this special type of warfare was connected with the mystery ship, a decoy boat fitted up to resemble a tramp steamer. A stealthy thug would come stealing up under watery cover, with ugly periscopic eye peering out just above the surface and spying out the situation preparatory to dealing a deadly torpedo blow. There was careful planning (with an art that should not be evident) to be gradually overtaken. After the submarine from a safe distance had shelled the mock merchantman, at what seemed

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the proper moment, apparently panic-stricken shipmen would rush confusedly around the deck, and there would be the letting down of lifeboats crowded with sailors supposedly trying to get away from a sinking hulk, all to lure the submersible still closer, till it had come near enough, whereupon the freighter would become a frightener as quiet orders were issued, and as false works instantly collapsed and revealed, under a flag run up the mast, blazing guns that spoke with no uncertain sound. There was every trick known to the trade to carry consternation to the enemy, and to make him hesitate to assault an innocent-looking thing, that with a lightning-like transformation might turn out to be a veritable arsenal to riddle him with well-aimed shots, or more truly to belch forth for his destruction after the manner of a flaming volcano, of a roaring hell of fire. The strange craft, whose function we have been indicating, well deserved another name by which they were designated, Q boats (Queer), for they were queer as in a species of naval theatricals they pretended to be old freighters loafing along, till, when they had enticed a U boat sufficiently near, they suddenly unmasked—their batteries, and poured forth an annihilating broadside, and thus *queered* more than one unsuspecting submarine. Surely the hunting of submersibles was a grim sport worthy of Nimrods who had genuine stalking qualities, and who were endowed with nerves of steel. Their heroic efforts at least tended to spread demoralization to the foe, to destroy his morale. Every thing of that sort helped, and contributed to the ultimate breakdown.

There was the improving of various methods and devices to confine to an ever-narrowing sphere the raging beast that lurked in hidden places of the ocean, and to drive him back into his lair. There was final success, as he was boldly faced

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in his last stand. There was the bearding of the terrible lion in his marine den, from which eventually at the word of command he came sullenly forth, but tame as a kitten in the meek surrender of which Scapa Flow most impressively speaks.

The fourth and gravest crisis came from the colossal German offensive starting March 21, 1918, after there had been the Russian debacle of 1917, and when substantially all of the Teutonic forces could be and were massed for the supreme effort that was to be decisive in a complete rout of the armies struggling for freedom. The previous Autumn there had been a genuine scare when the Italians were so surprisingly doubled up and pushed back almost to Venice, and when it was feared that what had occurred in Russia was to be repeated here, but thousands of Allied troops were rushed in, and the reinforced line held at the Piave River, from which later there was the electrifying advance that broke Austria. For a while there was intense tension over the threat in Italy, *but* the agony that sent nervous chills to the hearts of all lovers of liberty came from the huge and ostentatious launching of Germany's confident hosts on the western front the following Spring. The desperateness of the situation appeared in General Haig's appeal to his followers not to retire another step but to fight as men "standing with their backs to the wall," and there was the deepest anxiety everywhere. This fourth crisis only spurred America to do her best in rushing troops overseas, and though the boast had been that submarines would prevent anything of that sort, less than 1,000 soldiers were victims of the assassins of the ocean, while over two millions were speedily carried over. Ludendorff by a precise calculation, after discounting all contingencies, was sure that not more than 150,000 could be landed in France in a whole year, whereas in a year and a half of American participation we

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had transported two full millions to the French coast, and from the success attained we could confidently promise two millions more by the middle of 1919, with a fifth million to be held in reserve. There was this astounding record, though we had to construct our military machine from the foundation up.

The bridging with boats of the vast Atlantic, making possible with protecting convoys and with the generous aid of British shipping the safe and rapid transport of such immense numbers,—this has been called the greatest single accomplishment of a war that will be remembered for not a few achievements bordering on the miraculous. Saying nothing of our coöperating navy of half a million men, the multiplication, in our quickly upspringing yards, of ships alone was a standing wonder, with the launching of nearly a hundred craft in one day, July 4, 1918, when the ear of the Kaiser himself must have heard the mighty splash, for we recall how the Revolutionary patriots at Concord, according to Emerson, “fired the shot heard round the world,” and the naval splash must have been heard just as far.

At last the long agony is over, and from the ends of the earth has gone up a sigh of relief as well as a shout of triumph. The beginning of the end came in September of 1918, when General Allenby in Palestine, with the coöperation of the Arabs, by a brilliant achievement literally swept away about 100,000 Turkish troops, the prisoners alone numbering nearly 80,000, and when from the Saloniki front there was inaugurated by General D’Esperey the campaign which resulted in the utter defeat and the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria. But it was on the western front where the real and final decision was to be reached. For four weary months there were unprecedented smashes by the Teutons at Amiens, in Flanders,

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and on the Aisne and the Marne. Destiny hung in the balances, and it was not certain which way the scales would dip.

On July 18, 1918, was launched the fateful counter-offensive by that master of strategy, by that military genius, by that commander-in-chief of all the Allied armies, and by that Catholic Christian, Marshal Ferdinand Foch, who was not ashamed to be seen at church on his knees in prayer for three-quarters of an hour at a time. The Americans previously, on May 28, had shown what they could do, as a small contingent of them with a superb dash captured and doggedly held Cantigny. Soldiers of the same nationality helped to wipe out the salient at Chateau-Thierry, which was only 39 miles from Paris. They very materially assisted in hurling back the foe at vital points from Soissons to Belleau Wood, since christened the Wood of the American Marines, and thus was forever ended what was designed to be an absolutely crushing movement toward the French capital. The crest of the flood here broke, and from that moment the tide began to recede.

When the Teutonic troops were being rolled back again from the Marne where Joffre had first defeated them four years before, there was the usual bluffing on the part of Germany, that in this second retreat from the historic river they were only engaged in a strategic retirement and were continuing masters of the situation, but few were bamboozled by the absurd claim. Other salients disappeared. Those who retired prided themselves on the skill with which they extricated themselves from different pockets without the absolute disaster that seemed inevitable, but their glory was not that of the drummer boy who in Napoleon's time on being asked to play a retreat replied proudly that he had never learned one. *They had* been taught the melancholy lesson.

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It was at Cambrai on November 20, 1917, where the tank was first successfully used on a large scale. Hundreds of them like grunting, prehistoric dragons waddled along and on a width of 32 miles penetrated the German lines to a depth of 5 miles, with infantry following and cheering and laughing. The lumbering armored-tractor crawled along like a caterpillar, crushing everything in its course, stopping not for tree or house, humping over shell-holes and continually spitting fire, before which the surprised Boche fled in terror, looking back over his shoulders to see what the strange elephantine beast was that seemed determined to get him, and the pursuing English in their merriment had to hold their sides to keep from splitting. It was comedy closely connected with tragedy. Around the town, where the Germans had a greater than a shell shock because of the new military engine that afterward became so effective, the conflict in 1918 raged, with ebb and flow. There was the fiercest of fighting under the direction of Field Marshal Haig, with Generals Rawlinson and Byng and *Horne* in immediate command, and the defenders scarcely knew on which *horn* of the *dilemma* they were, until they were violently thrown completely out of the long held key-position to be landed with the hardest kind of a jolt considerably nearer the Rhine than they had been.

The front widened till never previously had there been one so broad, extending from the North Sea to Switzerland, and all alive with activity from end to end. There was drive after drive here and there, and the Germans were always uncertain where they were going to be hit next, whether by General John J. Pershing, that Episcopal Christian on the south, or whether by General *Byng* on the north, and it was bang! bang! along the whole Hindenburg line, which though twelve miles wide was at last triumphantly crossed, with the

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prodigious material loss of 6,315 cannon, a third of all the enemy artillery. During the whole victorious offensive on the western front against the Germans from July 18 to November 11 when the armistice was signed, the number of prisoners taken by the English was 200,000, by the French 135,720, by the Americans 43,300, by the Belgians 14,500.

In early October the Kaiser in a lordly way “*offered* peace once more,” instead of *swing* for it, and through his newly-appointed leader, Prince Maximilian, proposed to *negotiate* “on the *basis*” of President Wilson’s repeatedly proclaimed terms. The German Chancellor was quickly informed that there must be a flat and unequivocal acceptance of these with negotiations only on the minor details of their application, while a prerequisite to any consideration at all of an armistice was the immediate withdrawal of the Teutonic forces from all invaded countries.

Macbeth, the murderer of the good King Duncan of Scotland, was assured by the witches he met that he should not be worsted until “the wood of Birnam” should be seen to approach, and his heart leaped with joy at this assurance, for, said he, “who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots?” But when the deceased monarch’s son, Malcolm, with the support of the loyal thane, Macduff, came from England at the head of marching troops to unseat the usurper of the throne, the assassin’s fear arose again as a messenger one day, pale and trembling, hurried into his presence with the astounding news that from a hilltop he had seen “the wood of Birnam” moving in their direction. The mystery was soon solved, for Malcolm had commanded his soldiers each to cut a branch from the forest through which they were passing, and thus to advance, and they did, thereby concealing the true numbers of the advancing host, which the more easily

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defeated Macbeth because of the fear aroused in him and destroying his morale. This was camouflage before it had become a technical science and on the prodigious scale of our day. On the Shakespearean occasion it served a good purpose, but it was prostituted to unworthy ends by the intriguing Germans with their vast military concealments and deceptions. They hoped now to sit around a table for negotiations, for dicker and trade. Though they talked of a still unbroken front, which the Kaiser had often pronounced "unshakable," and though they thought we would see in the serried ranks of which they boasted, whole forests moving toward us for our overwhelming, we detected their trick, we discovered that we had only broken boughs with which to deal, that they were not nearly so numerous as they tried to make us believe, that in fact with their countless losses from the resistless counter-offensive of Marshal Foch we were not to be alarmed by their bluster, while also with a clearer conscience than the guilty Macbeth had we confidently went right on with our victories, absolutely sure of our final and complete triumph over those who endeavored to deceive and frighten us by their camouflage.

There followed blow after blow from the Allies, and under the relentless hammering the foe went staggering and reeling back. There then came an acceptance of President Wilson's terms, and Germany, coupling with herself Austria-Hungary, expressed a willingness to capitulate, thereby admitting, both of them, that they had been beaten to their knees. With all of Prussia's Colonies taken from her by conquest, with her numerous ships of commerce utterly swept from the "seven seas" by the vigilant and dominating British fleet, with her navy practically bottled up for the four years preceding, there having been but a single serious attempt at Jutland on May 31, 1916, to demonstrate its invincibility only to result in its

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being known thereafter for its invisibility, with two million more American soldiers to join the Allies the next six months, and with the tide of battle on every front running strongly against her and increasingly with the force of a mill-race, manifestly there was no alternative except for her to yield, and she apparently *did* without any reservation. Her sudden and total collapse, so surprising at first, on second thought is what might have been expected. The gratifying tidings coming on October 12 will make this Columbus Day forever memorable. Two days later Turkey placed herself alongside of the other suppliants for peace, and the action became unanimous. From the outset the writer felt that here at last we had sincerity, in the acceptance of what could not be avoided, though with so shifty and evasive a foe there naturally were doubters.

To be sure, Germany even while seeking peace torpedoed another passenger ship, the Leinster traversing the Irish channel, with submarine shelling the very boats in which women and children were seeking to escape. Likewise her retreating army wrought specially wanton destruction, that was pure vandalism making the perpetrators Vandals as well as Huns, with fires and explosives wrecking what they could not carry away as loot, and driving from their homes like so many abused and dumb cattle the civilians, in frightful deportations of the inhabitants reduced to virtual slavery. But such conduct was not altogether strange. It was the last revengeful and furious outbreak of hate. It was the last flare-up of the expiring flame. It was the last vicious kick of the dying beast, the last savage snapping of its awful jaws. Rightly, however, our President protested, and demanded the immediate cessation of all atrocities by sea and by land, if any consideration was to be expected from the victorious Allies. He

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insisted upon this in his reply to the official communication from Berlin, which seemed to eliminate the Kaiser because of the omission of the customary "Imperial" before the German Government, and which on its face seemed to be an unqualified acceptance of the terms laid down. But in order to the avoidance of any possible misunderstanding, the President in his answer to the authorities at Potsdam, solemnly reminded them that one of the conditions which he had named and which they had accepted was "the destruction of every arbitrary power," and by that he had meant Kaiserism, and this, therefore, must give way to rule by the German people. He also informed the enemy that as to any armistice being granted, this was in the province of the military leaders who doubtless would require adequate physical guarantees, which of course signified that certain German strongholds would have to be yielded for occupation as a pledge of good faith. The collateral put up, whatever it might be, would have to be sufficient to secure fully what was "named in the bond," to insure the strictest carrying out of the behests of the Allied nations.

Meanwhile the foe continued to be driven back. The whole Belgian coast was swept clean, Ostend and Zeebrugge ceasing to be the U-boat bases for the enemy. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth joyfully reëntered Bruges, whose Belfry, the foundations of which were laid 1291 A. D., Longfellow celebrated in the oft-quoted lines:

"In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,

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Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.”

Those bells on this royal occasion must have pealed forth their most silvery notes and also their most clanging strokes, giving the “low” and the “loud” of the poet, for unaccountably they had not been stolen, as so much else had been, by the robber Germans.

More and more widely extended the victories in the capture of town after town and city after city, whose liberated inhabitants met the victors with shouts and tears and even kisses, with wavings of flags (and especially of the tricolor), which had been long concealed and were suddenly brought forth, and sometimes with showering of flowers upon the heroes from whom happy deliverance had come. What had been perhaps the most masterly retreat known to human annals became a growing disaster because of the sleepless vigilance of the unequalled Foch and because of the strong and unremitting pressure of his jubilant armies which simply would not *be* halted in their forward march. Under the increasingly disheartening conditions came the reply from Berlin stating that the submarines had been ordered to sink no more passenger ships, and that the constitution of the government had been fundamentally changed, giving the Reichstag full control. Still, however, there was a maneuvering for position, and not a straight-out yielding to the Allied mandates. So hard is it for a nation as well as for an individual to acknowledge wrong that has been done and to make full amends. But the Germans were gradually coming down from their high perch, and were learning to eat from the hands of their conquerors. The swaggering bully who formerly went round with a chip on

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the shoulder, defying all creation, became a whimpering coward as the government in its official capacity whined pitifully, "It trusts that the President of the United States will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people." That from a nation which had shown no honor was a most craven appeal for mercy, deserving of very little consideration.

Drastic and humiliating as the clarified demands were and must have seemed, particularly to arrogant autocrats, they ostensibly were accepted without qualification. Because of almost constant double-dealing previously, there had been a wide suspicion that the enemy had "something up his sleeve," that he was camouflaging again. Habitual liars cannot complain if sincerity of action at last is for a while doubted. There was the painful recollection of what Senator Lodge called "the villainous peace" crowded down the throat of Rumania, and there was an equally vivid remembrance of the infamous Brest-Litovsk treaty with Russia, whose declarations of "no annexations, no conquests, no indemnities" were professedly adopted, and when Russia's troops were demobilized, in her helplessness she heard the merciless banging of the mailed fist, and she saw the cruel brandishing of the un-sheathed sword, while she was deliberately carved up. Germany came into control of her richest provinces, and exacted the heaviest commercial penalties imaginable. Having tricked the Russians into a false peace, she proceeded to shoot, to burn, to loot, and to break every pledge she had made. There was the forced requisitioning of foodstuffs from protesting and hungry peasants, until rebellion was seething everywhere over supposedly pacified regions. Those who were guilty of such perfidious conduct had only themselves to blame for the distrust with which their overtures were received.

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If language is sometimes used to conceal thought in the field of diplomacy, if Pollonius in Hamlet could complain of "words, words, words," if Beaconsfield could say of Gladstone, who was given to great fluency of speech, that he was "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," we could imply something similar regarding the ambiguous diplomatic verbiage of Germany in her prolonged peace parleys whereby she sought to gain some concessions. President Wilson, who certainly knows how to express himself with clarity, by one rapier-like statement after another, cutting to the very root of the matter, eventually succeeded in clearing the situation. In his stiff pronouncement of October 23 he gave the wily, adroit, fencing and sparring enemy plainly to understand, reluctant as he was to employ "harsh words," that "the nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy." He, however, as he had been asked to do, had submitted to the Allies the request of the Central Powers for an armistice, which yet would have to come through the proper military authorities, who, he reminded them, would be certain to insist upon guaranties sufficient to make impossible "a renewal of hostilities" in the event of dissatisfaction with the exactions that might be determined upon.

The terms proposed and nominally at least accepted at the time, being those of victors to the vanquished, implied that we were to have a dictated and not a negotiated peace at the Conference which was to work out the details. The Hun was simply to be told where to put his name, with not a word from him except the meek (as Theodore Roosevelt had said) "Yes, Sir." Rarely has there been such a colossal reversal of fortune in the steady ongoings of an overruling Providence. Ludendorff, who shared with Hindenburg and Mackensen the

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unenviable distinction of leading the barbarian armies, at the entry of America into the conflict rattled his sword and bel-
lowed defiantly, "Our will to victory remains unbroken. We
settled Russia. We will settle the Americans." The American
reply was, "We will settle *with* you," and now they had done
so in furnishing enough additional troops to turn back with
a hurrah and not infrequently with the battle-cry of "Lusi-
tania" the brutal Huns rushing tumultuously forward for an
anticipated triumph, which proved to be a defeat disappoint-
ing as the apples of Sodom, full of ashes, of a bitterness that
was sickening because of the realization that all had been lost.

The capitulation of the enemy was under discussion
from October 6 for most of the month, and there was im-
patience with our Chief Executive for not sooner bringing
the foe to face the "unconditional and immediate surrender"
which General Grant had demanded of the defender of Fort
Donaldson. But though there was criticism for a renewal
of note-writing such as had characterized the dealing with
Mexico, after all there was not much of the dilatory *anywhere*.
Indeed there were the most surprising developments con-
tinually, and with the greatest eagerness we awaited our
daily paper, both morning and evening, to see what of a
momentous nature had happened next, and the thrills were
almost constant.

Among the thronging announcements was that of the
taking of the entire Turkish force of 7,000 on the Tigris
river. On October 31, exactly a month after Bulgaria's
signing of the stiffest kind of an armistice, Turkey gave
her signature to a document no less severe, as she yielded
up the Dardanelles and Bosphorus forts, and gave the Allied
fleet free access to the Black Sea and to its numerous war-
ships which Germany had taken over from Russia, including

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the German Goeben, which four years before had sought refuge there together with the companion cruiser Breslau.

Still there was no abating of the deluge. Attention now was fixed upon Austria. Her soldiers were fast being cleared out of Serbia, whose troops on November 3 re-occupied Belgrade, their former capital. But it was on the Italian front where the Dual Monarchy was receiving her most serious gruelling. The whirlwind campaign of General Diaz after about ten days of furious fighting had a speedy climax in the capture of the fortified town of Trent in the Austrian Tyrol, in the occupation of Trieste the Austrian naval base on the Adriatic Sea, in the taking of 5,000 cannon and of a immense booty, in the bagging of half a million prisoners, and in the putting to a headlong flight the remainder of the army. Panic-stricken Austria-Hungary then applied directly for an armistice to its military conqueror, and he, receiving the terms through the Allies whose Council determined them in each case, at once submitted them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them accepted November 4. The ultimatum, the irreducible minimum, included such rigorous provisions as the disarmament of the Austrian forces, their retirement, in the oft-repeated phrase of the enemy when retreating to "positions previously prepared," prepared this time by the Allies. Other concessions were the control of Italia Irredenta, Italy's long lost provinces, military occupation of strategic points, the use of railroads and waterways for attacking Germany from the east, the surrender of fifteen submarines, three battleships, three cruisers, twelve torpedo boats and six Danube monitors, and time would fail to tell what else. Without controversy the requirements were strenuous enough to make certain the discharging in full of the obligations to be imposed.

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Only Germany now stood out. Would she bow the knee? We are reminded of Margaret Fuller, who put on airs of intellectual superiority, and who was quite disposed to be condescending and patronizing. When Emerson reported to Carlyle as one of her wise sayings that she "accepted the universe," the laconic reply of the Scotch author was, "She had better." Germany boasting of being a nation of supermen, to whom all the rest of mankind were inferior, came to a position as to whether she would accept the verdict of the world against her, and the general opinion was, "She had better." John Burroughs in his latest volume, "Accepting the Universe," has set forth the same truth (among other views not so commendable) that we should yield cheerfully and uncomplainingly to the inevitable. But the Teuton was never inclined to do that. In the ordinary and not in the special Shakesperean sense, he "doth protest too much." He has continually protested that he was not to blame, and he has steadily refused to accept the common judgment against him that he was the aggressor, and in his final defeat he has persistently maintained his defiant and rebellious attitude. When we think of how much that is praiseworthy has been accomplished by the fine German mind, and when we reflect upon the recent madness of intellect that has been running riot, we can say in this case what was said of Hamlet in his derangement.

"Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

"Where do we go next?" as the soldiers used to say, and in their proverbial phrase, "Let's go." Swinging back again to the Western front, where the real decision was to be made, we saw 40,000 Austrian troops, who were facing

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the Yankee forces, forsaking the Teutons and taking their departure homeward. We saw the American army on September 12 in a wonderful dash of a few hours flatten out the St. Mihiel salient that had existed for four years and that now turned over 16,000 prisoners. We saw the young soldiers from the United States with the skill and determination and valor of veterans address themselves to the grim business around Metz, the most formidable fortress that German ingenuity could construct, the siege of which, however, they were not yet ready to begin, for they had another objective. Toward that as a prior attainment we saw them advancing in spite of the greatest natural obstacles, reinforced by barbed wires and concrete trenches and thousands of machine guns. We saw them engaging in the greatest battle of American history, dwarfing to small proportions the largest and most sanguinary of the civil war, for Major-General Maurice of the British Staff of military operations says they numbered nearly three-quarters of a million. Of all American engagements, this was *the* battle royal. It was to be pressed day after day, and it was to end only with the cessation of the great conflict. To wipe out the St. Mihiel salient, there were employed approximately 500,000, of whom 70,000 were Frenchmen, officially reported our commander-in-chief to his government at Washington, while he added that his First Army increased till, including those engaged in Services of Supply and those held for replacements, it "exceeded 1,000,000 men," with a considerable number of the French again coöperating. For the march through the Argonne forest and along the Meuse river, the vast hosts were equipped with 2,700 guns, with 189 tanks (of which the enemy in this section had none), and with 821 airplanes, of which 604 were manned

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by Americans. This was the greatest assembling, that had yet occurred, of aviation forces, to which both France and England contributed, giving us the superiority in the air, and we caught Tennyson's vision, poetic and prophetic.

“Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.”

We saw our heroes forging ahead with such eagerness that on September 27, Major Whittlesey's special command got separated from their comrades and found themselves surrounded by Germans, but they held on with tenacity and desperateness, until after the lapse of three perilous days “The Lost Battalion” was rescued. We saw our dauntless soldiers going over the top as if in a football action, and *we* cheered, for they were too busy to do so. We saw them gather in prisoners by the thousand in successive hauls. We saw them break through crack divisions that were massed in almost unbelievable strength, and we saw them everywhere shattering enemy resistance, though reserves were thrown in with great rapidity here and there to stem the onrolling flood. We saw them firing monster guns, which hurled projectiles weighing three-quarters of a ton each, which got the exact range of vital railway lines miles away, and which played havoc therewith in hits that raised young volcanoes of earth and iron and bursting shells and exploding powder. We saw them surging on northward of Verdun, which the Germans earlier had failed to take after months of fruitless effort because General Petain had made good his watchword, “They shall not pass.” After the hardest kind of fighting for six weeks, they had their brilliant, culminating triumph on November 6 at Sedan,

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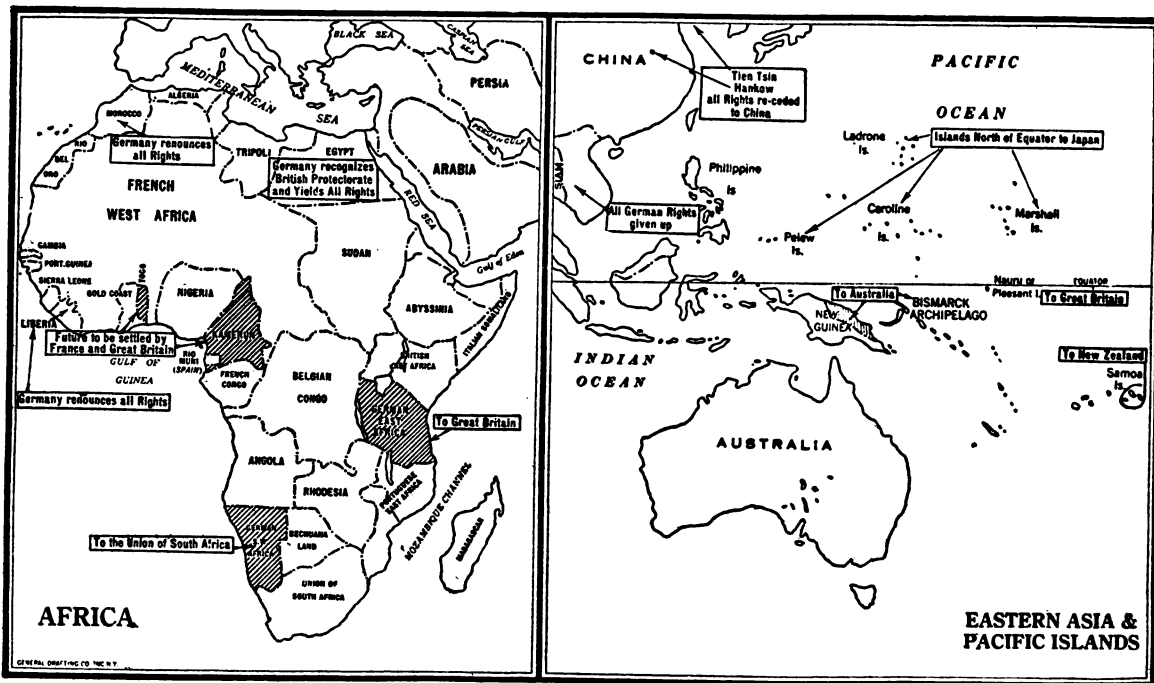
when the Teutons were glad to ask for an armistice, and where nearly half a century before France had been overwhelmed in the historic disaster wherein a French army of over 80,000 was surrounded and forced to surrender, and wherein the Emperor Napoleon himself was captured. The French fittingly were given the honor of the first entry into Sedan.

Soon after the arrival of our first troops in France, a group of them reverently uncovered at the tomb of the illustrious Frenchman who came to the aid of Washington in our struggle for national independence, and General Pershing or one of his Staff said what the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers by their deeds now echoed, "Lafayette, we are here." Of that sobering fact the Germans at this point, where they made their last unsuccessful stand, no longer had any doubt. It was here where the first Sedan-chair was made, but they were not allowed to sit down on this spot, they were kept moving, and were signally defeated. "Sedan Day" will henceforth be celebrated with paeans of victory in Paris rather than in Berlin. Specifically the Americans in penetrating to Sedan severed an important arterial line of communication, cut off a main avenue of retreat, and made certain very soon an irretrievable catastrophe to the enemy, if the armistice had not been signed, securing the desired end without farther needless fighting. In General Pershing's own words, "Nothing but surrender or an armistice could save him from complete disaster." Brigaded with the English and the French at various vital points, the Americans acted well their part here and there, but as a separate and independent army they attained their greatest glory in hammering their way

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through almost impregnable positions from St. Mihiel to Sedan.

Events followed one another in rapid succession. Revolutionists seized the German navy at its base, German cities rocked with riotings, a great German popular gathering proclaimed Bavaria a republic. There were runs on German banks, and November 8 the German emperor agreed to sign an abdication, and he afterward did, while the crown prince promised his signature to a renunciation of the throne, and he subsequently kept his word. Naturally, it was said, that William Hohenzollern shivered, even as Felix once trembled at Paul's preaching of "judgment to come." Father and son became fugitives in Holland. German envoys bearing the white flag of truce sought Marshal Foch to learn what the terms of surrender were, and these after vain attempts to get them modified were accepted November 11, though they were even more rigorous than those which had been submitted to Austria. It was a hard dose to swallow, and it went down only with many grimaces, while Doctor Foch for 72 hours, the time-limit for the acceptance of the armistice, held the nose of the kicking patient. It was no "soft peace," as the Kaiser himself expressed the idea, when he was expecting to win. The situation had been strangely reversed, the shoe was on the other foot, and it must have pinched dreadfully, the humiliation must have been most galling. The last antagonist had fallen, and though, as Scripture says, "There is no peace to the wicked," (the defeated could have had little repose of mind), nevertheless the hallelujah sounding forth from most of mankind was that of the heavenly host ushering in the first Christmas.



Germany's Lost "Place in the Sun"

By courtesy of the Literary Digest.

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“Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in who He is well pleased.”

The transaction occurred at Senlis, a little town hitherto unknown to fame but to be henceforth a name to conjure with, like Waterloo. It was the nearest point to Paris reached by the Germans, and when in 1914 they were compelled to retire, their arrogant boast was that they would come again, and now they had come, but only to sign an instrument absolutely unprecedented for severity to the foe, who in this case had been thoroughly whipped, and who was deserving of all he got.

The specifications of the armistice made plain how entirely impossible would be a renewal of the war by Germany. She was required to disarm her troops, to evacuate Alsace-Lorraine and all invaded lands. She was to retire beyond the Rhine, and the western Rhine territories were to be occupied by the Allies, and the upkeep of the forces was to be charged to the German government. She was to permit a neutral zone a score of miles wide on the east side of the river. She was to yield up Rhine fortresses like Mayence, Coblenz and Cologne to be garrisoned by her enemies who were to remain in possession till every charge had been met, till the uttermost farthing had been paid. She was to be deprived of much war equipment, turning over munitions in vast quantities, 5,000 locomotives, 150,000 wagons (railroad cars), 5,000 cannon, 25,000 machine guns, 1,700 airplanes, 5,000 motor lorries. She was to hand over the railroads in Alsace-Lorraine. She was to surrender the main strength of her navy, all of her submarines, six cruisers, ten battleships, fifty destroyers, and all other warships were to be concentrated at designated German bases,

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there to be disarmed. Till these terms were met, strongly-fortified Helgoland if necessary was to be held, that Gibraltar of the Teutons, the island bastion defending the naval base and the north coast. There was to be freedom of access to the Baltic Sea. All prisoners were to be returned, and all who had been deported were to be repatriated. The treaties with Russia and Rumania were to be cancelled. Russia's captured fleet was to be given back. There was to be a restitution of Russian and Rumanian gold that had been seized. Looted money, securities, and all valuables were to be disgorged. There was to be reparation for damage done anywhere. Merchant ships were to be loaned for carrying foodstuffs wherever needed, for as President Wilson has said, our aim now was "to conquer the world by earning its esteem."

When the electrifying news came of the abject surrender which such terms implied, bedlam broke loose throughout our country, pandemonium reigned from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Even on the front, as we afterward learned, there was a delirium of joy, and a roar of artillery swept along the whole line, and just before eleven o'clock, which was to end hostilities and which was awaited with watches in hand, there came the final salvos of screeching shells. The homeland celebration, which has never been equalled, continued on account of the differences of time over the continent from a little after midnight till the following midnight and later. In all our cities whistles blew, bells rung, automobile horns honked, every kind of a device for making a noise joined in the jubilation, fire-crackers were exploded, blank cartridges were shot off, guns boomed, sirens shrieked their ear-splitting hilarity, and weird Scotch bagpipes wailed out their

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unearthly strains, while there was a broad smile at the recollection of such as these bagpipers in their kilts (resembling a woman's skirts) fighting so furiously that even Huns shrank back aghast at the impetuous assault of the—"ladies from hell." There was the singing of the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." and of the Star Spangled Banner, "O say, can you see by the dawn's early light," and the listening multitudes were sure that they did see daylight, even before the sun rose. There were spontaneous church services that were thronged and that palpitated with the spirit of gratitude. Bonfires were kindled, there were pyrotechnic displays, and there were perfect snowstorms of confetti filling the air. Streets were jammed with crowds eddying and swirling along. Strangers shook hands with one another as though they were old friends. Laughter and tears, cheers and hallelujahs, were mingled. Business houses were closed up for the day, there were impromptu parades, there were improvised floats, there was a funeral cortege, with a black hearse for the dethroned Kaiser, with dirges, and with mourners of whom one at intervals would howl and turn somersaults amid frantic applause. Flags were unfurled to the breeze, or they festooned buildings and vehicles. The military marched to martial music. Aviators overhead did various air-stunts. The shouting throngs, mad with gladness, were celebrating the greatest deliverance that ever came to the world outside of the redemption wrought on Calvary. Similar scenes were enacted in the other countries. From the present and for all time November 11 will be voluntarily observed as an international holiday, and very likely it will officially be made such by the proper authorities in the different nations. It could be made to synchronize with the American Thanks-

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giving Day, by a slight shifting of the latter's date. At any rate, the United States without any readjusting can have a celebration of double import, because the Pilgrim Fathers, who founded the nation, before landing at Plymouth signed the Mayflower Compact off Provincetown on *November 11*, 1620, though it must be added that this was according to the old style chronology.

Particularly enthusiastic demonstrations accompanied the subsequent reoccupation of Ghent and Antwerp and Brussels by Belgian troops headed by their King. The English, after their decisive triumph at Valenciennes (something finer far than lace of that name once manufactured there) closed their victories at Mons where as "a contemptible little army" (in the estimation of the foe) they first so heroically met the overwhelming numbers of the exulting enemy four years before. Under the circumstances they could not restrain their feelings of satisfaction as they advanced through the Rhine lands for the military occupation of these to ensure the carrying out of the final peace terms. Most picturesque was the marching of the American soldiers to the Rhine to do their part in garrisoning the fortresses along that river and in controlling German territory held as a guarantee that pledges made would be strictly fulfilled. They even had their castle on the Rhine, as they took possession of the historic Ehrenbreitstein, from which they floated the Stars and Stripes, substituted for the German colors which had waved over this fortress nearly a thousand years. No less joyful were the manifestations over the triumphal entry into Metz, the capital of Lorraine, when the French army was led by the commander of all the forces of France, Marshal Petain, previously successful defender of Verdun, who on this occasion rode a spirited charger. It

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was this city which was invested by the Germans in 1870, and which yielded 175,000 French soldiers as prisoners, to the disgracing of Marshal Bazaine their commander, who afterward was court-martialed and sentenced to imprisonment. Though the captured here were so many more than at Sedan, the latter has loomed larger because among those taken there was the emperor himself, Napoleon the Third, whom Victor Hugo characterized as "the Little," and who never rose from his misfortunes, for the empire was succeeded by a republic. The Metz disaster, however, was calamitous enough. The liberated citizens of what had been since that lamentable occurrence Germany's greatest stronghold showed their jubilant emotions in various ways.

They unceremoniously upset the statues of Teutonic rulers. William the First, in whose reign the lost provinces were filched away, was toppled from his equestrian monument. Frederick the Third, or Great, who long had pointed a menacing finger at France was hauled down from his pedestal with a rope around his neck. Into the chained hands of the dethroned William the Second was thrust the Latin inscription, "Sic transit gloria mundi," and he who, when the war seemed to be going his way, did not intend, he said insultingly to our ambassador, James W. Gerard, "to stand any nonsense from America" after he had completed his task, must have felt very sensibly, when he was fleeing crownless into Holland from the wrath to come, that the glory of the world had indeed passed away.

To crown the liberation of Alsace, Marshal Foch himself commanded the forces that in proud array entered its capital Strassburg (henceforth to be Strasbourg), where the wonderful astronomical clock is, with its figures of the apostles emerging at the noon hour in parade formation to be followed by a

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cock crowing in reminder of Peter's denial, and the chancleer this time must have sent forth his "shrill clarion" as a victory salute to the French who had come to this redeemed city in the way of a climacteric to all their achievements. The Alsations here at a great gathering sprang to their feet when an orchestra struck up the "Marseillaise," and they "raised the roof" by their singing of their triumphal battle-hymn, which originated in this their own loved capital one hundred and twenty-six years previously. They united in the rendering of their national anthem with a jubilancy that made the air fairly vocal. A Monument of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, had been kept continually covered with mourning emblems since 1871, but now could be and was decked with wreaths of rejoicing.

In the occupation of the great frontier fortresses, with the English in control at Cologne, the Americans at Coblenz, and the French at Mayence or Mainz, even the Allies could join heartily in the German song, "The Watch on the Rhine," for there they *were vigilantly* watching, and were steadily keeping the situation well in hand.

"Firm stand *our* sons to watch the Rhine."

The silent moving over the waters to a specified rendezvous at sea of German submarines and battleships and cruisers and destroyers in different groups for an abject surrender was exceedingly impressive. There was no noise but only a quiet swinging into designated positions of what seemed so many phantom ships, as they responded instantly to the wireless orders of the British Grand Fleet, which was accompanied by French and American squadrons. Never in all the centuries, and that, too, without the exchanging of any shots, had so large and formidable a navy been turned over absolutely

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to the opposing side, in this case to those who confessedly held the mastery of all the oceans round the wide world. The largest number of warships coming at one time to render their submission furnished a most dramatic spectacle in a procession fourteen miles long, while the combined victorious armada lined up on either side of them and closed round either end, and thus, twenty miles in length, directed them to their appointed place in the Scottish Firth of Forth, to be transferred later to Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands, and there subsequently by the opening of the sea-cocks to be treacherously sunk by the Germans themselves, who had courteously been left in charge of the interned craft, but who acted in their usual dishonorable manner as they sneakingly betrayed their trust, while, amazingly enough, they considered the perfidious deed an heroic pose. Of the scuttled ships there were afterwards floated one battleship, four cruisers, and fifteen destroyers, with three more of this last type likely to be raised. For the sinking, for this stagy action, for this picayune playing to the galleries, the stern exaction was 192,000 tons more of shipping materials, of marine equipment, to be surrendered.

Germany's coveted "place in the sun" as a naval power had vanished. Der Tag, The Day, to which so many toasts had been drunk, had passed without so much as a swash of disturbance in the convoying of the unresisting craft into safe and powerfully-protected harbors of Great Britain. In a sense, their rounding up was, as Admiral Beatty said, like the herding of a lot of sheep. The boasted and boastful German fleet did not show the gaminess of Cervera's ships at the time of the war with Spain in 1898, when they bravely sailed forth from Santiago in Cuba to certain destruction from American warships which had formed a ring of iron around the front of the harbor. From a naval standpoint, most ignominiously

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for Prussianism militarism ended the war which it in cold blood had brought on for its own glory in a world-wide dominion that had been sought.

The immeasurable criminality of the chief adversary appears when we consider that nearly sixty million men had to be gathered into the various armies, and when we recall that General March, American Chief of Staff, on March 1, 1919, gave out *staggering* figures for those who had fallen in battle and those who had died from wounds received. These for Russia were 1,700,000, for Germany 1,600,000, for France 1,385,000, for Austria-Hungary 800,000, for England 706,700, for Italy 460,000, for Turkey 400,000, for Belgium 102,000, for the United States 50,000, and about 100,000 for each of the four countries of Bulgaria, Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro, aggregating in all 7,354,000, as against 6,000,000, President Wilson has said, from 1793 to 1914. Include the multitudes who were carried off by disease incident to exposure and hardship (and these for America were half as many as the killed), and the number of casualties becomes appalling. Our own country suffered less than any of the large nations, but, not taking account of our few thousand troops in Siberia, our total dead rose to 77,118, to say nothing of 221,059 Americans who were wounded and of the 4,432 who were captured. Our Secretary of War Baker figured the dead for all at 9,000,000, besides all those who were crippled and blinded and physically incapacitated. The same high authority makes the financial cost to have been "\$197,000,000,000, or \$11,000,000,000 more than the total property value of all North America." According to a report made by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the actual dead among all combatants numbered 9,998,771, and the total cost was \$186,000,000,000, or \$337,000,000,000, counting in the indirect expenses such as the

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enormous relief funds raised and the monetary losses from deaths, diseases, and the consequent decreased production. Generations yet unborn will have to help in paying the bill in the increased taxes that will long burden humanity everywhere. The cost to the United States alone, exclusive of heavy loans to the Allies, was \$21,000,000,000, or over \$30,000,000,000 in all. The nation, which brought on the war whose cost in money and life has been so vast, could not be assessed too heavily in making a settlement, its responsibility being limited only by its ability to meet the demand. That Germany was to blame was distinctly asserted by Prince Lichnowsky, her own Ambassador to London, and for this declaration he was expelled from the Prussian House of Lords, and was harried from his country, though he was speaking the absolute truth. His exact words were, "In view of the indisputable facts it is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside of Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the war." He was right, and the nation was wrong, and most bitter must be Germany's reflection on the final outcome in her deep humiliation. To her it must seem the irony of fate, that she has not only lost her navy, but that her merchant marine has largely gone from her control, some of her interned ships having helped to convey our soldiers over, and more of her shipping having assisted in bringing our boys back, the single giant liner, the Vaterland of 50,000 tons, renamed the Leviathan, carrying 12,000 troops at a trip.

The calling of the Peace Conference to reach definite decisions led President Wilson to go abroad. For preliminary and informal interviews he broke all precedents by leaving the country during his term of office to place his feet on foreign soil, as he visited France, England and Italy. Everywhere he received unprecedented ovations, and he

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perhaps was the most conspicuous figure in shaping the results. At least, so far as the influential was concerned, he stood right alongside of the English and French premiers, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, for admittedly these were the three great dominating personalities. He laid his views before the leaders, and he could have said with Paul, "but privately before them who were of repute, lest by any means I should be running, or had run, in vain."

After confidential exchanges of thought, the Peace Conference convened in Paris January 18, 1919, the final signing of the treaty by the chief enemy and the formal staging of the historic scene being at the palace of Versailles in the Hall of Mirrors, where the imperial German Empire was constituted most impressively in 1871, where Alsace-Lorraine was wrested away from France, and where was proclaimed the exaction of the billion-dollar indemnity. The tables were turned when the German plenipotentiaries were summoned to Versailles to learn the terms of peace as determined by the victors. They were given the opportunity of suggesting counter propositions in writing for consideration by the Allies, but there was allowed no discussion. Practically it was a case of "Sign here, on the dotted line." The fateful day was May 7, the fourth anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and such a celebration of it must have sent cold shivers down the spines of the Teutons. The other Central Powers on varying dates and at various places were cited to appear and receive sentence.

The first and foremost provision of the submitted treaty was the formation of a League of Nations to reduce armaments, to secure the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, and to make wars as nearly impossible as human frailties will allow. Nearly thirty signatory countries solemnly

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agreed to try faithfully the conciliatory before resorting to armed methods, with an established Court of Justice to help, in whose organization Elihu Root was the American representative in the Carnegie Peace Palace at The Hague, where the important body is regularly to hold its sessions. The combined powers were to bring to bear moral and economic to say nothing of military and naval pressure upon any recalcitrant nation. States, that were willing, were to act as mandatories for the German colonies and for conquered Ottoman territories, the administration to be in the interest of civilization, and responsibility being to the League, which could call to an account for any misgovernment. Different sections with autonomy were to go to the most suitable protectorates, under a certain trusteeship, till complete independence, if desired, could be granted. Tutelage and guardianship were to be the guiding ideas of the future rather than exploitation. The covenant with such international mandates was first submitted February 14, an auspicious St. Valentine's Day, speaking not only of the mating of birds and of hearts but also of human love drawing together the hitherto racially separated. The instrument later was modified to remedy defects pointed out by such statesmen as Ex-President Taft and Elihu Root, and by such United States Senators as Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. As revised it was adopted without a dissenting vote by the representatives of the more than a score of countries signing as charter members, with the home governments to give or to withhold their approval.

The demands made upon Germany were hard and even harsh, but entirely just, in view of the world tragedy which she precipitated for her own selfish aggrandizement. President Ebert called for a week of public mourning, and wailed, "When in the course of two thousand years was ever a peace

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offered a defeated people which so completely contemplated its physical, moral and intellectual paralysis as do the terms enunciated at Versailles?" He ought to have remembered the much more paralyzing demands that the Germans were intending to make, according to their own open boasts, just about a year previously when they were fully expecting to win. Besides, never in two thousand nor in six thousand years had a nation caused such universal suffering and agony as she had.

She had brought on her own trouble, hard as it might be for her to kick against the pricks, against the goads whose sharp point she felt and winced under. She made her own bed and had to lie therein, Procrustean, painfully abbreviated, though it might be because of a reduction in dimensions from the old roominess wherein she had stretched herself at pleasure, because of a shortening like that upon which the ancient tyrant insisted when he wanted to put his victims in as cramped a position as possible. When representative Prussians were advocating the retention of Belgium and northern France, and were claiming pretty much everything in sight on the eastern front, when they were proposing to own or at least to control conquered territories, including even large provinces of Russia; when they were coldly counting upon prodigious indemnities to be exacted of America itself, so that they would have enough to meet all their recent military expenses, to pay off the national debt, and to pension most bountifully the fighting millions who had come out on top, there was then no insistence upon the victors being mild and humane and moderate.

The Kaiser in 1917, when he thought Germany was certain to win, in a speech before the Reichstag proposed that the Allies should be required to pay 500,000,000,000 gold marks,

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and he was enthusiastically applauded. The Germans felt very differently when so soon afterward the complexion of things was changed, and they were compelled to assent to the payment of 20,000,000,000 gold marks, or nearly \$5,000,000,000, as a starter by May 1, 1921, while on that date the full amount was to be fixed by a commission clothed with ample power to investigate economic conditions and to determine sums according to the possibilities revealed. At a meeting of the Supreme Council in Paris January 24-29, 1921, Germany was first of all required to disband by July 1 her civilians, who had been gathered into home guards in an evasion of the reduction of her army. In July of 1920, at a conference in Belgium at Spa, to which those who had not been meeting treaty obligations were invited, they had to promise a more rapid disarming and a more complete destruction of implements of war, while armed forces were to be lessened to an ultimate minimum of 100,000, and though the amount of coal to be delivered was scaled down a third, the specific figure named was 2,000,000 tons monthly. A yielding to the things demanded was secured only with great difficulty, after an ultimatum laid down that otherwise more of Germany would be occupied, as previously Frankfort and vicinity had been taken over temporarily by the French to compel compliance with terms that were flouted. There was the same rebelliousness when financial experts fixed the lump sum that would have to be paid 226,000,000,000 gold marks, less than half the amount that the Kaiser was intending to exact. The \$56,000,000,000 (subsequently lowered to \$33,000,000,000 by the Reparations Commission) were assessed in fixed annuities payable semi-annually, with 2,000,000,000 marks for two years from May 1, then in successive three-year periods 3,000,000,000, 4,000,000,000, and

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5,000,000,000, and after that 6,000,000,000 for 31 years up to 1963. Besides, there was to be a yearly payment for 41 years to meet a duty of 12% on all exports. For failure to respond to the demands, there was an additional penalty of a seizure of German customs. The disciplined nation protested as usual that absolute impossibilities were being required of her, but she was calmly invited to appear at the next session of the Council in London March 1, and then and there to give her assent to the plan and to sign the protocol covering the matter. There was a refusal, and promptly on March 8 the Allied army marched into the Ruhr valley, a rich industrial basin, and the area was steadily increased till even the great Krupp works in Essen were overshadowed. The hour for penalties had struck. With the approach of the May-Day of destiny, President Briand of France said that in the event of continued non-compliance by Germany, she would find herself summarily taken "by the scruff of the neck" and forced to submit. Another and more decided twist would be given to the screws. America herself had sent a warning message to the Teutons that they must not expect to escape responsibility, for the allied and associated powers stood together for the greatest possible reparations.

The detailed methods for payments were somewhat changed, interest-bearing Bonds were to be issued at different dates, but there was insistence on the substance of previous requirements. An ultimatum, demanding a complete disarmament, trial of war criminals, and yes or no to the financial propositions, was sternly sent forth, and if there continued to be non-compliance on May 12, there was to be an advance for the occupation of more territory, including Essen where the great Krupp works were to be

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taken over. Troops were already being mobilized for this purpose, when on May 11 there came an unqualified submission, and what may be hoped to be the last crisis along this line was passed. The first assessment due June 1 was paid in full with promptness and with resignation if not with cheerfulness, and an era of good will seemed to have dawned.

The offending power also, according to the first demands, had to reduce her navy to 6 small battleships, 6 light cruisers, 12 destroyers, and 12 torpedo boats. She had to replace what she had lawlessly destroyed on the ocean, ship for ship, though this requisitioned most of her merchant marine, and required new construction of 200,000 tons annually for a period of years. She had fine sport in hunting the seas for victims, in swallowing up immense tonnage with human beings to furnish the choice morsels for the terrible submarine jaws, but it was a different story when she had to make good the losses she had so recklessly caused.

Germany likewise, in the original requirements, had to agree to surrender her war lords, who had violated the usages of civilized warfare, to be arraigned for their brutal and bestial practices before military tribunals. At her insistent and persistent claim that compliance here was absolutely impossible, and at her expressed willingness herself to try the offenders before the German Supreme Court at Leipzig, the Allied proposal for the time being at least was held in abeyance. The ponderous machine got under motion at last. In May, 1921, the first to be tried for the abuse of English prisoners was convicted and sentenced to an imprisonment of ten months. That was a starter. Perhaps the criminal in such respects have already been sufficiently punished, or

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they would have been if they had not been seemingly impervious to just and withering criticism and the widest condemnation. They have been scorched and roasted and all but burned alive by the flaming, red-hot indignation of all Christendom. If they should be spared farther punishment, it would only be for prudential reasons. There *could* be a modifying and moderating even of the pecuniary terms, in order to the avoidance of bankruptcy through a too great financial pressure, and certainly the punitive idea could be wisely abandoned rather than to dissolve into Bolshevistic wreck and ruin the only government having any prospect of establishing and perpetuating an orderly rule.

As to the Kaiser himself, William the Second, Germany had to agree to surrender him to be indicted before a Court consisting of five Judges, one from each of the great Allied nations, the arch criminal of all the ages to answer for his "supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." Technicalities regarding extradition seemed to prevent his being brought to trial, because no international laws had been codified to fit his case. In any event his future is not to be envied. At the present writing, he seems to have settled down on his Holland estate at Doorn, but only to be watched there as a prisoner, Dutch sentries and patrols pacing to and fro to see that he does not escape. Whether any other verdict is ever rendered against him or not, he at any rate has been branded as a malefactor by the common judgment of humanity. He is regarded as bearing the mark of Cain the first murderer, who cried out despairingly, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Few now are so poor as to do him reverence. He is held, and ever will be, in almost universal contempt.

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Catching a glimpse time and again of the lonely and shadowy person stealing ghost-like through his guarded grounds, with the spring gone from his step, with bent form for the previously erect and military figure, with hair become suddenly and abnormally gray, with countenance ashen as that of a corpse, we feel that startlingly applicable to such a one are the words of Isaiah regarding fallen Babylon: "They that see thee shall gaze at thee, they shall consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities thereof; that let not loose his prisoners to their home?" He will go down in history as the Nero, as the Attila, of our time not famous so much as infamous.

We proceed with some more of the treaty's particulars regarding Germany. She had to rebuild all the devastated regions of Belgium and of France. For her wanton destruction of the French coal mines at Lens and elsewhere, she had to turn over to France ownership of those in the Sarre valley, and sovereignty of this basin was to be decided by a popular vote at the end of fifteen years. She had to dismantle Helgoland, the pride of her heart. She had to open her Kiel Canal to the commerce of all nations. She had to consent to the internationalizing of Danzig, which was made a free city, with a corridor of Polish access thereto. She had to demolish all forts east of the Rhine for a distance of several miles, and all military maneuvers within that space were barred. The Rhine lands westward of the river were to be occupied at her expense by Allied troops for 15 years, but by periodically diminishing forces if her obligations were being satisfactorily met. She had to promise to cease interfering in Morocco and elsewhere. She had to renounce

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all her overseas possessions with their twelve million inhabitants, — the Shantung peninsula of China, the Pacific islands, the four Colonies in Africa, territory of over one million square miles being thus signed away, although this was only the restoration of what time and again she had stolen. The fatherland itself was stripped of nearly 48,000 square miles, equivalent to ten States of the size of Massachusetts, and this involved a change of citizenship for about seven millions, approximately a tenth of the country's population.

Germany was required to rectify boundaries to a limited degree in favor of Belgium, which likewise was to have the priority to a generous extent in reparation payments. The most note-worthy transfer was that of Alsace-Lorraine to the French, righting the wrong committed in 1871 after the Franco-Prussian War. That reminded of another German crime which had almost been forgotten. There had been, as the dramatist says, something "rotten in Denmark."

Prussia started on her domineering course of aggression by tearing away from her small neighbor the province of Schleswig-Holstein, through the southern part of which the Kiel Canal was built. This was after the war of 1864, when Austria joined in the Danish despoilment, only to be herself deprived of her share of the spoils by the big brute having the power. One stipulation of the treaty with the robbed nation was that a referendum should determine whether the northern portion of what had been seized which was decidedly Danish in population, should be permitted to retain its connection with the mother country. But the matter was never allowed to go to a vote. This provision of the treaty was regarded as another "scrap of paper." After the passage of so many years, the promised plebiscite at last

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had to be carried out to settle the question of permanent possession. On February 10, 1920, the decision was for Denmark by a vote of three to one. Later, however, the southerly sections, which had been thoroughly Germanized by more than half a century of occupancy, cast their ballots heavily against a transfer of allegiance to the original sovereignty. But Denmark in her main contention was sustained, and Germany was called upon to settle some other accounts, as she learned what it was herself to lose some of her territory, that once had been Polish, though it had so long been possessed as to seem her very own. There had to be the ceding of Posen, of West Prussia, and of Memel, the northeast corner of the Country. There also had to be yielded up, if the people should so vote, a third of East Prussia and most of Upper Silesia. In the former of these two a plebiscite resulted favorably to Germany, as did also that in the latter on March 20, 1921, so far as the whole district was concerned, but many separate communes recorded a Polish victory. That seemed to require a compromise settlement, never wholly satisfactory to either contending party, and for a while dire consequences threatened in a marching of troops and in a clashing of arms. But eventually better counsels prevailed.

With the cessions from Germany and with others at the expense of Austria and Russia, Poland was to come into her own again. All Gaul was divided into three parts, wrote Julius Caesar, and the Polish country was similarly divided, a part going to each of the three despoilers, when the first partition occurred a century and a half ago. But the "broken and dishonored fragments," which Daniel Webster once feared might be the fate of the American Union, are being welded together again, and it is to be hoped that the

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mended violin, as is often the case, may give out even sweeter music than before. It was for a distinguished pianist, whom so many of us have seen and heard, — it was for Paderewski as first premier of the reunited country to try his skillful hands at producing here *political* harmony, though without playing politics. He met with a good measure of success, but he soon retired from the exercise of statecraft, at least in this particular sphere. In sympathy with him were all who knew Polish history. It was John Sobieski, King of Poland, who in 1683 went to the rescue of besieged Vienna and turned back the Turks, when they were threatening to over-run all Europe and when they seemed on the point of engulfing Christendom. The triumph over the completely routed besiegers was celebrated the next day in the cathedral of the delivered city, and the royal victor himself was present. He heard a sermon from the text, "There came a man, sent from God, whose name was *John*." All instantly recognized its patness for the occasion in the personal allusion so evident. It was a Polish patriot who in 1776 came to America, and assisted in carrying our Revolution to a successful issue. He afterward returned to his own land and fought valiantly against its dismemberment. But his fight for liberty was in vain,

"And freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell."

Astronomically we are greatly indebted to Poland. Of this nationality was Copernicus, who upset the Ptolemaic theory of the Universe which had reigned supreme for centuries, and who established the new truth that the earth revolved around the sun, "the most important intellectual event," Dr. John H. Finley has said, "in the history of man's conception of the cosmos." Coming to our own day, it was a

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Polish woman, who in 1921 came to America in the person of Madame Curie of Paris, joint discoverer with her husband of radium, an element 180,000 times more valuable than gold, an ounce or teaspoonful being worth three and a half million dollars. This mineral has qualities and potentialities most wonderful, making the dullest things luminous, possessing incredible lifting power in the releasing of its energy, having an activity practically inexhaustible, lasting as it will for 20,000 years, and even giving promise, *she* believes, of relieving the world of cancer, that dread disease which yearly carries off 8,000 in New York State alone, and which is a veritable scourge on earth. Rightly did our American women raise over one hundred thousand dollars to buy for her while here, and to present to her through President Harding, a single gram of the precious substance that she might have the wherewithal for further scientific experiments in the interest of humanity. A nation which has produced such characters is deserving of restoration.

In the neighborhood of thirty-five million Poles now rejoice over their recovered liberty and over a former city of theirs as their Baltic port. They would number still more, if by an amicable arrangement with Russia they were given the farthest eastern boundary that once was theirs.

Their unjustifiable war (of which the Entente disapproved) to attain this end in 1920 seemed predestined to failure because of Soviet Russia's heavy preponderance of forces. From the beginning inevitable seemed their eventual retirement to the eastern boundary which the Peace Conference had tentatively drawn. They were overreaching in grasping for "the frontier of 1772," when they ought to have been satisfied with the present ethnic borders provisionally allotted them by the Allies and this was the

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feeling of the man so well known to the circles of music, who formerly had been their leader. If they had heeded his voice, they would not have become, a journalist has said, "so much out of tune," so much out of accord with the prevailing feeling of mankind. They met with many initial successes, and penetrated far into Russia, but at last they were hurled back all along the line, and their retreat became almost a panic, and from the very gates of their capital at Warsaw they sent out their piteous and despairing cry for help to the stirring of hearts everywhere. They barely escaped disaster, and then with the assistance especially of French officers and particularly of General Weygand of the Staff of Marshal Foch, they made a surprising and brilliant recovery, and nearly annihilated the Soviet armies. It was another "Miracle of the Marne." On the Vistula as on the French river, civilization was saved, and another was added to the "decisive battles of the world." The signing under outside pressure of a preliminary peace in October between the two belligerents that had been at odds, and the completion of a permanent treaty on March 18, 1921, cleaned up an ugly aftermath, and greatly helped in steadying the whole critical situation. Though not securing all she desired, Poland had gained very much, her political independence, her integrity with a considerable enlargement of territory eastward for strategic reasons, and her nationality in a really large domain.

It was to accomplish such a beneficent result, that Germany was required to make her sacrifices. She excitedly protested, and angrily gesticulated, and loudly vowed that she never, never would sign the peace demanded. But as Foch grimly prepared to advance with his legions upon Berlin, her accredited plenipotentiaries *did* affix their signa-

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tures to the treaty submitted. This noteworthy event occurred on June 28, exactly five years after the murder of the Austrian Archduke, Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination was made the flimsy excuse for precipitating the war. This is thus by an odd coincidence another anniversary which the vanquished will have no occasion to observe with joy. The other enemy belligerents had no alternative except to follow their leader into the valley of humble submission. The signing of the peace pact by the chief antagonist, however, is what gave the greatest gratification, and is what was celebrated at Paris in a manner most unique. On July 14, which is to France what the glorious "Fourth" is to our country, under the Arch of Triumph, erected by Napoleon the First to commemorate his unprecedented victories, there rolled a triumphal procession more splendid than any of which record is made in history. It was headed by a contingent of maimed heroes, who had done more than their "bit," (in which stay-at-homes took a smug satisfaction), who had contributed more than their *mite*, who had given their *might*, and who therefore deserved the place of honor. There followed, to the inspiring strains of martial music and of successive bands, selected troops representing all the associated nations and also all races in Colonials of different colors in hues of skin. Conspicuous among the marching hosts were one thousand stalwart Americans all six feet high, who answered to J. G. Holland's description:

"Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking."

Two other nations, besides reconstructed Poland, were established, principally at the expense of Austria-Hungary, both divisions of the empire losing much territory. The one

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was Czecho-Slovakia, which was made up of Bohemia, the land of John Huss the reformer and martyr, and of Moravia, whose religious "Brethren" made a great name in world evangelization, and of Slovakia, occupied by those of similar lineage to the Czechs, and twelve millions were thus joined together. Fourteen millions were included in freshly-formed Jugo-Slavia, or the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, into which crushed Serbia and Montengro were merged to have therein their coveted enlargement. Contributing to this new State was Croatia, and specifically Bosnia and Herzegovina, the two provinces that in 1908 were coolly appropriated by the government of the twin eagles in violation of a treaty whereof it was one of the signatories. There were various points of controversy between this new nation that had been launched and Italy, but by mutual concessions most of Dalmatia was allotted to the former, while to the latter was assigned within this territory the city of Zara, and certain Dalmatian islands.

As to the great bone of contention, Jugo-Slavia claimed a seaport at Fiume, which Italy seemed determined to hold, her persistence having been carried to the extreme of a withdrawal for a while from the counsels of the Allies. American insistence in behalf of the Slav for a time "made Rome howl." There was a disorderly seizure of the contested section and a temporary occupation of it by Gabriele D'Annunzio, daring aviator, novelist, and poet of a decided if not of a "*fine* frenzy" in this matter. This madcap of an Italian, by his irresponsible individualism and by his defiance of the Peace Conference and supposedly of his own country, ran the grave risk of embroiling two nations in a deadly conflict. What seemed a ludicrous burlesque and even a roaring farce might have become a terrible tragedy.

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To little effect, as the thing at last developed, had *Gabriel* blown his horn, sounded his tocsin, for a miniature war of his own private making. Eventually Fiume, by a direct and friendly negotiation between the two disputants, was made an entirely independent state, which was to furnish to both nations port facilities, and the happy agreement was reached (to be signed the next day) November 11, 1920. This was almost as fitting a celebration of Armistice Day, two years after the memorable event commemorated, as was the disinterment and the reburial, of an unknown soldier at the Arc De Triomphe in France and within Westminster Abbey in England, when on this historic date these two immortals representing unnumbered millions were followed amid the strains of the Dead March to their last resting-place by French President and English King in full regalia, and by Marshals and Generals, and by Admirals and Archbishops, and by Ambassadors and Statesmen, and by weeping women who each thought it *might* be *her* beloved that was being honored, and by countless throngs, who all with bared heads stood amid an impressive silence for two minutes at the fateful hour of eleven o'clock, while the precious remains were taken from the gun carriage and once more and for all time were committed "dust to dust and ashes to ashes." A proposal, under suggestion from all this and having the endorsement of General Pershing, has been adopted by our Congress to bring an unidentified American hero from the European battlefield whereon he fell to hallow the new amphitheater in the National Cemetery at Arlington overlooking the capital of our country, and this is to occur on Armistice Day in 1921.

The Dual Monarchy by successive carvings lost its very duality, for Hungary became a separate political entity,

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while only the distinctively German part of Austria remained, and this had a population of only seven millions as against the previous Twenty-eight millions, or fifty millions for the whole double empire. It sought but was denied consolidation with Germany, which also in vain desired the union, though this may yet be permitted by the League of Nations, for the realignment would be along racial lines, of which so much has been made in readjustments already effected. The reparations and requirements were similar to those exacted of Germany though in a lesser degree. The chief feature of the punishment meted out to the royal house of the Hapsburgs was the taking away of most of its territory in the forming of other nations on a racial basis. Hungary had to part with its subject races long oppressed, for separate groupings, while it was assessed its share of the damages done in the wide ruin that had been wrought. It remains only about a third of what it was in its palmyest days.

Never was there such upturning, and such overhauling, though of course with complete satisfaction nowhere, because at the various frontiers there was a confused tangle of races, no one of which had a clear majority. With Rumania, for the present at least possession seems to be nine points of the law. On the north she has had annexed Bukowina, and on the west Transylvania to the depleting of Hungary, and on the east Bessarabia, which Russia in the past had seized as a spoil of war, but which on Oct. 28, 1920 was ceded to its former owner by the Allies. The peoples of these provinces being predominantly Rumanian, of the same ethnographic type, were perhaps consistently gathered in to make the larger nation, more than doubling the



Austria Reduced

By courtesy of the New York Tribune.

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previous population of seven millions, for it is placed as high as seventeen millions now.

What shall be said of Russia? Elsewhere generous recognition is made of its large aid at first to the Allied cause. But under the Bolsheviki it signed, contrary to pledges, a separate peace that proved to be such only in name, and the country had to be left to "stew in its own juice." Its betrayal of its associates through its later *mis*-representatives resulted in the prolongation of the war, and in indescribable woes that have been its from famine and pestilence and cruel executions. In the unsettling of stable conditions, it had lopped off from it (to say nothing of the uncertain status of Far Eastern Siberia) the republics of the Ukraine (30 millions), and of Finland (3 millions), and of the Baltic provinces of Esthonia and Latvia and Lithuania, and of Georgia in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea. All the losses, with the Polish added, reduced by more than fifty millions the 180,000,000 of the formerly unimpaired Russia. There will yet be an end to the mad regime, the wild orgy, of Lenine and Trotzky, who at the point of the sword dispersed the national assembly that had been duly elected in an orderly manner by the people at large. They did this, because the overwhelming majority was not to their liking, was against the anarchistic and destructive and wholly baneful theories and practices of the undemocratic and immoral minority. Its professed and extensively proclaimed program is that the proletariat should by violence rule over the bourgeois, that the manual laborers should crush and dominate the mental workers and all others of the so-called higher and better classes, even though confessedly the latter outnumber many times the former. That is not democracy but despotism, no less than the iron and ruthless rule of

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royalty or of imperialism. Under the sobering influence of responsibility, it is contended, the extreme views of Bolshevism are undergoing a slow process of revision. The reunited Russians in a sane way may yet set up a government that shall be truly representative, and there may yet appear on the map the United States of Russia, or again the outcome may be a galaxy of several friendly, democratic states. The nation which, weary of the conflict, hastened to make an independent settlement contrary to specific agreement, found itself torn by fratricidal war for months after the Allies, who remained faithful, had carried to an honorable conclusion the great struggle for liberty and civilization. It was a fearful example of haste making waste. The faithless one proceeded to work out its own destiny along tragic lines, when it might have been entering into the assured fruits of an unswerving loyalty to the cause unitedly supported till triumph came. By its sweeping victories over the invading Poles in 1920, it greatly increased its prestige for a while, but the sudden collapse of its armies made it willing to agree to a more moderate peace than it had intended to exact when it was in the full flush of its success. From its brief exultation it turned again to its bewildering internal affairs. In the throes of one civil conflict after another, it still is in the darkness of the night, and only the future can reveal what the nature of the dawn will be.

The dream of Italy has been realized in an expansion, which, to be sure, increases her population of thirty-five and half millions by only a little more than one million, but which brings back the prestige of classical times. Her gain has been in the recovery of her lost provinces, the Trentino and Trieste regions, and in a frontier pushed back clear to the crest of the mountains, giving great advantage for both

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defense and offense. With the harbors of Pola and Trieste won from Austria, she is certain to have a future of increasing splendor. With the unusual location of Venice, the joy of the whole nation, in the midst of the sea, very appropriately the Doge used to go forth annually with a procession of decorated gondolas to cast a gold ring into the Adriatic, somewhat as the fishermen of our American Gloucester yearly strew flowers upon the waters of the Atlantic to commemorate their dead. The Venetian custom set forth the fact that the ocean and the city had been wedded. All Italy in the better strategic outlook which she has on her eastern side has contracted a marriage with the Adriatic, and therefore under *national* auspices could the golden ring ceremony be fittingly revived. Not long ago on a public occasion Polish officials rode horseback into the surf at Danzig, and one of them after the manner of the ancient Venetians threw a circlet, a bridal wreath, of the country's most characteristic foliage, into the salt waves to symbolize the remarriage of Poland to the Baltic Sea. Italians assuredly with wide approval could continue what Poles so recently have copied.

Greece has had extensions principally in Macedonia, and in Thrace. To her was assigned Smyrna, including not only the large city of that name but a considerable hinterland up and down the coast, where the Greeks have been accustomed to settle ever since the ancient Persians tried to drive them out. To be sure, there is allowed to remain here a Turkish suzerainty, which however is little more than a nominal sovereignty, the practical administration of affairs, the effective control, belonging to the Greeks. To bring her traditional enemy to the Allied terms against which there had been more or less revolting, Greece likewise was given

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a free hand to exercise mandatory powers over other Turkish territory, over which she quickly spread her disciplined and victorious troops, capturing the Scriptural cities of Sardis and Philadelphia, and even sweeping beyond Brusa, the olden Asiatic capital of the Ottoman. Rebellious Nationalists, who had derived their inspiration from Mustapha Kemal Pasha the former defender of the Dardanelles, were summarily dispersed.

On the European side of the Straits, the Thracian enlargement of the land for which Byron sang extended far toward Constantinople (within 20 miles of it), to the base of the peninsula on which this cosmopolitan capital is located, and including the strategic and commercial center of Adrianople, where Turkish Sultans resided for nearly a century before establishing themselves on the Bosphorus. Since 125 A. D. this city has borne the name of its founder or patron in being called the city of Adrian or Hadrian. He is an old imperialistic acquaintance, who built a defensive wall in Britain against the Scots and Picts, and whom we are to meet again at Rome, at Athens, and at Jerusalem. One of the noteworthy places to see is the site of his extensive and magnificent Villa, which in excavations has yielded many statues and works of art anciently adorning his grounds, and which the traveller stops off to take in on the way to visit Tivoli, where Horace used to listen to the music of its abundant waterfalls.

The "Isles of Greece" are really hers again, Imbros, Tenedos, Lemnos, Samothrace, Mytilene, and other islands of the Ægean Sea, a resumed Hellenic sovereignty having displaced a prolonged Turkish usurpation, and the 500,000 Greeks on the shores of the Black Sea must have rejoiced at this strengthening of their homeland government. From Italy, which had wrested the possessions from Turkey in the North

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African war, came by an exchange of concessions the Dodecanesos, the "twelve" islands of this name in the Mediterranean (Patmos of the number having been where St. John received his inspired Revelation), though Rhodes the largest of the group was not included, except that its final disposition is to be decided by a plebiscite five to fifteen years hence, with small doubt as to the result, since of its 30,000 population 25,000 are Greeks.

As to the other islands, they were properly turned over outright, since from time immemorial they have been essentially Grecian in civilization. Measurably satisfied must be a nation nearly trebling both its territory and its inhabitants, the latter increasing from two and half millions in 1910 to about seven millions in 1920. And yet two contemptible Greeks tried to assassinate Venizelos, the premier chiefly instrumental in obtaining the expansion. Hardly less astounding was his defeat by the nation in the election November 14, 1920. The Opposition announced that this would not reverse his foreign policy, though on domestic issues he was repudiated. The wide outside comment was that the Greeks had again shown their ingratitude and fickleness. It was the folly of classic times renewed, when Aristides was banished because the people had gotten tired of hearing him called "the Just." But as to that, in the sudden fluctuations of public opinion, *all* the great actors in the world-war drama have passed from the political stage, except Lloyd George in England. The act of the Greeks was still more astonishing upon their young monarch, son of the dethroned Constantine, dying from the bite of a vicious Simian, when the hearts of the people turned again to the father, whom they recalled by an overwhelming vote. They were as insistent for this particular king as were the Israelites for theirs, when they clamored for the unworthy

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Saul to be anointed by Samuel and to be crowned their chosen leader.

How stands the case with Bulgaria? To her credit it must be said that of the four defeated nations she alone seemed promptly to accept the situation and to settle down to rewarding work, but she was not always thus wise. After Italy in 1911 with a high hand had seized Tripoli and Cyrenaica as colonial possessions in northern Africa, Turkey, reduced to helplessness in 1912, found herself in trouble with the four Balkan States of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro. Persons of these different nationalities in Turkish Macedonia were held as subject races, and for years had been refused reforms that had been repeatedly promised. The Balkan powers saw their opportunity in the situation of 1912, and they declared war upon the Ottoman empire. They were victorious everywhere, even advancing to the last line of defense before Constantinople, and Turkey was deprived of most of her European territory, all of Macedonia and the largest part of Thrace to the northeast. She was permitted to retain only a little land adjacent to her metropolis. Then came a quarrel over the spoils, Bulgaria demanding the lion's share, three-fifths of the conquered territory, leaving only two-fifths to her three Allies. In her greed to get more than her portion, she began a second Balkan war in 1913 against those with whom she had just been associated, and Rumania joining these, she was decisively defeated. She lost very largely what she had gained, even Turkey taking advantage of her extremity and pushing back the border line to include again Adrianople and a considerable section of Thrace. Smarting under her disasters, and hoping to retrieve her fortunes, she made another mistake when in the world war opening in 1914 she cast in her lot with the Teutonic confederation. By her fatuous

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course she lost even honor, and she rightly was penalized to the tune of four hundred and forty-six million dollars in the way of reparation for her new despoilments of a criminal nature. Territorially she was trimmed down to a certain extent on all sides, and especially southward where she had to cede to the Allied governments for their future disposal western Thrace, though she was guaranteed an economic outlet *through* this to the Ægean Sea.

As for the Turkish Empire, she was made to suffer an almost complete dissolution. After the San Remo Council of Premiers in Italy, the Treaty was presented to her for acceptance May 11, 1920, and on August 10 she reluctantly signed it, the last of the four belligerents, and thus completing the major settlements of the great struggle. She had to submit to an interallied control of her historic water ways, whose fortifications were to be demolished. Her national finances were to be henceforth under Anglo-Franco-Italian supervision. Her population of approximately 21,000,000 was reduced by territorial losses to about 8,000,000. Besides the Smyrna concession to Greece, Italy was given an economic zone of influence in Anatolia on the southern coast of Asia Minor. The country upon which vivisection was practiced had to yield to still further humiliation. She lost entirely her suzerainty of Egypt, and over the Hedjaz portion of Arabia lying along the Red Sea and containing Mecca and Medina, the most sacred of Moslem cities, to say nothing of important extensions northward by the revived nation of Arabs. Whole provinces were torn away from Turkey, Palestine and Mesopotamia to be under the mandate of England, and Syria to be administered by France. Armenia was made an independent republic, which America, though refusing to be a mandatory, sympathetically recognized, while President Wilson was officially designated

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to fix her boundaries as regards the vilayets of Erzerum, Trebizond, Van, and Bitlis, and the stipulation was that his arbitrament should be final. But the Armenian problem has not yet been and never may be worked out to a definite and satisfactory conclusion.

The strong and well-nigh unanimous conviction of Christendom had been that the Turks should also be ousted from Constantinople, driven entirely from Europe back into Asia, but the authorities that be, for prudential reasons, allowed the Ottoman rule to continue on the Golden Horn, though the waters of approach from either direction to the metropolitan center were internationalized. The Moslems, being pledged to cease in the future all massacring, were given a somewhat limited or shadowy sovereignty, similar to that of the Cubans under the Platt amendment adopted by the United States, the same being revocable on misbehavior, like that of a renewal of persecutions against the Armenians or Greeks or others of a different race. The Sultan, with a recognized spiritual sway like that of Pope of Rome, is after all not an entirely independent civil ruler. The contention is that we should not affront the sensibilities of Mohammed's followers in India and Morocco and elsewhere, who look to Constantinople, as the seat of the Caliphate. The religious susceptibilities, it is claimed, of two hundred millions ought not to be wounded, to the provoking moreover of violent and lasting antagonisms against those who are of the Christian faith. But the Turks hereafter must behave, or lose even the semblance of authority which they have been permitted to retain in Constantinople and in a narrow strip of European territory. The previous military occupation of Constantinople by the Allies (English, French, Italian), with a British General in command of all the forces, made imperative a

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substantial acceptance of the terms that were imposed,—imposed not upon “the *sick* man of the East,” but upon the *dying* Ottoman dynasty.

Even if the Sevres Treaty should yet be modified in Turkey’s favor, there would be no thought of a restoration to her of more than the Smyrna district and of that part of Thrace adjoining the Constantinopolitan region. She still would be deprived of most of the territory she lost, and Greece still would be greatly enlarged from her former impoverishment, though justly suffering for her folly in reacting to her previously discarded monarch.

However, there came at least a temporary success to Greece in upholding the Sevres Treaty. Her campaign in the summer of 1921 against the Kemalists or Turkish Nationalists was backed both by King Constantine and former premier Venizelos, who sank their differences in other respects, and this Hellenic unity had its reward in the driving of the enemy, at this writing in August far into the interior toward the capital itself at Angora in a zone of supposed safety.

Such are the amazing results of the almost universal upheaval through which we have passed, and whether permanent or not in all particulars they deserve chronicling at this favorable point for retrospect, as in the midst of world happenings we have stood briefly on a pinnacle for a wide outlook. The whole face of the earth has been changed. We do not have a sufficiently realizing sense of the significance inhering in a single attainment, the liberation of millions upon millions of people in the forming of new nations and in the rectifying of geographical boundaries. The deliverances, meaning so much, were made by the Peace Conference, and by a Council of Ambassadors and Premiers,

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commissioned to attend to the unfinished business, after the former had practically come to an end on January 10, 1920, when a formal exchange of ratifications took place with fifteen nations participating at the very outset, with more that followed in endorsement of what had been done. The Treaty of Versailles became effective on that date. President Wilson summoned the council (though not the assembly) of the League of Nations to gather for its first meeting at Paris on January 16, when the newly-constituted body at once began to function. There then opened a new era, synchronizing with another important event, the inaugurating of national prohibition for America by constitutional amendment, and in the year (1920) corresponding to the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620, when the foundations of our Republic were laid.

The one thing to be lamented is that the United States did not stand with the Allies in the establishing of peace in Europe, our country's ratification being prevented by debating Senators, who thus wasted more than eight months. While speedy decisions should have been made, while quick aid should have been given to the pacifying of the troublous situation, there was the playing of partizan politics. Politicians were discussing, while the world was perishing. Nero was fiddling, while Rome was burning, until there came rejection. Ratification in the Senate first failed in November of 1919, and again on the following March 19 it lost by 49 ayes to 35 nays, this being a little short of the required two-thirds of the Senators present and voting. The total line-up, including the absent and paired, was 57 for to 39 against. The opposite and a favorable result could have been reached, if the President had been willing to accept the reservations that were proposed.

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He had many strong points, but he was defeated on what he had set his heart. A tragic figure was the wan and wasted man who descended from his throne of power to private life, as he left the Presidential chair. With his dragging gait from paralysis, under the necessity of having one foot lifted each step upward, broken in health by his zeal in a great cause, disappointed in the highest aim of his life, there is yet greatness here, which a near view may not appreciate, but which the future is bound to recognize. Though the author is of an opposite political faith, he yet believes that this occupant of the White House for his lofty idealism as regards the League idea, and with his phenomenal accomplishments in an unprecedented world crisis, will ever stand out commandingly in history. Of him as of great Caesar could it have been said,

“Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about.”

The national election November 2, 1920, when the Republicans obtained 404 of the 531 electoral votes, evidently indicated that there must be radical changes in the Wilson program, before America would become formally associated with the other nations to secure world order. While President Harding has pronounced against European entanglements, he has steadily favored coöperation. His purpose is, as his inaugural said, “to recommend a way to approximate disarmament and relieve the crushing burdens of military and naval establishments.” His intention is “to clarify and write the laws of international relationship, and establish a world court.” And as “there was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization, there will be

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no failure to-day or to-morrow." Whether previously committed or not, a repetition of the German crime, as a matter of fact, would find us *leagued* against it with the other nations of freedom. With a statesman of the amiable type once more to the front, there has come an attempt to compose differences.

In our early history, political feeling ran high, especially between those who favored and those who opposed a strong centralizing or federalizing Constitution. The chief exponent of the former view was Alexander Hamilton, who figured prominently in many a hot discussion. Appearing once at a public meeting to speak when a debate was on, he was howled down, and was attacked with stones hurled at him, and was struck by one of these directly in the forehead, whereupon he said with great coolness, "If you use such *striking* arguments, I must retire." In the heat of the recent contest, similarly striking missiles were too largely employed, there was too much throwing of stones in the hatreds that were stirred and expressed. But now the word is for peace, nationally and internationally.

The League of Nations so widely accepted showed the longing for settlements all around. In the first gathering of the Assembly at its permanent seat at Geneva, where it had purchased a capacious building in the Hotel National for its purposes on the shore of the Lake, there was a surprising representation from almost everywhere. Delegates were there even from two former enemy States. The impressive list of members was as follows:

Albania, Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, British Empire, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Columbia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland (or Netherlands),

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Honduras, India, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Liberia, Luxemburg, Norway, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Salvador, Siam, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Uruguay, Venezuela.

President Paul Hymans of Belgium closed the sessions of this imposing body with the electric, "Let us continue our march towards the stars." Not that these nations were entirely satisfied anymore than ourselves, but they seemed to regard half a loaf better than no bread. In Tennyson's language accommodated, they felt that it had been "half a league, half a league *onward*," an advance in the right direction had been registered. The instrument may not have been, as Ex-President Taft claimed, "90% good." It does not profess to be perfect, for it contains within itself the suggestion of future revisions as these may be needed. The American Constitution was adopted with acknowledged defects at the time, but with the feeling that the pending crisis, like that of to-day, required its immediate launching, while changes pointed out as desirable could be made after proper deliberation, and nineteen amendments *have* so far been made.

There is an atmosphere that is favorable to peaceful methods, as shown by so many nations entering into the League, and this will make it easier for America to do her part, even though this be outside the existing organization. President Harding in his message to Congress April 12, 1921 outlined the policy of the new administration. He rejected the League of Nations Covenant because of its being an "agency of force," likely to involve us in entangling alliances under the exercise of a superauthority. He asked that Congress by a declaratory resolution terminate "the

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technical state of war with the Central Powers." He suggested a partial ratification of the Versailles Treaty, because of the "Settlements already effected" under it, and because it gives us certain advantages which we should not forego, if they can be secured to us by a wise diplomacy that will be insistent upon reservations and modifications insuring "our absolute freedom from inadvisable commitments." Nevertheless, he declared, "we make no surrender of our hope and aim for an association to promote peace, in which we would most heartily join." "In the national referendum," he said, "we pledged our efforts toward such an association and the pledge will be faithfully kept."

While May, 1921, found America still refusing to enter the League, though not objecting to other nations becoming members thereof, she yet showed her spirit of coöperation by accepting the cordial allied invitation to resume her place in representation on the Supreme Council, on the Conference of Ambassadors, and on the Reparations Commission, with a vote where she might be vitally concerned, but voluntarily without participation in matters of moment and of particular interest to Europe alone.

Another step toward the desired goal was taken when President Harding called a conference of the leading nations, England, France, Italy and Japan, and also of China, to consider disarmament and the Far Eastern situation on the Pacific, the meeting to be at Washington in the Fall of 1921.

A splendid dream is a collaboration for maintaining law and order and amity in international relations, and at work upon the idea were never before so many governments banded together, making this really a world movement for securing permanent peace. There is abundant reason for hope. The League even as imperfectly constituted prevented

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two wars in having been entrusted by the contestants themselves with the settlement of differences reaching or rapidly approaching the point of open collision between Poland and Lithuania over boundaries and between Sweden and Finland over the Aland Islands which both claimed. This indicates progress, and begets in us fond expectations. The change from a scene of violated treaties and of human brotherhood rent asunder to a realm of the orderly course of arbitration and of courts of justice would be at least a reaching out for the ideal, after which Browning aspired when he said, "On the earth broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round." Most desirable would be such a transference from the earthly to the heavenly, from the sphere of imperfect circles to that of the "rainbow *round about the throne*," with no ugly break in the radiant span of peace and beauty. The great plan, though pulsating with this idealism, confessedly has not yet attained, is not yet made perfect.

While we have our day dreams of better things to come, we must not forget the solid fact of the complete triumph of right over wrong in the long struggle out of which our longings for the future have grown. The best prepared military power of all the ages was thoroughly humbled, and it did not realize its confident expectation that all the nations arrayed against it were surely to be brought low. The past at least is secure. There can be no question of the decided victory that was won. By that should we be heartened.

While there is yet very much to perplex, very much sorely to try the believer to the displacing of a hopeful optimism by a despairing pessimism, — while all this is true, nevertheless the outlook is so much better than when Pan-Germanism seemed to be confidently forging ahead to

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universal dominion and domination, that the general condition of affairs to-day may be said, in contrast, to be Utopian, to be Elysian, hell having been succeeded by heaven. Germany found itself up against a stiff proposition, practically against the whole world, but really in the end its blows have been as fruitless as those of its ancestral god Thor, who gave us the name of one day in the week, Thursday, Thor's day, and whom the preëminently militaristic nation of our time has continued to worship in its glorification of mere power. This legendary deity hurled thunderbolt strokes in vain against a sleeping giant symbolizing the solid earth. According to Carlyle, he struck the latter, while slumbering, directly in the face, and the thunderous impact was sufficient to make a deep valley. But the giant merely awoke, rubbed his eyes, and asked, "Did a leaf fall?" When, according to the Norse legend, he dropped off into a snooze again, his enemy raised his hammer and struck a second time with all his might, and made a second valley, but the supposedly murdered one only mumbled drowsily, "Was that a grain of sand?" He thereupon sank off into unconsciousness in another nap, and Thor put forth the utmost of his godlike strength, as with *both* hands he caused his hammer to descend in sledge fashion and with a force sufficient to dig out a third valley, but he thereby simply stopped momentarily the snoring of his intended victim, who said dreamily, "There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they dropped?" Similarly Germany by its Thorlike strokes against substantially the entire globe in a sense struck to no purpose. It dealt heavy, murderous and successive blows to the east and on the sea and to the west, and deep, bleeding depressions were gouged out by the clenched and mailed

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fist, but comparatively speaking, so far as the total final result was concerned, it made only small indentations upon the giant world democratically organized, which it had tried and had hoped to destroy.

The War, which at first seemed so needless, caused Christian faith to waver. When Serbia and Montenegro and Rumania were trodden into the dust and were almost wiped out of existence, when Russia suffered a collapse and Italy seemed dangerously near a similar debacle, when here and there were actual or threatened reverses from Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris to Verdun in France, the movement seemed to be in the opposite direction from that portrayed by the English poet:

“One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

A providential ordering of human history, a divine overruling whereby all things are made to work together for good, had apparently ceased. Many a one said despairingly with Hamlet,

“The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

But now we can see that the great conflict has been worth all it has cost of blood and tears, since under the guidance of God who makes the wrath of man to praise Him there have been gained certain supreme objects besides the signal defeat of militarism. One transcendent outcome has been the establishing of the principle that hitherto oppressed peoples shall be lined up according to their racial divisions. Self-determination is henceforth to govern political action, except in the case of backward races who as yet may be incapable of

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ruling themselves, and they are to have national protecorates or international guarantees, with benevolent and not malevolent purposes.

Within the sphere of practical statesmanship, too, has come the evolving of some form of a league of nations, of some kind of an international association, to enforce peace hereafter, to substitute arbitration for the sword, to reduce armaments, and to promote the interests of humanity rather than of separate nationalities in their selfish ambitions. It was magnificent to be able to sing, in one of the most stirring ballads, of the lad in smart khaki and with the bounding enthusiasm of youth swinging down Piccadilly "as though he were a king," and of the same person later, doubtless in faded uniform, and maimed and broken, slowly and painfully *limping* down Piccadilly, "*finer* than a king." Nevertheless we do not want a continuation of such pathetic scenes. We are determined that there shall not be, or at least that cruel war shall increasingly be eliminated from the annals of mankind.

There is the further consideration that the race *must* find some substitute for blood and iron or suffer annihilation, to say nothing of the wrecking of civilization. When Germany, in defiance of international agreements for the ameliorating of the more brutal features of warfare, introduced the use of poison-gas, the Allies in pure self-defense had to fight fire with fire, or utterly go down. The Huns had to be met on their own ground of devilish ingenuity, and they were destined to be beaten at their own game of hellishness. What the developments in this direction might be, we can hardly conceive in these days of scientific and chemical productiveness. America was not yet in her full swing when the armistice came, but she would have been by the Spring

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of 1919, particularly in the fullest employment both of airplanes and of a deadlier gas than had previously been invented. The secret, carefully guarded while the clash of arms was on, has since come out. Professor Lewis of the department of chemistry in the Northwestern University at Evanston near Chicago is to be credited with effecting a union of elements, called from him Lewisite, of which three thousand tons would have been ready by March 1 for dealing out death to the enemy. Ten airplanes, it is declared, could carry enough of this terrible, gaseous substance to "wipe out every vestige of life (human, animal and vegetable) in Berlin. A single day's output would snuff out 4,000,000 lives on Manhattan island." The Germans did not know what soon would have been coming to them, not in stuff of which Shakespeare says dreams are made, not in airy nothings but in a blighting, withering concoction descending *through* the air, in a vitriolic, burning composition of hitherto unimagined effectiveness that would have simply smothered troops by the wholesale. Brigadier-General William Mitchell of the United States Air service in writing of the possibilities here says, that airplanes could carry "a tank of this liquid for discharge from nozzles similar to an ordinary street sprinkler, so that it would fall like rain, killing everything in its path," like Tennyson's "and there rained a ghastly dew." And with what result according to the writer quoted? "During the Argonne offensive in the past war the entire first American Army of a million and a quarter men occupied an area approximately forty kilometers long by twenty kilometers wide. If Germany had had 4,000 tons of this material and 300 or 400 planes equipped in this way for its distribution, the entire First Army would have been annihilated in ten or twelve hours." To prevent such

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awful destruction, the strongest powers absolutely must combine and make practical the League idea for securing permanent peace.

We are having a vision of a new and better order than the old has been. We are recovering from the rude disturbance of our religious belief that was threatening to become rank unbelief. We are beginning to see with Shakespeare that

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

With Browning we are repeating,

“God’s in his heaven,
All’s right with the world.”

The song in Locksley Hall becomes a vibrant reality,

“Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags
were furled

In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World.”

Of vast importance have been the transactions which we have seen so rapidly succeeding one another. We, therefore, have pictured somewhat in detail the closing and swiftly-shifting scenes of what has been a world drama, upon which all mankind gazed with tense nerves and bated breath and fast-beating hearts, keenly realizing that they were living in the most eventful days, aside from the Messianic era, of all history, and we have been reassured as to the future. At the final ringing down of the curtain, however serious at times may have been our misgivings, our conclusions are only heartening.

Even in material development we recognize the hand

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of the Almighty in the spur given to aviation by the exigencies of the situation. We cannot help feeling that here there has been an inspiration from above, as we observe what has come from small beginnings. We have all been diverted by J. T. Trowbridge's story of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." The reasoning of the farmer's son, of the boy of fourteen, was perfectly logical:

"The birds can fly,
And why can't I?
Must we give in,
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller,
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?"

Nevertheless his experiment, carefully concealed from his brothers, met with a mishap in his precipitate descent "from the loft above the shed," while they from their hiding suddenly appeared upon the scene with explosive merriment.

"Upon his crown
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things."

Though his fall did make him see stars, after all there was not so much to laugh about in the experience so comically versified, for therein was a dim prophecy of the coming conquest of the air. The idea perhaps always has been in the human mind, as appears from the early classical tale of Dædalus and Icarus, who in their island imprisonment

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gathered all the feathers they could find, gave them the shapely curvature of birds' wings, and with their artificial pinions soared away to liberty far above the heads of the uplooking and amazed beholders. The flight, however, was not altogether successful, because the son, being more daring than the father and being a "high flyer," ventured with a youth's recklessness too near the blazing sun which melted the wax of his wings, and he fell to his death in what was called after him the *Icarian* Sea.

The dream of the pioneers in aviation has been a long time in coming to realization, but the fulfillment of age-deferred hopes has at last come with a rush. Only as long ago as 1905 the Wright Brothers were experimenting with the first crude flying machines, and Professor Langley, to whose deep studies and practical efforts with minor successes we owe much, was as yet unappreciated by most persons. Seven years ago the science of aeronautics was in its initial stages, but it has been advancing by leaps and bounds. Since the opening of the war in 1914 the different nations have spent for aerial promotion ten billion dollars, and there has been a progress almost supernatural. Half a decade has witnessed an advance that peace times could not have brought in half a century.

By the radio telephone system, so wonderfully developed under the stress of war, airplanes keep in touch with one another, while persons on the ground similarly communicate with the flyers high in the atmosphere, actually talking with aviators scores of miles away, as they disappear from sight in the sky. A hydroplance 2,000 feet in the air has had vocal connection with a submarine several fathoms under water.

The Lafayette wireless station, built by Americans at Bordeaux during 1918 to keep them in touch with their

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government at Washington and since acquired by the French, in September, 1920, sent a radio message around the globe in one-seventh of a second. In view of what has already been accomplished, not *wholly* incredible is the suggestion of Marconi that certain very definite but mysterious dots and dashes connected with the operation of the wireless may be signals from some other planet trying to get in touch with our earth. Perhaps the Martians, who according to some astronomers have built huge canals on Mars, are making frantic efforts to arrest our attention. Or the inhabitants of Venus may be attempting to wake us dull mortals up to the possibility of interplanetary intercourse. We can properly hold ourselves open to conviction along such lines. But we need not go a skyrocketing in view of the very substantial facts in the realm of actual attainment, as we proceed to a prosaic recital of these.

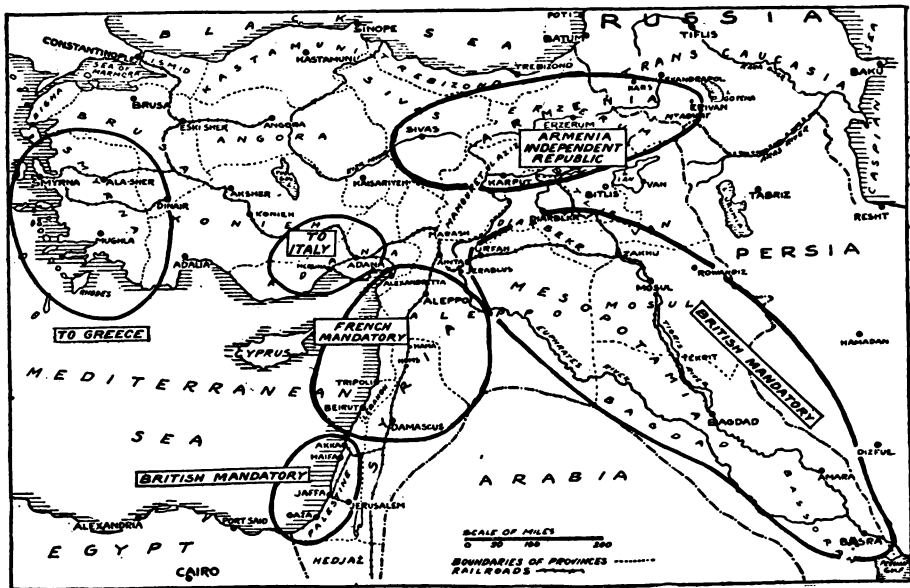
One of our army aviators on April 19, 1919 made a non-stop flight from Chicago to New York in about seven hours, covering a distance of 727 miles, and averaging above 106 miles an hour. For a succession of months there has been an aerial mail service maintained between New York and Washington, and between the metropolis and Chicago, and there followed an extension to the Pacific coast, the Congressional appropriation and the Executive approval for this having come in April of 1920. German dirigibles have operated a regular schedule of travel from city to city, as commendable as were reprehensible the repeated flights of the Zeppelins across the North Sea to bombard the defenseless towns and unfortified cities of England. King Albert has called up his airplane for a quick trip from Brussels to Paris, and to London. A piano by the witchery of inventive genius has been transported overhead from London to Paris,

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and that is more remarkable than the traditional witch flying through the air with a broomstick. Daily flights have been conducted between the capitals of England and France, nicely cushioned seats being occupied by the score of travelers for the two and a half hours required to complete the trip of 250 miles. The world's metropolis is contemplating an aerial line to America with huge airships in commission. Cabins are under advisement to be enclosed in glass, affording the protection of the limousine in automobiles, and suites are to be electrically heated, making the occupants immune to the trying changes of temperature in the rapidly varying altitudes. Even the aviator's clothing is being wired and equipped with tiny power stations so that he can be kept warm by electricity. Airplanes are to be put to a better use than to "grapple in the central blue." They are to serve industrial and even personal purposes over continental areas between great and flourishing cities.

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly
bales."

The climax came with the dash to Europe by representatives of the two rival nations of the United States and the British Empire. An American dirigible had hopes of succeeding, as May 15-16 it made a run without stopping of 1300 miles from Montauk Point, New York, to St. John's, Newfoundland, having been in the air continuously for twenty-five and three-quarter hours. Fastened to its moorings, it broke loose from these under high gales, and was lost at sea, over which it had hoped to pass in triumph. Where it had failed through a sheer accident, three heavier-than-the-air machines ventured to see what they could do,



Turkey Dismembered

By courtesy of the Current History Magazine, New York.

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as Navy-Curtiss seaplanes flew from Rockaway Beach, New York, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and thence to Trepassay, Newfoundland, 1000 nautical miles, in varying times, but averaging about 16 hours of actual flying.

Then from the jumping-off place they had reached, on Friday, May 16, 1919, an epochal date, they "hopped off" for Europe. Surely the proud exclamation had come true, "They are *birds!*" huge, man-made ones indeed, but with a soaring capability rivalling that of majestic and graceful condors. Each had a wing-span of 126 feet, a length of 69 feet, a throbbing heart of 1600 horse power in the four liberty motors, and a weight of 15,100 pounds exclusive of crew and fuel whereby about 13,000 more pounds were added, the 14 tons making a sizable creation of wings in the aviary of mechanics. Could there be anything more spectacular than these gigantic artificial flyers taking the air? There was a hurricane of cheers from the observers thronging the shore, and hats were flung wildly aloft, when, according to the corrected official announcement, the NC-1 rose from the surface of the water at 5.36 P. M., the NC-3 at 6.03 and the NC-4 at 6.07, New York time. They were off for a neck and neck race. Their route was marked by a line of ships 50 miles apart over the broad Atlantic to the Azores. Sixty destroyers, four battleships and a number of auxiliary naval vessels kept in radio touch with the aviators, who were guided at night by illuminating flares and red light, by star shells and electric searchlights. The NC-3 passed the ship station 13 at 2.23 A. M. Saturday, and the NC-1 at 3.13, while the NC-4 was at station 14 at 3.06, being thus in the lead, and maintaining it to the end, at 9.25 with a whir and roar of engines swooping down upon the island of Fayal in the Azores, landing at Horta and smashing all atmospheric

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records in the completing of the 1200 miles in a little over 15 hours. At the astounding feat thunderous applause rang round the globe, and must have almost waked the echoes on other planets.

The two competitors were not far behind, for till daylight Saturday the three kept within sight of one another, flying in formation. Soon, however, two were thrown off their course by dense fog and squalls of rain and high winds. The NC-1 was picked up by a steamer Saturday afternoon to the saving of Commander Bellinger and his crew, though the plane in the towing to land finally went down in many fathoms of water. The NC-3, the flagship, was discovered late on Monday near Ponta Delgada, farther on among the Azores, and into the harbor there it serenely made its way under its own power, after nearly three days of drifting and of buffeting by storms and of inability to rise again from its floating on the water, and the damage received was sufficient to cause its dismantling for a subsequent reconstruction. The two technically failed but actually scored in view of turning up within sight of the very goal. The success was the more marked, since, as Commander Towers of the flagship and of the whole squadron said, they encountered "exceptionally bad weather which was totally unexpected."

Meanwhile under English auspices, Harry G. Hawker, an Australian aviator, with Mackenzie Grieve, left St. John's Sunday afternoon, May 18, and took a different course, heading directly for the Irish coast in a valiant effort to beat the NC-4 in the trans-oceanic race, and to win the London Daily Mail's prize of \$50,000. Disregarding the usual shipping lane, he struck out with his Sopwith biplane, which had a length of only 31 feet, and wing-spread of barely 46 feet, and a single motor of merely 350 horse power. The *hawk*

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took the air at 1.31 P. M., New York time. With the velocity of a tornado it shot forward, tore away at nearly 100 miles an hour, and in six minutes had faded from view. We could imagine it forging through the darkness, and we felt that momentous events, so close together, were tumbling over one another in the happening.

The two intrepid airmen donned ostensibly nonsinkable suits, and they had a detachable emergency boat of ingenious construction to enable them to keep afloat for a while in the event of an accident. They divested themselves of their landing mechanism in order to be as little burdened and hindered as possible, and they staked all on what seemed a rash endeavor to reach their objective, and many feared lest they were repeating the presumption of Icarus, but they were vociferously cheered for their pluck. The world praised their fearlessness and bravery, as they dared every thing for victory — or for death. Because of the heavy weather afterward reported as prevailing that Sunday night over the ocean, and because of the mountainous waves that were running, it was only natural to conclude when they had not been heard from for six days, that they had perished in the icy waters. If they *had* died, they would have lived forever in glorious history, as Dædalus and his son survive in classic story. The widow of the Australian received condolences from many, including King George of England.

But behold! could there have been a miracle? On Sunday, just a week after the date of departure, a tramp steamer drew near the Scottish shore, to which it signalled with flags, that it had the supposedly lost on board. It had not reported before; because it was not equipped with wireless, but the two passengers could now tell their own tale. Eight hundred miles out they began to have trouble in the choking

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of the circulatory system of their motor, and the difficulty increasing, after twelve hours and a half of flying they sought safety by proceeding to the shipping lane, across which they zigzagged back and forth in watching for some steamer. At last they sighted the Danish tramp, *Mary*, providentially appearing, they neared it, sent up distress signals, glided down upon the water, which they rode like a duck, two miles ahead of it, and at half past four Monday morning awaited the lifeboat which was launched at a considerable hazard in waves running twelve feet high. In an hour and a half they were safely taken off, but their machine could not be salvaged, though it was afterward recovered by another ship. Eight hundred miles from the Irish coast, and after they had gone over ten or eleven hundred miles of their course, they resumed their journey by steamer. On being landed by a warship in northern Scotland, they proceeded by railway to London. Along the entire route there was something like a triumphal procession in their honor. At every important station there were great demonstrations to welcome them, and at Edinburgh they were carried on the shoulders of admirers amid cheering thousands, while in the metropolis of the world they were greeted with scenes like that of a coronation occasion. They were deluged with congratulatory telegrams. All countries were thrilled by the joyful though almost unbelievable deliverance of the heroes from the yawning deep.

Suddenly, substantially unannounced, another aviator sprang into view. Roget, a French airman, May 25-6, flew from Paris to a point in Morocco, covering a distance of 1348 miles at about 114 miles an hour. In the nearly twelve hours that were taken, he had outstripped Read who had required a little over fifteen hours for 1200 miles to the

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Azores. The Frenchman, however, in an unfortunate landing put his machine out of commission, and therefore he had to abandon his project of flying from the coast of Africa to that of Brazil for the transatlantic prize.

We revert to NC-4 under Commander Read. It left its temporary place of respite at Horta 8.40 Tuesday morning, May 20, and flew like the wind 150 miles to Ponta Delgada, which it reached at 10:24 making the distance in one hour and forty-four minutes. There it waited for more favorable meteorological conditions before attempting to negotiate the 800 miles to Portugal, while from there it would have to traverse 775 miles more to the finish arranged for at Plymouth, England, from which in 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower for 9 weeks sailed for what was destined to bear the same name on the coast of Massachusetts. We do not propose to follow our birdman to *this* terminal, because in the main thing to be gained the official end of the voyage, and the height of culminating interest, is reached at the nearer Portuguese city. On Tuesday, May 27, at 6.18 A. M., New York time, he spread his wings with the glint of the sun thereon as he rose and circled around the harbor, and then sped away over the brightly shining sea. The successive stations of the 14 destroyers strung along the course reported with clock-like regularity the progress he was making. After nine hours and forty-one minutes, he swept into the desired haven at 4.01 P. M., and settled down at the anchorage provided.

Lisbon practically suspended business to greet him, and crowds jammed every available space for observation, and bells rang and whistles blew and guns boomed. Though, with two stops, he continued on to Plymouth May 30-31, we leave him here at his climacteric. After a superb flight with

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purring engines functioning perfectly he alighted with dignity and grace at his Portugese destination, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of millions of readers who had watched him almost breathlessly in making a world record par excellence, in a superlative degree. Albert Cushing Read had written his name high on the scroll of fame, and there it will be blazoned for ever. Great credit redounded to our navy which had sponsored the enterprise, so carefully prepared for and so cautiously and yet efficiently and splendidly carried out. In 1844 Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, wired as his official message for the formal opening of the line between Baltimore and Washington the Biblical quotation, "What had God wrought!" which is just as suitable for expressing our feelings over the transoceanic conquest by the atmospheric route between America and Europe.

The British hawk fell by the way, and had to be rescued from mid-ocean in a somewhat bedraggled condition. The French stork, bearing much of promise that yet failed of coming to the birth, plunged into African sands, and was unable to rise again. The American eagle, whose wings we feared might be clipped by its eager competitors, descended upon Lisbon with a wild and defiant scream of triumph, and then, perched high in the sight of all humanity and slyly turning its weather eye hither and thither to see how its brilliant exploit was being taken, its ruffled feathers, drenched with fog and sea-mist, were quietly preened with the calm consciousness of a satisfying superiority.

The mastery of the sea by aircraft has now passed from the sphere of conjecture to that of accomplishment. An aerial trail has been blazed over the Atlantic, which can no longer be called unchartered. The adventure of Commander

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Read in his transatlantic voyage through the upper air currents vies in importance with that of Christopher Columbus four centuries ago in his stormy passage from the opposite direction through the tumultuous waves of the briny deep. Both began their trips on a Friday, which never again should be considered an unlucky day. Eliminating the stops, the one had only 26 hours and 41 minutes of real flying, while the other had two months and nine days of steady sailing. There is doubtless to follow, only more quickly, an improvement in seaplanes or in dirigibles comparable to the advance made in ships, as manifested in the difference between the caravels of America's discoverer and the giant ocean liners of to-day.

While America has carried off first honors, England followed a close second. On June 14-15, Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown in a Vickers-Vimy biplane with a wingspread of 67 feet and a length of about 43 feet crossed from Newfoundland to Ireland, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, in 16 hours and 12 minutes, and, with two Rolls-Royce motors of 375 horse-power each, at a speed of 120 miles an hour. The sheer audacity of this no-stop flight was unequalled, for it was a straightaway dash without the aid of guiding posts in ship stations marking the entire watery course. This second spanning of the ocean through the air opened up possibilities surpassing our hitherto wildest dreaming. It spoke of a coming aerial passenger and freight service as a matter of daily occurrence between the Old world and the New, and of London morning papers to be delivered in the evening at New York.

The British dirigible, R-34, removed any farther lingering doubts. This was a mammoth lighter-than-air machine about 650 feet long and nearly 80 feet in diameter. Like an immense flying-fish it shot through the air from Scotland to

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America in 108 hours and 12 minutes, after a journey of over 3,000 miles. It had to make its way through visually impenetrable fog, though once it had the vision of a rainbow in a complete circle as seen from above, and this seemed a cheering augury of success. It had five engines of 250 horsepower each. It carried a crew of thirty. From its elephantine gas-bag were suspended five gondolas glassed in, with an interior passage-way from one to another and constituting a kind of deck which could be walked with impunity by the adventurous mariners. As it neared its destination, it encountered a terrific electrical and cyclonic storm, which seemed likely to shake it to pieces. It rose and fell like a cork on tossing waters, and it seemed to be assailed by "5,000 devils," but it landed safely on the Roosevelt field near New York after this *third* epochal crossing of the ocean. It started Wednesday, July 2, and arrived Sunday morning, July 6. Its return trip to England began at midnight on Wednesday, July 9, and ended early Sunday morning, July 13, after about 75 hours. The first steamship to cross the Atlantic, the Savannah named from an American city in Georgia, required 25 days to reach Liverpool, where it docked July 15, 1819, a century almost to a day before the dirigible's much quicker voyage. Naturally there is planning for much larger aircraft, with state-rooms and other luxurious accommodations, while there has even been suggested the roof-garden, to be built upon the back of the gas-filled creation, and to be reached by an elevator. There will be further need only of salt-water baths in a swimming pool with a sky exposure, and with fairer maidens playing therein than the fabled mermaids sporting in the sea below. In vain henceforth will old Neptune with scowling face rise from the ocean and threateningly shake his trident at those who in

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utter defiance of him complacently pass over his realm, which has been crossed by a seaplane in two great leaps, by an airplane in a single prodigious jump, and more leisurely by an airship, that immediately recrossed it, as if to proclaim to all, "That's easy."

A phenomenal year will 1919 ever be, a veritable *annus mirabilis*. In the autumn, transcontinental followed the transoceanic triumphs. Under the auspices of the Army Air Service, about three-score aviators entered the race for the 2700 miles between the Atlantic and Pacific seabords. On Wednesday morning Lieutenant Maynard, the flying Baptist parson, with Sergeant Kline, in their De Haviland biplane equipped with a Liberty motor started from Mineola near New York City, and at one o'clock Saturday afternoon, October 11, the overmastering sky pilot landed at San Francisco, his actual flying time having been 25 hours. Five hours later Lieutenant Kiel and Major Spatz, reversing the course, in a nip and tuck race dashed through the air out of the gathering darkness, and alighted on the appointed field near the eastern metropolis only twenty seconds apart. Others followed in either direction, though some fell by the way in various mishaps, and seven unfortunately were precipitated to their deaths. Without recounting further details of the great atmospheric Derby, the climacteric was reached in the first to make the return trip, and this accomplishment, October 18, had to be credited to the indefatigable Maynard, who, notwithstanding a detaining accident in Nebraska, swept in on the home stretch victor over all competitors, and literally with "*flying* colors," colors pyrotechnic in brilliancy. Ten days were taken for the round trip over the continent, but there were only two days of real flying, counting out the stops and the detention for repairs in a

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cornfield. The distance covered, 5400 miles, equalled that from New York to Constantinople.

The British, not to be outdone, followed with an astonishing success. Captain Ross Smith with three companions left England November 12, 1919 by the aviation route, and reached Australia within the month limit prescribed on December 10, after a flight of 11,500 miles, and a prize of ten thousand pounds sterling, of nearly fifty thousand dollars, was won, and knighthood was conferred for the astounding feat. After 1920 was ushered in, British aviators traversed the length of Africa. At altitudes of 7,000 and 8,000 feet they encountered many whirlwinds of tremendous force, caused by heat, but they completed their flight to Cape Town on March 20, and the "Cape to Cairo" slogan, though in the reverse order, became an achievement over 5,208 miles. The dreams of Cecil Rhodes were at last realized.

Then Virgil's "Ossa piled on Pelion" became a fact in aeronautics, when the Italians, rising to a still greater height of success, flew a squadron of three airships from Rome to Tokio, a distance exceeding 10,000 miles, which was covered between February 14 and May 31, when Lieutenants Ferrari and Masiero were the men of distinction, whose glory was not dimmed by the noteworthy exploit of the four American birdmen who under Captain Street from July 14 to August 23, with only 56 hours in the air on the flight, sped on the wings of the wind from New York to Nome in Alaska. Nor was the Italian accomplishment surpassed when early in 1921 several machines operated by a whole flock of aviators (a full dozen of them) winged their way from San Diego in California southward clear to the Panama Canal Zone.

"Of making many books there is no end," says the highest authority, neither is there of making many machines,

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for a new type of aircraft suddenly appeared to cap the climax in this sphere of activity. A monoplane constructed *entirely* of metal alighted near Philadelphia on the evening of June 27, 1920, having left Omaha 1200 miles away in the morning of the same day, and having attained a maximum speed of 120 miles in a few seconds less than an hour. This JL-6 with its one metallic wing, introduced by J. L. Larsen to our country from Germany, required only five gallons of gasoline for a flight of 100 miles. It had a cabin as commodious and comfortable as the tonneau of the finest automobile. It was lighted by electricity and warmed by lighting extracted from the clouds. It was fitted up to serve a leisurely meal while cleaving the atmosphere with the swiftness of winged Mercury flying to earth from the seat of the gods in the heavens. It was three Larsen monoplanes which left New York July 29 to map out an aerial mail route to San Francisco, and two of them reached their destination August 8, delivering the first letters ever thus carried to the Pacific slope. On Wednesday September 8, aerial mail left the metropolis on the Atlantic coast at 5.30 A. M., and arrived in San Francisco at 2.35 P. M. Saturday, and this speed for the transcontinental trip was to be increased, for in a sea to sea race a mail plane flying all night left the Pacific terminus at 4.30 A. M. on Washington's birthday anniversary, February 22, 1921, and reached the Atlantic station the *next* day at 4.50 P. M. Improvements along the aerial line are as certain to come as those that took place in the gradual perfecting of the motor car, which barely touches the earth and fairly skims over the ground, after the manner of the ostrich half running and partly lifted aloft by its strong and graceful wings bearing it along with the greatest rapidity. Whether a *permanent* mail service through the

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air for long distances proves practicable or not, whether the cost (in life if not in money) be prohibitive or not, the various trial tests and the actual successes that have been made show real atmospheric achievements, of which to be proud.

There has been the same rapid progress in the development of the submarine, that mechanical wonder, which like a diving sea-fowl could disappear under the water at the sighting of danger, and which thus could make its way safely across the Atlantic while also it could and did rise from its lurking-place in oceanic hiding to sink commercial shipping in such large measure as to imperil Allied success. A new American submersible, S-3, appeared, capable of cruising 10,000 miles, a greater radius of action than that of the best German submarine in war-time, and its superiority in other respects was marked, though its inferiority in certain regards had perhaps to be admitted. Another of this type of craft, S-5, nearly had a tragic end, which it escaped in a most wonderful way. It submerged, but on account of some failure in its mechanism refused to come to the surface again. Wireless signalling, however, brought aid from a distance. Science and invention bored into the interior to admit air, and the suffocating crew was rescued, and what seemed likely to be their casket rose once more to greet the shining sun and the blue sky.

This is something which America invented, but which Germany perfected to constitute its greatest menace, to end which there came toward the very last through American ingenuity the electrical listening device. This sound detector could follow the enemy after submerging, and when in this way he had been located, a depth bomb could be dropped with deadly effect. In one verified case, it was reported, the underwater crew could be heard feverishly

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hammering, evidently trying to repair damages, and there were fitful starts and jerky stops as if all were not going well down below, while there succeeded an ominous silence, finally broken by 25 sharp reports like revolver shots, which manifestly meant so many suicides by the despairing victims, who while yet alive had been caught and held in a huge steel coffin that had been their floating home, but that would never rise again. The perfecting of electrical ears did not come soon enough to be of the largest use that had been anticipated, but of distinct service nevertheless, and of still greater promise, had not the struggle suddenly ended. Under the incitement of the unusual need, there have been developed artificial drums much more sensitive to the least noise than those of the human organ. By the dropping of tubes overboard into the water, the foe was definitely fixed miles away, was steadily approached by alternating creepings ahead and cautious listenings, until with a last quick rush he was attacked and repeatedly destroyed.

The atmosphere has been pulsating with the excitement of the fast-coming successes which we have been noting, and we more truly than Tennyson when he penned the lines can say,

“Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day,

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”

Indeed to paraphrase a sentiment of Holy Writ, one day in this time of electrical vitality is better than a thousand years in the remote past of a sluggish dormancy. In Scriptural phraseology, we can say of what has recently been occurring, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.”

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Mysteriously enough, and "God *moves* in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," the *war which we deplored* gave the needed stimulus to bring the swift and stupendous aerial and submarine achievements that we have been depicting.

CHAPTER I
ROUND ABOUT ROME:
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF PAUL

ROME was very closely related to the launching of Christianity in the first century. The empire which it had established stretched from the Atlantic on the west to the Euphrates on the east, and from the river Danube on the north to the African desert on the south. Virgil was right when he said:

“Others, I know, more tenderly may beat the breathing
brass,
And better from the marble block bring living looks to
pass;
Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven’s
face,
And mark it out, and tell the stars, their rising and their
place:
But thou, O Roman, look to it the folks of earth to sway;
For this shall be thy handicraft, peace on the world to lay.”

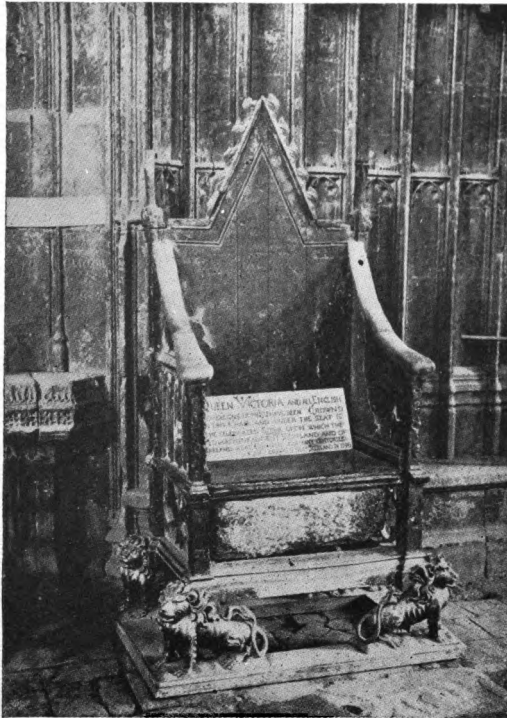
Rome did have the genius to rule, to extend its sway, until it governed the whole of the then civilized world. Moreover, there was peace throughout this mighty dominion at the advent of Christ. The temple of Janus, to express it classically, was closed. There were roads, like the Appian Way, extending in every direction. Besides these overland

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routes, there were ships plying between ports round the entire Mediterranean. With this freedom of communication and universal peace, the new and spiritual kingdom could be easily advanced. So far as the governmental was concerned, Christ came at an opportune time. For this reason alone, a most interesting city is that on the yellow Tiber.

The writer's Cruise to the Orient started from New York in early February, when the snow was lying in deep drifts and in heaped-up piles all over the metropolis, which ordinarily clears away such accumulations on short notice. In a week there was a change like that wrought by a magician's wand, when a landing was made at Funchal in Madeira, where trees were in bloom and flowers were in blossom. For conveyance through the strange streets, there were no automobiles but canopied sleds drawn by small bullocks, and to increase the speed the runners at frequent intervals were greased. It was like a dream later to lie at anchor at Cadiz, from which Columbus sailed forth with his caravels, that in 1492 carried him to America. It was an enlivening experience to be transported to Seville with its stately cathedral, where now repose the ashes of the great discoverer. Equally interesting proved Granada with its glorious Alhambra, around which clusters so much of the historic in Spanish and Moorish story, and around which the inimitable Washington Irving has woven so much of the romantic. There is, for instance, his charming tale regarding the "Legend of the Two Discreet Statues."

To abbreviate, an ordinary workman took up his abode in a forsaken and dilapidated portion of the once splendid fortress and palace combined. He was happy as the day is long, and with his guitar he dispensed simple music to neighbors and companions. He had never a care. He had a



Coronation Chair



Michelangelo's Moses

ROUND ABOUT ROME

merry little daughter, who one day found a carved black hand, which was said to have mystic qualities, and she wondered if the charm would not admit her to a subterranean chamber where Boabdil, the last king of the expelled Moors, was said to hold a phantom court. An enchanted lady therein showed her at the portal "to the vaulted passages beneath the great tower of Comares" two alabaster female figures, looking apparently at the same point within. These "discreet statues," the young girl was told, watched over treasure long before hidden by the Moors just before their banishment from the country, and if her father would make an examination of the spot, he would be rewarded with precious things which would forever relieve him of the necessity of further working. The child imparted her information to the parent, who after some hesitation and doubt followed her advice. At the place which had been indicated, he unobserved drew lines from the eyes of the two nymphs to where they converged, and made a private mark on the wall exactly there. He became deeply concerned, he complained that the watchers by their very looks would reveal what had been secreted. "Confound them! they are just like all their sex; if they have not tongues to tattle with, they'll be sure to do it with their eyes." He was anxious lest the saying should prove true again, that women cannot keep a secret though amazingly enough these had kept theirs for centuries.

One dark night with his small daughter and her subtle charm he repaired to the mysterious place, dug into the wall, and touching with the talisman two porcelain jars he brought them forth, filled with gold and jewels. The finder became a rich man, and then his troubles increased. Formerly he slept undisturbed in his humble, unlocked apartment. Now he feared robbers, and his slumbers were much broken.

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He had nerve-racking difficulty in retaining all he had gotten. He lost his gayety, and his melancholy ways alienated his friends. He eventually turned up at Malaga, where he lived in luxury, where he mingled with Spanish grandees, but he was never the same contented man diffusing cheer all around, that he was before his wealth came.

Awe-inspiring was Gibraltar, the world's strongest fortress, with its inner chambers and tunnels, from which can be made to belch forth fire and disaster to any fleet that may dare to defy its thunder and lightning. The stop at Algiers on the African coast gave the first vision of what is really oriental, in the women whose faces are veiled, and in the men who for our hats and trousers have turbans and skirts. The island of Malta brought memories of the Crusaders, and of the Apostle Paul, of whom a colossal statue marks the place on the coast where he suffered his memorable shipwreck so vividly pictured in the book of the Acts.

Malta has been a possession of England since 1800, and has long been a rendezvous for her mighty warships. The Knights of Malta in 1565 beat back the Turkish hordes during a famous siege, and saved western Christendom. They previously partook of the eucharist, fully expecting to die, for their extermination seemed certain. But under the leadership of the valiant Grand Master, Valetta, who gave his name to the harbor, they gloriously triumphed, the admiral of the attacking navy, who had risen from the position of a cabin boy and galley slave to his proud rank, here falling with a mortal wound, and the entire fleet retiring in a decisive defeat. The island, called Melita in New Testament times, means "the isle of honey" because of the abundance of bees, and it also speaks of a *sweet* victory for Christianity by knights who were immortalized thereby.

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There followed visits to the world's greatest centers of interest, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo, Karnak or Old Thebes, and Rome, while side trips more or less extended were taken across Europe, from Naples to Edinburgh, from the Italian Lakes with their unsurpassed beauties to the English Lakes with their numerous literary associations connected with Wordsworth, Coleridge and others.

In these pages, we are to change the order of approach, and the last shall be first, in order that, as we advance, we may be getting farther and farther into the Orient. The eternal city can be approached not only by the Mediterranean but also across the Continent. That is the way we first went thither, and we will in a rapid sketch repeat the itinerary. At Westminster Abbey in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, we look with rapt attention on England's Coronation Chair. It contains the famous Stone of Scone, on which, if tradition be correct, Jacob pillowed his head when he had the vision of angels ascending and descending on the ladder connecting earth and heaven. Upon this Scottish kings were crowned from the time of Kenneth the Second in 840 A. D., till Edward the First of England in 1296 carried it to London. Sitting above this as encased in an oaken chair, every ruler of Britain since has been crowned. English suffragettes to their discredit not long ago tried with dynamite to destroy this venerable relic.

We cross to Paris with its magnificent boulevards and its far-reaching parks. We linger in the Louvre, with its treasures of painting and sculpture. There we see the Venus of Melos (from the island of that name), representing the best days of Greek art, and antedating the beginning of the Christian era, perhaps by four centuries. Older still is the Moabite Stone there, speaking of the "king of Israel" nine

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centuries before Christ, and yet more ancient is the inscribed Stela of Hammurabi who preceded the patriarch Abraham. To these two antiquities we will revert later more in detail.

We sail down the picturesque and castled Rhine, with its vine-clad hills, with its reminder of Bingen so fondly recalled when

“A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.”

We cannot forget the request which he made :

“Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,

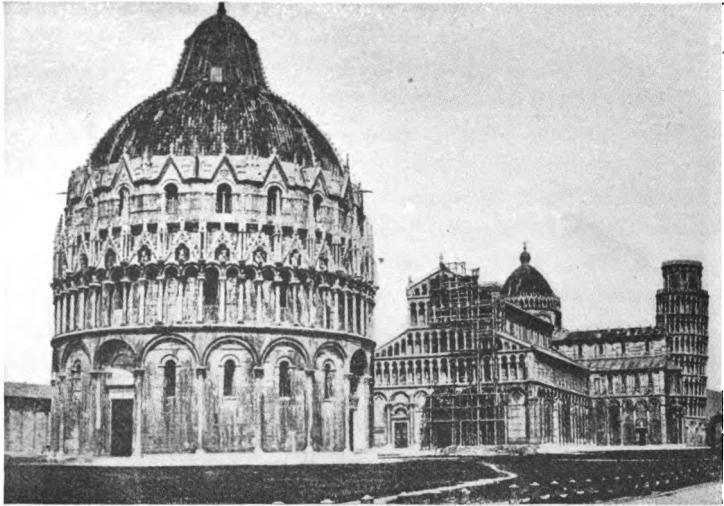
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.”

No less interesting, on account of legendary associations, is the Mouse Tower on a rock in the midst of the river near Bingen. An Archbishop of Mayence, Hatto 11, burned to the ground a barn crowded with people who had been caught stealing grain during a famine. Their dying shrieks he compared to the squeaking of mice. The legend is that as a punishment for his inhumanity he was eaten alive by hosts of these little assailants, which he could not escape even though he built for himself a tower surrounded by water. They found him in his supposed place of refuge, where he miserably perished from their persistent attacks about 970 A. D. This is a case where a *myth* teaches an important moral lesson of righteous retribution.

When in Belgium we saw the streets of Brussels crowded on a happy fete day, the ruler of the people joining with them in the festivities. While we have looked with greater satisfaction on other and better monarchs like Edward of England and Alfonso of Spain, and while our eyes



Grand Canal



Baptistry, Cathedral, Leaning Tower

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have rested with greater pride on American Presidents like Grant, Harrison, Roosevelt and Taft, we yet were glad to see the Belgian king, not the present Albert (whom we have since seen in Boston) of heroic mould and of glorious fame, but his less worthy predecessor, Leopold, who at our waving of an American flag returned a good-natured and gracious salute: We never could have imagined then that so near in the future there was to be such a tragic fate for the Belgians. The tragedy has been greater than that which occurred on the field of Waterloo in the vicinity, where we went to witness the scene of the final downfall of the first Napoleon. Recalling the "Descent from the Cross," that great painting of Rubens upon which we gazed in Antwerp, we can only hope that it may be emblematic of what is to be the experience of these heroic people, that they are to descend from the cross on which they were so mercilessly crucified, and that they are to rise to a new and more splendid national life. For the determined and desperate stand that they took against the lawless aggressor, they should have the highest praise, and we can repeat the tribute of Julius Caesar in his Commentaries, "Omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae," the bravest of all are the Belgians.

Belgium for centuries will be a historic reminder of the Germans, who have indeed made themselves, as their Kaiser on a notable occasion told them they should do, veritable Huns. They have been guilty of every infamy. They deliberately started the World War. They made of solemn treaties scraps of paper. They threw to the winds all international law. They became assassins and pirates of the sea, as they prosecuted their submarine warfare, which May 7, 1915 torpedoed without notice the Lusitania with its hundreds of innocent travellers and sent 1198 men and women

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and children to the bottom of the ocean, while also a medal was proudly struck off to glorify the murder of so many victims at one stroke. They bombarded from airplanes non-combatants in unfortified towns and cities. They ruthlessly sank ships carrying the wounded. They hurled shells at hospitals and Red Cross ambulances and even loaded life-boats. With malice intent they poisoned wells and spread disease germs. They even introduced the use of liquid fires and of poisonous gases, which, till a preventive was discovered, caused the most agonizing deaths. Without military gain and with devilish malevolence, they denuded conquered territory of forest and fruit trees and of all growing things. They made hideous wastes not only of Belgium but of northern France and of Serbia and of every country they so ferociously struck, and thus they were like that original Hun, Attila, who 1500 years ago was well named "The Scourge," and who used to boast that grass no more grew where his horse's feet had trodden. They exacted huge and unjust indemnities of captured cities, and enslaved the inhabitants thereof. With a craven cowardice they drove women before them to battle, seeking security behind such living screens against husbands and brothers, who would not shoot to endanger those they loved.

The Hunnish hordes shot down like rabbits those fleeing from their own homes. They called attention to the cathedrals they had ruined, though these had been architectural masterpieces for ages. They even published in neutral countries as a warning the number of watches and fine laces they had stolen. They burned to the ground or otherwise destroyed 450,000 houses in France and 50,000 in Belgium. With a diabolical cunning they left around in abandoned trenches, as though forgotten there, fountain pens which they hoped

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would be eagerly caught up by the foe as souvenirs, but which at the first attempt to use exploded, and mangled the hand or face and perhaps destroyed the eyesight of the finder. Treacherously they came forward with uplifted hands and with the cry of "Kamerad" in token of surrender, only when near enough to hurl a deadly grenade that had been secreted or to fire point-blank a weapon suddenly whipped out from its concealment, until very naturally the Allied troops sometimes felt that they could take no risks and could give no quarter to those who so flagrantly disregarded all rules of honorable fighting. They hiddenly set in "No Man's Land" a trap (like that for catching bears), at the moment of contact to spring its awful jaws with lacerating effect upon its human victim, whose writhings were anticipated, and whose expected cries of pain were to notify of any secret approach to wired entanglements. Still more atrociously they put in their first-line trenches Belgian and French maidens, in cold blood tortured them till their screams rendered frantic the opposing Scotch and Canadians, who were within hearing of the terrible shrieks, and who, it was intended, would thus be constrained to go to the rescue of the helpless in the face of machine-gun nests, only to be slaughtered by such a frontal attack, to which they would be driven by kindness and tenderness of heart. The beasts made themselves as Hunnish as possible.

They spat on the food of captives. They worked them close to the firing line, they starved them into skeletons and consumptives. They covered civilians with petroleum and set them ablaze, and sometimes they buried them alive. They crucified those they particularly hated, nailing them to doors by the hands and feet.

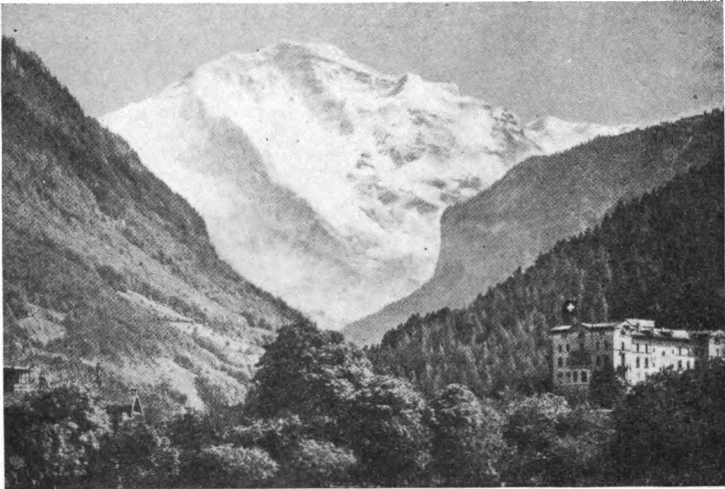
Against both women and men they committed by the

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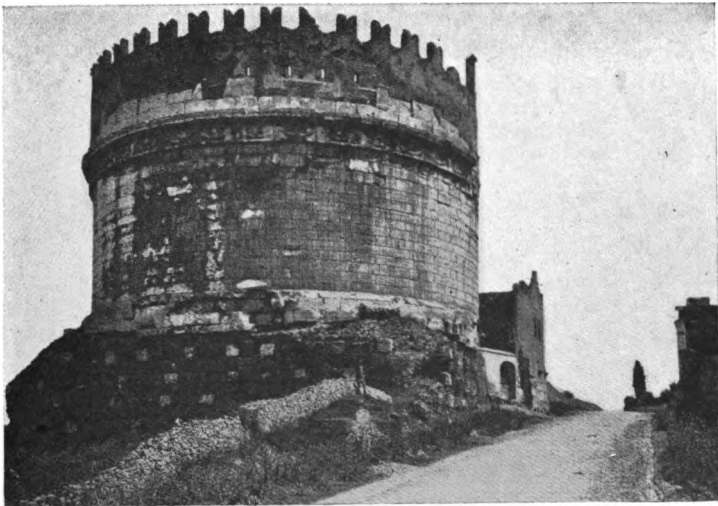
thousand outrages of which, as Paul might say, it would be "a shame even to speak."

They speared babes on their bayonets. With a hatchet or with a slash of the sword they cut off the hands of children.

Never was there such a list of unbelievable and yet absolutely verified atrocities as are chargeable to the Teuton militarists, for these were not isolated cases of barbarism committed by individual brutes, but they had official sanction and were the concrete working out of a national policy unrelentingly pursued with the avowed purpose of terrorizing. The Germans, with their boasted Kultur now so much in disrepute, have been guilty of brutalities for which they should be excoriated and fairly pilloried by every writer having a suitable sense of what is due to civil manners and even to the common decencies of life. Fortunately the frightfulness only roused the sentiment of the world against the barbarians, and deepened the determination of the Allies forever to terminate the sinister and criminal rule of Prussianism. Germany is justly doomed in the compulsion placed upon her to restore and repair, and to stagger for generations under a financial burden that even the fabled and gigantic Atlas, who bore the whole globe upon his bent shoulders, would have found hard to carry. We remember the cry in the book of revelation, which recently was that of most of mankind, "Who is like unto the beast? and who is able to war with him? and there was given to him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and there was given to him authority to continue forty and two months." Forty and two months; that predicted limitation of his mad course was what gave heart to all. There was to be an end of the monstrous reign



The Jungfrau



Tomb of Cecilia Metella

ROUND ABOUT ROME

of might over right, and there has been. From the very recollection of the horrors whose bare recital freezes the blood, we are glad to escape to a land of less mournful memories.

We go to quaint Holland with its windmills everywhere, and with its fat cattle grazing peacefully on lowlands of rich pasture, furnishing scenes which art loves to depict. A familiar sight in the Netherlands is the dog team to haul milk and vegetables for the peasant to the market. We do not wish to be too dogmatic, but we made bold to assert, that we cannot "beat the Dutch" for a practical solution of the canine problem. Theirs is literally a "*howling* success."

In Germany we drive through its well-known Black Forest, we go to the Springs at Baden-Baden, and to the Castle of Heidelberg, with which we are deeply impressed as we survey the massive ruin.

In our Continental journey we linger a while in the lovely vale of Chamonix, with the eternal whiteness there soaring away more than 15,000 feet into the blue sky.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Looming up almost as conspicuously, from the favorable view-point of fair Interlaken, is the Jungfrau, or young wife, attracting as much attention as any other bride, with a bridal veil of filmy snow that never is removed.

We stop at Lucerne where not only is the Rigi ascended for the extensive view, but where also we see Mt. Pilatus, to the region of which Pilate, after his condemnation of Christ is said to have been banished, giving his name to the mountain.

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There he is said to have committed suicide in a lake near its summit, and from the dark surface of the water there was claimed to arise time and again a shadowy figure going through the motions of one washing his hands, like Lady Macbeth, to clear them of blood-stains. In Lucerne also we see the celebrated lion cut in the natural rock. The noble creature seems still more the king of beasts, as he is represented in the agony of death, with a spear thrust through his body, but with one paw resting on the lilies of France, as if, even while dying, to protect the French ensigns. There is thus commemorated something that took place in Paris August 10, 1792 in the Gardens of the Tuileries on the banks of the Seine. From there on that date went forth for the last time King Louis the Sixteenth and his family. The historic Revolution had come, the sanguinary Communists were in power. Among the king's defenders were some Swiss soldiers, and because they were faithful to the monarch they had sworn to serve, because they bravely rallied for him and his domestic circle including the little Prince Royal, they were butchered almost to a man by the angry mob. In honor of these heroes of the Swiss Guard was carved that monumental lion after a model by Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor.

We include in our itinerary Milan, with its noted cathedral having 98 Gothic turrets and 2,000 marble statues. We recall a scene there centuries earlier. The Christians of the city were in excited assembly over the election of a new bishop, when a lawyer by the name of Ambrose went to the platform to quiet the tumultuous gathering, while at sight of him a child said innocently, "Ambrose is bishop." This under the circumstances seemed the voice of God, and the people at once took up the cry, "Let Ambrose be bishop." Though

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he protested, the final result was that he came into the bishopric, distinguished himself in the office, and was instrumental in the conversion of Augustine, who had come to the city a dissolute youth, but who became one of the great Church Fathers. The Milan cathedral with its forest of pinnacles may almost be considered a monument to the illustrious Ambrose of the fourth century.

We go on to Venice, and float in romantic gondolas along its canals, of which Ruskin says, "no foulness or tumult in these tremulous streets." We recall what consternation prevailed even in these silent and tranquil highways, when the Germans and Austrians in their great drive reached the Piave river in the near vicinity. Fortunately the barbarians were there halted, and later were driven back and decisively defeated, to the saving of Italy's treasures of art and of sculpture. We hasten to Florence, and visit its unequalled galleries. We drive to the neighboring heights of Fiesole, and have pointed out to us the section of country made famous by Milton's lines:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower."

We stop off at Pisa to see its Cathedral and particularly its Baptistry, which has a musical dome. Rightly directed ejaculations, that are little more than noises, swell away in the high spaces like the roll of an organ, and they are returned by the magic roof in remarkable echoes that are real melodies. But this is no more wonderful than the converting into heavenly symphonies of the harsh discords of earth under the bright overarching of Christian faith. By a spiral staircase we ascend the Leaning Tower here, and when on the

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side of the inclination we have a creeping sensation arising from an almost irresistible impression that the structure at last is actually falling, and is carrying us along in its downward pitch. The Campo Santo is worth visiting, but it does not equal that at Genoa, seen on a side trip, which includes not only this native city of Columbus, but also Nice with its numerous hotels, a mild Winter resort for all Europe, and likewise Monte Carlo, where nature is seen at the best and "only man is vile," with the notorious gambling establishment there amid the most beautiful scenes. In the Genoese cemetery the deceased of the well-to-do are not buried in the ground, but extensive corridors are built, and we pass along artistic aisles, and one above another and in full sight the departed are laid as if on a succession of shelves. In front of the sealed sarcophagi are sculptured figures of the most exquisite designs, though some of them are rather gruesome in their realism, and we have the impression of visiting a succession of galleries, where great sculptors have on exhibition their masterpieces. The hideousness of man's end is most skilfully and attractively concealed, though occasionally it is accentuated by tragic separations represented in marble even to stony tears falling from the eyes of a sorrowing mother or wife. There is more or less of this also at Pisa, and we can never forget that here in 1564 was born Galileo, who at the age of 18 began his scientific attainments by noticing in the cathedral the oscillations of a lamp which happened to be set a swinging, and from which, he calculated the laws of motion. In connection with experiments from the leaning tower he reached other conclusions at variance with prevailing beliefs. He advanced in learning. He constructed what then was little known, a telescope, which another had invented. He discovered the four satel-



The Pantheon



Castle of St. Angelo

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lites of Jupiter. From his astronomical observations he came to accept the Copernican system of the universe. He declared that the earth was not a stationary center, but that it moved. He was denounced for such heretical views, which he was forced to retract, though with the legendary reassertion in an undertone, "Nevertheless it *does* move."

We steadily make our way on to our point of culminating interest, the eternal city. "And so," as was said of Paul and his companions in the book of Acts, "and so we came to Rome." Here we are at the ancient seat of the Latin language, with which so many of us have wrestled only to be ignominiously defeated. We are amazed that it could have been spoken and written with such ease and facility by Julius Caesar and Cicero, by Livy and Tacitus, by Horace and Virgil. We remember the last-named's great classic, indeed, the *Æneid*. We cannot forget its opening sentence, which one professor thought would make a suitable motto for a class of college girls, namely, "*Arma virumque cano,*" *Arms and the man* I sing.

We now proceed along the well-known Appian Way, begun by Appius Claudius 312 B. C., but so thoroughly constructed that it still lasts. It was trodden by the Caesars as well as by the chief of the apostles. From it we enter the Catacombs, ramifying in every direction in labyrinthine, honeycomb fashion. In these subterranean galleries the early Christians were buried till about 410 A. D. In this maze of tombs it is estimated that there have been six to seven million interments. In excavated chambers here at times of fierce persecution the disciples secreted themselves or met for worship, seeking refuge, as the epistle to the Hebrews says, in "caves, and the holes of the earth." Here, beneath the ground, with light in hand we thread our way through

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passages usually three or four feet wide, and on either side are niches, shelves whereon the dead were laid. We could pursue the dismal journey for 350 miles at least, and for 900 miles, according to some authorities. The actual measuring of the nearly endless maze would be a task which no one would care to take upon himself, not even though like Theseus he were furnished by a lovely princess with a clue enabling him to make his way out of the winding and intricate passages. We are satisfied after traversing a few rods, and are glad to emerge into daylight again. If we must be amid the sepulchral, we prefer to see the ruins of the magnificent mausoleums that used to line the Appian Way for miles. We, however, tarry to look at only one of these, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is among the best preserved. To this Cicero makes reference, and Paul must have seen it when he entered the city.

It is a round tower seventy feet in diameter, and large enough to have served as a fortress in the thirteenth century. It commemorates a woman who died before the advent of Christ, and of whom Byron wrote:

“Thus much alone we know — Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman’s wife: behold his love, or pride.”

Hawthorne has very suggestively said: “All the care that Cecilia Metella’s husband could bestow, to secure endless peace for her beloved relics, only sufficed to make that handful of precious ashes the nucleus of battles long ages after her death.”

Along the same Appian Way, St. Peter is *said* to have fled at the rise of a severe persecution, until two miles out he is said to have met Christ going *into* Rome whence he was escaping. Astonished at the vision, he is represented as ask-



St. Peter's Exterior



St. Peter's Interior

ROUND ABOUT ROME

ing, "Domine, quo vadis?" Lord, whither goest thou? The answer was, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." The disciple considered this a reproof of himself for his flight, and the story is that he returned and suffered martyrdom, only asking to be crucified with his head downward, so as to suffer more intensely than his Lord on the cross of Calvary. Whether this anecdote be true to the original fact or not, it at any rate is related by Ambrose as early as in the fourth century. A small church or chapel has for centuries stood at the point where Peter is supposed to have asked, "Domine, quo vadis?" This as an inscription is still to be seen there, and it gave the title to the brilliant Polish author's work, "Quo vadis," that powerfully setting forth by Sienkiewicz of the contrast and conflict between paganism and early Christianity.

Within the city there is no end of objects of interest. In a building near the mother Church, St. John Lateran, is the Santa Scala or Holy Staircase. This consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which Christ is said to have ascended and descended in his trial before Pilate. Whether Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, brought it (as is averred) from Jerusalem or not, it certainly has been revered for a succession of centuries. Multitudes climb to its top on their knees, reverently kissing each plank-covered step as they go. There is believed to be great merit in such a humble and devout ascent. It was as Martin Luther was slowly and painfully creeping up this holy staircase, that there flashed across his mind the text, "The just shall live by faith." Thereupon he arose and *walked* down the steps, for there had dawned upon him the great truth of justification by faith. From that moment the Reformation was really launched. With such associations this staircase is of interest to Protestant and

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Catholic alike. A Rosary blessed by the Pope, purchased here by my wife, carried joy to the heart of a maid in our home.

In the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, we see Michelangelo's masterpiece of sculpture, his Moses. The majesty of the great lawgiver is felt by every one who gazes upon the massive figure. There is one curious thing about it: Moses is made to have horns, because of an incorrect rendering of an Old Testament passage whereby he was given those projectiles. The Hebrew verb to shine is very similar to the noun for horn, and hence when the Latin Vulgate translated the statement in Exodus that Moses' "face shone" on coming down from the mount, it represented him "to be horned," rays being mistaken for horns. The statue, therefore, has not beams of light streaming from the face, but horns rising from the head.

The same sculptor's David, which can be seen at Florence, by a familiar incident connected therewith suggests a needful lesson. A petty critic, who was bound to find some fault, thought that the nose was too large. Thereupon the sculptor gravely mounted a ladder and pretended to polish the offending member down to the proper size, as he dexterously let fall marble dust quietly taken from his pocket. Immediately there was the delighted exclamation, "Bravo, bravo, you have given it life." No change whatever had been made. Most of the criticism of to-day is just as fastidious and finical and unnecessary.

Continuing our walk in Rome, we come to the church of the Capuchins, under which are chambers of the dead with bones and skulls innumerable, all exposed to view. When a monk of the order there established died, it long was the custom to bury him there in holy earth brought from Jerusalem. He took the place of the longest-buried brother, who was

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removed, and whose skeleton in monkish robe was set against the wall in a leaning attitude till it fell apart. Then the skull and different bones were arranged with those of others in the shape of chandeliers, with various other devices ornamental and useful. Thigh bones and ribs and expressive skulls make a ghastly variety possible, and they make upon us a rather gruesome impression of human mortality.

We go next to the Pantheon, which contains the remains of King Victor Immanuel, and of Raphael, whose matchless Transfiguration adorns the Vatican gallery of paintings. We think a building one or two hundred years old very marvelous, but here is one that dates from 27 B. C., and still is in a good state of preservation. It is wonderfully lighted by a single aperture 28 feet in diameter in the dome. This is never closed, and the rains and snows that fall through it can pass off at their leisure from the pavement within. This structure once had statues of all the gods and goddesses, and hence the name, Pan-theon. The niches have long since been vacated by these pagan images, for the old religions have been displaced by Christianity. We recognize the significance of the characterization, "temple of all gods from Jove to Jesus."

It was this edifice which gave Michelangelo his idea for St. Peter's, as he said, "I will take the Pantheon, and suspend it in air." That is what St. Peter's is, with its dome lifted on high, and from a distance having the appearance of floating lightly in the atmosphere, like a mammoth bubble. It was to get the requisite funds for the completing of this grandest Christian temple on earth, said to have cost fifty to sixty million dollars, that led Pope Leo the Tenth to encourage the sale of indulgences whereby absolution from sin was secured for a financial consideration, and this scandal gave rise to the Reformation. When you are told that in the mere ball

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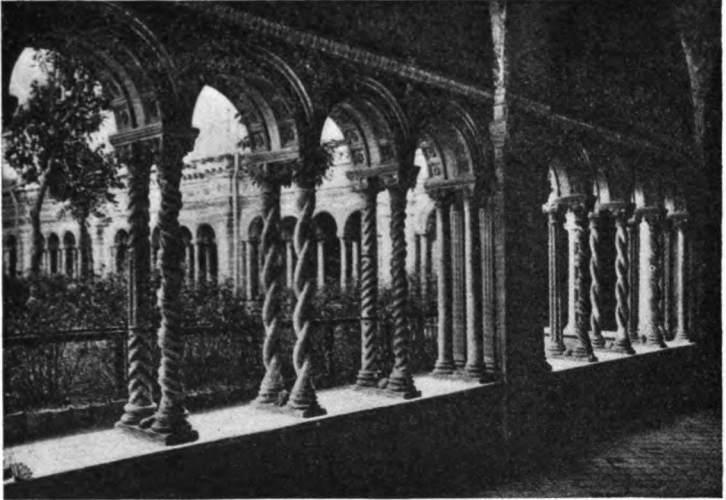
surmounting the great dome, and seeming so small from the ground, sixteen persons can stand, you begin to get some adequate sense of the size of the whole structure. You are not disposed to doubt that an Easter crowd of 80,000 can find standing room there.

The pile of buildings adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican where the Pope resides. This is on land where Nero, Tacitus expressly says, sewed Christians up in the skins of wild beasts and exposed them to the fury of dogs, and where he burned them alive as he made them serve for living torches to light his gardens here. He not only fiddled while Rome burned, remarking upon, says Suetonius, "the beautiful effects of the conflagration," but he equally enjoyed the scene when human beings were on fire, when, says, Juvenal, who as a small child may have been an eyewitness,

"At the stake they shine,
Who stand with throats transfixed and smoke and burn."

In the near vicinity is the Castle of St. Angelo, once the tomb of the emperor Hadrian. It is the irony of fate, that the cover of his porphyry sarcophagus is now a Christian baptismal font in the neighboring cathedral which we have just left. On or near the site of St. Angelo, Cincinnatus was plowing, like our own Putnam of Revolutionary fame, when he was called to be dictator of Rome.

We cross the Tiber, and recall Macaulay's spirited ballad of how Horatius kept the bridge and saved the city. Although this may have been nearly 300 years before our era, we yet can almost hear the hero calling for only two volunteers to stand by his side in the narrow defile, to hold the Etruscan hordes at bay, until the bridge could be cut down. Just before the crash of timbers came, we still can see the three, at the



St. Paul's Exterior



St. Paul's Interior

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warning call of their companions, make a dash to get back over the river. We can see Horatius alone caught on the wrong side, and then we behold him with armor on plunging into the torrent. Let the poet depict the rest:

- “Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place.
- “And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.
- “With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.”

Here also we remember an incident connected with a Scottish professor, who tried to inculcate in his college pupils the spirit not only of learning but also of athleticism, by telling them how every youth of the Roman nobility each day simply for the exercise stripped and swam across the Tiber to and fro three times. One particular student assumed at once the position of a higher critic by saying promptly that he did not believe any such buncombe. He was called severely to account for presuming to question an undoubted fact, and he was asked the reason for his incredulity. He declared that the falsity of the statement appeared on its face. Every proud Roman youth daily swam across the Tiber three times, did he? It could not possibly be true, for at the end of the alleged athletic feat, after the *three* crossings, the swimmer and his clothes would have been on opposite sides of the river.

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We hasten on, and we ascend the Pincian Hill, where anciently was located the villa of Lucullus, who used to dine Cicero and other classical celebrities there, in grounds attractive as the present Pincian Gardens overlooking the city and commanding such a fine view of Rome. Cicero and Pompey meeting one day this luxurious liver in the Forum, he was asked if he would grant them a favor, and the reply being in the affirmative, Cicero at once said, "Then we would like to dine with you to-day, just on the dinner that is prepared for yourself." The solicited host requested a day's delay, but his friends would not permit it, lest he should make some special preparation. They playfully refused to let him consult with his servants except in their hearing. He outwitted his guests by simply telling his servants in a matter-of-fact way to serve the meal in the Apollo room. As the different dining halls were graded in their scale of expenditure, and as the Apollo was the highest-priced, there was a munificent repast, costing indeed nearly ten thousand dollars, twice as much as the Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding breakfast as reported. And yet from all that could be discovered by those entertained, it was just the ordinary spread, though really it was the best that Lucullus could give. We think of this ancient epicure and of Cicero, as from the Pincian Hill where they feasted we take our extensive view of Rome, and feast also—on the scene.

We contrast the feast of Lucullus with a supper instituted by the Lord. We can see it pictured in one of the smaller churches of Milan, Leonardo da Vinci's great work of art, *The Last Supper*. This speaks for all that is simple and sacred. Connected with the remarkable painting is a well-known story. The celebrated artist, it is said, looked long and in vain for a model for his Christ. He at length

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found in a choir of a church in Rome, where we are walking, a youth of pure life and fine face. He sat as a model for the Christ of the Last Supper. Years passed, and eleven of the apostles had been sketched, and Da Vinci wanted for Judas a man of hardened features, marred by a life of gross wickedness. One day in the streets of the eternal city he came upon exactly such a wretched creature, just the one to serve as a model for Judas, and he was painted into the picture. At the last sitting he was asked who he was, and replied, "The same that sat for you long ago as a model for the Christ." Such repulsive disfigurement and such moral havoc does sin work in humanity, changing the very countenance.

We now repair to the Capitoline Hill, on whose slopes cackled the sacred geese and thereby saved Rome. The drowsy guards were roused by the noise in time to meet and defeat the approaching Gauls in their night attack. On such small contingencies depend great events. Peter was brought to repentance by the crowing of a cock. A forgotten strain of music, heard once more after the lapse of years, may awaken memories which revolutionize character. We ascend the Hill by a long formidable flight of 125 steps leading up to the church of Santa Maria in Ara Coeli. Within this Gibbon said he received his first inspiration for writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

On the top of this most famous of the seven hills we plant our feet on the Tarpeian Rock, which is associated with the maiden Tarpeia. She betrayed the citadel to the ancient Sabines for what they wore on their left arms, meaning their golden bracelets. In passing her they threw upon her their shields, which also they bore on their left arms, and which crushed her with their accumulated weight. The traitoress was thus divinely punished for her treachery and cupidity.

A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

Gold unduly coveted, money without honor and integrity, still crushes.

In a square on this same hill is an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, Roman emperor of the second century. So natural is the horse, that such an excellent judge as Michelangelo used to tell it playfully to walk, to "get up," as if it actually could step proudly off. An Aurelian column, commemorating the same emperor, stands in another part of the city, in the Piazza Colonna. On this a relief represents some divinity pouring out water in answer to prayer. This is thought by some to picture those Christian soldiers who in a time of extremity from great thirst prayed for rain, when immediately the thunder began to roll and the lightning to flash. Presently the precious drops commenced to fall, while those Christians ever after bore the name of the Thundering Legion. Such "sons of thunder," to use a New Testament expression, such Boanerges, such electrical personalities, must be any who would reach the maximum of efficiency.

Young folks begin their study of Latin with the familiar "Romulus et Remus," and the fabled wolf might be supposed to have "et" both Romulus and Remus, but she rather acted the nurse, according to the legend. The twins were said to have been thrown into the river, and that is probable enough in those times when child exposure was common, before Christianity had effected the coronation of childhood. They were cast up on dry land at the foot of the Palatine Hill, when a wolf came upon them and carried them to her den and suckled them, till they were found by a shepherd who rescued and adopted them. They subsequently rose to fame as the founders of Rome. The sceptical used to say that a woman by the name of Lupa, which means wolf, discovered the waifs on the river bank, and took them to her home. But people generally be-



Roman Forum



Arch of Titus

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lieved that a real wolf was for a while their tender nurse. There was, therefore, that bronze wolf, which was meant to symbolize the incident, and which dates at least from the beginning of the fifth century before our era, and which is claimed to be the identical work still to be seen on the Capitoline Hill in the Palace of the Conservatori, though the Romulus and Remus figures are acknowledged to be later reconstructions. The classic tale is still cherished, and hence visitors to the Capitol are permitted to look upon not only the bronze wolf but also upon a live wolf, which is sacredly kept there year after year. They likewise are reminded that Christianity has wrought a revolution of sentiment, making impossible the ancient practice of exposing to the elements and wild beasts little children who rather are nurtured for the kingdom of heaven.

Descending from the Capitoline Hill, at its base we come to the Mamertine prisons, a higher and a lower, excavated from the solid rock. Here Paul *may* have been incarcerated during his second imprisonment. Here Jugurtha *was* starved to death. Here the Cataline conspirators were strangled, while Cicero announced the fact by the single Latin word, *Vixerunt*—they *have* lived, that is, they have ceased to live, they are dead. In the bottom of the lower prison is a spring, which, some maintain, sprang up miraculously for the imprisoned Peter, that he might have the wherewithal to baptize his jailors who were converted. Unfortunately for this contention, Plutarch speaks of the spring at the time of the imprisonment of Jugurtha 104 B. C. When by the way this historic enemy to Rome was plunged into the dungeon, Plutarch says he exclaimed, "O Hercules, how cold your bath is." We appreciate the truth of this when with lighted taper, and with overcoats on, we descend into the vault-like place, almost

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equalling in its gloom the Catacombs. The darkness is so dense that it can be felt, and there is an unmistakable chill. We can understand why Paul in his second epistle to Timothy, the last letter he ever wrote, said so pathetically that only Luke was with him, and why he besought Timothy to come to him quickly, and why he asked him to come before winter, and not to forget to bring the apostle's cloak, which inadvertently had been left behind at Troas. It was like Tyndale, the English translator of the Bible, in his imprisonment begging for a warmer cap. From some such dungeon, if not from the Mamertine itself, Paul was finally led outside the city walls. He was conducted through the gate, called St. Paul's to-day, past the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, perpetuating the name of a man who died 30 B. C. He accordingly must have seen this, which still survives the ravages of time. Right by this pyramidal tomb, which is 114 feet high and still in an almost perfect state of preservation,—close by this identical pile, he was led, according to tradition, to his execution at a place where now rises a splendid basilica bearing his name and known as St. Paul's Without the Walls, and where a memorial church of some kind for the apostle has stood ever since the time of Constantine the Great. Most imposing is this cathedral, whose eighty polished columns, rising from a mirror-like floor and supporting the lofty roof, were the gifts of European Catholic rulers.

Returning into the city, we go on till we pass Trajan's Column, which speaks of a Roman Emperor who died 117 A. D. Before *that*, Pliny the Younger as governor of Bithynia in the vicinity of the Black Sea wrote him a letter regarding the Christians. He described them as meeting and singing a "hymn to Christ as God," and he complained that the con-

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tagion was spreading everywhere, and that the temples of the gods were being deserted. He wanted imperial instructions for checking the movement. So absolutely historical is Christianity, since at this early period the staying of its rapid progress was sought by the whole power of the government. Trajan would turn in his grave, and perhaps upset his column, if he knew that surmounting its height of 127 feet is at present a statue of St. Peter. Marcus Aurelius, too, another persecutor, would be dismayed, if he should learn that his stately column of 123 feet was made still higher by a statue of St. Paul.

Coming to the Roman Forum, we have the very pavements trodden by the Caesars, excavations having removed refuse to the depth of 25 feet. Here Mark Antony made his stirring oration over the dead body of Julius Caesar, whose 23 gaping wounds were so many "ruby lips" to enforce what the living speaker said. We cannot take time even to enumerate the remnants of ancient temples clustering round this spot, though they are more important than the small circular temple of Vesta near the Tiber. They are of more importance, though there may remain of them only broken arches, or a few columns standing here and there in solitary grandeur.

Rising from the Forum is the Palatine Hill, around whose base the plow of Romulus was run to determine the limits of the new city. His twin brother Remus, who defiantly leaped over the wall that rose in the furrow, was ruthlessly slain with fratricidal hand. On the Palatine also are the vast and impressive ruins of the palaces of the Caesars. We stand in an audience room, where Paul *may* have appeared before Nero as a result of his address of defense before Festus, closing with the dramatic, "I appeal unto Caesar." In these palatial

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buildings, men not only lived in luxury, but they gorged themselves until guests would retire from the hall of feasting to tickle their throats with feathers or to take an emetic, so as to relieve the stomach in order to the enjoyment of a second repast. Cicero in referring to a visit which Julius Caesar once made him at his country villa, says that his distinguished guest did precisely that thing, took an emetic after dinner that there might be another indulgence of the appetite. This is a striking example of the grossness, which Christianity was destined to make only a Roman memory.

Passing under triumphal arches, like that of Constantine 312 A. D., and of Septimius Severus 203 A. D., we especially note that of Titus, erected to celebrate this proud Roman's conquest of Jerusalem and his entire destruction of the holy city in the year 70, in accordance with what Christ had prophesied when forty years before he had declared that it should not be left one stone upon another. On the arch can yet be seen the conqueror's triumphal car, and also in relief the Jewish golden candlestick of seven branches, which had been for hundreds of years a sacred relic in the temple on Mt. Moriah, but which never returned thither. After having been a Roman treasure for several centuries, it was at last lost in the anarchy and confusion arising from the Gothic invasions. Nothing remains of it but the cut of it in stone on the Arch of Titus, and its reproduction in so many Bibles and Sunday-school helps. A silent but impressive witness is that to the clear foresight of the Lord in his forecast of Jerusalem's utter overthrow and altogether miserable future.

We go again to see the ruins of the stupendous Baths of Caracalla, bearing the name of this emperor, but having been begun by his father, the imperial Severus, 206 A. D. With the surrounding grounds they covered space nearly a mile



The Colosseum



The Last Prayer in Colosseum

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square. They accommodated 1,600 bathers at the same time, and they contained gymnasiums, art galleries, and all that would contribute to the sensuous and intellectual pleasures of the idle and voluptuous, who believed in eating and drinking and making merry, and who loved whatever appeals to the tastes of a decadent rather than of a high civilization. The type of luxury prevailing is indicated by that of Nero's celebrated Golden House, of which the story reads like a fairy tale. It was palatial, it was immense, embracing fields, forests and even a miniature lake. It had colonnades a mile long. It had in its vestibule a colossal statue of the emperor 120 feet high. It had halls overlaid with gold, and walls adorned with pearls, and baths of variegated marble making the water to appear all the colors of the rainbow. It had dining-rooms with ingenious machinery to scatter flowers and perfumes upon the guests. It had a spacious dome representing the sky, with the stars varying their positions according to the facts of nature. The old Romans verily knew what it was to live while they lived, "Dum vivimus, vivamus," as the Baths of Caracalla testify.

We close with a glimpse of the Colosseum, which would hold 87,000 people. This was built by thousands of captive Jews dragged from razed Jerusalem. Gladiators appeared here, and looking up at the emperor said, "We who are about to die salute you." The familiar Latin was, "Morituri te salutamus," and that furnished the title of a poem written for the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825 in Bowdoin College by its most distinguished graduate, Henry W. Longfellow:

" 'O Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!' was the gladiator's cry

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In the arena, standing face to face

With death and with the Roman populace.”

Then they fought for the diversion of the thronging spectators, they were “butchered to make a Roman holiday.” We recall that marvelous piece of sculpture, which has come down to us from antiquity, The Dying Gladiator, to be seen on the Capitoline Hill, and we repeat with Childe Harold:

“I see before me the gladiator lie:

He leans upon his hand, his manly brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,

And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now

The arena swims around — he is gone.”

The Latin poet Ovid even tells us that between the scenes at such brutal exhibitions young couples would make love. They would whisper softly to each other, and then would join in a wager as to which combatant would be slain first, supposedly gentle girls actually betting on the final result of the most ghastly contests. Sometimes the interior of this vast amphitheater would be flooded for a sea fight, not a mimic naval battle but a real and sanguinary one. Here the Christians were thrown to the lions, and we can see the door from which they sprang with a terrific roar for their human prey. Here during the reign of Trajan, about 115 A. D., lions devoured that good bishop of the early Church, St. Ignatius, some of whose epistles are still extant. Tradition makes him to have been the child “set in the midst” by Christ, and taken up in his arms. He doubtless was received from the Colosseum into the everlasting arms, as his crown of martyrdom was suc-

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ceeded by the promised crown of glory. Or a maiden in white, a timid girl, would be the victim. As she kneeled a moment in prayer, there would be a whirl of dust, a scene of blood, a crunching of bones, and another immortal spirit would be released for heaven.

We recall all this, as we stand “ ’midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.” We think how great has been the triumph of Christianity. What astounding and beneficent changes it has wrought! Contrasting the splendor of the rise and progress of the kingdom of the truth with the departed greatness of pagan Rome, we realize how correct is the characterization of the latter in the Byronic lines :

“The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.”

CHAPTER II

ROUND ABOUT ATHENS

ART, LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

WE leave Rome for Athens, but on the way there we stop at Naples. In this vicinity, on the hillside of Posilipo once nestled the homes of Cicero and Virgil, and there the latter was buried. At this place the Latin poet wrote those classics indeed, the "Georgics" and the "Æneid." On his tomb is an inscription of his own writing, the last line being, "And now on Naples' sunny slope I rest." Beyond Posilipo is Pozzuoli, the Puteoli at which Paul landed on his way to Rome. We are in the Bay of Naples, to see which is said to make one willing to die. Similarly the aged Simeon said, when his eyes had been feasted on the Babe of Bethlehem, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Here is the lovely island of Ischia, of enchanting beauty. On it in 1883 were some 20,000 inhabitants and tourists, when on a calm evening came unexpectedly an earthquake shock, which brought death to not a few, and desolation to the landscape. On the other side of the Bay is the island of Capri, where the Roman Emperor, Augustus, used to spend part of his time, and where a successor, Tiberius, practiced his cruelties and debaucheries. Into the base of the island opens the Blue Grotto. Lying flat in our rowboat, we shoot through the opening, which is only three feet high, and which at full tide is closed by the inrushing

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water. Once within the considerable cavern, which is 175 feet long, 100 broad, and 41 high, with water 48 feet deep, there is a singular stillness, and there are exquisite colors, and there is a vaulted roof carved with the skill of Nature herself, the only artist employed.

We ought not to omit the wonderful ride from Sorrento to Amalfi, rolling along roads cut in the steep slopes of the mountain with shimmering sea far below. On returning, we enter the streets of the city of Naples, commanding such a fine view of the water. In its narrow passage-ways are goats, which are driven from door to door and even up flights of steps, to be milked in the presence of the customer, who stands and waits for his vessel to be filled, and who intends to prevent cheating by any watering of the lacteal fluid.

The dominating feature in all this region is Vesuvius, which in the first century was clothed to the top with verdure and vineyards. Its sunken but quiescent cone had been the rendezvous of Spartacus and his slaves, who for a while defied the Roman legions. It was he from whom were named the Spartacans or Spartacides, the party of the Reds or Radicals in German political life at present. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., this ending the Servile War in which he at one time led 100,000 fellow-slaves, who had risen in revolt at his bidding. The Rev. Elijah Kellogg has immortalized him in our day by putting in his mouth speeches which many an American schoolboy has loved to declaim. He addressed the gladiators gathered in a Roman amphitheater for their grim business of mutual slaughter. He urged them the rather under his leadership to fight their Roman masters. The pulse quickens yet at what he was represented to have said: "Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad

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empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm." Then came the ringing challenge, "If ye are *men*, follow me. Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work." Of one notable occasion he afterward declared, "Down from *old Vesuvius* we poured, and slew three thousand." That was a *human overflow* from a *green crater*.

In the eruption of 1892, one of its lava streams of *liquid fire* was 3,000 feet wide and 20 deep. There can be an ascent to its summit when there is not too great activity. We can stand on the edge and look down into the cauldron, which is half a mile wide and hundreds of feet deep. Sulphurous clouds well up from the bottom, and at intervals there are explosions accompanied with sheets of flame, while red-hot stones are shot into the air. Goethe very suggestively called the whole smoking furnace a peak of hell rising out of Paradise.

In the first century there had been no sign of activity in the memory of man, but in 79 A. D. came the sudden eruption which overflowed Herculaneum with lava, and which buried Pompeii in ashes. The very site of the latter came to be forgotten, but in 1748 began excavations, which ever since have been continued more or less intermittently. What has been revealed? Streets and houses, which we must not fail to visit. At the entrance to one dwelling is a ferocious dog worked into the stone sill, with the inscription, "Cave Canem," Beware of the Dog. A bakery was uncovered with carbonized loaves of bread that had not needed the additional heat coming from the fires kindled in the earth's interior. The temple of Isis had a number of skeletons, perhaps of priests who had too much confidence in their gods, possibly of the more devout of the laity who had fled to the sanctuary for the divine protection. In the cellar of Diomed's house

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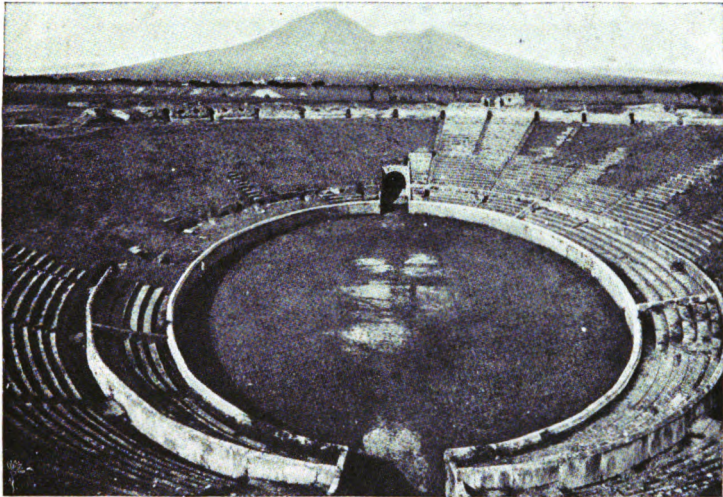
were discovered still other human remains, and in the garden were bones which may have been those of the proprietor, with a key near by and with scattered coins that may have been his. The House of the Faun, from which the Dancing Faun in the Naples Museum came, also held in an outside cavity the skeleton of a dove, which amid the tempest and the blackness, amid the thunder and the lightning and the deafening noise, had pathetically staid upon her nest apparently, that her eggs might be hatched by a proper brooding. There are gruesome reminders of how men died. The ashes around them by moisture and dampness consolidated, and formed perfect moulds, which remained after the bodies had turned to dust. Into these liquid plaster was poured, and thus in the Naples Museum are preserved casts of human forms in the various contortions of the last agony. With tragic exactness we see the hand thrown up and other evidences of the fearful struggle, all portrayed, so to speak, in stone.

An advertisement has been unearthed, making the announcement, "Thirty pairs of gladiators will contend tomorrow at sunrise in the amphitheater." In this very building, capable of holding 20,000, and whose ruins we can view, Dion Cassius says that the people had gathered for an entertainment, when on a clear day Vesuvius unexpectedly poured forth a black cloud, which was premonitory of the fiery storm that soon involved all in destruction. The animals suddenly refused to fight, and they roared and cowered in their dens, sensing the awful situation before members of the human species, before the crowds of spectators did. Two thousand of the twenty thousand inhabiting the city are supposed to have been killed. Pliny the Elder, who was in the harbor with his fleet, was among the number. He was

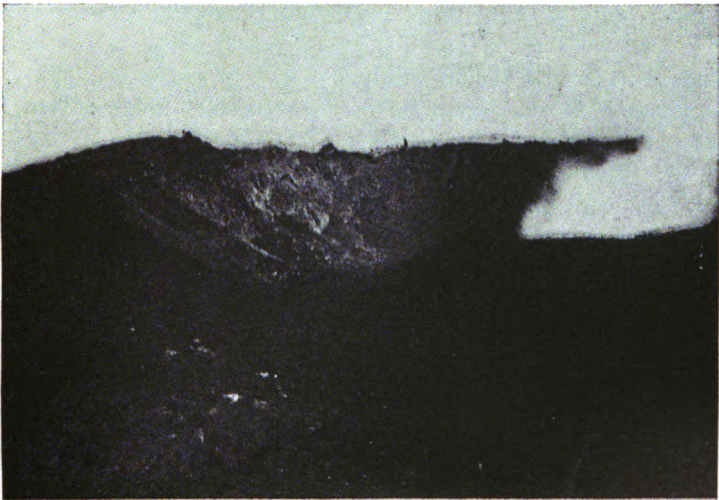
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suffocated by the choking gases. Corpulent and asthmatic, he the more easily collapsed. He was a great naturalist and distinguished author. Drusilla, who sat by Felix whom Paul's preaching at Caesarea made to tremble, likewise lost her life in the historic eruption, together with a son whom she had borne to her paramour. She here found her preliminary "judgment to come," of which she had heard the apostle speak with a solemn emphasis.

At this point we can appropriately recall a little of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." Though this is a novel, the author says that his "description of that awful event is very little assisted by invention." His indeed is a romance in which truth is stranger than fiction. The principal characters were Glaucus, Ione his chosen bride, and a slave, Nydia, the blind flower girl, who secretly loved her master, and who, by her very infirmity which had accustomed her to Stygian blackness, was all the better enabled to thread her way through narrow and crooked and preternaturally darkened streets. What was the culminating experience of these three? From pages which have been often read we cull snatches of the lively portrayal. "In proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare." "You heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea," and "the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountains." "The ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore, — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon the groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rock fell." The bewildered fugitives struggled along in the darkness, "the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet." From heaps of ashes here and



Last Days of Pompeii



Crater of Mt. Vesuvius

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there “emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women’s terror.” From time to time there was “the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion.” “Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone, — a pile of fire.” “Another, and another, and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets.” “Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained the sea.” “As they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves. Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet.” The next morning “they looked at each other and smiled; they took heart; and felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them!”

Nydia, after having accomplished her purpose of saving them, suicidally disappeared in the waters, and *they* ultimately reached Athens, where the past remained only as a horrid dream, and the future was full of wedded happiness. To this same Athenian city, where they found peace and rest and felicity, we must now hasten on. We pass through the Straits of Messina, where at the close of 1908 a quarter of a million of people are said to have perished from a convulsive throe of nature, and where the ancients pictured the dangers in the fable of Scylla and Charybdis. The latter was on the Sicilian coast, water spouting out from beneath a rock only to be sucked in again, creating whirlpool conditions. The former was on the Italian shore, where a monster dwelt in a rocky cave, and reached out her six dreadful necks to

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seize passing mariners. She snatched away six persons from the boat of Ulysses. In all this we have represented the hazards of navigation from rocks and eddies. After the lapse of many centuries, we speak of our Scylla and Charybdis, when we have in mind perils between which we can pass with safety, only by the exercise of wise caution and painstaking care.

In due time we arrive at Athens, to which, as well as to Rome, Christianity was vastly indebted in the beginning. The one gave it a world-wide opportunity in a civil rule co-extensive with ancient civilization, and the other gave it a universal language in a tongue that was understood throughout the Roman Empire. While people in Italy talked Latin, and in Palestine Aramaic, and elsewhere something still different, Greek was the medium of communication between all, as French has been in our day over the Continent. It was as if the whole civilized world now should have a common language. That was an immense advantage, which the gospel in the first century had for its propagation. So far as the linguistic situation was concerned, Christ came, as we would say, in the nick of time, or, as Paul said, in the fulness of time.

One of my early recollections is that of a college orator, in an eloquent effort, very properly giving attention, as Edgar Allan Poe has said,

“To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.”

The comment of a countryman, who did not appreciate the deep significance of these two, was that the speaker “Romed (roamed) Greece all over, and Greeced (greased) Rome all over.” Practically that is what we are doing, as from the

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city on the Tiber we now go to Athens. To see all its splendor, we would have to visit not only its National and Acropolis Museums, but the British Museum with its Elgin collection including a large part of the sculptured frieze of the Parthenon, and we would have to travel through Europe, most of whose Museums have been enriched from this same source. But we must confine ourselves to the Athenian city, whose inhabitants, according to Luke, spent their time in discussing every "new thing." This, however, must have been more than idle gossip with the cultivated Athenians, who lived amid creations of artistic beauty, and in a literary atmosphere such that the apostle even in preaching had to quote Greek poetry. The new thing talked about there would be the last poem written, the last piece of marble chiselled. A recent volume, "From Pericles to Philip," by T. R. Glover, lecturer in Cambridge University, England contains this significant statement; "With the sole exception of Homer, every Greek writer of the highest rank was living sooner or later at some stage of his career in Athens in the fifth century." Not only in literature during this shining age was there this preëminence, but also in art, in architecture, and in almost every other field of intellectual accomplishment. When we wish to pronounce the highest encomium upon Boston, we characterize her as the Athens of America. In that single sentence we tell the story of her historical, literary, musical, and educational distinction. We have therefore come to a spot whose achievements have been greater than those of any other place on the face of the globe, and especially during the two centuries from about 300 to 500 B. C. Within this period mostly we are to range, giving ourselves not to every new thing but to every "old thing," or to express it more elegantly, to antiquities. None

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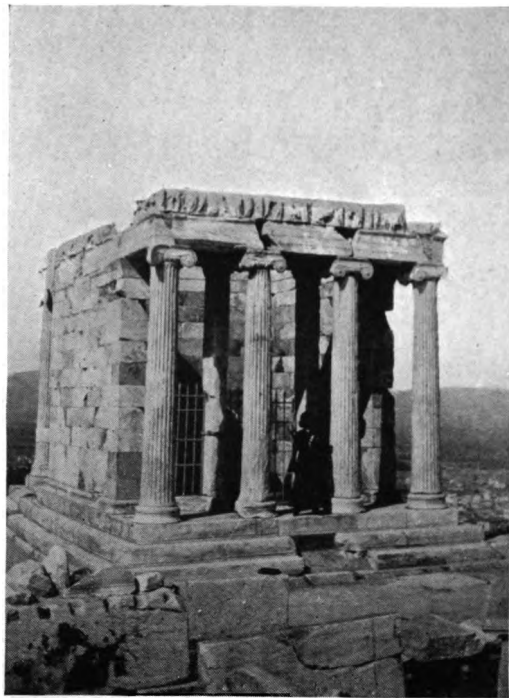
of us like old furniture, but we delight in the antique, which is the same thing.

We go first to see the Olympieum, a glorious temple to Zeus, begun by Pisistratus in the sixth century before the Christian era, and continued by Antiochus Epiphanes soon after 175 B. C., and completed in the second century after Christ by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. Of the more than 100 columns originally, only 16 remain, stately and graceful, though one of these lies prostrate like a fallen giant. This beautiful ruin, has been made familiar by modern art. The same emperor, who dedicated this spacious structure 130 A. D., has also left, as a last memorial bearing his name, the Arch of Hadrian, an elaborate gateway with its Greek inscriptions still intact. It is an imposing arch, with a second story containing three window-like openings. There it has been standing for eighteen centuries, and it is to-day the admiration of every tourist.

Close by the Olympieum is the classic river of Athens, the Ilissus. When former President Felton of Harvard went to see it, of which he had so often read in his Greek, the story is that on reaching its bank he stooped down and drank up the whole stream. It is small, often having a dry bed, and only in the rainy season swelling sometimes to a torrent, but though insignificant as to volume it is mightier than our boasted Mississippi or even the gigantic Amazon because of a wealth of associations. It was along this that Socrates and Phaedrus strolled, seeking a quiet retreat where they could engage in philosophic discussions. In their walk they came, as we learn from Plato, to what is thus described by Socrates: "A fair and shady resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents. There is the lofty and spreading plane-tree, and the agnus-castus high and clustering, in the fullest



The Olympieum



Temple of Nike

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blossom and the greatest fragrance; and the stream which flows beneath the plane-tree is deliciously cold to the feet. . . . Moreover, there is a sweet breeze, and the grasshoppers chirrup; and the greatest charm of all is the grass gently sloping to the head." How vividly by this quotation, and how pleasantly, the ancient scene is made to live again. We can almost see these two of the long ago lounging there, and talking on the bank of the famed Ilissus.

Swinging next clear round to the other side of the Acropolis, and at a farther distance, we see the Theseum. It is perfectly preserved, though dating at least from 421 B. C., when we have a record of its being then in actual use. Scholars at present are inclined to think it was built in honor of the god Hephaestus or Vulcan, who with his hammer is said to have given the head of Zeus or Jupiter the vigorous blow which liberated Athena or Minerva, the patron goddess of Athens, she having sprung full-armed from the cloven skull. For centuries, however, this temple has borne the name not of Hephaestus but of Theseus, an early ruler and mythical hero of the city, who perhaps is to be assigned to 1,200 or more years before Christ. He was to the Greeks what Hercules was to the Romans. He performed similar wonders, which are sculptured on this temple. Even in youth he showed what he was to be, according to a story which represents him coming from the country into the city with his yoke of oxen, with his hair hanging in a braid down his back, and with his tunic reaching to his ancles. He was standing and gazing up at some workmen putting a roof on a temple. They began to make fun of him, talking to one another about the girl down below of marriageable age. He pretended not to hear them, but he proceeded quietly to unyoke his oxen, and then he hurled both of the beasts over

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the top of the temple and over the heads of the laborers, who had nothing more to say about his being a girl. Indeed he afterward showed a decidedly masculine strength. He was the hero who overcame the Amazons, those female furies of antiquity, and even King George of England could not put down the Amazonian suffragettes of his kingdom. Probably the best known achievement of this ancient Grecian was his slaying of the fabled Minotaur, that monster half man and half bull, which roved in an intricate labyrinth on Crete, and which required through the king of the island an annual tribute of Athenian youths to devour. Theseus boldly entered its lair, and slew it, and escaped from the maze by the clew of thread given him by the daughter of the Cretan ruler, she having fallen in love with the hero. We need such heroes yet to destroy the monster liquor traffic, which with its jaws of death and its mouth of hell takes a yearly tribute of young men and maidens. May we all catch the spirit of Theseus, as we view the Theseum.

Returning to the central part of the city, we climb the hill known as the Pnyx. This was an irregular semi-circular area constituting a sort of natural auditorium, artificially enlarged by a supporting wall. Here the Athenians used to meet in public assembly to be addressed by eminent men. Here gathered what the Greeks called the ecclesia, which is our word for church, and which gives us our term ecclesiastical. Here, therefore, was born the Church in its secular aspect, in its type of organization, being dominated later by the religious. Here was formed the body, which the spirit afterward came to occupy. On one side of this level space is the Bema hewn out of projecting rock, with seats of honor cut in stone behind. This was the platform from which orators swayed the crowds there gathered.

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There Pericles, who was a statesman and builder, who has rightly given his name to the golden age of Greece, spoke with an eloquence so elevated that he was called the Olympian. There Demosthenes, the greatest orator that the world has produced, thundered out his denunciations against Philip of Macedon, and ever since vehement and scorching arraignments have been designated as philippics. On the Pnyx, with the Bema as the center of power, history was made. And what historians as well as orators Athens had. There is Herodotus, the father of historians. There is the limpid Xenophon, whose immortal Anabasis not only helped us to learn Greek, but also thrilled us by its picturesque narrative of the retreat of the ten thousand 401 B. C., from the vain attempt at a Persian conquest. We can almost hear yet the Greeks cheering, when they first saw in the distance the glimmering waters of the Euxine, at the sight of which they cried jubilantly, "Thalatta, Thalatta," the sea, the sea. That spoke of a speedy end of their toilsome march. The successful retreat of the ten thousand from the plains of Babylon was to be accomplished, to be the wonder of every century since.

The World War revealed to us another Anabasis or military expedition, whose glory will be sung in the future. One of the strangest developments was a movement originating among the Czechs of Bohemia, where John Huss headed a Reformation like that of Luther subsequently, and of Moravia, and of adjoining territory occupied by the Slovaks, kindred in race. These liberty-loving people once enjoyed independence, but for long centuries (since 1620) they have been in subjection to Austria. When they were required to march against other Slavs especially, they sometimes mutinied, only to be slaughtered by what were called the loyal legions.

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But as opportunity offered, time and again they went over to the Serbian and Italian fronts, and not a few made their way to France. Whole units of them surrendered to the Russians, and when the latter by German-bought Bolsheviki were led to make a dishonorable peace with their age-long oppressors, they canvassed the matter of how they might still fight for the Allies. They and those of their brothers who had been taken prisoners, perhaps 70,000 in all, decided to cross Russia, and after a journey of six thousand miles to take ship at Vladivostok for the French front, and never was there anything more romantic. At that Russian port the vanguard of them could have cried with the Greeks, "The sea! The sea!", only in this case it was the Pacific and not the Euxine. Then they received new light. They were in considerable groups at points all along the Siberian railroad, and their ranks were gradually swollen by Russian recruits to a total of 300,000 or thereabouts, and everywhere they found themselves in conflict with the Bolsheviki and with former German and Austrian prisoners who acted together. Why was not their mission precisely where they were? They finally concluded that it was, and thereupon they began to work against the further demoralization of Russia, which in the earlier part of the War under the Grand Duke Nicholas did noble service for the Allied cause both in the gaining of some striking victories and in preventing heavy concentrations elsewhere that might have enabled the enemy at that stage of the struggle to break through not only the Western but also the Italian front. Russia's invasion of Eastern Prussia forced the Germans a few days before the first battle of the Marne to rush eastward 250,000 troops, enough perhaps to have been the saving of Paris. Later in the same year when the Prussians were threatening to pierce the thin British line

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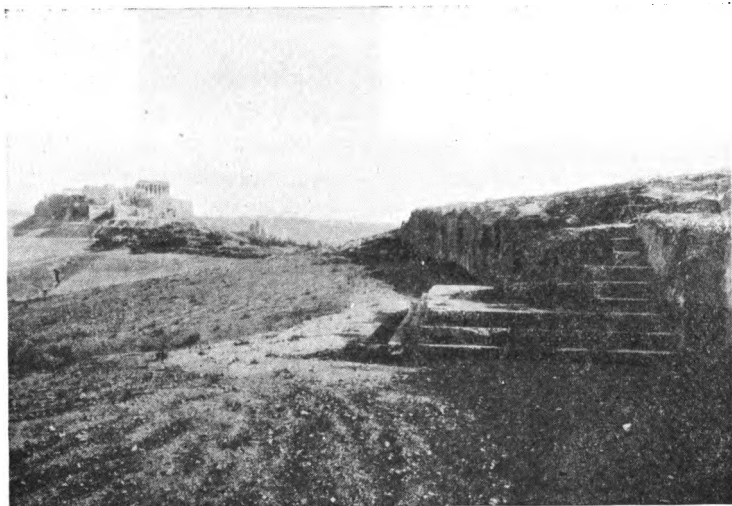
in a push for Calais on the North Sea, Russia again launched her army with such force against the eastern front, that 500,000 Germans had to be transferred thither, and this caused the coast drive on the hard-pressed English to be a failure. General Brusiloff's offensive in the summer of 1916, which resulted in the taking of 500,000 Austrian prisoners, relieved the Austrian pressure on Italy. Germany had to send a million and a half to finish up Russia, which therefore again indirectly brought saving relief to the Anglo-French soldiers in those days of an uncompleted preparation. Nearly two million Russians, who fought to the extent of actually laying down their lives for the good cause, should not be forgotten. So that to help loyal Russia was a becoming act of gratitude on the part of the Czecho-Slovaks. They were so well organized and so wisely led, that they challenged the admiration of the Allied countries, which one after another recognized them as a new nation, and sent them material assistance, and gave them heartiest coöperation. While in exile they were not Edward Everett Hale's a *man*, they were a *nation*, "without a country," but they were assured of being restored to the lands from which they came, there to be an independent Czecho-Slovakia, though this meant the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, which rightly was at last cast down to the dust. To the final defeat of the Dual Empire not a little was contributed by those, the tale of whose heroic exploits is so entrancing, and the conclusion of whose modern Anabasis is equally interesting. When they had finished their task in Russia, England and America in 1920 provided the shipping for their repatriation, to the number of 70,000, most of whom were transported by the way of the Indian Ocean and the Suez Canal, though some of them were taken through the Panama Canal. Reaching their

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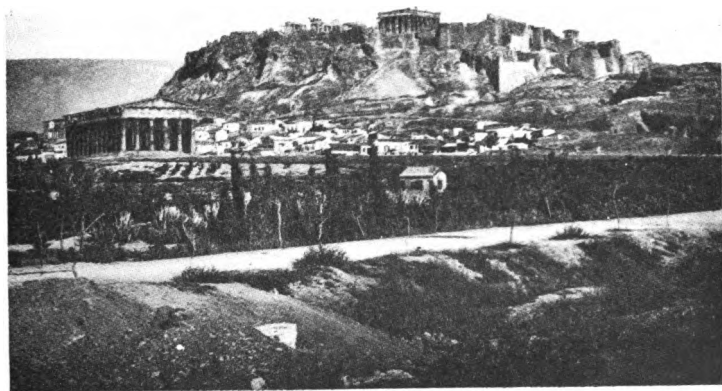
desired havens, in a measure they carried out their first idea, as at last they completed the circuit of the globe, and thus rounded out their romantic story; which surely has been stranger than fiction, and which no less than the narrative of the return of the ten thousand Greeks deserves recital here in Athens on the proud eminence of the Pnyx, whose memories are undying. Almost as worthy of mention here was the bringing to the battle front of colonial troops from every part of the globe, and not to be unsung were the three hundred thousand Chinese laborers who voluntarily were carried across the Pacific and through Canada and over the Atlantic to do humble but much needed service to the rear of the embattled soldiers in France. These all must have cried, "The sea! The sea!," as in their migration for warfare they caught sight of one or more of the "seven seas."

Now that we are on the height both of prospect and of retrospect, we recall not only orators and historians and various Anabases, but also those who have been old acquaintances of ours since childhood. Through streets below, Diogenes went peering with a lantern at noonday, searching for *men*. He set us a good example in being one of the first to live the simple life, as he occupied his tub. He discarded all superfluities, breaking the small cup he carried on seeing a boy drink from the hollow of the hand, and contentedly adopting that method of quenching his thirst thereafter. The only favor he had to ask of Alexander the Great was that his imperial majesty would not stand between him and the sun, whereupon the illustrious Macedonian, much impressed is said to have remarked, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." He was called a cynic, but more of his spirit might be a gain for our rushing modern life.

He was not so cynical as another old acquaintance, a



The Pnyx Hill



The Acropolis

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contemporary of Plato, namely Timon of Athens, whom Shakespeare in one of his minor plays has helped to immortalize. He was the father of misanthropes. When he and another man-hater one day were dining together, the latter said, "What a pleasant feast is this, and what a merry company are we, being no more than thou and I." To this the former snapped up, "Nay, it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself." He had some reason for his hatred of mankind, for when he had been a most prodigal giver to others, he was fawned upon in his prosperity. But when he himself unexpectedly came to need and asked loans from those whom he had lavishly assisted, they all with one consent began to make excuse. Then he invited them all to a feast, and so apparently he was not so destitute after all, and without an exception they came with apologies. One said, "If you had sent but two hours before," and the rest were equally profuse in giving explanations. He cut them all short, and intimated that it was all right, and bade them approach the table. They had the keenest anticipations, one remarking in an undertone, "*All covered dishes,*" and another responding, "Royal cheer, I warrant you," while a third put in, "Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it." Timon said grace in a rather unusual fashion, "In *nothing* bless them, and *to nothing* are they welcome," whereupon the dishes, on being uncovered, revealed nothing but hot water, which he proceeded to dash into their faces, and as they retired in confusion he pelted them with stones, and shouted after them,

"Henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity."

He even had inscribed over his tomb these lines,

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“Here lie I, Timon, whom alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy
gait.”

He is an illustration of what *we* should *not* be. We are to be lovers and not haters of men.

From our view-point on the Pnyx hill having seen some of the more noted characters of the city, we descend, and approach the Acropolis itself. We go around to the north side of it, and we see the Tower of the Winds, an octagonal building that has come down to us from the middle of the century immediately preceding our era. It once contained a water-clock, a timepiece that in some way unknown to us was literally run by water. This Horologium, as it was called, marked the passing hours of the day, that the Athenians might know when to go home, not often, it is to be hoped, to some tartar-like Xanthippe whom Socrates had to face, but more frequently to some Aspasia, who though not up to the moral standard of to-day seems to have been sweet and gracious and cultivated, filling the domestic life of Pericles with happiness. The Horologium likewise had in relief the various gods representing the different points of the compass, the North Wind or Boreas, for instance, being a bearded old man blowing a horn and looking very cross. Naturally when he bore off to be his wife a daughter of an early king, while she was gathering flowers on the banks of the Ilissus, having been smitten with her charms, it was regarded as a calamity. The fable probably means that the maiden was blown by a northern gust into the stream swollen with rains, and that she was drowned.

Near the western and only entrance to the Acropolis is a massive ruin, the Odeum, built by a wealthy Roman,

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Herodes Atticus, in memory of his wife Regilla, who died about 161 A. D. It was a magnificent Music Hall or Theater with roof of cedar and with seats of white marble. It would accomodate 6,000, who would sit entranced by the sweet strains which were heard there, and which were meant to soothe the sorrows of the stricken. It was a fitting monument for a much beloved wife. There have been some devoted husbands, doubtless because there have been ideal wives. To this witnesses the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which has stood on the Appian Way in Rome for two thousand years. To this also has testified nearly as long the memorial hall at Athens for the hearing of the finest music. A comparatively modern example of similar appreciation is the Taj Mahal erected in the seventeenth centruy by an emperor of India to his favorite queen, a most splendid mausoleum, probably the most delicately beautiful building at present on the earth. It is pleasing to recall in this connection that there has been one *husband*, for whom there has been erected a magnificent memorial. This was over across the Ægean Sea from Greece, at Halicarnassus in Asia, where Mausolus and his wife Artemisia lived so happily together, that when he was taken from her 353 B. C., she showed how thoroughly they were absorbed in each other not only by drinking a precious liquid containing his ashes, hallowed dust that was usually preserved in a classic urn, but also by building for him a tomb so splendid that it constituted one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It caused his name to be given ever since to anything particularly pretentious along the same line, as we continue to speak of a Mausoleum, from Mausolus of the long ago. It has been reproduced at our national capital in the Scottish Rite temple.

We ascend the Acropolis by the Propylaea, a superb gate-

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way crowning a majestic stairway 70 feet wide. This was begun 437 B. C., and cost nearly two and a half million dollars. If the bronze doors of the Baptistry in Florence, so exquisitely wrought, were worthy, as Michelangelo thought, to be the gates of Paradise, much more worthy of serving such a high purpose would have been the Propylaea. It was most elaborate, as the still standing pillars indicate. All around it had masterpieces in bronze and marble, and equestrian statues, and there was even a picture gallery full of paintings, to see which, people travelled from afar. Amid such works of art was reached the top of the Acropolis, where for the possession of Attica occurred the memorable contest between Athena and Poseidon or Neptune. The prize was to go to the one making the best gift for mortals. The god with considerable flourish smote the rock with his trident, and a salt spring gushed out, and there sprang forth a horse. The goddess quietly produced an olive tree, which has proved to be of such great utility for humanity. In the opinion of the judges she won, and the city henceforth bore her name, Athena, Athens. To commemorate the event, a little olive tree to this day is kept growing there.

Turning sharply to the right, on the very edge of the precipice is the lovely temple of Nike, or Wingless Victory, without wings that victory might never fly away. This reminds us of a parrot at the unique Mission Inn in Riverside, California. It had to have its pinions clipped to keep it on the grounds there,—a bird, which with its friendly croak so many guests remember, and which with its coat of flaming scarlet has very properly been wrought into a stained-glass window that was a memorial to its dead mistress in the hotel where her life was spent. Like the macaw with its wings abbreviated to confine it where it was wanted, the goddess



The Theseum



The Erectheum

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of Victory was made wingless for a similar reason, but that did not prevent her shrine from taking its flight temporarily. The ruthless Turks tore down the structure, and built it piecemeal into fortifications. In 1835, however, it was largely recovered, and stone by stone it was reconstructed on the same site, a perfect gem, from which was modeled a Yale Society building of white marble.

It was near this point where the aged Ægeus stood and watched the sea, distinctly visible here, for the return of his son Theseus, who had gone on his expedition for the destruction of the Cretan Minotaur. He had departed, as the custom was, with a black sail, for which he had said he would substitute white when he returned victorious. But he forgot to make the change, and when his ship rounded the point with black still at the mast, the father threw himself from the cliff. There is another legend that Ægeus in his sorrow cast himself into the sea, which on that account was and is called the Ægean.

We are at a good point of observation, and what else can we see? To the southwest in the near foreground on an eminence is the conspicuous monument of Philopappus. He had been a Syrian king, but on being dethroned he retired to Athens, and endeared himself to its citizens by his public spirit and liberality. This memorial to him was erected 114 to 116 A. D. The sitting figure in the central niche is himself, overlooking the site of his adopted city, which he came to love with all the ardor of a native.

Looking on beyond, we can see the island and bay of Salamis, where one of the greatest naval victories of all history was gained 480 B. C. Attica then ruled the waves as Britannia does at present. The Greeks with 300 ships moved against the Persians with 1,000, some claim, though this latter figure may

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have been exaggerated. The great Xerxes sat on the shore in his silver-footed chair and under a royal canopy to witness an easy triumph by his seemingly superior navy.

“Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak
Dashed furious.”

So sang one who had been a participant in the conflict. The Athenians gloriously won under the leadership of Themistocles, who was not only a great naval commander but also a wise ruler of the state. Great ruler though he was, he was perhaps the first to speak of a child ruling the house. But, referring to a young son of his own, he expressed it in this way: “This child is greater than any man in Greece, for he rules his mother, and she rules me, and I rule the Athenians.” But it is Christianity which has effected the real coronation of childhood, fulfilling the prophecy, “A little child shall lead them.”

In connection with the triumph at Salamis, it is worth noting that this rolled back the tide of eastern despotism, which threatened to engulf civilization, for which Greece was then sponsor. If King Constantine had been as uncompromisingly opposed to western or German tyranny as the early Greeks were to its oriental type, if he had not been found guilty of treacherous communications with the Kaiser, his wife's brother, if on the contrary he had bravely stood for modern freedom as against a renewed and ancient barbarism, he would not have been compelled by the public sentiment of his country to abdicate and to become an exile for three and a half years. He rather might have been sitting continuously and firmly on his throne, reigning over a preëminently happy and enlarged land without the humiliation of an intervening banishment. Following Constantine in losing their crowns

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were King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Emperor Charles of Austria and William of Germany, while Enver and Talaat and Djemal who guided or misguided the destinies of Turkey became miserable refugees in foreign parts. They were condemned to death even by a Turkish court-martial, though it became a problem as to how they could be found for the infliction of the punishment. Degrees of criminality, like honorary college titles sometimes, were bestowed upon them *in absentia*. One of the Triumvirate, Talaat, was eventually found by his pursuing Nemesis when in March of 1921 he was assassinated in Berlin by an Armenian student, who had been maddened and perhaps crazed by the sufferings of his race. All this should be a solemn warning to monarchs and rulers to be slow in starting wars, whose final results no man can forecast and only divinity can foresee.

Turning next to the northeast, we see not far away a height from which in 1920 flashed an electric searchlight to welcome King Constantine back after his enforced absence for a third of a decade through Allied pressure when the international crisis was the greatest. This was Mount Lycabettus with its conical top. There is a legend that Athena once went forth for material to build higher her beloved Acropolis. She was returning with the wherewithal to accomplish this, when she was met by a messenger with disturbing news about her sacred snake, and she dropped her burden right there, and there it has since remained as Lycabettus, which would have added considerably to the hill where she sat enthroned, for it is 912 feet high as against the 512 feet of the Acropolis.

Letting the eyes range away beyond this height, there rises up to an altitude of more than 3,000 feet Mount Pentelicus. From this came the white Pentelic marble, of which principally were built the classic structures, which have come

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down to us through nearly 2,500 years, but which age has turned to an attractive golden hue. To the right of this mountain is Hymettus of a little greater elevation still. From this came a darker, bluish marble, which was used to give a variegated or color effect, similar to what paint and brush can secure. Nearly 900 years before our era Homer speaks of "honey from Hymettus," and every visitor to Athens today can taste it, and my wife thought it had the delicate flavor of violets. It more probably is compounded from all the blossoms and wild flowers and fragrant shrubs growing profusely on the mountain side. Says Byron:

"And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air."

Now directing our gaze to a nearer point, and in the direction of the Olympieum from the Museum, we catch sight of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, resembling a small circular temple, and meant to celebrate the victory of a chorus in a dramatic contest. It is a charming piece of Greek art dating from 335 B. C. A prominent feature of the Greek drama was the chorus, in which the author often gave expression to his own views regarding persons and events. The costumes and other expenses of the members of the chorus were frequently assumed by some rich patron, who was known as the choragus, and who in the event of a signal success became very popular, and Lysicrates with his chorus of boys had a veritable triumph, and therefore he had this marble memorial erected in his honor. When a wealthy New Havener, who left a bequest to William J. Bryan whom he admired, was to have something suitable erected to his memory on the chief green in the city of elms, it was a drinking fountain

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that was decided upon, and it was a replica of this ancient structure in Athens.

But we must give some attention to what is upon the Acropolis. Here is a temple measurably well-preserved, that is an architectural wonder, called the Erechtheum, having been named for an earlier king than Theseus. It was Orythia, the daughter of Eretheus, whom the surly-visaged god, Boreas, seized on the banks of Ilissus, and carried off to his realm in the far north. Though this edifice dates from about 409 B. C., it commemorates a monarch of at least five centuries before, since as far back as the blind bard of Greece, we have in him a reference to the "strong house of Eretheus" then established there. The most admired portion of the Erechtheum is the Caryatid Portico, or Porch of the Maidens. Six of these in statuesque form uphold the roof which rests on their heads. With slightly bended knee, but with no appearance of strain and struggle, they with ease and grace sustain the heavy weight.

The crowning glory of the Acropolis is the unequalled Parthenon, begun 447 B. C. and finished ten years later. This has been the temple of the virgin goddess, Athena, it has been a Christian church dedicated to the mother of Christ, it has been a Mohammedan mosque, and at last has again been restored to its primitive Greek simplicity. What a crying shame that this classical building, of which nearly every child has seen a picture, after existing in comparative completeness for two thousand years should have been reduced to a ruin, even this, however being most impressive. In 1687 the Venetians came to Athens to fight the Turks who were in control. They deliberately aimed at the Parthenon where they knew powder was stored. A shot took effect, and there occurred a terrific explosion, which put the match-

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less temple in its present condition, with great holes torn in its sides. Verily war is hell, not sparing now anymore than then the noblest creations of the human mind. Shakespeare has well said :

“Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

What sculptors there were to adorn the templed hill on which we are! There is Praxiteles who in the fourth century before Christ contributed his efforts along this line. With what effect he did this, we can imagine from his Hermes or Mercury found at Olympia in 1877, a great original which has come down to us, and from such replicas of his work as the Satyr in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, better known as the Marble Faun, which gave the title to a great book by our American Hawthorne. It was the radiant Phryne, who served as a model for some of his statuary, who was the perfection of feminine loveliness, and the revealing of whose physical beauty once secured her acquittal in a trial at law, — it was she who resorted to a ruse to determine what the sculptor considered his finest work, for he had offered her a gift of her own choice from his collection, and she did not know what to select. She told him the little white lie that his studio was on fire, whereupon he rushed forth “crying that nothing was left for all his toil, if the flames had reached the Satyr and Eros.” Her ruse was successful, and she at once chose the latter, and — left for us the former, or at least a faithful copy in the Satyr or Marble Faun. Then there is Myron, replicas of whose Discobolos (an ancient athlete throwing the discus) are



The Parthenon



The Parthenon (Another View)

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found in various Museums like the British and the Vatican, and one having lately been introduced to the grounds of Harvard. He still earlier than Praxiteles had statues on the Acropolis, his Bronze Cow, as famous then as Paul Potter's painting of the Bull in Holland is now, — this work of Myron stood there from the time of Pericles. It was transferred in the first century to Rome, and there cattle, passing the Roman Forum where it was located, are said to have lowed to get from it a sympathetic response, so natural did it seem. What a misfortune that it should have been lost in the sack of the eternal city by the barbarians!

Above all, there was Phidias, who has never been equalled. He not only had charge of the construction of the Parthenon, but he also made for it a colossal statue of Athena, of which people still talk. It was forty feet high, the flesh portions were of ivory, and the vesture and arms of pure gold. According to the Greek historian Thucydides, of the same age, the value of this precious metal alone was forty talents, which is variously figured, Harper's Dictionary of classical antiquities making the amount to be \$470,000. As indicating the fickleness of the populace, the sculptor, so far from being properly appreciated, was charged with embezzlement with having put in too large a bill for the gold. This fortunately was so applied that it could be removed and weighed, and when this actually was done to establish his honesty, the agreement with what he had claimed was to the nicety of an ounce. This work was excelled only by the same artist's statue of Zeus at Olympia, which was a second of the seven wonders of antiquity, and which was located there where the Olympian Games occurred for nearly twelve hundred years.

Leaving the Acropolis with its unsurpassed adornments,

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we go to its base where the theater of Dionysus or Bacchus has been uncovered. It had no roof except the sky, and it had seats in part hewn out of the native rock, but consisting mostly of slabs of Pentelic marble. Plato speaks of "more than 30,000" once being crowded into it, but its normal seating capacity was probably about half that number. Here the drama was really born, and here it attained the zenith of its glory. Here were acted tragedies, like the Prometheus Bound and Agamemnon, of Æschylus, who by the way seems to have died a natural death at an extreme old age, but who according to another account came to a singular end. An eagle mistaking his bald head for a stone dropped a tortoise upon it to break the shell so as to get at the meat within. The blow proved fatal to the poet, and we have in this a mingling of comedy and tragedy.

In this same theater were staged the tragedies of Sophocles, including that wonderful trio of *Œdipus the King*, *Œdipus at Colonus*, and *Antigone*. The complicated plot running through all these three plays is absolutely absorbing and soul-moving. It was storied Colonus, which beyond the Dipylum gate and adjoining the Academy not only marked the scene of the tragic end of the blind king, but which also was the home of this dramatist, who has left on record this charming description :

"Colonus, glistening bright,
Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
The clear-voiced nightingale
Still haunts and pours her song,
By purpling ivy hid,
And the thick foliage sacred to the god."

Likewise within the theater of Dionysus were heard the

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thrilling tragedies of Euripides, for instance, his *Medea*, with whose Greek we sometimes struggle in college. Our Professor occasionally thought that our *translation* of the stirring lines was *tragic*. You recollect the story, how Jason sailed away to a distant land to bring back the golden fleece guarded by the ever-watchful dragon. He went in the good ship *Argo*, and that gave the name of Argonauts to those California pioneers, who went thither in search of gold. He succeeded only by the assistance of the daughter of the King, she having become infatuated with this first Argonaut. He married her, and returned to Hellas, and had by her two children. He finally discarded her for a more ambitious connection with the daughter of the King of Corinth. *Medea* by the hands of her children sent to the bride-to-be some fineries, which had been steeped with magic drugs and with poison, and which eagerly were donned. Let the dramatist himself tell what happened:

“Then from her seat she rose, and through the hall
Paced gaily to and fro with dainty steps,
Exulting in the rich attire, and oft
Casting a glance down at her shapely foot.
What follows was appalling to behold:
The wreath of gold with which her hair was twined
Poured forth a wondrous stream of ravening fire,
While the fine tissue which the children gave
Ate into the unhappy damsel’s flesh.
Up from her seat she sprang, and wrapped in fire,
She flew, tossing her head from side to side
To throw the circlet from her, but the clasp
Tightened its fatal pressure, while the fire,
The more she shook her ringlets, blazed the more.”

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Nothing could have been more tragic, and fifteen thousand spectators at the rendering would sit enthralled.

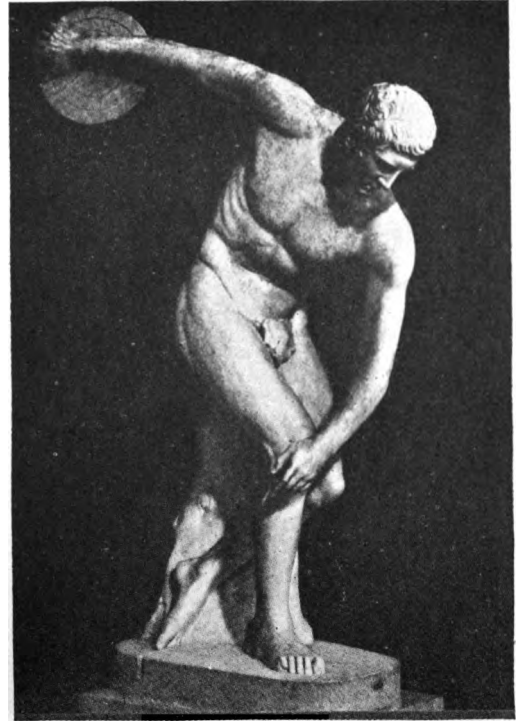
Not only were there such tragedies acted in this theater, but crowds roared with laughter over the comedies of Aristophanes witnessed here. It is this poet, who gave us that most frequently quoted of all the descriptions of the Athenian city, as he exclaims affectionately:

“Oh thou, our Athens, violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable city!” Pindar before him had said similarly, “violet-crowned,” “city divine.” The encircling mountains, often illumined with the exquisite hue indicated, constituted the crown, and the shining Acropolis was the brilliant jewel with which it was set. Such was the impression made upon two poets. Aristophanes, however, is particularly remembered for his comedies with these titles, *The Birds*, *The Frogs*, *The Clouds*. In the last of these he satirized Socrates, who yet was not disturbed. The old philosopher once calmly rose in the theater that the audience might see, he said, the embodiment of the sophist they were hooting on the stage. We sometimes speak of one walking with his head in the clouds, when he is not practical, when he does not amount to much. Aristophanes thus portrayed Socrates, representing him as swinging in a basket among the clouds. He had him lifted to this hazy height in mid air in expression of contempt for his moralizings. But we recognize that from that lofty altitude there came, as from the very sky, the finest and most forceful teachings of classic times.

Taking our departure from the theater of such literary and manifold associations, we go in the near vicinity to Mars' Hill. This is a rocky plateau rising to a height of 375 feet, and reached by a flight of fifteen steps roughly hewn



Hermes of Praxiteles



Discobolus of Myron

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in the rock and now in a ruinous condition. On the top of this sat the venerable and dignified Court of Areopagus. We are reminded of the laws of Draco, codified by him 621 B. C., so drastic that they were said to have been written in blood. To this day we speak of statutes that are too severe as Draconian. We recall again a revision, a quarter of a century later, in the milder and more beneficent laws of Solon, rightly called one of the seven wise men of Greece, having been to the Athenians what Moses is to the Jews.

But the Areopagus derives its greatest and best fame from the incident of Paul having stood there and preached. "Now while Paul waited for them at Athens," says the book of Acts, "his spirit was provoked within him as he beheld the city full of idols." "And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus," and said, "We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and device of man."

Here he faced Greek philisophy, encountering, it is said, "the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers," More than three centuries before, Epicurus in his Athenian gardens had taught that the summum bonum, the chief good, was pleasure, which with him was of a more or less refined sort. His followers soon made it to be enjoyment of any kind however gross, and their motto became, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." They to-day are the materialists, who eat and drink, dress and play, and have a good time in general, with no serious aim in life, and without any real principle, and high conscientiousness.

Then 310 B. C. and onward Zeno was accustomed to loiter along a sort of marble collonade in Athens, called the Stoa, and he there made disciples, who accordingly were named Stoics. They recognized no God but nature, an

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endless cycle of things, in which individuals are the helpless cog-wheels, and our only duty is to submit, under force of stern necessity. They were the pantheists of the present, who believe in no personal deity, no prayer, and who yet maintain a high, moral character. There is about them a kind of hard, stoical resignation quite unlike the trustful yielding of the Christian to a tender, overruling providence. Their attitude is reflected in the old lady who was asked by her pastor if she was resting on the promises, and she replied that she was, on that particular one which says, "Grin and bear it." That is Stoicism.

Paul encountered not only Epicureans and Stoics, but almost everything that was going along the line of philosophy in Athens, which once had its Plato and Aristotle. These walked and talked in the shady olive groves of the Academy, in Classic shades, about a mile beyond the Dipylum gate on the banks of the Cephissus, where previously Academus had an attractive country estate. He gave his name to the place, as well as to every modern institution called an Academy. The saunterings and teachings of Aristotle were later in the Lyceum among the plane-trees on the Ilissus. He and his followers were designated as Peripatetics, because they instructed as they strolled around. Paul doubtless had in his audience both Peripatetics and Academicians, and he certainly had our Agnostics. He saw in the Grecian capital an altar inscribed, "To an unknown god," and Huxley coined his new word, agnostic, not-knowing, from the Greek for unknown in this very inscription. People now, who profess not to know about eternal verities, are proud to be called agnostics, but they would indignantly refuse to be labeled with the Latin equivalent, ignoramus. They are like the maiden who flushes with pleasure if she is called a vision, but

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her eyes flash angrily if she is called by a synonymous term, a sight.

Paul faced *every* type of belief or unbelief that has been indicated. And he not only recognized the philosophical turn of mind in the Athenians, but he likewise distinctly admitted that they were "very religious," after a fashion. He could have endorsed what a Roman satirist once said, that it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Pausanias near the middle of our second century visited the city, and gave a minute description of what he saw. In his book which is still extant he gives a regular Baedeker list not only of graceful statues but of altars and temples. In full view of these, from his elevated position, the apostle preached the only living God, dwelling "not in temples made with hands." He proclaimed the divine fatherhood, we are "the offspring of God," and human brotherhood, "He made of one every nation of men." He also set forth our personal responsibility, men "should all everywhere repent," and a judgment to come, "He hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world." He reached his culmination in a proclamation of the immortal hope. "He preached Jesus and the resurrection." He made one *distinguished* convert, Dionysius the Areopagite, a member of that ancient Court which sat on the Hill where he was standing and speaking.

We leave the rocky height thus consecrated, and quite close by we come to a ledge of stone into which have been cut three caverns, covered with iron gratings, incorrectly known as the Prison of Socrates. *Somewhere* he was incarcerated for unsettling the prevalent belief in numerous divinities, and we can never forget the pathetic story of his last days. In his imprisonment he talked quietly of his approaching end. "As I am going to another place," he said, "I

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ought to be thinking of the nature of the pilgrimage which I am about to make." He expressed a hope of soon meeting Orpheus, Homer, and other deceased worthies. He gave the best argument known to antiquity for immortality. He was triumphant to the close. Will you not allow me, he asked exultingly, to have the spirit of swans? "For they," he declared, "when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away." Tranquilly drinking off the cup of poison, of hemlock, swan-like he sang and died. Victoriously he had said, You may bury me, if you can catch me.

To determine if he was caught and buried, we wend our way out beyond the Theseum through the Dipylum or double gate to the ancient cemetery there. We do *not* find *his* tomb, but there is a conspicuous monument of Dexileos, a youth of twenty who fell in battle 394 B. C. He appears in relief on a spirited horse rearing above a prostrate foe. Elsewhere (in the museum now) appears on stone a woman sitting in a high-backed chair, with a slave girl holding a jewel casket, from which her mistress is making a selection, characteristically feminine even in the last repose. There are in the Athenian Museum other sepulchral reliefs, like the one of a wife lifting to the view of her departing husband a young babe. There is pathos here, as there also is in this inscription, "Dear one, farewell," which speaks of a domestic tragedy centuries before the birth of Christ.

But we must not conclude with the impression of a burial ground dominating the mind. We, therefore, proceed clear to the other side of the city where we started. We pass the Olympieum, we cross the Illissus, and we reach last of all the Stadium, in a sort of a natural hollow, with the

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ground rising all around. The first structure here was that of Lyceurgus in the fourth century before Christ, and in the second century of our era it was seated in white marble by Herodes Atticus who built the Odeum in memory of his wife. A wealthy Greek of Alexandria restored the whole building with Pentelic marble in the nineteenth century just past.

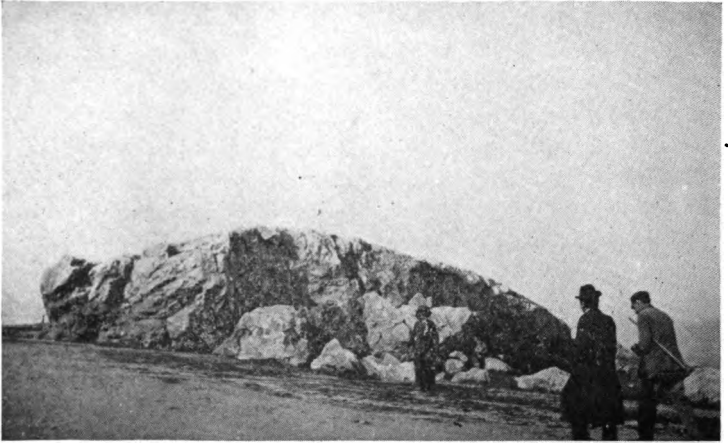
Here the Olympic Games, which originated at Olympia 776 B. C., and which continued till 394 A. D., have been revived in our day, with the approval of College Professors, after a slumber of fifteen centuries. Here in 1896 representatives of all countries gathered to celebrate the six hundred and sixty-eighth Olympiad with games culminating in the dramatic finish of the Marathon run. When the celebrated battle of Marathon was fought 490 B. C., when 10,000 Athenians on that memorable occasion met and defeated 100,000 Persians and some authorities say 200,000, at least a number vastly superior to their own, and when they thus in one of the decisive battles of the world turned the tide of history, there was no telegraph to flash the news, no telephone to communicate the tidings, from Marathon to Athens. But it did not take a soldier of the victorious army long to run the whole distance of 26 miles. Arriving at the house of the magistrates, he announced the glorious result in two words, *Kairete, kairomen*, "Rejoice, we rejoice," that is, The victory is ours, and thereupon because of his over-exertion, his too strenuous running, he sank exhausted, and some say fell dead at their feet. The glory of the Marathon run has since been often commemorated.

In the then not wholly completed stadium, Bostonians in 1896 contended with Greeks in a race over the same historic ground traversed by the messenger 2,400 years ago. And while in other contests the natives lost, in this they won,

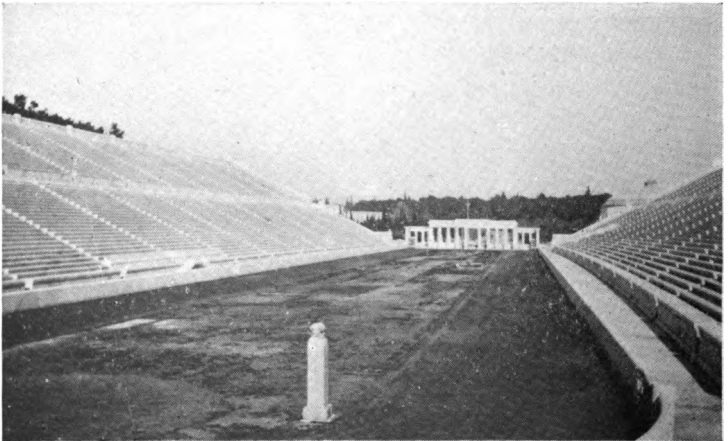
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the time of the fastest runner being two hours and forty-eight minutes for the 26 miles. The stadium within which it has been my privilege to stand, instead of the 75,000 in the Yale Bowl was thronged with 90,000 spectators, while great masses of humanity in holiday attire crowded the surrounding hills overlooking the stadium and constituting a sort of natural amphitheater, and all these to the estimated number of more than 100,000 cheered to the echo, when the first to arrive almost breathless from Marathon was a Greek, and the second a Greek, and the third a Greek. The applause was a succession of deafening roars. The whole world, apprised by flashing messages of the result, applauded.

Now there is a passage of Scripture urging us to "run with patience the race that is set before us." And why? "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The scene is that of a stadium filled clear to the top, the great assembly in light and festive dress, or in shimmering white, appearing like a fleecy cloud encircling the arena. What a thrill this must have given the runners. Not that they stopped and cast eyes up for applause, for indeed they never once saw the surrounding host. They looked straight to the goal, toward which they pressed with every nerve at fullest tension. Not seeing they nevertheless *felt* the presence of the admiring multitudes, whose electric sympathy, like a vibrating cloud, seemed to charge the very air. It was as in a boat race, like that between Yale and Harvard, more than once witnessed by me, when the crews never for a moment turn their heads to see the throngs lining either shore, while yet those athletes show the stimulus they receive on passing the point where the greatest crowds wildly cheering have gathered by bending to their oars with an elasticity which makes the trim shells fairly spring to



Mars' Hill



The Restored Stadium

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the goal. This unseen but very real presence of sympathetic spectators is grand and energizing.

We have about us the same magnetic influences for our inspiration. We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Those who have already run the race have ascended on high, have poured into the galleries of heaven, and there from their lofty seats they are encircling this earth round and round, like a very cloud of glory, and they are looking down upon us here below to see how we are running. Not only Orpheus and Homer and the others whom Socrates anticipated meeting, but Moses and Paul, Augustine and Chrysostom, Aquinas and Luther, Knox and Wesley, Washington and Lincoln, Timothy Dwight and Mark Hopkins, Eliphalet Nott and James McCosh, Bushnell and Beecher, Jonathan Edwards and Phillips Brooks, — all the good and great of every age and clime, hovering above us, should stimulate us to nobler and more efficient living. We do not see them, for our eyes are holden. But if we could have the vision of the prophet's servant, we doubtless would see all about us, as he did about him, horses and chariots of fire, we would see the celestial "ten thousand times ten thousand" encircling us like an enveloping, tremulous cloud. The very atmosphere about us is quivering and pulsating with their spiritual presence, and this should be our inspiration to run with patience *our* race, our Marathon, till it is finished with joy, amid heavenly plaudits.

In leaving what has been called by Milton "The Eye of Greece, Mother of Arts and Eloquence," we take Byron's lines addressed to the "Maid of Athens," the last line of which is in Greek, the English for it being "My life, I love

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thee," and what the poet said to fair maiden we apply to the Athenian city herself:

“Though I fly to Istambol.
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No,
Ζωή μου. σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.”

CHAPTER III

ROUND ABOUT CAIRO

SIGNS AND WONDERS UPON PHARAOH.

CONTINUING our travels, we cross the sea from Europe to Africa, from Greece to Egypt. The voyage has made more than one feel like the literary Oliver Wendell Holmes, who under similar circumstances became — a contributor to the Atlantic, only in this case the contribution is to the Mediterranean, and the contribution is followed by no benediction. The blessing is rather on the man, who never suffers from sea-sickness. We are bound for a country, over which the English since the world war have had exclusive control with no least semblance any longer of a Turkish suzerainty, and from which the British in the exigencies of the late mighty conflict built a railroad over the very desert to the Holy Land, and conducted thither along the whole route refreshing water in American piping, and one can now travel by train from Cairo to Jerusalem and thence to Constantinople.

Dr. John H. Finley, college president and educator, has called attention to a widely-prevailing Arab legend, that when the Nile flowed into Palestine, then would the Turk be dispossessed of that land. This was supposed to mean, Never. But the figurative expression became an accomplished fact, when in General Allenby's Palestinian campaign

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he conducted Egypt's waters, after they had been filtered, in a twelve-inch pipe for a distance of 150 miles clear to the region of which the New Testament speaks when describing the journey of the Ethiopian eunuch returning to queen Candace in Ethiopia, where he served as treasurer of the realm. The evangelist Phillip received the command, "Arise, and go toward the south unto that way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza; the same is desert." To that identical locality Egypt's river proceeded northward in an irrigating stream under military guidance; till Isaiah's prophecy was fulfilled, "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." We can almost hear the distinguished convert "of great authority" saying again, "Behold, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And the fable has proved to be no fiction at all but the real truth, as the Nile veritably has poured into Palestine, from which also *has* been expelled the Turk. He was routed and driven forth, when Allenby entered a victor into Jerusalem, and swept on northward over the valley of Esdraelon, over the field of Armageddon, till his triumphant march, that seemed almost miraculous, included Damascus and even Aleppo beyond. It was by "the glowing sand" becoming "a pool" under skilful engineering, that the invading army was sustained, and the desert has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose, not only metaphorically but actually, in the vast improvement that has come, and is increasingly to come, over the Holy Land, which has been redeemed from a Turkish oppression of long centuries to be again under the benign rule of a Christian civilization. The traveller upon his first entrance into the land of the Nile is reminded of this beneficent change that has occurred in the marvelous developments of our day:

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The country of the Pharaohs has a fascinating interest, which is even increased by a personal visit, such as it was my privilege to make in 1905. We disembarked at Alexandria, whose harbor contained a third of the "seven wonders," the first great lighthouse which under the Ptolemies antedated the Christian era by more than two centuries. It was the pioneer of the thousands of similar beacons that have since been erected around the earth. It rose, according to a possibly exaggerated claim, to the height of 600 feet on the island of Pharos connected by a mole with the mainland. It sent its bright rays far out over the water for the guidance of mariners. The city to which we have come bears the name of its founder, Alexander the Great. The Latin inscription on St. Paul's in London regarding Sir Christopher Wren, its great architect, could fittingly be applied to the illustrious Macedonian, "Si requiris monumentum, circumspice," if you seek his monument, look around you.

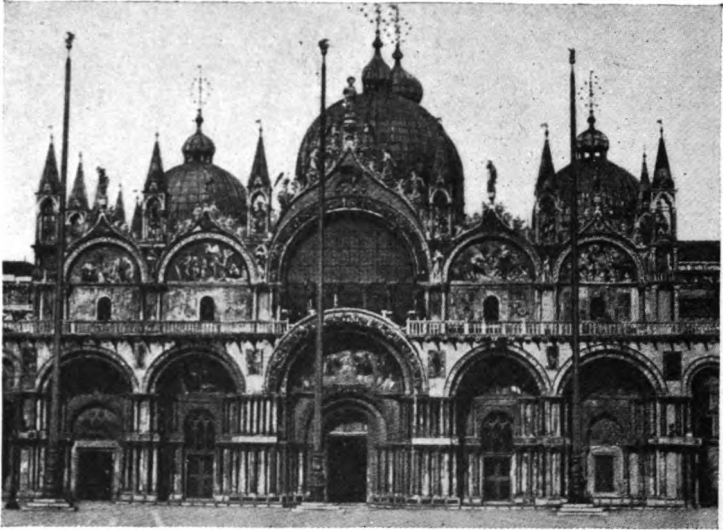
But this memorial city, the gateway to Egypt, reminds us of various historic events and personages. The Alexandrian library, famous under the Ptolemies and the Caesars, shows what a great seat of learning the place was, and naturally it produced such celebrities as Euclid, the father of geometry, and Hipparchus, the reputed founder of the science of astronomy, and the New Testament Apollos, whose name is a synonym for eloquence, and Philo the master of allegorical interpretation, and Origen and Clement of the early church fathers. When the library, the source of information for so many, when this as it existed in the seventh century was destroyed by the Caliph Omar, he argued that "if these writings agree with the Book of God (the Koran), they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." When the

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edict of destruction went forth, for half a year the 300,000 (and perhaps 700,000) valuable parchments supplied the fuel for the 4,000 baths of the city. The irreparable loss has ever since been bemoaned. Modern critics do not credit this bit of vandalism of the year 641, they do not consider the evidence sufficient to justify us in believing that the literary accumulation of nearly a thousand years was thus destroyed, but there is no discrediting the destruction by the Germans in 1914 of Louvain, when both the great University there and its valuable library were completely wiped out, and for this ruthlessness William Hohenzollern will be excoriated by all future ages.

From Alexandria, 285 B. C. (and onward for 150 years), came the Septuagint version of the Bible, the Greek translation used by the Lord and his apostles. Mark is said to have carried the gospel thither. In the ninth century two Venetian sea-captains, with an enterprise once characteristic of "the bride of the Adriatic," are said to have secured in Alexandria his body. They deposited it in a large basket, covered it with swine's flesh which Mussulmen abhor, and when they were suspiciously questioned as to what they were carrying off, they had only to answer, Pork, at the sight of which the inspectors turned away with loathing. The precious remains so curiously concealed got to Venice, and over them St. Mark's cathedral was erected. The story is all pictured out in splendid mosaic on the front of that church, where you can see the Alexandrian questioners with averted faces fairly holding their noses, as the uncovered basket displayed at its top the horrible pork. Thus is one of the finest of European edifices linked in thought with the Egyptian city to which we have come.

Alexandria's classic associations are most alluring.



St. Mark's at Venice



Avenue of Palms, Pyramids

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Antony and Cleopatra there played their parts, and Shakespeare's drama, in which they are the leading characters, will never let their memories fade. We can still hear the Roman, who had lost honor and virtue, uttering the tragic, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," which a poet has enlarged into these lines:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile."

No less tragic was the end of Cleopatra, who in the language of the dramatist cried,

"Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip."

We recall also how, according to tradition, she had a countryman with a basket of figs admitted to her apartments, while from concealment in the fruit she applied one asp to her fair bosom and another to her white arm, as she said,

"With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie."

There was in the lives of these two noted persons not only tragedy but also comedy. This comes out in a fishing experience which Plutarch says they had together on the

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Nile or in the harbor at its mouth. They cast their lines from opposite sides of the boat. She seemed to have all the luck, while he like the disciples once caught nothing. She thought she would have a little joke on him, and so quietly directed one of the attendants to slip over the edge of the barge and to dive and to put on his hook a salt fish. The slave entered into the fun of the thing, and not only did as he was bidden, but he gave the line a sharp twitch, and then held it firm. The Roman was tremendously excited over his "colossal bite," and he pulled with all his might. The bewitching Egyptian must have laughed covertly, as she cautioned him to look out or he would be dragged into the water. Just at this point, the servant loosened his hold, and the lordly Roman toppled over in a very undignified way, but he recovered himself and proudly drew in his gamy catch, a salted herring. Under the circumstances, he probably had nothing to say about what he had called "the splendors of thy smile," which must have been broad enough not only to suffuse her own ample face, but also to spread to the countenances of the menial onlookers. He, however, was sufficiently gallant to appreciate her jocularly and to share in her merriment. He solemnly admitted that the fish was not as big as he had anticipated from the pull, but he added, doubtless with a twinkle in his eye, that while it was not the largest, it had every appearance of being the oldest of any that had been caught.

Cleopatra's light-heartedness appears again in the romping to which she sometimes gave herself. She entered into the frolic with great zest. She and Antony in disguise were accustomed to steal through the streets of her capital at night, knocking at people's doors, and then racing away, and fairly choking with suppressed laughter. It was like

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mischievous young folks now ringing doorbells, and then rushing away to escape detection. The Egyptian queen would have relished the story of Phillips Brooks in Boston watching a small lad in an effort to reach the electric button at the entrance to a mansion of our New England metropolis, when the good Bishop said he would ring for the little chap, who supposedly was seeking admission. But no sooner did the wild alarm sound within, than the youngster, suiting his own action to the words, yelled, "Now run, run like the devil, or they'll catch you."

We take a parting view of the enchantress in a Shakespearean, characteristic and pleasing scene of her in her passage up "the silver Cydnus" to Tarsus, when in the memorable voyage she personated Venus.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke. . . .

On each side
Stood pretty dimpled boys like smiling Cupids
With divers-colored fans, whose winds did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool."

At Alexandria we are near the place where in 1799 was unearthed the celebrated Rosetta Stone, now one of the treasures of the British Museum. It was uncovered near the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile, while excavations were going on for a building. It is a slab of marble something over three feet high, and it contains a trilingual inscription by one of the Ptolemies, and the date is 195 B. C. By comparing the Greek on this with the Hieroglyphics containing

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the same statement, little by little there was picked out and mastered a new language, which consisted largely of pictured birds and animals, with such intervening marks as children might make. There was thus providentially found a key to the reading of the monuments, which accordingly have yielded up their secrets.

Reaching Cairo on our journey, we are at a center whence we can radiate in various directions for sight-seeing. Omitting the mosques and bazaars, and snake-charmers and curious street scenes innumerable, we give ourselves exclusively to antiquities. If we drive out five miles to Heliopolis, we will be on the site of the city of the sun, where Joseph rose to greatness, and where he married the daughter of the priest of the temple that was there. This was the original location of the so-called Cleopatra's Needles, the obelisks erected by Thotmes the Third. One of them is now on the Thames embankment, London, another in Central Park, New York City, while a third graces the Hippodrome in Constantinople, and a fourth as completed by a grandson, the highest of them all, rises 105 feet before St. John Lateran in Rome. The Hebrew husband of the daughter of the priest of On may not have seen these, but he and his Egyptian bride did look upon that father of obelisks, which still stands at Heliopolis, and which was raised on its pedestal before Abraham was born, dating as it is said to do from Useren I of the twelfth dynasty, perhaps 2400 B. C.

Connected with this same city of the sun is the fable of the Phoenix, which was said to rise every 500 years from its own ashes. According to the olden fairy tale, the magnificent creature built its nest of precious woods, and while spectators watched, it started about itself mysterious flames, which consumed it utterly. It fed on flowers and fragrant

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gums, and its life went out amid sweet-smelling and agreeable odors. Scarcely had it, with its gorgeous plumage, dissolved in death, before there sprang up a new bird of crimson and gold, which sailed majestically away. Tacitus, the Latin writer, says that it was "accompanied by a vast retinue of other birds gazing with admiration on the beautiful miracle." It was thus that the Egyptians tried to teach the lesson of immortality.

Running out fifteen miles from Cairo, we are at Memphis, where there are the Sakkarat pyramids, and where there is the mausoleum containing huge sarcophagi that once held the sacred bulls of coal-black color after they had been embalmed. These suggest how Aaron happened to make the golden calf, and how an Israelitish king came to set up two calves to be worshipped, one in the northern part of the kingdom, and the other toward the south. Take a general view of the site of the city which Menes may have founded, and which professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard has said must have been as large as Constantinople at present,—see there to-day the lonely stretch of dreariness and utter forsakeness, and you will appreciate what Ezekiel prophesied, "I will cause the images to cease from Memphis," and what Jeremiah predicted, "Memphis shall become a desolation, and shall be burnt up, without inhabitant." That is precisely the case there.

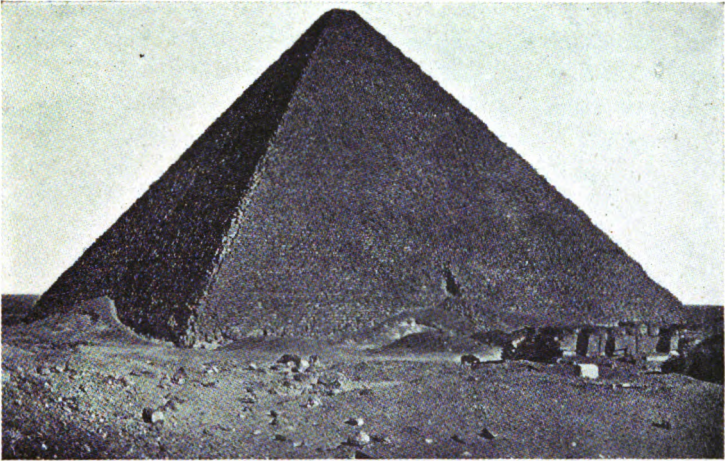
Connected with this olden city is a charming romance. While a fair maiden, like the princess who went down to the river to wash and found Moses in the ark of bulrushes,—while like her a girl was bathing in the Nile at Thebes, an eagle (naughty creature) flew off with one of her sandals, and happened to drop it at the feet of the Egyptian king at Memphis. Struck with its beauty, he despatched messengers

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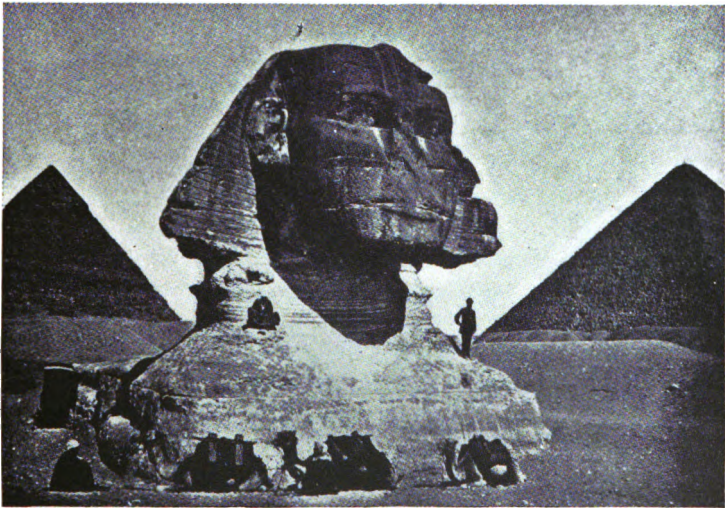
in every direction to find the owner of the dainty slipper. No sooner was she discovered than she was made the queen, his Cinderella. That is a lovely bit of Egyptian literature, throwing a ray of brightness on the dark scene where a great city has wholly passed away exactly as Scripture foretold.

Taking another excursion from Cairo, we visit the Pyramids which are in the near vicinity, "which," said Longfellow, "Wedge-like cleave the desert airs," and which can be reached by an electric line. We recall that Napoleon stimulated his soldiers to gain the battle of the pyramids by saying impressively, "From those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The Great Pyramid, the greatest of the Ghizeh or any other group, a fourth and the oldest of the "seven wonders," was the work of Cheops or Khufu nearly six thousand years ago. We can readily credit the statement of Herodotus, that he employed 100,000 men twenty years upon the huge work. It covers thirteen acres, and rises to the height of 451 feet. To walk round it, you would have to go a trifle over half a mile. A Frenchman has computed that its stones, and those of its two companions, would be sufficient to make a wall six feet high and one foot wide clear around France. Such comparisons give us some conception of these prodigious architectural piles, upon which the boy Jesus may have looked with childish wonder, when the Scripture was fulfilled, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Not far away from these is the Sphinx, reached by us on the backs of camels. Tourists usually are in a gale of laughter as mounted on these awkward beasts they go crunching along over the shifting sands, and they feel that they constitute a typical "Caravan in Egypt," and they have



Great Pyramid



The Sphinx

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to smile even before the solemn Sphinx. A Harvard Professor Dr. George A Reisner, claims recently to have solved its riddle, in that he has discovered it to be a representation of the builder of one of the three pyramids. Formerly it was supposed to be a statue of the sun-god, who as thus symbolized had been watching for the coming of each fresh morning during the flight of milleniums. At any rate, whether representing God or man, many generations have appeared and disappeared to his vision, and during all these ages *he* has been silent. The Theban Sphinx in Greece had her riddle, that there was a creature on earth with one voice but with four feet, two feet, and three feet, and the more feet there were the feebler it was. Œdipus who became king readily interpreted this to be man, who creeps in childhood and is fourfooted, who walks erect in manhood and is two-footed, and who goes with a staff in old age and is three-footed. But who can tell the riddle of the Egyptian Sphinx? He maintains an absolute silence, and is like Nebuchadnezzar who required the astrologers to reveal the dream itself as well as to give its interpretation. His stony lips have ever been mute. Only once is he said to have spoken. The story is that Ralph Waldo Emerson was standing before him in dumb amazement, the little wizzened man of American literature looking almost like a mummy risen from the dead. They gazed long at each other in silence, till the Sphinx could stand the oppressive stillness no longer, and broke out, "You're another." That was all, he did not yield up his secret. We say *he*, for the figure is masculine, and the wonder of disclosing absolutely nothing is not quite so great as it would have been in the case of the Grecian Sphinx, represented as feminine. It takes a man rather than a woman really to keep a secret.

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Modern travellers query what this Egyptian statue (a lion couchant with the head of a man) is revolving in mind after all the centuries which he has seen succeed one another. If his stony lips were once unsealed, he doubtless would speak of how passing strange it is, that while he abides human intelligences, capable of accomplishing so much, and filled with longings for immortality, should follow one another interminably across the stage of action, only to drop into apparent nothingness. Man's mortality is what in all probability the Egyptian Sphinx, looking so wise, is meditating upon.

Now we hasten to the Museum at Cairo, where there is a vast and rich collection of antiques. Particularly will it be our rare privilege to scan the actual faces of some of the greatest of the Pharaohs, who were taken from a mummy-pit near Thebes in 1881. Mummies are plenty enough in Egypt, so that they sell at the wholesale very cheap, and a mummified hand was offered to me for 25 cents. A whole person can be gotten for about forty dollars, though the original embalming in completest form is believed to have cost a thousand dollars for a single individual. But while these human remains of the distant past are so numerous, not so common are royal mummies such as were found so recently in the Theban gorge. Of some can it be said:

“The clod I trample
Was the skull of royal Pharaoh,
And the water of the river
In the veins of haughty princess
Once ran red.
And the dust-clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women;

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Where are they, and they who kissed them?
Power dies and beauty passes,
Naught abides."

In this the poet was partly right, but others of the Pharaohs do survive in a very grimly real way. Such are those of the Cairo Museum.

Among the most natural of mummied faces lately brought to light is that of Pinotem the Second. The mummies of a wife of his and of an infant have also been found. Mother and child both probably died at the time of her confinement, and they were put in the same sarcophagus, to lie there together for ages. This is real pathos. The husband, and father, is believed by some scholars to be the Pharaoh, whose daughter Solomon married. If this be true, we may well say with Amelia B. Edwards, Egyptologist, "It is surely a strange subject for reflection that while Solomon and all his glories have passed away, the father, mother and infant sister of his Egyptian bride may be seen to this day under a glass case in the Ghizeh (now Cairo) Museum."

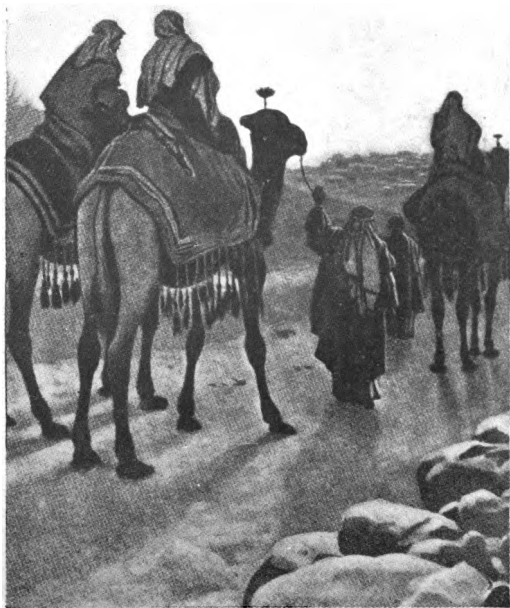
There are other Pharaohs of distinction to whom you can be personally introduced. Here is Seti I, of whom one writer says, "the most beautiful mummy-head which ever found a place in the museum." It was, as some think, this "Pharaoh's daughter," or possibly granddaughter, whose heart was touched by the tears of the babe Moses. Here is Menephtah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, who, if destroyed with all his host in the Red Sea, seems to have had his body recovered and embalmed. The Biblical narrative, however, does not say that he perished with his army. If he had, he probably would have been expressly mentioned as involved in the catastrophe, but he is not thus mentioned

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except in the poetic account in the Psalms, and poetry is not necessarily history. At any rate his mummy was found in 1898, and on July 8, 1907, was unwrapped. His bald head with only a fringe of white hair around the base of the skull, and the loss of all his teeth except one upper front show him to have been an old man. There is something rather imperial in his hawk-like nose, and yet how has the mighty fallen, since he had his memorable contest with Moses, when he stubbornly refused to let God's people go. In the long run he was no match for him who as a child was cradled in the ark of bulrushes on the bosom of the Nile. He who for many years held the Hebrews in bitter bondage is now himself a bond slave in the hands of the archæologist, who has stripped the old tyrant for the un pitying gaze of every tourist.

In the same Museum where he now lies stands a stone ten feet high, upon which he wrote, and which Dr. Flinders Petrie unearthed at Thebes in 1895-6. On it three different Pharaohs had successively cut and erased inscriptions, when this Pharaoh of the Exodus coveted it for a temple he was building. He turned its thrice-inscribed face to the wall, and on its back which he made its front he engraved a battle hymn containing this statement, "Israel is crushed, is without seed." Surely the cruel Pharaoh, with whom Scripture makes us familiar, did crush the Israelites in making their lives so unendurable that they were forced to seek relief in flight, in the now historic exodus. A confirmation here do we have of the Biblical representation of the Egyptian bondage, as the very stone cries out. "Israel is crushed." The producing of this Israel Stela is like Brutus with his eloquence making

"The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny."



Caravan in Egypt



Mummy of Seti I

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Had Menephtah, who wanted to destroy the Hebrews, known that he was to assist in the establishing of their sacred writings, he might well have uttered the prayer of Macbeth, when before the murder of Duncan he, according to our great English dramatist, thus besought the earth:

“Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts.”

Verily we have here one of Shakespeare's “sermons in stones.”

In 1916 the University of Pennsylvania announced through the daily press the uncovering of Menephtah's palace at Memphis. It contained a museum of antiquities which *he* had gathered, never imagining that he himself was to be an antiquity in a larger museum of our day so distant from his time. It contained also the very throne-room in which Moses and Aaron must have appeared before him, pleading with him to let their people go, while he at their repeated importunities only hardened his heart.

There is one Pharaoh whom we would like most of all to see, and that is Rameses the Second or Great, the Pharaoh preeminently of the Oppression. In the land of Goshen, 80 miles from Cairo toward Suez, is one of the “store-cities,” which he made his Hebrew slaves to build, and this has been unearthed in our generation. The inscriptions prove that it is Pithom, which consists of brick walls 22 feet thick in the form of a square, and 650 feet along each side. The bricks are of a varying quality, confirming what the inspired record says, that while the workmen sometimes had straw, they again did not have. They were driven to great straits, when they had to hunt to get even “stubble for straw.” When they did not have so much as this, they had to go on making up the poorest kind of material. Nor could they lessen the

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supply of the finished product, at whatever disadvantage they labored. They had to furnish just so many bricks each day, or they were scourged by the heartless taskmasters. Very tangible proof in all this do we have of the truthfulness of Holy Writ, and of the reality once of the oppressing Pharaoh. Then there are all his statues and temples to be seen everywhere.

But why should we talk of his massive *works*? When Antony in his funeral oration had made the multitudes weep over "Caesar's *vesture* wounded," he instantly rose to his climax, as he exclaimed,

Look ye here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors."

Similarly we need not speak of the monuments of Rameses, for here is himself, his actual mummy in the Cairo Museum. Stand up and show thyself, thou Pharaoh of the Oppression. How tall are you, over six feet? So you are, and otherwise you are exactly as you have been described, with forehead "low and narrow," with small eyes, aquiline nose, ears pierced for jewelry, broad shoulders. That will do; lie down again in your glass case. You do not want to? Very well, stand where you are, till we get a good square look at you. How do you like being at the mercy of others, no longer your own master, taken from your tomb in the valley of the kings, hidden in a pit, removed from that and freighted on a Nile steamer to be a curiosity in a museum, — how are you pleased with the situation, you old rascal?

To think that we can look into the identical face, which people long before the Christian era used to gaze upon with awe! The "quaint conceit" of Horace Smith's poem comes to mind:

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“And thou hast walked about — how strange a story,
In Thebes’ streets three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!
Speak, for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune!
Thou’rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!”

Rameses, however, keeps silent. Though his lips remain in perfect formation, they have not spoken for more than three milleniums. Such are some of the “signs and wonders upon Pharaoh,” to use a Scriptural phrase, “as it is this day.”

CHAPTER IV

ROUND ABOUT KARNAK:

OLD THEBES, WHOSE DESTRUCTION SCRIPTURE PREDICTED

THE Bible has been frequently verified. We are to see the fulfillment of the following indirect prophesy; "Art thou better than No-Amon, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about her; whose rampart was the sea and her wall was of the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite." No-Amon was the Biblical name for a city which was better known in antiquity as Thebes. It was on the Nile, which formed for it irrigating canals and sacred lakes, till its abundance of water was like that of the sea. It had the strength of Egypt, the richest country of the time, in which it was located. But its downfall was so complete, that the prophet Nahum in predicting the overthrow of Nineveh said it should be as utter as that of Thebes, which was pointed out as an awful example. In harmony with this representation, Jeremiah said "Behold, I will punish Amon of No, and Pharaoh, and Egypt, with her gods, and her kings." Ezekiel, too, prophesied, "No shall be broken up," "and I will cut off the multitude of No," "and will execute judgments upon No." In other words, Thebes was to be, as Nahum said, "carried away," or as we would say, swept away. We are bound for this city, to see if Scripture was thus fulfilled. But as we are travelling, we will stop here and there on the way.

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About 120 miles above Cairo, and back a little from the Nile, we are in the Fayoum district, where was located the ancient labyrinth, which was more intricate and extensive than the famous one in Crete. It contained, Herodotus said, 3,000 rooms, it was constructed about 2300 B. C., but it has long been a mass of ruins. In this vicinity have been exhumed some remarkable papyri. We all know how out of the reeds of the Nile was early manufactured an article called papyrus, resembling our paper. No only was the ark of bulrushes, in which the infant Moses was hidden at the water's edge, a papyrus box, but long before Moses the flags of the river were made to serve the very practical purpose of paper, on which scribes could and did write not only for their own day but for generations yet unborn. The skins of animals also were dressed into a fine sort of vellum, which was more durable than papyrus. Of this stronger material is the third in antiquity of the great uncial manuscripts of the Bible in the Greek language. This is known as the Codex Alexandrinus, because (by gift of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople) it came from Alexandria, though it is now one of the choice possessions of the British Museum. It dates back to the first half of the fifth century, only the Sinaitic and Vatican Manuscripts of this class being older. These are of vellum. But the naturally less enduring papyrus rolls have also survived the ravages of time. Some of these, discovered by Petrie in the Fayoum, are assigned to the third century before Christ, and still others to the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, which goes back to the time of Abraham and earlier. There is to-day in the archives of the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris a precious document, known as the Prisse Papyrus, written by a scribe of the eleventh dynasty,

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not far from 2500 B. C., sometimes called "the oldest book in the world."

A Homer papyrus, found in 1889, was rolled up to serve as a pillow for the head of its former owner, who apparently had been a young and beautiful woman. Her silken black hair, and her Homer which she loved so well as to have it buried with her, are both in the Bodleian library of Oxford, and there have been seen by me. Of special interest to Bible students was the sensational discovery, in the winter of 1896-7, at this point where we are lingering, at Oxyrrhynchus in the Fayoum, of a second-century papyrus containing "Sayings of Jesus," not reported in the canonical gospels. These "Logia," of which we have here and there hints in ecclesiastical literature, have now been recovered after a slumber of about eighteen centuries. One of these Sayings, to give a sample, reads as follows: "Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

We cannot tarry longer at this point of papyrus discoveries, and we speed on till we are 190 miles beyond Cairo, and there, at Der Manas, we are close to Tell-el-Amarna, which has recently sprung into fame. Here Amenophis the Fourth established a new capital, after moving from Thebes. His library was uncovered at this point in 1887, giving us more than 300 clay tablets inscribed with Babylonian characters, the court language of the time. These are now scattered among various Museums in the world, and they can be read. They remind us of records lately dug up in the unearthing of Ahab's palace at Samaria, these being written with characters in black and perfectly legible yet. The Amarna tablets had their letters cut in clay when it was



The Rameseum



Temple of Queen Hatsu

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plastic, and they contain official communications to the Egyptian monarch from the farther East and even from Jerusalem. When were these written? Before the Exodus and before the time of Moses. The great Jewish lawgiver may or may not have written the Pentateuch, that is to be determined by the evidence. But he at least could have done so, for he was versed in all the learning of the Egyptians, and these unearthed books prove that this wisdom included the ability to write. They also render entirely credible the use of documents, whether Jehovistic or Elohistie, by Moses himself in what he wrote.

Bearing upon the point of the historicity of events so long ago as early Biblical times is the finding, during the season of 1901-2, of that inscribed stone preserving the laws of Hammurabi, which have made such a deep impression on scholars. Though this discovery belongs not to Egyptian explorations but to the French at Susa, it comes in appropriately right here. It is a pillar of black diorite eight feet high. It had been carried from the valley of the Euphrates as a trophy of war to the place where it was found. It pushes the historic still farther back than the tablets just mentioned, not to the fifteenth century before the Christian era, but to about 2200 B. C., showing no mean degree of civilization nine hundred years before Moses, when Hammurabi set up that very stone which we now have, which antedated Abraham himself, which can be seen at present at the Louvre in Paris, and which would seem to remove from the mythical and legendary the tables of stone inscribed with the decalogue nearly a millenium later.

And now we are at Luxor and Karnak, or old Thebes, of which Homer, the blind bard, sang:

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“That spreads her conquests o’er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates.”

Where is the hundred-gated city? She is gone, and we can only survey her ruins on both sides of the river here. On the western bank of the Nile, we see the twin Collossi, erected 1500 years before Christ by Amenophis the Third at the entrance to a temple of his. One of these has been known as Vocal Memnon, which was said to send forth at daybreak music like the sound of a harp. Perhaps this was the result of a ventriloquist’s trick, or it may have been due to some priest’s ingenious mechanism skilfully hidden within. But we need not be so very sceptical in this matter, for all the statues of Egypt have become vocal, and not simply Memnon, since we learned in the last century to read the inscriptions thereon.

It was the chief wife and official queen of the builder of Vocal Memnon, whose tomb was discovered and opened in 1907, and while a royal person was lying there and crumbled to dust on being unwrapped, she herself was not found, and has not yet been located. It was her son, Amenophis the Fourth, who removed the Egyptian capital from Thebes to Tell-el-Amarna.

Not far from Memnon and his desert companion is the Rameseum, or the Memnonium of Rameses the Great, containing fragments of an enormous statue of the monarch it commemorates. We pass on to a dark gorge, to the shadowy valley at Biban el-Muluk, where the tombs of the Kings are hewn in solid rock. We reach these a few miles over the desert sands, with not a green thing in sight, on the backs of donkeys, though my wife was carried in a chair resting on poles supported by the brawny shoulders of six black

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Nubians. No mausoleums can compare with these, which we have come to see, for age or for splendor. The tourist in Rome goes to see the Pyramid of Caius Cestius who died 30 B. C. and the still existing Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which has stood on the Appian Way for about 2,000 years. These Roman monuments are impressive, but in the Theban necropolis, in this valley of the dead are found sepulchres which were constructed nearly as many centuries before the beginning of the Christian era as have elapsed since. You need practically to double up the time to get the age of these tombs near the Nile.

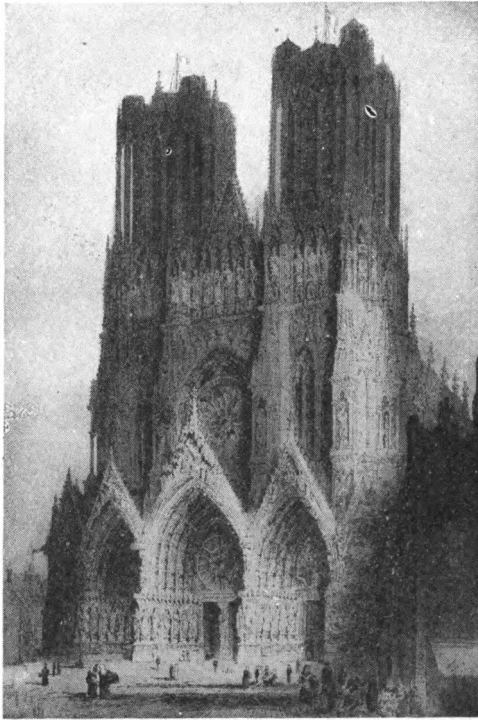
What works of art they are! The finest architecturally is that of Seti the First, who reigned 3,200 years ago, and whose is one of the mummies in the Cairo Museum. It is 330 feet long, and has three large and several smaller rooms. More striking, however, than this is that of Amenophis the Second, unearched as late as 1898. This monarch in a perfect state of preservation has fittingly been left there, where he has been lying for perhaps 3,500 years. Very significantly his leatherly features are to-day illumined with an electric light, dropping down directly over him from a ceiling as fresh in its decorations now as when first made. This to me was the most dramatic scene of all in a trip continuing for six months in the Orient and in Europe. The close juxtaposition of the modern and the ancient was startling. It was Edison hobnobbing with Pharaoh.

From these tombs we cross over to the other side of the desert mountain, to the unique temple, Der el-Bahri, built into the side of the towering height by Queen Hatasu, or Hatshepsut, daughter of Thotmes the First, and half sister of Thotmes the Second and Thotmes the Third, an illustrious family group. She has been characterized as the Queen

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Elizabeth of Egypt. Since the rehabilitation of her mountain temple, which was not entirely cleared of its rubbish till 1896, she is seen to have been in one respect the Solomon of Theban sovereigns. This Biblical King with his Red Sea fleet brought back the gold of Ophir and monkeys and peacocks and other novelities, which were the wonder of all in Palestine. He was like Columbus, who after his voyage of American discovery astonished the Spaniards with the products of the new world, including native Indians, specimens of humanity never before seen in Europe. Queen Hatasu six hundred years before Solomon, and three milleniums before Columbus, made a no less astonishing and fruitful naval expedition. She had the whole story sculptured on the walls of her temple set in the hillside, written with pen of iron in imperishable rock.

Before M. de Lesseps accomplished his famed achievement of building the Suez Canal to connect the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and long ages before we cut our Panama Canal to join together the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, she seems to have connected the Nile and the Red Sea by a water-way. Along this and down the Sea, she sent an exploring fleet of five ships to the Land of Punt, supposed to have been on the eastern coast of Africa. The vessels of the squadron are all pictured out in stone. You see the fish in the water over which the ships glide. When they reach their destination, you are shown the scenery of the strange new land, a cow under the shade of a tree, a bird on the wing, the huts of the natives on piles reached by ladders, and the approach of the chief of the realm, with his very fat wife waddling along, and his children, and attendants with a donkey. This last group of the royal family has been transferred to the Cairo Museum, where it was seen by me. An inscription represents



Cathedral of Rheims



Temple of Luxor

ROUND ABOUT KARNAK

them as saying in astonishment, "How have you arrived at the land unknown to the men of Egypt? Have you come down from the roads of the heavens?" This is similar to a saying of ours, How did you ever get here? You must have dropped from the sky.

The fleet is next loaded with the products of the Land of Punt. In sculptured figures, you see the Egyptian sailors carrying along half-grown trees with considerable earth clinging to their roots, so as to make sure of their living on being transplanted. You see a monkey being led along, and afterward three apes making themselves at home in the ship's rigging: You see many variously laden hurrying aboard along inclined planks or gangways. You see the captain standing at the prow and issuing his commands, which another with his hand to his mouth shouts to others farther on. You are shown the welcome given on the return of the successful expedition, the joyous procession headed by her Majesty herself, whose throne-chair borne by twelve persons appears with great distinctness. Singularly enough a throne-chair of Queen Hatasu still survives, having been conveyed to England in 1887, to adorn henceforth the Egyptian department of the British Museum. Plated with silver and gold, as was seen by me when there, an Egyptologist has suggested that its woodwork may have formed part of the cargo brought from the land of Punt 3,500 years ago. We, therefore, can say with the Queen in her temple inscription, "Never since the beginning of the world have the like wonders been brought by any king." Solomon and Columbus retire to the background. They were surpassed by the Egyptian Queen, whose temple has been uncovered in our

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own time, with its sculptured story of her now historic naval expedition of marvelous and fascinating discovery.

Going to the eastern bank of the Nile at Thebes, we visit the temple of Luxor, erected in the main by Amenophis the Third, now roofless but still attractive with its many graceful columns yet standing. From this was taken the fine obelisk, which is now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. Like Luxor's ruins, which the tooth of time and the ravages of long centuries have made, are those which in brief bombardments have been effected by a military nation of Kultur but of no true culture in its shameful demolition of noted buildings, whose glory has been the pride of the civilized peoples of the globe. Particularly is this true of the magnificent cathedral of Rheims, within whose stately walls French monarchs were long crowned, and within which Joan of Arc led a king for his coronation, because she had been the divine instrument in securing for him the victory over his foe. Barbarians could hardly be expected to appreciate its wondrous Rose Window, or its architectural splendor, or its deep historical significance. Nor were they impressed with the fact, to be governed accordingly by a becoming restraint, that before the resplendent structure was erected the Frankish king, Clovis, whose wife was instrumental in his conversion, here received his crown on Christmas of the year 496 A. D. They were not moved by any consideration of that sort to spare a place of such interesting associations, for the city as well as its finest edifice was given over to a senseless destruction, complete as that at Luxor wrought by the lapse of the unpitying ages. When we have a definite picture of what the cathedral of Rheims was, and then remember that the cold-blooded intention was to make it what the temple of Luxor is, our indignation is unbounded,

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our condemnation leaps up in a flaming wrath that would consume the destroyers. They were no less ruthless at Louvain, where, according to Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, they burned 2,000 houses, and destroyed the massive buildings of the University there, even to the Library with its priceless contents. Here too, therefore were wrought in a few hours ruins like those of Egypt on the Nile where we are now

We go a mile and a half farther on, and by what was once an avenue of sphinxes we reach Karnak, a temple which with its chapels commemorates the glories of different Pharaohs. This is the largest and most magnificent architectural ruin on the face of the globe. It is of varying breadth, 370 feet in its great Court, and with an extreme length of 1200 feet, being nearly a quarter of a mile long. Six men would be required with outstretched arms to span one of its enormous pillars, about 35 feet in circumference, in the grand hall of columns. One of its adornments is a gift of Queen Hatasu, an obelisk of red granite rising to a height that makes it a rival of the one, which was transported to Rome from Egypt by Constantine the Great, and which at present stands 105 feet high before the cathedral of St. John Lateran in Rome. Karnak is larger and more glorious than any other edifice ever erected by human hands for divine worship. Two things give it a particular Biblical interest.

There is a Scriptural record which says, "And it came to pass in the fifth year of King Rehoboam that Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem." Is there any monumental corroboration of this statement? On the southern wall of the temple of Ammon at Karnak, about 1,000 years before Christ, Shishak or Sheshonk the First inscribed an account of a military campaign of his into Palestine, and

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among the places conquered he enumerates Gaza, Gibeon, and Judah Melech, this being made by some to mean king of Judah, while others think it refers to the royal city of Judah, or Jerusalem. In either case it confirms the Biblical declaration that the Egyptian monarch did invade the Judaic kingdom.

A second indirect reference to a Scriptural fact is contained in another inscription on the temple of Karnak. In the second book of the Kings, we read of the Syrians saying, "Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians." It used to be said that the Bible was to be discredited, because it evidently meant in this passage to put the Hittites on an equality with the Egyptians, whereas the former were practically unknown, while the latter figured largely in history. But it is increasingly appearing, that the Scriptural representation is correct. On this very temple of Karnak is an inscription which makes the Hittite kingdom and the Egyptian empire to have warred for the control of the orient, and the conflict was about an even thing, and that, too, when the latter power was at its prime under Rameses the Great. Their treaty of peace we have graven in stone as follows: "From this day forward, that there may subsist a good friendship and a good understanding." It was an alliance offensive and defensive, and it was made 1354 B. C. Thus do the very stones at Karnak cry out to the greatness of the Hittite empire, to which Scripture by implication witnesses. Moreover, there is growing evidence along this line in Hittite remains that are constantly coming to light at the old capital, Carchemish, and elsewhere.

This important Karnak inscription deserves a little more attention. Next to the "Book of the Dead," it is perhaps



Temple of Karnak, Portal



Temple of Karnak, Khons Columns

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Egypt's most renowned piece of literature, being sometimes called the Iliad of the land of the Nile. It is a heroic poem, and was written by Pentaur to celebrate the dearly-bought victory of Rameses over the confederation headed by the powerful Hittites. It is inscribed on the Rameseum, and on the temple of Luxor, and elsewhere, as well as on the wall of Karnak. Away in distant Nubia, between the first and second cataracts of the river, the triumph is not only written but also pictured in stone, in the rock-hewn temple of Abu-Simbel. Rameses there had the epic published with magnificent illustrations. "And he did so," said Amelia B. Edwards, "upon a scale which puts our modern publishing houses to shame. His imperial edition was issued on sculptured stone, and illustrated with bas-relief subjects gorgeously colored by hand." More enduring are these decorations than the painting, for instance, of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, where the stabling of Napoleon's horses in the decorated chapel nearly ruined the colorings, which, however, have since been retouched. The Tableaux on the wall of the temple of Abu-Simbel are clear and distinct after the lapse of more than three milleniums, and no restoration is needed.

You see the battle wrought out in stony detail. Victory trembled in the balance for a while, but the rout of the Hittites on the second day was complete. You see the foe finally driven into the river Orontes, and the inscription declares, "Headlong I drive them to the water's edge! Headlong they plunge, as plunges the crocodile." You see all that pictured in rocky outline. You see a horse running away with an empty chariot. You see a drowning prince being dragged to the shore by a soldier, while the latter scene at a later stage was also sculptured on the Pylon

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of the Rameseum at Thebes. There you see the chieftain held up with the head downward after the drowning experience, in order to let the water run from his mouth, if perchance he might be resuscitated. Such are a few of the many incidents illustrated true to life 3,200 years ago.

Were there the time, we would go 140 miles beyond Luxor to Assouan, where Juvenal in exile wrote some of his satires. We would go to view the lovely island of Philae with its temple ruins, and we would examine the marvelous dam which has been constructed by the English, and which is submerging that architectural gem at Philae, but which by an extensive irrigating system is greatly increasing the productive area of Egypt. In this way the country is to be made still more, as the father of historians expressed it, "the gift of the Nile."

In leaving this land of wonders, we can carry away a no more suitable memento than a scarab, representing in clay or precious stone the Egyptian scarabæus. This was a kind of beetle resembling our June bug, and depositing its eggs in refuse matter, whose fermentation, whose natural warmth hatched out the young. This was like our butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, and so the scarab seems to have become an emblem of immortality, and it attained great popularity. A fortunate purchase of mine was such an antique bearing the cartouche of Thotmes the Third, and since pronounced genuine by experts both in the Cairo and British Museums. What was owned three and a half milleniums ago by the Pharaoh who erected so many obelisks now shares the honor with my Phi Beta Kappa key of serving as a charm on my watch chain, though it is no longer used as a seal or signet to impress the name of the monarch it bears on some weighty document.



Temple of Abu-Simbel



Island of Philae

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Similar to mine is another antique, which has come down to us from the distant past, and with its story let me close. When, like that noble Roman, who, sure of the splendid destiny of the eternal city, bought at its full price the very ground on which the army of Hannibal was encamped before the gates of the capital, — when like him Jeremiah with all confidence in the future of Jerusalem made his ancestral purchase in suburban Anathoth, his native town, over which the Babylonian engines of war were at the time rolling, the prophet said of this well-known business transaction, “I subscribed the deed, and sealed it.” How he prized his seal is indicated by that other verse in his prophesy where he represents God as saying of the king of Judah, though thou wert “the signet upon my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence.” In connection with all this is the very suggestive fact that among the discoveries in Egypt, where we find the prophet in his later life, and where he is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, is a remarkable seal inscribed, “Jeremiah.” Regarding this, Professor Sayce of Oxford in 1902 to an inquiry of mine wrote me, “The lettering *would* be of the age of the prophet.” Jeremiah with this very signet may have sealed his prophesies, including his prediction, that Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, would overrun Egypt, which indeed should be visited with successive disasters. When he and other Jewish exiles reached Tahpanhes in the northeast corner of the Delta of the Nile, he was divinely bidden to take “great stones,” as we learn from the inspired record, and to “hide them in mortar in the brickwork, which is at the entry of Pharaoh’s house,” while he predicted that the king of Babylon would “set his throne upon these stones.” There did follow a Babylonian conquest

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of Egypt, and the prophet, says tradition, was at last stoned to death at Tahpanhes.

We hurry to the climateric. In 1886, an archæologist in excavating at this point found confirmation of the Scriptural "brickwork or pavement at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes." These are the excavator's own words: "This brickwork or pavement at the entry of Pharaoh's house has always been a puzzle to translators; but as soon as we began to uncover the plan of the palace, the exactness of the description was manifest; for here, outside the building adjoining the central tower, I found by repeated trenchings an area of continuous brickwork resting on sand, and measuring about one hundred feet by sixty feet. * * * * The platform is therefore unmistakably the brickwork or pavement, which is 'at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes'." These Egyptian ruins, with their strangely preserved brickwork or pavement uncovered in our day, are a living witness to the truth of what the prophet wrote nearly 600 years before Christ. The signet of Jeremiah, possibly the very one that has been found, and that at least bears his name, and that is now in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg or Petrograd,—this, it may be, affixed to his prophesy of the coming humiliation of Egypt sealed the fate of the land of the Pharaohs. Of this we have had abundant evidence in the monuments and ruins which we have been viewing, and which have steadily and most impressively proclaimed, "So passes away the glory of the world," or as the old Latins used to say, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

CHAPTER V

ROUND ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE

CRESCENT AND CROSS

TAKING our departure from Egypt, we steam away for Constantinople, we "fly to Istambul." We cruise among the isles of Greece, redolent of mythological memories. We approach the Dardanelles, a strait 47 miles long and one to four wide, separating two continents. On the European side is the Gallipoli peninsula, where in the World War the British forces, with brave Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders, and with a formidable Anglo-French fleet cooperating, tried to break through to Constantinople. Their valiant efforts were in vain, and there had to be an inglorious retirement, which, however, became a masterly retreat to Saloniki, the New Testament Thessalonica, to whose Church there Paul wrote two of his inspired epistles. How near the Allies were to a tremendous success in their abandoned campaign has been told by Hon. Henry Morgenthau, our astute American Ambassador at Constantinople, that center of dark, diplomatic moves. From personal knowledge gained at the time on the ground, he has exposed most effectively German chicanery and Turkish intrigue. He has also related how the attacking fleet by keeping up the pressure only a short while longer would have gloriously triumphed.

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This was the belief of all representatives of foreign governments, and of the German and Austrian Ambassadors themselves, and even of the high officials of Turkey with one exception. The practically unanimous opinion was that the Straits could have been forced with an Allied loss of perhaps a dozen ships. When the English and French armada bombarded the fortifications, there was a panic on the threatened Golden Horn. On the day of the fiercest assault, March 18, 1915, sixteen warships opened up fire, and three of these were sunk and four were crippled. Floating mines, let loose by the Turks, increased the menace, but it was never imagined that the check would be anything but temporary. The guns of the fleet outranged those of the defense, the latter being of the older Krupp models. Besides, the ammunition was almost exhausted, and the chief commander in charge feared that the Turks would be able to hold out only "a few hours." At that date there had not been the modernizing of forts and guns afterward accomplished by the Germans, rendering the Dardanelles almost impregnable. So tense was the situation that two trains stood at the station in Constantinople with steam up, the one ready to take the Sultan and his suite into Asia Minor for the establishing of the government there, while the other was to remove foreign ambassadors from the expected scene of peril. One high Turkish official, to make sure of escape, had two powerful automobiles with skilled chauffeurs on the Asiatic shore to drive like Jehu, if need be, far into the interior.

But the Allied fleet did not return to renew the bombarding on the morning of what was supposed would be the fateful nineteenth of March. Henry Morgenthau's own testimony is, "The Allies abandoned the attack at the precise moment when complete victory was in their grasp."

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The War might have been ended then, or if not, it certainly would have been changed in the whole course of its conduct. If there had been a clear passage to Russia for arms and munitions and other necessaries, she would have been saved to the Allied cause, which on that account would have won sooner. We can hardly help lamenting that Constantinople was not taken at this auspicious time. We are reconciled to the failure only because of what success at that emergency might have meant. Enver Pasha, head of the War Department, made the threat that the city would be reduced to ashes as Moscow was at the approach of Napoleon rather than that it should fall into hateful hands. He even declared that San Sophia would be dynamited, and it would have been a world calamity to have had that happen to a historic edifice, which has been a Christian church for nine centuries and a Turkish mosque for nearly five hundred years more. The deferred capture may have saved mankind from such an unspeakable catastrophe.

From the Saloniki front proceeded in 1918 under General D'Esperey the Allied campaign which resulted in the utter defeat of Bulgaria and in its unconditional surrender September 30, and that caused Turkey two weeks later to sue for peace, while even Germany and Austria-Hungary threw up their hands and humbly cried not only "Kamerad" but also "Enough." The armistice signed by the Turkish government October 31 required her to demobilize her army, to yield up the Dardanelles and Bosphorus forts, and to give the Allied fleet free access to the Black Sea. We, therefore, will not speculate on how much sooner the great War might have run its course, and along what different lines, if the Dardanelles campaign of 1915 had been pursued to the success that was doubtless attainable. We are satisfied

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to say with Shakespeare, "All's well that ends well." We will not sigh over the fact that just a little more perseverance would have won earlier. With this impressive reminder of what mighty events often hang on small contingencies is associated another memory of a sad and yet later of a glad nature. When General Townshend was fighting his way up the Tigris, he seemed to be meeting with unbroken success, but suddenly he was halted and driven back to Kut-el-Amara, where after a siege of months he had to surrender with all his garrison of 10,000, who were as brave but not as fortunate as the ten thousand Greeks who won renown by an orderly retreat. Why was there this disaster? Its cause was a large and wholly unanticipated reinforcement of Turkish regulars, of seasoned troops, who became available by reason of the Allied withdrawal from Gallipoli. But this loss was subsequently redeemed by General Maude's brilliant campaign culminating in the capture of Bagdad, which had been General Townshend's objective, and which he would have reached but for the veteran enemy forces released by the failure at Gallipoli.

With such recollections of the recent past, we proceed along our watery way. On the Asiatic shore, about four miles inland from the Strait and facing likewise the Ægean Sea, there raged nearly three milleniums ago a conflict that lasted for ten years. Paris of Troy had abducted the "fair-haired" Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and the Grecians under the leadership of Agememnon (whose name one of the British ships in the assaulting fleet of 1915 bore) began the Trojan war. They at last triumphed by the ingenious device of the big wooden horse left on the strand, while they retired and secretly watched for developments. When through curiosity this was hauled within the walls that had resisted

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every onslaught, the soldiers who had been secreted within it leaped forth, slew guards, and opening gates to admit their comrades from without conquered those who till then had been invincible. In this connection many are the scenes that rise before the mental vision from Homer's Iliad. We remember the parting of a hero with his wife and child on setting out for the battlefield. From college days we recollect the charming lines:

“Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eyeing with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed.”

That is one side of the shield, and the other appears when Hector after feats of prodigious strength and valor was slain by Achilles, who dragged the lifeless body at his chariot wheels, before he delivered it up for funeral rites to the aged parents, Priam and Hecuba, and to the stricken wife, Andomache, with her fatherless child who had been lovingly thrown up in the air and caught again in paternal arms. When tidings of her beloved's death reached the widow,

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“In a breathless swoon
She sank away and fell. The ornaments
Dropped from her brow, — the wreath, the woven band,
The net, the veil which Golden Venus gave
That day when crested Hector wedded her.”
And what was the effect upon the boy?
“Astyanax in tears, who not long since
Was fed, while sitting in his father’s lap.”

Surely war had its tragedies then as well as now. One thing the dauntless defender of “Sacred Ilium” gained, and that was immortality. It was he who, according to the ancient bard, pictured a far future when the traveller,

“Sailing in his good ship the dark-blue deep,”

would recall *him*, who not only had spoken of his name being mentioned by the passer-by in succeeding generations, but who had distinctly said, “My fame shall never die.” His prediction is fulfilled in the modern tourist calling him to mind while speeding in engine-throbbing steamer along the Hellespont, over which we are making our way, and on which the illustrious Trojan imagined his reminiscent mariner to be afloat and dreaming of the distant past.

Most singular is the fact that in the seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century Dr. Henry Schliemann excavated the Mound Hissarlik, which he discovered to be the very site of Troy, or of its lofty citadel that, like the Athenian acropolis, was crowned with temple and palace, the latter never having had a more distinguishel occupant than the mighty potentate Priam. From the neighboring Mt. Ida, now as then, is most splendidly visible four miles distant the Hellespont, our Dardanelles. Into this rather

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than into the Ægean the river Scamander of Homeric fame with the scarcely less classical Simois emptying therein had an outlet. Naturally, therefore, the more frequented sea-front of the Trojans was that of the salt body of water along which we are now cruising, and which must have often glistened in the sunlight to the eyes of King Priam himself. When, as Professor Sayce of Oxford has said, we can handle the very implements and utensils and weapons which served antiquity, when we can inspect such articles as these in Museums, particularly in Athens and Berlin, when we can look upon objects of earthenware and bronze and gold, which may have been in use in the household of Hector's father and mother, when we can see old Troy actually uncovered by the archæologist, we feel that the tale, which a destructive criticism had relegated to the realm of fable, has indeed turned out to be historic, though the date may have been a millenium before Christ, and perhaps one or two hundred years earlier still. Under such circumstances the old becomes very evident to our own generation.

We plow along the waters, and we remember that Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of the Bible whom the lovely Esther married, on setting out with his hordes possibly numbering a million for the conquest of Greece, threw two bridges across the strait for the conveyance of his vast army to the European side. Conversely, Alexander the Great at a later date transferred his soldiers to the Asiatic shore over this same rushing tide, and moved on to triumphs that have never been equalled. Here also the early Greek writers localized the Romance of Hero and Leander. The latter's love for the former was opposed, but high in a tower on her side of the Dardanelles she hung out a light, and he from the other or Asiatic side with that beacon as a guide swam the

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strait to meet her in sweet seclusion. One night the lamp went out, but he attempted the feat all the same only to perish on the dark and stormy waters, and when the next morning she learned of the tragedy, she threw herself into the cruel waves that her spirit might join his. Byron swam from one shore to the other to demonstrate that it was not an impossible accomplishment.

With such memories we soon emerge from the Dardanelles into the wider Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. Approaching our destination, we pass the Islands of the Princes, Prinkipo and the rest, which pleasantly break the monotony of a watery expanse. Here have been monasteries in the past. Here fair princesses have taken the veil to escape from a cruel and unjust despotism. Here princes of the realm, dethroned or in disfavor, have been in confinement. Here the attractive surroundings and the salubrious breezes are now being utilized for summer residence. It was to a rocky islet here that the dogs of Constantinople, when they were expelled from their age-long occupancy of the city, were taken in our day to die of starvation. It was at Prinkipo, where the conference was called in 1919 of all the factions in Russia to see if there was not a way of composing their differences, but the Allied effort in this direction was a failure, because the response was not sufficient to secure even a gathering of the clans.

We make our way steadily along, and on our right we see what was anciently known as Chalcedon. Here in 451 A. D. sat the fourth ecumenical council, with five to six hundred bishops present, the most largely attended of any in the history of the Christian Church. The glory of the place has long since departed. With reference to its early settlement by Greek colonists, a later colony seeking a location

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was directed by the Delphic Oracle to build over against the "city of the blind." As we approach the point indicated on the opposite shore, we feel that those of Chalcedon were indeed blind not to have selected this for their new habitation, for here is Constantinople, whose position is absolutely unequalled. Though an actual entrance into its narrow and untidy streets proves disenchanting, apart from the historic, the view of it from the water is most satisfying and even enthralling. Its domes and pinnacles, its minarets and towers, in the mellow haze of a sunrise or in the afterglow of a sunset make it look like a celestial city, like a New Jerusalem let down from heaven.

The Asiatic part of the city is known as Scutari. Near this were buried 8,000 British soldiers and sailors, who died in the Crimean War, notwithstanding all that Florence Nightingale did to alleviate the sufferings of the dying. A hospital there bears her name. Said Longfellow:

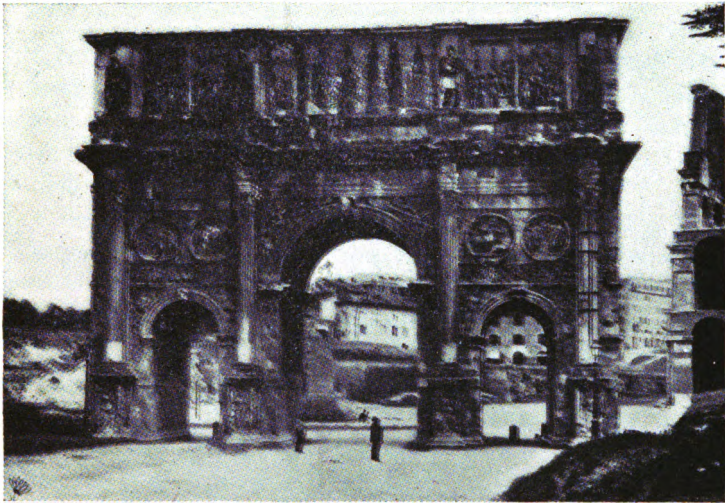
"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.
And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls."

Her memory still survives that sanguinary conflict in the early fifties of the nineteenth century. No less impressive is the Mohammedan burial ground here. It stretches away for miles under dark cypresses, and its dead outnumber the living in the adjoining streets.

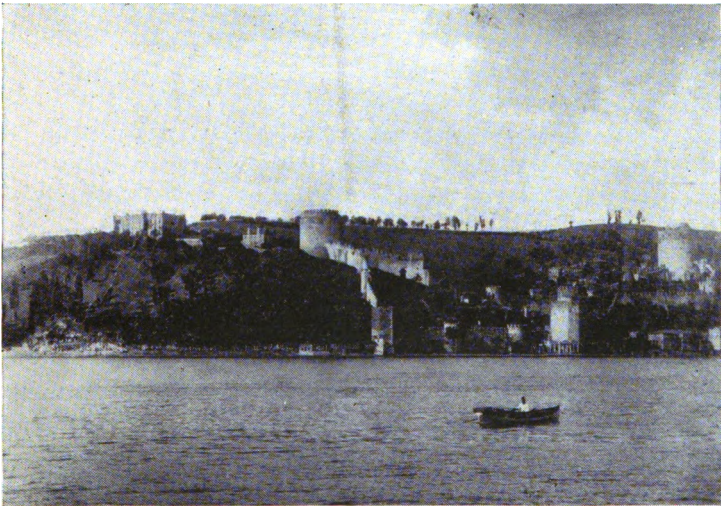
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What gives Scutari special preeminence is that on its heights was fought an epochal battle. In the time of Constantine there had been great political confusion, no less than three rival emperors struggling for the mastery in the West, and as many in the East. Maxentius, the last of the first group, was defeated by Constantine near the Milvian Bridge at Rome in the year 312. To commemorate this victory was erected near the Roman Forum the Arch of Constantine, which has been standing there since 315 A. D. It was during this campaign that Constantine, according to contemporary authorities including the ecclesiastical historian Eusebius, had his vision of the cross emblazoned in the sky, with the motto, "By this conquer." He became a convert to Christianity, manifestly sincere but with many imperfections. With reference to these he must be judged by the standards of his age. Stanley very properly said that he was "Great" because of what he did, and not because of what he was. He had the foresight and the astuteness to recognize that Christianity was the coming power, and he determined to be identified therewith.

No sooner had he triumphed in the West than he decided to grapple with the only survivor of the three emperors in the East, Licinius, who met with his initial reverse at Adrianople and with his final defeat in 324 at Chrysopolis, which was our modern Scutari, where Constantine by his brilliant achievement became sole emperor of the whole empire. From that moment there opened up to him his splendid career. He substituted the luminous cross for the Roman eagles on the imperial standards, doubtless saying with Paul, "Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross." Just across the water he was to establish himself, at Stamboul, as it long has been called. Thither, after presiding at



Arch of Constantine, Rome



Roumeli Hissar and Robert College on the Bosphorus

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the Nicene Council in 325, when Orthodoxy won over Arianism, he decided to remove the capital from Rome to this new city which he proposed to found, which bore his name, the City of Constantine, or Constantinople, and which he dedicated in 330.

The place had previously been called Byzantium, from Byzas, the leader of the Greeks, who effected the first settlement 658 B. C. As such it had a long and glorious history, and Byzantine art and architecture have a distinction of their own, and the Empire has been designated the Byzantine quite as often as the Eastern. It successfully resisted a furious assault from Philip of Macedon, against whom Demosthenes used to thunder. In 340 B. C. the great Macedonian besieged it, and he nearly succeeded by a night assault. He proceeded by subterranean tunnels, but the rising of a new moon set the dogs to barking, which awoke the sleeping garrison that thereupon repelled the attack. If Rome was saved by the cackling of geese because of their noise rousing the guard, Byzantium was saved by the barking of dogs, and there would seem to have been some reason for their having had for centuries the freedom of the city. In another sense, salvation came to the town because of the bright lunar rim that appeared, and naturally the crescent became the emblem to be borne aloft on the banners of a grateful people. This, later, was adopted by the Turks, and crescent and cross have for centuries symbolized antagonistic civilizations. Had not Christians been anticipated by Greeks and Mohammedans, the former might well have taken the crescent to themselves, with perhaps a significant addition. The Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity in which membership is eagerly coveted by College students, has for a pin the pleasing design of a crescent and a star. Let the latter with

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its superior radiance be regarded as the waxing Star of Bethlehem, and the former as the waning power of Islamism, and we have a correct representation of the hopeful facts.

We are still standing off from Stamboul, with thronging memories that are classic, christian and crescent, and we cannot refrain from telling the story of Io. According to Grecian fable she was a fair maiden, of whom Jupiter became enamored, greatly to the disquiet of his wife Juno. In her jealousy and rage she vented her wrath upon the lovely creature, who for purposes of escape was changed into a beautiful white heifer or cow. The disguise was discovered, and the goddess pursued her with a tormenting gadfly, from which the poor victim fled everywhere, at last dashing into the water at Scutari and swimming across the strait to Seraglio point, and she gave to this oceanic current its name, The Bosphorus, the derivation being from two Greek words, poros a passage or ford, and bous or bos, heifer, and we still say, "Come, Bos," as well as Bosphorus.

Where Stamboul juts down into the water, Theodosius the Great in the year 381 raised a column to celebrate his victories over barbaric hordes led by such ruthless savages as Attila the Hun, and the memorial is still there. On the top of this Daniel the Stylite, after the strange manner of the order to which he belonged, took his position, and he did not descend for 27 years, trying thus to appease, as a pillar saint, the wrath of God. Higher up in the city is another column that of Constantine himself, still defying the ravages of time. So often have the flames swept over it in the great fires that have occurred, that it is more familiarly known as the Burnt Column.

The oldest part of Constantinople, or Stamboul, occupies a triangular peninsula, which is washed on two sides by the

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commingling waters of the Sea of Marmora, of the Bosphorus, and of the Golden Horn, the last running about five miles up into the land like Somes Sound which cuts half in two the island of Mt. Desert off the coast of Maine. Along the water sides were early built protecting walls, and likewise overland from the Sea to the Horn. Theodosius especially put up strong fortifications, which at intervals had massive towers. He built an inner wall in 413, and an outer in 447, and between these was a moat which was once filled with water, but the dry ground is at present devoted to market gardening. Justinian in the sixth century erected triple walls to increase the security. Successive Emperors and Sultans have tried their hands at providing defenses, which have been demolished and repeatedly rebuilt, which have been rent asunder by earthquake shocks and have again been reconstructed. Though all these may be in a more or less ruinous condition, they continue to attract attention, sometimes because of being vine-clad and therefore very picturesque, and always because of historical and tragical associations, which should make them forever immune to the demolition which the walls of Paris suffered in being desecrated to the common use of forming boulevards that are ever being trodden by hurrying feet or sacreligiously pressed by rolling automobiles. Wave after wave of hostile invaders has dashed in vain through many centuries against these Constantinople fortifications, which have thus acquired the right of being considered too sacred to be profanely destroyed.

Moving on a bit, we see on the other side of the Golden Horn the third division of Constantinople, Galata-Pera. The latter part of this hyphenated name speaks of that which is the farther away, which according to the literal meaning of

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the word is indeed "beyond." There with streets and shops up-to-date, and with the life and society incident to the foreign embassies being located there, we have the modern European. But to us who are seeking for what is oriental, there will be no charm amid such surroundings. Nor is the Galata section adjoining the water of absorbing interest. An exception may be made of its famous Tower, which has served as a lookout for detecting fires and foes, but which is equally advantageous to the traveller for a point of observation. Its walls are 12 feet thick, and it is Byzantine in its lower construction, Genoese in its upper portions, and Moslem in its topping-off. By an inner stairway an ascent can be made, until there is a superb view of all the adjacent region, whose whole magnificent layout appears to the entranced vision.

Galata likewise has Venetian and Genoese associations, for when Venice and Genoa were strong republics, their citizens exercised here an almost independent control. It was to this point that the Pilgrims of the fourth Crusade were diverted from their proper destination, which was Jerusalem. But Dandolo, the blind doge, when a former ambassador to the Court here, had been rendered sightless by a perfidious emperor. Since he had furnished the ships for the Crusaders, he drove a Shylock bargain with them, and he insisted that they should serve his purpose, turning aside from the holy city to conquer the Eastern capital on the Bosphorus. He was ninety years of age, but he personally led the assault. The chain, stretched for defense from Stamboul to Galata across the mouth of the Golden Horn, had never yet been broken, but it yielded to his indomitable will, and he captured the hated city, and many were the excesses with which the conquerors were charged. This was in 1204,

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and the Latin rule lasted till 1261, when the Greeks recovered what was their own. The blind doge triumphed, but he never returned to Venice, he was buried in the city, which had been the scene of his victory, the very next year.

When in 1920 there came the Allied occupation of Constantinople to enforce upon the defeated Turks the terms agreed upon, the English took the third division of the city of Galata-Pera, the French Stamboul, and the Italians Scutari, while riding the matchless harbor were warships from all three nations, stripped for action and with guns trained upon vital points.

Aboard our good ship Arabic, which the Germans afterward torpedoed and sent to the bottom of the ocean, we next steam up the Bosphorus for about nineteen miles to the Black Sea. This narrow stretch of water along which we are cruising seems a good deal like a river, it being only two miles wide at the greatest, while at the narrowest part the separated continents are only a few hundred feet apart, and human voices can be heard from one cliff to the other. The strait along its whole course has projecting bluffs on one side always facing receding bays on the other, and the logical inference and the scientific belief are, that a seismic convulsion, a titanic cataclysm, in some remote geological age tore open this passage-way, whereby the Euxine or Black Sea was permitted to join its long pent-up waters with those of the Mediterranean.

At the very start of our short voyage, we see opposite Galata the Maiden's Tower on a rocky promontory laved by the blue waters. It was the round structure originally erected here (and not this successor dating only from 1763), concerning which there is a stirring narrative, that, however, varies somewhat in its details. Sometimes it is an early

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Greek emperor and an Arab prince, and again it is a great Sultan and the son of a Persian Shah, who figure in the story. Following the latter tradition, his Majesty had a lovely daughter, of whom an astrologer read in the stars, or perhaps a Gypsy revealed the secret from the palms of the hands, that this royal favorite was doomed to die before her eighteenth birthday from the bite of a serpent. Her devoted father made up his mind that he would frustrate fate, and built a little castle for her on the sea-protected rock. There she had the watch-care of faithful attendants. A Persian prince heard of her beauty, and resolved to win her for himself. He sang love-songs under her window, and she from her latticed seclusion caught a glimpse of him and reciprocated his affection. Only one day more, and the fateful eighteenth birthday would be past, and she would be safe. Unfortunately on that last day, she received from her lover a basket of Persian roses. She bent over them to inhale their fragrance. A viper sprang out and fastened itself on her white throat. She screamed, and the prince heard her shrieks, and wondered what had happened. Notwithstanding the vigilance of servants, he managed to gain access to her chamber, and learned what had occurred. He applied his mouth to the wound and sucked out the poison, and on her recovery they wedded, and in the far East they ever after lived happily. This may be fiction, but there is a fact connected with this same spot. The admiral of the Greek fleet, which had come thither in the year 340 B. C. to assist the city against Philip of Macedon who was proposing to capture it, was accompanied by his wife, but she sickened and died here, and where the tower now stands a fine mausoleum by order of her husband rose to her memory,

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though it had disappeared before the beginning of the Christian era.

At last we are off on our Black Sea excursion. We pass palaces like the Dolma Baghtcheh erected in the nineteenth century, and extending more than a third of a mile along the water front, and capable of accommodating 700 guests. We see turreted towers on either shore. Quaint villages climb up the steep precipices. There succeed the villas of the wealthy, and stately mansions where foreign ambassadors spend their vacations. Connected, too, with all this region, at one locality or another, are the romances of different authors, like Marion Crawford's "Paul Patoff," whose brother while visiting him at the Russian embassy so mysteriously disappeared, when with an attache they were watching from the gallery the Turks at worship in San Sophia, the tragedy driving the mother into insanity, from which she did not seem really to recover even though there followed a dramatic rescue of her favorite son, whose languishing in a horrid prison had lengthened into years.

Constantinopolitan also are the scenes in "Count Robert of Paris," from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, who in this historical romance wrote an appreciation, which every traveller thither can endorse, namely, "If it were possible to survey the whole globe with a view to fixing a seat of universal empire, all who are capable of making such a choice would give their preference to the city of Constantine."

We likewise call to mind here Lew Wallace's "The Prince of India," which has for a sub-title, "Why Constantinople Fell." It was at Therapia, near enough the Black Sea to receive the cooling breezes therefrom and causing it on that account in the season to be full of happy vacationists, that the radiant and gracious Princess Irene is

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made by the romancer to have had her out-of-town palace, whose grounds were often opened by her ladyship to the common people. Amid the same luxurious surroundings the Prince Mohammed, who is altogether too much idealized by this novelist, is portrayed as having courted and later as having wedded the fair occupant, having first met her at his White Castle, where with others she had sought shelter from a terrific tempest.

Specially to be recalled from early Greek literature is the tale of Jason's expedition for the recovery of the Golden Fleece in the fourteenth century possibly before Christ. There are dim memories of his having landed here and there along these shores, between whose bluffs of varying and sometimes of considerable height we are pleasantly gliding. The hero came from Thessaly. He had two cousins, Phrixus and Helle, against whom there were treacherous plottings. To get them away from the dangers, they were put on a ram with a golden fleece, and at once it dashed away, swam through the Dardanelles where Helle unfortunately fell off and perished, giving her name to this strait, which anciently was called and often yet is termed, the Hellespont, Helle's sea. Her brother succeeded in reaching Colchis, at the farther end of the Euxine Sea. There he offered the ram as a sacrifice, in gratitude for the place of safety which he had reached, and he hung up its golden fleece in a grove where it was guarded by a sleepless dragon. It was for this reason that Jason went forth. He had built for him the ship Argos, the largest that up to that time had ever been constructed, with fifty oars, each manned by a brave Greek. It was also "swift," for that is the meaning of the Greek word, Argos, which, however, some say was the name of the builder. Jason and his hardy mariners had many

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hazardous experiences, but in due time they reached the entrance to the Euxine, which was, so to speak, guarded by the Cyanean rocks or islands, the one on the European side still remaining, but its Asiatic twin having been worn away by the pounding waves of many centuries. To pass between these clashing rocks was perilous. Whenever anything got between, they came together with a bang, crushing any hapless victim, and then they sprang back to their bases. If any one ever got through safely they were henceforth to remain stable and immovable; a way once opened to human daring is never closed again. Perhaps all this was meant to typify the terrors of what is indeed a *Black* Sea, with its oft dark-rolling clouds and on-rushing billows.

In the vicinity an imprisoned king and soothsayer, the blind and aged Phineus, cursed with a miserable immortality, his skin drawn tightly over his bones, had long been tormented by the Harpies, which were a combination of bird, beast and woman. Whenever a morsel of food approached the wretched man's mouth, the foul creatures swept out from their lurking-places and snatched it away, until he was nearly starved, and yet he could not die. We still speak of harpies to indicate rapacious plunderers, and that is what these were, and the Argonauts pitied the poor victim, who promised that if they would release him, he would tell them how to escape the snapping jaws of the rocky trap. They quickly liberated him, and following his direction they approached as near as they dared to the two rocks. They heard the thunder of the breakers dashing upon them, they saw the spray flying high above them, but they did not falter. Undismayed they drew nearer and nearer, till they were perilously close to what would be a straight line from the one to the other, and then they released a dove, which flying

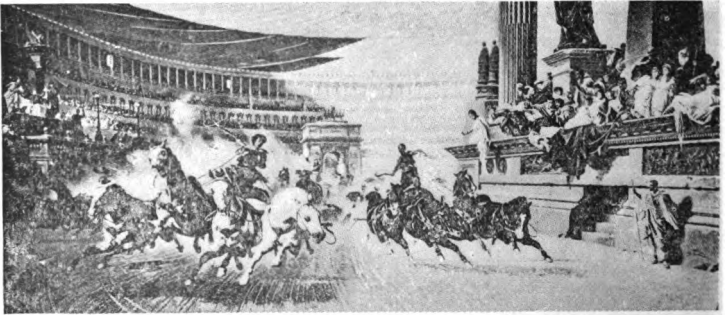
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between, was immediately killed, but before the rocks could spring back and return, they rowed with all their might, and with the loss of only their rudder they reached the other side, and in safety made their way to Colchis. Here on the heights above is where Xenophon's ten thousand, returning from the east, cheered at the welcome sight of the sea. The name to-day of this place is Trebizond, which the Russians early in the world war captured, while it was abandoned under the Bolsheviki to the Turks again. Subsequently there came the British control, as the outcome of General Maude's successful push up through Mesopotamia via Bagdad, after General Townshend's surrender in 1916 of his beleaguered ten thousand at Kut-el-Amara on the Tigris, because his expedition had not been adequately prepared and had not been strongly or at least quickly enough supported in view of unexpected reinforcements to the enemy. It was this same Trebizond that President Wilson recommended as a seaport for freed Armenia, and he it was who was charged by the San Remo Council with the responsibility of actually deciding what the outlet (if any) to the Black Sea should be. Such a singular interplay do we have at this point of the ancient and the modern.

We need not recite farther particulars of the first Argonauts, except to say that Medea, the daughter of the King of Colchis, fell in love with Jason, and with the help of her drugs the watchful dragon was slain, and the golden fleece was secured, and there was a safe return home, where followed other tragedies with which Medea, that strange mixture of affection and passion and cruelty and revenge, was connected, as we learn from Euripides. We saw her on the stage of the theater when we were in Athens. We need only comment that the fable of Jason's expedition may have



Galata Bridge and Golden Horn



Chariot Race

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been merely antiquity's pictorial way of saying, that the enterprising and adventurous Greeks were the first to open up the Euxine to commerce and a successful colonization. In some net-like device they may have caught and strained out the gold washing down the streams, absorbing in the meshes of a kind of fleece the precious metal, not to say that, profiting by their superior business ability, for which their descendants are still characterized, they may have *fleeced* the natives, as "lambs" in the market of the present are often shorn.

Returning down the Bosphorus, we stop at the narrowest part, and remember that here Darius, the father of Xerxes, 2,500 years ago with an army of 700,000 crossed on a bridge of boats to Europe, and at this same place Crusaders have crossed and recrossed. But we note especially the significance of the two towers in this vicinity, one on the Asiatic shore, and over against this on the European side is another citadel, Roumeli Hissar. When Mohammed or Mehemet or Mehmed the Second, as he is variously called, at the age of 22 came to the Ottoman throne in 1451, he resolved to carry to completion the work begun by the first Mohammed, the great Prophet, whose Flight or Hegira in 622 A. D. from Mecca to Medina is reckoned the beginning of the Moslem era. There were very rapid conquests in three Continents, in Asia, Africa and Europe. The Eastern Empire crumbled to a great extent before the rising power. Little more than the capital was left, but it had been able successfully to resist several Saracen sieges. It had strong defenses in its triple waters and walls, and these were reinforced by the heavy chain across the entrance to the Golden Horn in order to prevent a too near approach to that quarter. Supplementing all was the celebrated Greek fire, whose chemical composition was long kept a secret for the benefit of the Eastern

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empire. Many a hostile ship had burst into flames, when deluged by balls and jets of combustibles that were as deadly as the fiery liquids and noxious gases introduced by the Germans into modern warfare to increase its frightfulness.

In spite of every thing of that sort the youthful Sultan, with the vigor incident to his age, proposed to try his hand at cracking the hard nut. From his Asiatic fortress, built by his grandfather, he crossed over to erect his European Citadel. To get the necessary stone and marble for so vast a structure with walls varying from twenty-two to thirty feet thick, he rifled the neighboring quarries of their treasures, he demolished many palaces and one hundred churches clear to the Black Sea. The architecture of the huge pile is made to form gigantic Arabic letters spelling the name of the one to whose genius the construction was due. Two massive towers make the prodigious work a picture, though there was no intention of furnishing an ornament to adorn the landscape. The whole imposing thing was rather designed for the sternest business, and its history speaks of many a tragedy. Here in 1638 was strangled the Greek Patriarch, who gave to England the priceless Alexandrian Manuscript, that rare textual and Biblical parchment of the fifth century. The good man's body was thrown into the adjacent waters to provide food for the abundant marine life, which from the earliest times has caused the strait to be known as "the fishy Bosphorus."

Here may be mentioned another ancient writing, which long lay hidden in Constantinople, dating from the twelfth century, but being a copy of a great original belonging to the first half of the second century, namely, "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and this came to light in 1880. From the same eastern metropolis seems to have come the Vatican Manuscript of the Bible, for this is reasonably sup-

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posed to have been one of the fifty Greek copies of the Scriptures which Constantine is known to have ordered to be made about 331 A. D. But we cannot linger longer amid literary memories.

We have to do with the fortress, by which the builder dominated the Bosphorus, exacting tribute of every passing ship, and shutting off the grain vessels and the food supplies usually coming from the Black Sea. Very methodically and in cold blood he was tightening the ring around Constantinople. He had an army of about 200,000 advance from Adrianople. From there he brought immense artillery made by Orban, the Krupp of that day, the largest specimen requiring for its transport two months over a distance which could be marched in a few days, while fifty to sixty oxen and hundreds of men toiled at the task. This monster gun made as profound an impression then as did a German invention in March of 1918. When the most stupendous battle in history broke, that of Picardy centering at Amiens and having later developments northward to Ypres and southward to the Aisne and Marne rivers, Paris began to be bombarded from a mysterious and invisible source. Was it some phantom cannon that was throwing huge shells into the city on the Seine with the regularity of clock-work and with thunderous detonations? All mankind was amazed and startled. Almost unbelievable was the discovery that a Titanic weapon from concealment over seventy-five miles away was hurling those destroying projectiles with the accuracy of a most ingenious mechanism which commanded the admiration even of those who suffered therefrom. The gigantic creation brought into Mohammed's service was no less astonishing, but it did not prove so effective. In fact

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this most formidable piece of them all exploded, though the rest wrought disaster.

With the preparations completed for the assault on the land side, a fleet of more than 350 ships was gotten in readiness for a proper cooperation. With these the Sultan forced the Dardanelles, accomplishing what the Franco-English navy and army could or did not do in their recent attempt, which turned out an ignominious failure temporarily though a magnificent success ultimately in the prosecution of the same object from Saloniki as a base, the collapse of Bulgaria causing the Straits to be opened. The Moslem conqueror brought up his numerous warcraft to the vicinity of Roumeli Hissar. He found that at the Golden Horn he could not break the chain which only once had yielded, and that was to the Blind Doge. But he was fertile in resources, and he had a new scheme. He cut down trees and leveled a road for four miles over hill and through dale to a steep declivity sloping down to the upper part of the Horn. He laid planks which were greased with the fat of sheep and other animals.

In a night he transferred to the oiled way part of his fleet, three to four score galleys, and he sailed them over dry land and slid them down into the golden waters to the amazement of the besieged standing on the walls. Then with army and fleet uniting in the onslaught, ships also pressing the attack from the Marmora side, the one remaining stronghold, which on account of ecclesiastical factions did not even present an unbroken front, and which for centuries had been impregnable, was taken by storm, and the last of the Constantines, the Thirteenth, fell fighting valiantly. He was the last of all the Greek emperors, and the city, which had been Christian for eleven hundred years, became Moslem. Such a sweep of centuries is most impressive to us who are

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citizens of a nation claiming an independent existence of less than 150 years, while again there has been nearly half a millenium of Ottoman rule over the metropolis on the Bosphorus.

We can imagine the horrors that must have followed the inrush through the broken walls of the multitudinous foe, since those were times when the pillaging of a captured city, and the looting of its better homes, and the enslaving of many of its inhabitants were considered proper, all things of that kind being regarded, as they are yet by our Teutonic Huns, right in the line of providing legitimate spoils for the victors. Refugees fled in every direction through the crowded streets. San Sophia was soon filled with the wretched creatures seeking refuge from the storm. Packed together in the edifice were rich and poor, high and low, soldiers and civilians, nuns and monks, women and children, fine ladies and miserable slaves. Though there were piteous prayers innumerable, there was no miraculous intervention as half expected, no angel came to the rescue. Presently shouting was heard outside, and a shiver of fear ran through the whole mass. The doors were battered down, and the Turks pushed tumultuously within, each eager to share in the booty of so splendid a sanctuary, and to select a string of slaves, among whom should be the handsomest of the gentler sex. There were weepings and lamentations, as husbands and wives were separated, and as mothers and their loved ones were torn asunder. Mohammed himself, a youth of only 23 years, though with some engaging qualities, yet the murderer of his little brothers and a monster of lust and cruelty, and the personification of governmental absolutism and tyranny, on reaching the main entrance dismounted according to some authorities, but according to others he

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spurred his horse up the steps into the holy temple, and rising on his stirrups to his full height, he proudly proclaimed it henceforth a mosque. Says Lew Wallace, "The scene was beyond per-adventure one of the cruelest in history."

The conquest was in 1453, nearly forty years before Columbus discovered America, and the age-long capital of the Eastern Empire became the political and religious center of Mohammedanism. The four hundred Churches which once flourished there were succeeded by nearly as many Mosques. Temples, in which the gospel had been preached, were destroyed or reconstructed for the use of the false prophet. Sancta Sophia itself was turned over to the new faith. Its symbols of Christ were covered over with a thick coat of white-wash or were painted out of sight, and the emblems of Mohammed took their place. The golden cross surmounting the ethereal dome came down, and the crescent went up, and four minarets were added to the sacred structure.

Indirectly one decided good resulted from the unspeakable disaster. There was an exodus of scholars to western Europe, and they carried thither Greek learning, which had its rich fruition in the revival of letters and in the dissipation of medieval darkness, and ultimately the glorious fruits were the Renaissance and the Reformation. Nevertheless we must bemoan the dire calamity, which appears to be relieved only by a single bright ray. But however mysterious the providence, bordering on the blackness of despair, faith could say with the poet, James Russell Lowell:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

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This is like Tennyson's sublime utterance, which is likewise the sentiment of all men of prophetic vision :

“Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range ;

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,”

“Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

Into the city of such contrasting fortunes as have been portrayed, we next on landing are to enter for a closer inspection of its wonders. We cross to old Stamboul, its most interesting part, from the northern side by the well-known Galata Bridge. On this can be seen more different varieties of humanity than anywhere else round the globe. There is an extraordinary mixture of races. There are peasant costumes of a striking diversity, limited only by the great number of separate nationalities constantly passing before the eyes, making a kaleidoscopic scene with colors continually and rapidly shifting. There are the most motley or the most cosmopolitan crowds, according as we view the lower or the higher classes. There are the blind and the maimed and beggars in rags and even a legless man flopping round like a seal on its half-submerged rock, as he tries to evade the feet of hurrying pedestrians. There are porters half bent over and carrying unbelievable burdens, a whole cask, an entire bedstead, and even a chicken-coop full of the feathered tribe cackling and crowing. In the surging mass, consisting of the many thousands daily furnished by a million population, the Turkish fez seems most in evidence, this having to a

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considerable extent taken the place of the turban, which, however, in green and white still survives. A stately official in splendid robes rolls along in his fine equipage. Here, too, is the Whirling Dervish, representing those who at designated places worship by spinning round like a top in a gyrating dance portraying perhaps the planets circling round the sun. On the heel of the right foot they revolve, and there is a perfect maze of forms, their white robes, with the increasing rapidity of the movements, standing out at right angles to their bodies. Under the stimulus of weird music there is a greater and greater velocity, till a rapt, dreamy expression suffuses all their features. On this bridge likewise can be seen the Howling Dervish, who is one of those that in their religious gatherings swing back and forth, shouting the names of Allah in his various attributes, and howling louder and louder, till their frenzy assumes a delirium of madness, as they foam at the mouth, and at last drop exhausted in a sort of ecstasy. Both these kinds of Dervishes, whose meetings have been thus briefly described, are as senseless and grotesque in their antics as our Holy Rollers or as the ignorant Negroes in the South shouting their Hallelujahs and Amens. But we cannot particularize farther as to the many strange types of humanity to be seen on the Galata Bridge.

We may be ready for a little trip up the Golden Horn, over which we have been standing while watching the moving and fascinating throngs. We are to follow the curving water that is in the shape of a stag's horn, and hence its name. When it reflects the rays of the setting sun, it is like a sheet of burnished gold, and that is why it is farther characterized as it is, to say nothing of the rich commerce flowing into the deep harbor from every part of the globe, making it indeed Golden. We take our position in a caique, which,

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graceful as a swan, is to Constantinople what the romantic gondola is to Venice, and what the canoe is to the Charles River at Norumbega Park adjoining Boston. We lie back on cushions, and are rowed silently along in a dreamy luxury. We sweep lazily by all sorts of craft, warlike and peaceful, amid a maze of sails and rigging, and we come to Eyoub, which was the name of the false prophet's standard-bearer, who only forty years after his master's death fell here in one of the early Arab sieges that ended unsuccessfully. Here Mohammed the Conqueror claimed to have unearthed the holy man's body eight hundred years after it had been consigned to its resting-place. He erected to this Saracen saint a mausoleum, and a mosque which is one of the most sacred, and which at the accession of each new Sultan is the scene of his being formally invested with the sword of Osman or Othman, the founder of the Ottoman dynasty.

We continue our boat ride till we are at the upper end of the Horn, at the confluence of two fresh-water streams known as the Sweet Waters of Europe, where on the afternoon of every Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, gather many to enjoy the quiet scene of natural beauty. Under the shade of the trees the women, who are becoming constantly less thickly veiled, loll at ease in their silks of many colors, and partake of sweetmeats and sherbets. The children sport hilariously on the green grass, and the men a little apart enter into the joyous spirit of the occasion. A similar but less popular resort lies on the other side of the Bosphorus, called the Sweet Waters of Asia.

Returning from our excursion up the Golden Horn, we enter the streets of the city, and we used to encounter the dogs lying around everywhere, to be stepped over or to be

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viciously kicked, according to the disposition of the pedestrian. From time immemorial they were the scavengers of the city (though perhaps of doubtful utility in this respect), eating its garbage and occasionally receiving extra rations from the kind-hearted. There is a saying that every dog has its day, and these vagrant curs have had theirs, for with the revolution of the Young Turks in 1908 they were banished, together with that other dog, Abdul Hamid II, whom we saw drive to a private mosque on his palace grounds to worship—presumably the devil, for he was the reigning Sultan to whom on account of his massacres of Armenians Gladstone gave the proper title, “the great Assassin.” But the lesser brutes, to which we have been adverting, were tolerated by so many regimes through different centuries, that *they* deserve some attention. It is insisted that they amicably divided the urban territory, that they constituted canine communities, separate groups, which had their own particular regions. If any one of them became an intruder, the captain of the squad in the district where the trespassing occurred would set upon him with a growl, or in case of necessity he would issue a call for help, and all his followers immediately would rally from every quarter, small and big even to the tailless and earless carrying the marks of previous fights, and all would jump on the hapless victim, which was fortunate to escape with its life. Sometimes the broil temporarily would block the street, which would be full of the barking, snarling combatants. Travellers ordinarily did not admire these yellow and brindle creatures, but doubtless there were among them many as noble as any that have been the loved companions of the human species. We have all felt the appealing qualities of such, their faithfulness and devotion even in spite of occasional abuse, their meekness under re-

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buke, their watchful waiting for returning favor, their hesitating approach at any appearance of relenting, their throwing themselves on their back with mute, out-stretched paws, their wild leaps of delight at a smile detected, their yelps of joy at the removal of the misunderstanding. There are few who can resist such touching behavior.

We can never forget how the dog Argus detected the returning footsteps of Ulysses, the Odysseus of Homer's Odyssey, after an absence of twenty years. The hero had to be identified to his former acquaintances, as he was by the proposed test of his wife Penelope, drawing to fullest tension his old bow which no other had been able to bend. But Argus caught the familiar sound of the footsteps a considerable distance away, wagged his tail significantly, with a felicity that could only be fawned recognized his lord, and dropped dead at the feet of the master. Thus sang the blind bard of the return to Ithaca of him who had fought ten years at Troy and had wandered as many more here and there :

“Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head ;
He knew his lord ; he knew, and strove to meet ;
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet ;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul ;
A down his cheek a tear unbidden stole ;
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies :
So closed for ever faithful Argus's eyes.”

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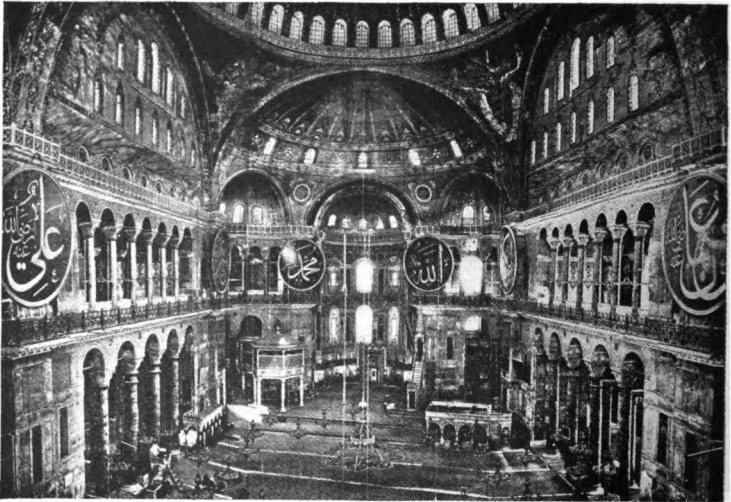
We now visit the Grand Bazaar, which has a vaulted roof, and which is really a vast department store with three thousand tiny shops, where can be purchased all sorts of oriental things. There are rugs and jewels and brasses, and antiques — “made in Germany” the month before. In a light which is only twilight we wander in a maze of streets that are cobbled and that in a straight line would extend about five miles. We wind among labyrinthine aisles, in which we easily get lost, and are glad to emerge into the daylight.

We cannot overlook the cisterns, into which the water was brought by aqueducts from the neighboring mountains. A view of two of these underground constructions will suffice. That built by Philoxenus, a Senator who came from Rome with Constantine, is elaborate, as is fitting for a work of a distinguished person of great wealth. It, however, does not have “a thousand and one columns,” by which it often is designated, but it does have 212 pillars to support its roof, or 636, counting them as being in three tiers. There is no longer water here. Silk-spinners are the present tenants, who patiently labor at their appointed tasks amid the depressing gloom. Larger still is the Royal or Basilica Cistern which was constructed by Constantine himself and enlarged by Justinian, and which still holds the precious liquid that quenches the thirst. Its rows of columns to the number of 336 and 40 feet high, standing in what seems a considerable lake, give weird vistas, and the whole has the appearance of a submerged palace. To see the Stygian darkness of a space 390 feet long by 174 broad illumined by torches that glimmer on the dark, undulating surface is most fascinating.

The Mosques are deserving of inspection. The most prominent, aside from San Sophia, are those constructed by the greatest of the Sultans, whose tombs or turbahs are in



Santa Sophia, Exterior



Santa Sophia, Interior

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the adjoining grounds. Their mausoleums are octagonal in shape, are domed structures, and are lighted by tiers of windows. The Mosque of Mohammed the Second, the Conqueror, was built eighteen years after his victory on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles. It has the loftiest dome of any, 256 feet high. Suleiman the First, or the Magnificent, completed his in 1556. This is recognized as one of the finest. It contains columns from pagan temples and Christian churches. The Mosque of Achmet the First, who became Sultan in 1603, has the distinction of having the largest number of minarets, six, only one less than that at Mecca, and the whole structure is regarded as most beautiful. In approaching the Mohammedan places of worship we see for our church spires slender and graceful minarets. No bell in silvery tones sends forth its summons to the devout to gather together, but a Muezzin, often with trained, musical voice, performs this office. From a sort of balcony high up, five times a day, he calls to worship, reminding passers-by that there is one God, and that Mohammed is his prophet, closing with "Prayer is better than sleep, come to prayer." Once within, worshipers are expected to remove their shoes from off their feet, or at least to put on slippers which are provided, for they are on holy ground. We see no pews, but everywhere rugs on which the people are sitting, rocking to and fro, touching the matted floor with their foreheads, and going through various genuflections, as they repeat their prayers, always with their faces toward Mecca.

We proceed next to Seraglio Point, where emperors and sultans long had their palaces, where there is a wall with a high gate, which gave the designation of the Sublime Porte to the Turkish court. We go to the Church of St. Irene, first erected by Constantine, and rebuilt by Justinian in 532.

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There is no saint by the name of Irene, which is simply the Greek word for peace, and therefore this edifice was dedicated to the Peace of God, as Sancta Sophia was to the Wisdom of God, or the Word of God, or Christ Himself. Here in 381 met the Second General Council of the Church, with an attendance of 150 bishops. Now the building serves as an arsenal or armory, where there are helmets, battle-axes and other antique weapons. Here can be seen the enormous chain, which for a thousand years perhaps prevented any enemy from entering the Golden Horn. Another relic is a huge sarcophagus, cut from a single stone. Its inner measurement gives a length of eight feet and nine inches, and the other two dimensions are about four feet. There is considerable evidence for the claim that it once enclosed the coffins of Constantine and his mother Helena.

In the same section of the city is the Treasury wherein is shown an emerald, which, the Ottomans boast, is the largest in existence. It is this which Lew Wallace, with the license allowed to novelists, makes to have been brought from Hiram, King of Tyre, to whom it is reputed to have been given by Solomon. The Prince of India is pictured as having given it to the last of the Constantines for securing a suitable punishment of the abductor (if ever discovered) of the daughter of his soul, the idol of his heart, his friend's child but so like his own "Rose of the Spring" in the long ago. He knew not that at that very moment the young libertine, who had seized her, had her secreted in the Royal Cistern, whose cavernous interior was black as pitch, though the fair prisoner had there a floating tenement so regally and luxuriously fitted up and so brightly lighted inside, that it was called the Palace of Darkness, from which fortunately she escaped unharmed.

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In the Treasury also is displayed a Persian throne of beaten gold, and set with rubies and other precious stones. It was captured in 1514 from a Shah of the East. We could hope that some time, as the result of excavations, there might be placed alongside of this the lost throne of Constantine, constructed from the Biblical description of Solomon's. There are historical allusions to this in the amazement expressed by various ambassadors. Professor Grosvenor of Amherst College, in his able two-volume production, speaks of it as "Guarded by golden lions which, during the audiences of state, rose to their feet, beat their tails on the floor, and roared, while golden birds in a tree behind the throne began to chirp and flutter among the golden boughs." This does not seem so mythical as it once did to one, who at a Los Angeles store in 1916 saw a fifty-dollar toy, a most ingenious piece of mechanism from Paris, representing a mocking bird, which sat on a perch in its cage, turned its head pertly this way and that, and gave expression to its rollicking melodies in a manner so natural as to deceive the very elect, and which from a single winding continued for three-quarters of an hour at proper intervals its varied warbling, each time with its tail all-a-quiver in its jubility, as it poured forth not at all metallic tones, as might have been expected, but the softest and most musical notes.

The traditional throne, to which we have been adverting, figures in Walter Scott's story, which has an eleventh century setting, during the reign of the Emperor Alexius. When his imperial highness arranged for an interview with Count Robert of Paris, he had the whole thing staged after the usual fashion. As the impetuous but courageous Crusader appeared in the throne-room, the lions sprang to their feet and roared in what was meant to be a very impressive and

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blood-curdling manner, but the bold Frank, one of the knightly followers of the high-minded Godfrey, refused to be frightened. In anger at being considered a child to be played upon by such foolishness, he strode forward to the lion that was nearest, and gave it a very undignified and tremendous whack straight between the eyes, with a rather comical result, as he "knocked the stuffing" out of the beast. He struck it, says the romancer, "with his clinched fist and steel gauntlet with so much force, that its head burst, and the steps and carpet of the throne were covered with wheels, springs, and other machinery, which had been the means of producing its mimic terrors."

In the Imperial Museum are many antiquities. One is a sarcophagus, which is alleged to have been that of Alexander the Great. Of Pentelic marble, and representing an elongated Greek temple, it at least is worthy of having been his. Here likewise are exhibited a pillar from the temple at Jerusalem, and a tablet from the Pool of Siloam, both of them inscribed. To these we will recur, when we get to the holy city from which they came.

We thread our way through the crooked streets to the Hippodrome, which to ancient Constantinople was what the Forum was to Rome. Here still are two of the oldest monuments in existence. The one is an Egyptian obelisk first reared in Heliopolis by Thotmes the Third about 1600 years before our era. It was brought thither by Constantine, and after lying prostrate for half a century, it was raised to its upright position by Theodosius, a successor. Then there is the triple, intertwined serpent from Delphi, of Corinthian brass, made by the Greeks to commemorate their victory over the Persian hordes at Plataea in 479 B. C., the year following their brilliant naval triumph over Xerxes at Salamis. This

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was placed as a thankoffering to the god Apollo at Delphi, where the great priestess gave forth her oracles, by the direction of one of which Constantinople was settled by the colonists' under Byzas. Very appropriately, therefore, was it transferred here to speak to successive generations of the rolling back of oriental despotism to the saving of European civilization.

There is a third antiquity, which used to be located close by these two, four bronze horses that originally fronted a temple in Corinth. They were removed to Rome 146 B. C., and Constantine carried them off to the city which he founded on the Bosphorus. Chieftains of the Fourth Crusade bore them as a part of their iniquitous plunder to Venice, and elevated them to a position above the main entrance to St. Mark's cathedral, where they have been proudly exhibited for the benefit of thousands of admiring tourists. The first Napoleon coveted them, and took them to Paris to surmount his Arc de Triomphe. They were restored in 1815 to Venice where they resumed their former stand. During the World War they were secreted. Bismarck in one of his contests with the papacy said he did not propose to "go to Canossa," whither did go the German Emperor, Henry the Fourth, in 1077, when barefooted he stood in the snow before Pope Hildebrand there, to do a most humiliating penance. The Italians were resolved that their beloved steeds should not go to Berlin, and that they should not be harmed by Austrian airplanes, and hence they were placed for a while in a safe seclusion. If we imagine these noble animals of brass to have been endowed with life and breath, and history almost makes them live, how much they have witnessed in cosmopolitan cities through so many ages.

Associated with the public square where we are linger-

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ing is one quite modern transaction, which has been of far-reaching influence. The Janizaries were Turkish troops first organized in the fourteenth century. They long consisted of boys forcibly taken from Christian subjects and enemies, and rigidly trained to be soldiers with a special hatred for the religion of their fathers and for all the adherents of their cause. They became the pride of the army. They were the ones selected to do any particularly hard and ferocious piece of work. They were the Sultan's Guard, as dependable as Napoleon's Old Guard, which might die but which would never surrender. They came to feel their power, and they increasingly exercised it upon political affairs, like the Roman veterans, who became so domineering as to make and unmake emperors. They became more and more powerful, and correspondingly turbulent, often presuming to shape the policy of the government. Sultan Mahmoud the Second resolved to end their tyranny, and when in 1826 he had gotten the whole 40,000 of them together at this spot, he massacred them to a man and abolished their organization. He exterminated them root and branch, to the subsequent benefit of the Empire. This, however, is not so pleasing a picture for the Hippodrome as the more frequent scene of the chariot race there, repeating substantially what Homer says occurred on festive occasions upon the plains of Troy. The victor's steeds

“Seemed in the air as, to complete the course,
They flew along, and flung the dust they trod
Back on the charioteer.”

At this point we will give attention to the Hippodrome itself, which was begun by the Emperor Severus 203 A. D., and which was completed by Constantine, and which was

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dedicated in 330. The building covered twelve acres, and it was embellished with statues and bronzes and columns from every part of the globe as then known. Its marble seats, rising tier on tier, would easily accommodate 80,000, and even 100,000 could find standing room by crowding. Here the Emperors were proclaimed. Here occurred athletic contests. Here Basil, a groom, once rode for the amusement of the multitudes an Arabian steed, which reared, plunged, and dashed wildly around the arena, but which, completely conquered at last, stood dripping with perspiration, and quiet as a lamb, while its master patted it lovingly on the neck. At such a wonderful exhibition of horsemanship, the thousands cried out, "Long live Basil!" He afterward sat on the imperial throne as Basil the Great, founder of a splendid dynasty.

In this same Hippodrome triumphal processions took place. Belisarius was accorded a great triumph. He was one of the greatest commanders of all time. He later defeated the Goths in Italy, and he drove the Bulgarian savages back from the very gates of the city. But the achievement for which he was honored in the Hippodrome was his conquering the whole of northern Africa, where he slew 40,000 Vandals, and captured their king. It had been arranged that he should enter in a triumphal car drawn by four white horses, but he preferred to be on the same level as his troops, and he advanced on foot, clad in full armor and bearing a magnificent sword. He was followed by his veterans, by the captive monarch, and by many of the Vandals. In the rear was carried along a rich booty, including the conquered king's throne of massive gold, the chariot of his queen, baskets of precious jewels and stones, and even the seven-branched golden candlestick, which Titus had taken from Jerusalem

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to Rome, and which the Vandals when there had seized as part of their plunder. Round and round the Hippodrome went the proud parade before the eyes of cheering thousands. The dethroned monarch could only exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." His purple robe was torn from him, and he was ordered to prostrate himself before the Emperor, and when he refused thus to demean himself, there was a dread silence broken only by Belisarius, who in the nobility of his nature approached his humbled foe, and with profound respect said, "I entreat you, my lord, to salute, as I do, the Emperor Justinian." Thereupon both of them bowed themselves to the dust before their common master.

The most romantic exhibit in the triumph accorded to Belisarius was the sacred candelabrum to which we have referred. It is always a peculiar pleasure in travelling to come across an old friend, and that is our feeling with regard to the golden candlestick, which long was a possession of the Jews in the temple at Jerusalem, which we saw sculptured on the Arch of Titus in Rome, and which itself was held for successive generations in the temple of Peace adjoining the Forum. Then it was carried off as part of the treasured loot of the Vandals, who in Africa lost it to Belisarius, while he with pride bore it in his triumphal procession around the Hippodrome. After that it was no longer known to history. It mysteriously disappeared, like the Holy Grail, like the chalice blushing rosy-red and once containing the wine of the Last Supper and mystically at least the blood of the Lord, while its quest engaged the eager knights of the Round Table, till it was revealed once more to Sir Galahad of the pure heart. We could hope that the legend might prove true of the holy candlestick's reappearance again some day, possibly to answer the end pictured by Hawthorne in his Marble

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Faun. Hilda is made to say to the sculptor Kenyon, who was her lover, "There was a meaning and purpose in each of its seven branches, and such a candlestick cannot be lost forever." She wished that what it symbolized might yet be portrayed in a poem, seven poets contributing each what would represent a single branch, the whole to convey this idea: "As each branch is lighted, it shall have a differently colored lustre from the other six, and when all the seven are kindled, their radiance shall combine into the intense white light of truth." This can be none other than the resplendent illumination which, being that of the seven colors of the rainbow combined, comes from Christianity, and such in this city on the Bosphorus may yet be the legendary recovery of the seven-branched golden candlestick.

Perhaps the most spectacular thing in the arena was the chariot race between the Blues and the Greens, the former constituting the conservatives who supported the reigning family and the orthodox Church, and the latter consisting of the radicals, the agitators, who opposed the existing order. Between these factions, there was often the bitterness of an intense rivalry. What the scene was will be best indicated, if we recall the picture which Lew Wallace gives us of the chariot race at Antioch before 100,000 spectators between the haughty Roman, Messala, whose colors were scarlet and gold, and Ben-Hur, the despised Jew, who was marked by a badge of white. While there were other competitors, these two soon left the rest behind, and therefore monopolized all the attention. In detached quotations and yet connectedly, we give the distinguished author's report. "The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads." "Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala." "The Circus seemed to rock

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again and again with prolonged applause." "The rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard." "The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened." "Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself." "The spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants." Messala "was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets." "Only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph." "Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, though it fell not." "Along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman car." "The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given — the magnificent response." "Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus." "The car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong." Ben-Hur "had not been an instant delayed. The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed." "And the race was won." "The people shouted themselves hoarse" and "passed out of the Gate of Triumph." Like this, like the chariot race before 385,000 in the Circus Maximus at Rome, was the racing between the Greens and Blues in the Hippodrome.

We have reserved for particular mention last the

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crowning glory of Constantinople, Sancta Sophia. The first church of that name was built by Constantine on the site of a former pagan temple, a few months after this Emperor returned from the Council of Nice, where Othodoxy triumphed over Arianism. His son, Constantine the Second, tore it down 34 years later, and rebuilt it, and at its consecration 20,000 converts from paganism were baptized. In it preached the golden-mouthed Chrysostem, one of the greatest pulpit orators of all time. It was burned down, and the third structure was erected by Theodosius the Second in 415. In 532 a great fire swept from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora, and included this edifice in the devastation wrought. Justinian constructed the present building, and dedicated it in 537, and after the falling of the dome restored it in 562, and this continues to be the wonder of all. To this Emperor we are indebted for the magnificent temple, as well as for the digest which he made of the best of all previous laws, giving his name to the code, which powerfully effected the subsequent civilization of Europe.

For the enlarged edifice which he proposed to construct he had to have more ground. The little home of a poor widow was desired. She refused to sell, but after farther thought she *donated* her land for the good cause on condition that when she died she should be buried on the precise spot, so that at the resurrection she might rise the more readily from the hallowed place, and there she *was* interred. A cobbler gave up his small lot on the promise that he should be presented with a seat of honor in the Hippodrome. The bargain was made, but on his first approach to his conspicuous seat, its high back was found turned toward every thing that was to be seen, and he was greeted with shouts of laughter, and he occupied it only that once.

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With the ampler space secured, the building was hurried to completion, requiring less than six years, as against 120 years for St. Peter's in Rome, and 500 for the Milan cathedral, and 615 for that at Cologne. It will accommodate 25,000, and its cost is put at \$64,000,000 as against fifty to sixty millions for St. Peter's. It has 107 marble columns, eight (it is somewhat doubtfully claimed) from the temple of Diana in Ephesus, and the same number from the temple of the sun at Baalbec, and the pillars are of variegated colors. The dome soars upward at a distance of 180 feet from the floor, and it is 108 feet in diameter. On account of the absence of side chapels, this seems more impressive than other domes that are larger. All are struck by its seemingly airy lightness, and a contemporary writer spoke of its seeming to be "suspended by a chain from heaven." Justinian at the dedication of all this splendor said jubilantly, "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee." By one act this noble temple has been desecrated. Here in 1054 occurred the formal separation of the Roman Church, representing to-day two hundred million people, from the Greek Church which has at present one hundred million adherents. In that eventful year the legates of the Pope in Rome entered Saneta Sophia in Constantinople, and solemnly laid upon the altar the official excommunication of the Eastern Church, naming its deadly heresies, which seem to the modern man very much like metaphysical subtleties, and then the papal delegates strode out, consigning the Greek Christians to "the devil and his angels." The schism has not been healed to this hour.

We cannot help wondering if the majestic structure, which we have been contemplating, is ever to come into its own again. Its pristine splendor has been dimmed by use

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and age, but, after all, its glory yet abides in a wealth of associations, and the pulse would quicken and the heart leap at any prospect of a better future. We can but desire that it may be recovered to its original and Christian purposes. We feel that it would be eminently fitting, if within San Sophia's stately walls might particularly be heard again the ritual of the Greek Church in the language of the New Testament, as that of the Roman Church is heard at St. Peter's in the Latin tongue, which also is that of the Vulgate version of the Bible. The seat of the Eastern Patriarch should be here rather than in the comparatively humble structure on the Golden Horn, where the occupation has been by stress of virtual force. The Turkish tenure of the edifice (the robbers seized hundreds of other churches) may have been for nearly five hundred years, but the preceding possession of Christians, who built it, has been for nine centuries .

Every historical student can understand why Greece could have had aspirations in this direction. Not so very intolerable would be her idea to restore the ancient Byzantine or Eastern Empire, with her Church, which is an offspring of that planted by the Apostle Andrew at Constantinople soon after the crucifixion, in possession of San Sophia. The Greeks dominate the coast civilization throughout this region, and in normal times they numbered 350,000 in the city of Constantinople itself, constituting a larger part of its cosmopolitan population of a million than any other race. A territorial readjustment (this has been the contention of the Pan-Thracian League of Athens) on the proclaimed principle of nationality and along the racial line would give them grounds for laying claim to the very metropolis, in which they predominate, and which for centuries was the capital of the Greek Empire, and which in San Sophia contains what

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may be characterized as the mother Church of the Greek faith. The city, before its conquest by the Turks in 1453, was long the seat of the Byzantine or Eastern Empire. It was the mainstay of Christian civilization for ages after Rome had been sacked, and after the Roman or Western Empire had been laid waste by the Barbarians in successive invasions of Huns and Goths and Vandals. While a Grecian metropolis, it for centuries held back the Turkish hordes, as Athens in classic times withstood the barbaric throngs pouring out of Persia and the Orient. So that Greek ambition here is entirely natural.

The last Christian sovereigns to rule over Constantinople and the Empire it headed were Constantine and Sophia. There has been a lingering tradition that when persons thus christened again sat on the Greek throne, they would exercise their sway from the imperial city on the Bosphorus. Singularly enough, in the World War crisis the King and Queen of Greece were Constantine and Sophia, sister of the German Kaiser. But they espoused the cause of absolutism rather than of freedom. They refused to keep a treaty agreement with Serbia to come to her relief in the event of an enemy attack. They dissolved the parliamentary bodies in their own country standing for human liberty. They defied constitutional limitations upon their power, and dismissed Venizelos, the true representative of the people. As a consequence, they at last were forced to abdicate. But they were recalled in 1920, after an exile of three and a half years, and theirs may yet be a fulfillment of the traditionary dream. At any rate it has been theirs to see the new "glory that was Greece," for she now no longer stands in dread of her age-long foe. Many a schoolboy with great gusto has declaimed Fitzgreene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris":



Constantinople College



Constantinople and Its Prize Harbor

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“At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.”

But that speaks of a vanished dream. The Turk has become the suppliant, bowing at the feet of Greece and her allies.

Russia rather than the country of Athens, without any violence to what is fair and right, might be considered “the heir of all the ages” in this respect. She received her Christianity from the Church started on the Bosphorus. She can never forget the year 988, when not only was her ruler baptized in the new faith, but multitudes of her people, in successive groups, were immersed in the river. She has had nine-tenths of the membership of the Greek Church, of which, it would be only natural to feel, the future cathedral should be San Sophia.

Politically Russia has long had Constantinople as her undisguised objective, to gain which has made a good deal of recent history. Ever since the reign of Peter the Great she has looked with longing eyes toward the Bosphorus. She has continually been pressing southward, and this has constituted what has been called by diplomats “the Eastern Question.” She has been insisting upon a warm-water port and outlet, so that she need not be frozen in for nearly half of each year. She has repeatedly tried to break down the barriers in the way, put up by the other European powers jealous of her advance. The goal of her ambition has been to control the Queen City overlooking the Golden Horn.

Twice within the remembrance of this generation has she almost succeeded in attaining her ends. This was the meaning of the Crimean War in 1854-6, for this grew out of her claim to a protectorate over Greek Christians in Turkish

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dominions, while also she disputed with France as to whose should be the guardianship of the holy places in Palestine. France and England joined Turkey in curbing what was deemed her too aggressive policy, and they drove her back from her almost successful endeavor by enforcing peace terms that assured the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. A second time, in 1877, announcing herself as the protector of the Balkan Christians, she made a quick march through the then Turkish province of Bulgaria, she advanced to the very gates of Constantinople, and at the suburb of San Stefano she exacted favorable terms of her beaten foe, only to be compelled by European powers to turn back once more. While England anchored her fleet in the Sea of Marmora to prevent actual entrance into the capital of the enemy, the Berlin Congress met in 1878, with Disraeli and Bismarck leading the conference of the nations, and she was required to yield in part the fruits of her victory, though she had the satisfaction of seeing considerable Turkish territory made independent, especially the Balkan lands which had long suffered under the galling yoke of oppression.

On the entrance of Turkey into the world war, Sazonoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the occasion one to declare to the Duma that the hour had struck, that, if the Allies won, in any forming of new national boundaries Constantinople and its adjacent waters should be the Czar's. In December, 1916, this as a thing that had been formally agreed upon by the cooperating nations was reaffirmed by the Russian Premier, Trepoff. Later the Revolutionary government, which dethroned Nicholas, announced the same policy, though under the Bolsheviki there was a renunciation of any claim to territorial aggrandizement. While the contentions of both Greeks and Russians, as these have been set forth, seem entirely rea-

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sonable, a better conclusion, a wiser decision, was perhaps reached by the Allied powers, when they conditioned farther Turkish sovereignty over Constantinople upon good behavior, and took the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles entirely from the Ottoman, and put them under international control, to be forever free for the passage of ships of all nations, including those of both Greece and Russia. The latter country particularly will be benefitted. She at last will have for substance what she has long coveted, an unrestricted outlet from the Black Sea to the other seas of the globe, with the exceedingly promising commercial opportunities thereby made available. In the sweetness of the triumph, hers will be the religious "some sweet day," which will have been more truly realized in her experience than seems likely ever to be the case in the Prussian dream of a world conquest as indicated in the famous and mysterious sentiment, *Der Tag, The Day*, to which Germans in army and navy for years drank their toasts with commingling ambition and hope.

In concluding the chapter, we cannot help remarking, how great has been the recession of Mohammedanism, which, to be sure, numbers 200,000,000 adherents, but which is having more and more of its domain taken away in the march of progress. The disintegration of the formerly dominating despotism is proceeding apace, and at an accelerating speed. Once the Saracens were pushing victoriously in every direction. They swept over large portions of three Continents, Asia, Africa, and Europe. From a humble beginning in 622, they went like wildfire through northern Africa, upon which early Christianity had taken such a strong hold that hundreds of churches, some of them of metropolitan size, were established, with leaders of such world-wide distinction that their names are still recited with gratitude, Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine. But

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the Mohammedans quickly wiped out all these organizations, and by 711 they crossed at Gibraltar to Spain which they conquered in three years, and soon they had their banner of the Crescent flying clear to Tours in France, only 147 miles from Paris. They were equally irresistible on the Eastern front as on the Western. They overwhelmed Hungary itself, and they even besieged Vienna in Austria. That did not leave a great deal of intervening country on which to close the tremendous jaws of their monstrous military organization, whose main agency was confessedly the sword. Not that they did not at one period and another stand for much of enlightenment and of architectural splendor, as evidenced at Bagdad in the east with its Arabian Nights recollections and at Granada in the west with its Alhambra memories. They likewise have been sponsors for a desirable prohibition, which required them to abstain from alcoholic liquors. Nevertheless, with their teachings of polygamy, with their degradation of womanhood in the harem, and with their Armenian atrocities repeated time and again till the whole world has been shocked by their brutality and inhumanity in nearly exterminating a harmless and worthy race, — with such a withering indictment against them, the Turks and all their kin can only be condemned.

Most ferocious has been their treatment of all Christian subjects, Greek, Syrian, and especially Armenian. The last-named race of two millions Abdul Hamid in 1895-6 proceeded deliberately to annihilate. He at that time massacred nearly 200,000 of them, and he halted in the sanguinary work only because Europe and America cried out in horrified protest. There was one Continental ruler who raised no objection, and that was Kaiser William the Second. When in 1898 he went on a spectacular pilgrimage to the east, he not only began to

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dream of the extension of his empire eastward, and to scheme for his "Berlin to Bagdad" project, but he commenced laying foundations for the future development in cultivating the friendship of the Turks, and from time to time he sent them officers for the training of their military forces. Particularly he decorated the bloody Sultan, and embraced him publicly, kissing him on both cheeks. When in 1915 the Young Turks had him for an ally, they knew he would put no restraint upon them, and that they could carry out with his approval the plan that had been abandoned, namely, to exterminate the Armenians.

From April to October they renewed the horror of Abdul Hamid, but on a much more extensive scale. The Armenian young men whom they had not forced into menial service connected with the army they rounded up in 80 villages and shot them in cold blood, that the homes (which Moslems took possession of when the exiles were forced out) might have no defenders. They searched the towns and cities for weapons which they seized, that their intended victims might be left defenseless. Then they began to deport the women and children and the aged. They drove great caravans of the poor creatures into the Syrian desert, one convoy of 18,000 starting, but only 150 of them reaching their destination. All the dusty roads were crowded with the miserable refugees, whose professed protectors became their tormentors, prodding them with bayonets, torturing them by extracting eyebrows and beards hair by hair, thrusting into their flesh red-hot irons. Young girls were sold into slavery for as small an amount as eighty cents each. The fairest of the women were consigned to Mohammedans for wives, or they were violated by savage Kurdish tribesmen, or in the places through which they passed they were given over to shameful indignities at the hands of

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hoodlums, or they were stripped of all their clothing and were compelled in shame to trudge along with miscellaneous crowds of both sexes. On the weary journey thousands died from hunger, thirst and sickness, and their course was marked by flocks of vultures which followed them to feed upon their carcasses. Into the scorching and inhospitable desert they were pressed, and when they reached the Euphrates they were pushed into this in such numbers that in one place the river was dammed and temporarily turned out of its course. At least 600,000, and perhaps a full million, thus perished. Dr. Frederick G. Coan, the veteran Presbyterian missionary in Persia, and familiar also with Armenian affairs, said in the writer's hearing that the number *exceeded* a million. Probably never on earth was there such an awful and prolonged tragedy. Naturally there was a universal demand that those who were guilty of these outrages, that such villians and cut-throats and murderers should be shorn of their power. We could hope that Islamism, which has not the remotest conception of tolerance and of freedom of worship and of equal rights, might soon be displaced by a Christian civilization. There are reasons for thinking that the glad day may not be far away.

When the framers of our national constitution had accomplished their task, Benjamin Franklin pointed to a painting which represented the sun at the horizon, and he said he never could decide whether it was setting or rising, but now that they had finished their great charter of liberty, he was confident that it was an ascending orb. A similar query arises with reference to the crescent, as to whether it is a waning or a waxing moon. It is manifestly the former, for repeatedly has been fulfilled that expressive Scriptural phrase, "and took the crescents." Whatever the primary meaning of that quotation from Holy Writ, it has been capable of application

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again and again to the conquests of Christendom over Moslemism. For two hundred years, from the close of the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century, the Crusaders, enthusiastically wearing the cross as a badge on their breasts, or having it branded into their very flesh, or lifting it aloft as a standard, threw army after army against the Saracens, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the control of the latter. Two millions of the Lord's followers are estimated to have perished during the age-long conflict, and in a sense they gained only temporary successes, setting up a Christian kingdom in Jerusalem for only a short period, for less than a century. And yet they did help to halt the enemy in its advance. Says so high an authority as Guizot, "The crusades marked the date of the arrest of Islamism, and powerfully contributed to the decisive preponderance of Christian civilization."

When by the stealthy plotting of Germany, Turkey in the recent great conflict proclaimed a Holy War, it fortunately proved abortive, because those addressed, wherever their allegiance was, preferred the liberal government they had to a despotic sway of which they knew too much. To have made any such exchange of sovereignties would have been, as the bard of Stratford might say, "flying to ills" of which they were most surely cognizant. The pamphlet spread broadcast contained this savage appeal, "The killing of infidels who rule over Islam has become a sacred duty, whether you do it secretly or openly." It was meant to cause the millions of Moslems in India, Egypt, northern Africa and elsewhere to rise against their rulers, and was designed by murder and assassination as well as by open warfare to stab from behind England and France especially. The document, which was scattered everywhere to stimulate uprisings, made this admission, "The world of Islam sinks down and goes

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backward, and the Christian world goes forward and is more and more exalted." That is a substantially correct representation of the situation. From Vienna as an outpost there has been a steady retrogression. Hungary long since has ceased to acknowledge any allegiance to his Sultanic or Satanic Majesty. Greece for nearly a century has been independent. Rumania, Bulgaria, Serbia and other Balkan peoples have gained their liberty.

From the one-time front in France, there has been a still greater sweep backward. Witness how Charles Martel in 732 with sledge-hammer blows beat back the Saracens from Tours. He kept hammering at them till they had to retire from France, and he acquired the proud title of "The Hammer." By a slower process but none the less surely, the Moors were driven out of Spain, at the end of seven centuries and on the eve of America's discovery they were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, who bore a massive silver cross triumphantly into Granada, and, as a poet has said,

"Down from the Alhambra's minarets
Were all the crescents flung."

Retiring into Africa these aliens have fared no better. Their territory has been gradually taken from them or from their successors to the soil, till in "spheres of influence" or more really in fact, Morocco is French-Spanish, Algeria and Tunis are exclusively French, Tripoli is Italian, Egypt is English, though accorded a large measure of self-government.

Palestine by right of conquest has gone to England, and under her trusteeship is to have an independent existence with a guaranty to the Jews of a separate development in a commonwealth of their own. Syria is to be under the mandate of France. Armenia, with mount Ararat of world-flood

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fame as a familiar and not distant sight, has for centuries been *deluged* with marauding invasions of hostile races, but it has now been declared independent, and we could devoutly wish that the formal and solemn declaration might soon become an accomplished and glorious fact in the fullest fruition of national aspirations. Mesopotamia has come under the sway of Great Britian, and we are getting near to the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, and all this region under an enlightened government will probably become another Paradise, as the ancient irrigating canals, after having been clogged up for centuries, are reopened, while likewise there will be a freer opportunity for archæological research so fruitful of results in the past. Wrested, too, from Turkish misrule has been a center only a little less holy than Mecca in Arabia, and that is romantic Bagdad, the city of Sinbad the Sailor, and of the great caliphs, and particularly of the brilliant caliphate (786-809 A. D.) of the renowned Haroun al Raschid. Even the Hedjaz section of Arabia lying along the Red Sea has become an independent Moslem power with no recognition any longer of an Ottoman overlordship.

With such diminutions of territory, "how has the mighty fallen" since the halcyon days of Islam's most glorious past. To top it all off, a fact of immense significance is that two-thirds and some authorities say seven-eighths of the Moslem population itself, in India and elsewhere, are under the rule of England and other Christian powers. Dr. James L. Barton, in his recent book, "The Christian Approach to Islam," makes the whole number of Mohammedans to be approximately 230,000,000, of whom 167,000,000 are under Christian rule. Even in Constantinople, there are foregleams of a morning that is surely coming, in a peaceful and

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not military conquest. Robert College, founded by Cyrus Hamlin with the aid of a philanthropic merchant of New York, who gave his name to this educational project, overtops in its location and in its influence the Conqueror's formidable fortress on the European side of the historic channel. The American college for girls, Constantinople College, removed in 1914 from Scutari and greatly strengthened by liberal gifts from ladies of a true nobility in our country, likewise now overlooks the Bosphorus, and it is whiter far than the White Castle frowning across the intervening water from the Asiatic shore. Both these Christian institutions, in closer proximity than before and mutually sustaining, speak of a better and brighter day that is dawning, of a rising star that is again to be seen in the east.

The encouragement all along the line is sufficient to give us large expectations for the future, which looms big with destiny, not on account of any farther conquest by war, but because of a coming domination by moral force. Better than any military subjugation is what Paul calls "peace through the blood of the cross," the pacifying that comes from hearts voluntarily surrendering to the gentle sway of the divine Master. The crescent, which has always stood for the bloody sword, assuredly has been diminishing and of late has been rapidly approaching the vanishing point, but the resplendent sign of victory, which Constantine thought he saw blazing in the sky, is steadily mounting toward the zenith, to its full, commanding height, and the inspiring and thrilling sentiment cannot be other than that so often sung,

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

VI

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

THE HOLY CITY

MAKING our exit from the Dardanelles, we proceed on our way to Palestine, of which we read in 1 Samuel 13:19, "There was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel." A country without any Smiths, as another has observed, certainly has a unique distinction. We first cruise along a coast where were located the Scriptural "seven Churches that are in Asia." We land at Smyrna, which with its hinterland is now under the jurisdiction of Greece, though with a Turkish suzerainty retained. This place is noted for its rugs and figs, but more especially for an early bishop who once presided over the Church there, the eminent Polycarp, who lived from 69 to 155 or 165 A. D. He was personally acquainted with one of the Apostles. Irenæus, who knew him, later wrote of remembering "how he used to speak of his intercourse with John." In a persecution arising against the Christians in the city, he as their leader was arrested, and in the theater he was urged to revile Christ, and thus to save his life. He refused with the undying words, "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He hath done me no wrong. How then can I speak evil of my King who saved me?" Because his words rang true, he was doomed, wood was collected, and he was placed upon the pyre, and burned to death, crowning a noble life with martyrdom. His tomb to this day is

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pointed out on a hillside overlooking the city and the harbor.

A short railway run takes us out to Ephesus, where Paul labored nearly three years, and where John is said to have spent his old age. As we survey the general desolation, we cannot easily conceive of all this stretch of country once having been occupied by a mighty metropolis. Its candlestick, as predicted, has indeed been removed. We are shown only a considerable hollow in the ground for the resplendent temple of Diana, the largest ever built by the Greeks, four times larger than the Parthenon, and it was a fifth of the "seven wonders." It was burned down on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great by a miserable wretch, who wished thereby to immortalize himself, but who shall not have his vanity gratified by the recording of his name on this page, though regrettably it is known. Whereas a General Council of the Church was held in the city of Ephesus 431 A. D., so flourishing was every thing then, now only ruins are particularly in evidence. As the result of excavations, we can see what remains of the very theater, where there was such an uproar over the preaching that was destroying idol worship. That is why the mob "rushed with one accord into the theater," capable of seating 24,500, says Wood who uncovered it, while "all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It was a demonstration which equalled if it did not surpass that given a Presidential candidate in our day, when in a political convention the mention of a favorite starts a parade around the hall with hats thrown on high and with flags waving, while there are noisy vociferations that he is "all right." This continues more or less minutes, which are usually specified in the glowing report, but the ancient goddess had her name shouted by a riotous crowd for two hours.

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Renewing our voyage from Smyrna, we pass the island of Rhodes, where the historic Colossus, finished 280 B. C., stood the sixth of the "seven wonders," if not astride of the entrance to the harbor, as some have maintained, at least in some prominent position, soaring upward 105 feet, and with the majesty of the colossal Statue of Liberty lifting her blazing torch aloft in the watery approach to New York City.

Our next stop is at Haifa, at the foot of Mt. Carmel in the Holy Land: This is the Biblical "Carmel by the sea."

We drive to Nazareth with its manifold associations. Here is the identical fountain to which Jesus and his mother must have often gone for water. Here was the carpenter's bench, at which he labored with his father, Joseph. In the synagogue he stately worshipped, "as his custom was," thus giving an example of regular churchgoing. In the same edifice he once was not a listener but the preacher, and "never man so spake." The eyes of all, we read, were "fastened upon him," he held them spell-bound, while yet the proverb was proved true that a prophet is without honor in his own community. A mob at the close of the service tried but failed to push him from the brow of a hill in the vicinity.

Climbing to the summit of the height on whose slopes the village was built, and we have the same wide view that he had, described by Canon Farrar as follows: "To the north, . . . Hermon, . . . white with eternal snows. Eastward, . . . the green and rounded summit of Tabor. . . . To the west, . . . the purple ridge of Carmel, . . . and the dazzling line of white sand which fringes the waves of the Mediterranean, dotted here and there with . . . white sails. . . . Southwards, . . . the entire plain of Esdrælon, so memorable in the history of Palestine and of the world." The author just quoted also imagines Jesus watching from this point "the eagles poised in

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the cloudless blue." Probably in his own dooryard he rather noted some more homely scene, like the brooding fowl, the clucking hen, calling her young under her wings, for this subsequently furnished him with one of his most suggestive illustrations. We may be sure that as a lover of nature he would have appreciated any sketch like the one given us in the *Rhesus* of Euripides. Some Trojan soldiers, who had done sentinel duty during the night, were in the early morning repairing to their tents for sleep. But they stopped to listen to the pleasant sounds of the dawn, a nightingale singing on the banks of the Simois, a flock of sheep bleating on the top of Mt. Ida, and a shepherd's musical pipe sending forth its notes. We are reminded again of the idyllic scene painted by Daniel Webster when he spoke of farmers listening "to the bleatings of their own flocks upon their own hills, and to the voice of the lark that cheers them at the plough." Tarrying at the place where Christ was brought up, we think of him in connection with birds and sheep and shepherds, these giving him practical lessons for daily life.

From Nazareth we journey on with renowned Mt. Tabor in sight, and we pass through what is supposed to have been Cana, where the first miracle was wrought at the wedding. As the poet, Richard Crashaw of the seventeenth century, in that most admired of all his lines, so beautifully said,

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

Farther on we see the "Horns of Hattin," the mountain where Jesus is thought by some to have spoken his beatitudes, and where Saladin seven hundred years ago gained his decisive victory over the thousands of Crusaders, ending the short-lived Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem. He invited some of his most distinguished captives to his tent, refreshed them with

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sherbets cooled by snow from Hermon, and then deliberately put them to death.

On still we ride, until, at a sudden turn in the road, one of the never-to-be-forgotten views is that of the Sea of Galilee, 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, lying low down among the hills, lovely as a picture. Our experience is enriched by a sail over this sheet of water. From Tiberias on its shore, we pass the traditional locality of Magdala, where Mary Magdalene lived, and of Bethsaida, "Now Philip was from Bethsaida, of the city of Andrew and Peter." We go on to Tell Hum, ancient Capernaum, once "exalted unto heaven," but now as foretold brought "down to Hades" indeed, for its very site has been a matter of dispute. Here recently has been unearthed a synagogue, which is claimed not improbably to be the one donated outright to the Jews by the centurion, the rich nobleman, whose servant was "dear" unto him, but lying at the point of death. His recovery was earnestly asked of the Lord by a grateful delegation, who urged it on the ground of their benefactor's generosity, "himself built us our synagogue." This was a structure 74 by 56 feet, constructed of large blocks of coarse marble not found in that region. It seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake. Almost all its stones are on the ground, and this ancient sanctuary could thus be rebuilt, and such a restoration would greatly increase the interest of a visit there.

Returning over the waters of "blue Galilee," we look back, and away to the north rises Mt. Hermon, which is perpetually snow-capped, and which most splendidly dominates the view. This and not the green summit of Mt. Tabor is probably where the transfiguration occurred, when garments, says Luke, became "white and dazzling," and says Mark, "glistening, exceeding white." Both these writers may have

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had their portrayal colored by the fact of the snow on the mountain, where the Master and his disciples were.

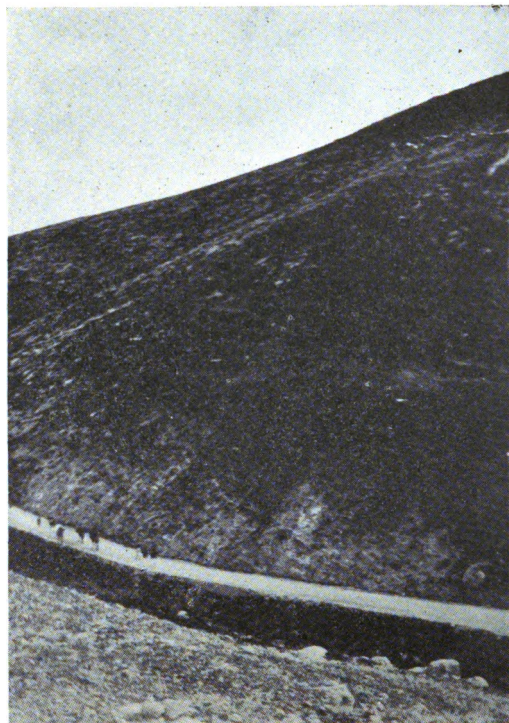
Dropping down to something more prosaic, we eat fish caught as of old from this lake, whose memories are innumerable. Here Christ found his first disciples, mending and washing their nets. On Galilee's billows he peacefully slept, while all others were frightened at the violence of the storm that arose. From a boat rocking on its clear rippling waters, he preached to the multitude on the shore. On Gennesaret's beach one of his appearances after the resurrection took place. Never can we forget Nazareth and Galilee. There is now a pictorial significance to the New Testament passage, "and leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is by the sea."

In avoiding the harder trip horseback down through Samaria, we miss one thing which we would like particularly to see, Jacob's Well, on whose curb the Lord sat when wearied with His journey, while yet to the sinning woman he talked refreshingly of the living water. Most of us without going there have a clear conception of its main association as portrayed by the gospel writer, and also by the artist in "Jesus and the Woman of Samaria." With this passing allusion to an event of tender significance, we retrace our way to the Mediterranean shore and board our ship, although the traveler now from Haifa can proceed by *railroad* either to Damascus or to the Holy City.

Sitting on deck as we are bound for Jerusalem, we remember that this center has a special significance. As Rome furnished the world-wide empire that was favorable to the spread of the gospel in the first century, and as Greece for the helping of the movement gave the universal language, the holy city provided the distinctively religious element. The Jews



Jesus and the Woman of Samaria



Road from Jerusalem to Jericho

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were scattered everywhere, every important city containing a synagogue. Uhlhorn, in his "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism," well says of the advantage arising from the dispersion of Israel, that the gospel thus found "channels everywhere cut, a network of canals over the whole Roman empire, and was able to diffuse itself rapidly in every direction." An American would stand little chance of moving the Germans as a nation, or the French, or the Italians, but let groups of Americans be located in every considerable city of each of these peoples, while all in the different countries understood and could speak the English tongue, and the prospect would be infinitely better. There would be places to rest the lever, and with such a vantage point Archimedes declared that he could move the world. Exactly this state of things existed at the coming of the Messiah. There were Messianic centers, not a few but many, wherever there were little Jewish settlements. A religion, which was confessedly of Hebraic origin (for "salvation was of the Jews,") was certain under such favoring conditions to make rapid progress. We thus see the reason for the inscription over the cross having been written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, the appeal being made preeminently to the three peoples, who were to have the most to do with the early diffusion of Christianity.

We are soon to enter what has best been characterized as the holy city, so regarded by Mohammedans and Crusaders, by members both of the Greek and Roman Churches, and by Protestants of every denomination. To go thither has been and is considered the acme of human experience. It is a climacteric unto which the most widely-travelled would like to attain. More pilgrims have journeyed there than to any other spot on this terrestrial sphere.

The universal sentiment in this respect is indicated by

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the intense interest with which the British Palestinian campaign of 1917-18 was followed. Nothing else so stirred the imagination. All Christendom thrilled at the announcement of each successive accomplishment. When the English captured Beersheba, the world-wide response was, may it soon be the Scriptural "from Dan to Beersheba." They vanquished the enemy at Gaza, and all felt that there had been repeated the exploit of Samson who in Biblical times with gigantic strength carried off its gates. They won Ascalon, the ancient Ashkelon, and the *jubilation* was the *lament* of David when he said,

"Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon."

So said the sweet singer of Israel regarding the untimely double death of Saul and Jonathan, a tragedy which he did not wish to be made known in these Philistine towns of the foe. We also recalled that Gath was the home of the giant Goliath, whom the psalmist as a youthful stripling slew with a small stone picked from a brook and hurled from his sling with the precision of a bullet. We are brought into still closer touch with this olden Biblical city of Ashkelon by an announcement just made of the unearthing at this spot of a splendid building put up by Herod the tetrarch, to whose fine court and cloisters Josephus calls special attention, while the excavations also revealed a gigantic statue of this Scriptural ruler, who, however, by no magnificent structures can ever relieve his name of obloquy because of the murder of John the Baptist, whose severed head was brought on a platter to gratify the wish of a dancing maiden at the suggestion of her adulterous mother who had been publicly reproved together with her paramour. Next came the news of the fall of Jaffa,

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the seaport of the holy city, and then of Beth-horon, where in poetic language the "sun stood still" for Joshua, who in his triumph here did a specially good day's work, what ordinarily could not be accomplished between the usual sunrise and sunset, the day having been lengthened in achievement if not in any actual arrest of the law of gravitation. Similarly the Iliad had in mind a glorious, daylight accomplishment, when it made Agamemnon to pray.

"Let *not the sun go down* and night come on
Ere I shall lay the halls of Priam waste."

This was a prayer for a particularly fine day's labor, and not for the orb of our solar system literally to stop in its course. The Biblical incident was embellished by a quotation from "the book of Jasher," by a snatch of poetry.

There quickly followed on December 11, 1917 (to be henceforth a memorable date) the conquest of Jerusalem itself, and the whole world applauded, and there were celebrations of the victory far and wide. Like the noble Godfrey who as a crusader humbly refused at his coronation here to wear a crown of gold where the Lord had been crowned with thorns, General Allenby with similar humility entered on foot with his followers the Jaffa Gate of the holy city. In strong contrast with the lowly entrance of these heroes was the grandiose entry of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany when he visited Jerusalem in October, 1898. Very characteristically he mounted a splendid charger, and in the full regalia of a crusader, armed from head to foot, he headed an imposing procession of troops, a portion of the wall at the Jaffa Gate having been torn down to enhance the glory of the military display for the gratification of his vanity.

The English proceeded with their march northward, and

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we noted with engrossed attention the taking of Bethel, where Jacob with his head on rocky pillow, dreamed of the angels ascending and descending the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. We thought of the part which this locality has played in the hymnology of the Church, Doddridge writing,

“O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,”

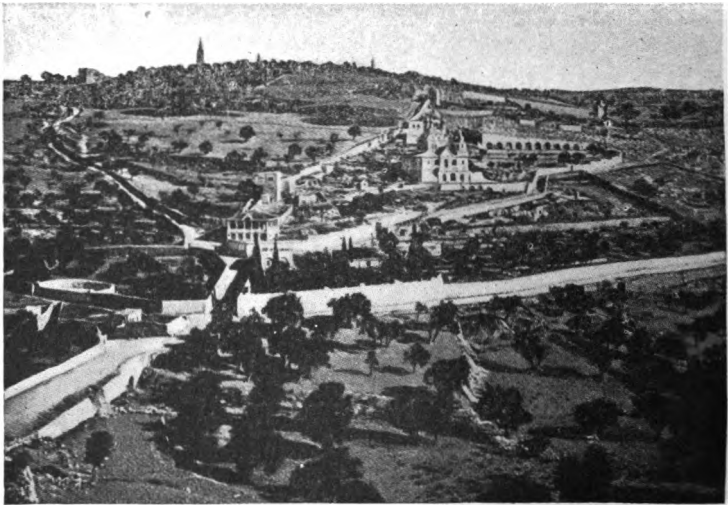
while also we remembered as having the same inspiration that general favorite,

“Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee.”

We were astonished again by the dramatic announcement of the downfall of Jericho, and the reverberation was heard round the globe. It was like the blast of the trumpets when under Joshua the walls of the city utterly collapsed in the completeness of the victory. Later came another irresistible sweep up through Samaria, over the original field of Armageddon, and into Galilee from Haifa on the Mediterranean to the Sea of Tiberias or the Lake of Gennesaret. Fairly startling was the Associated Press dispatch of the capitulation of the town midway between the two seas where Christ spent most of his life. Instantly there was the query of old, “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” The



Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives



The Mount of Olives

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question need never be asked again, with the decidedly *good news* coming therefrom in September of 1918, when the general of a nation following the great Nazarene virtually annihilated the three Turkish armies in Palestine and to the east of the Jordan, the number of the prisoners alone, besides the 8,000 captured by the cooperating Arabs, mounting to 60,000 in forces aggregating about 100,000.

We had hardly recovered from our surprise over these swift developments before we were apprised of mounted troops having taken possession of Beyrout (Beirut) with French warships assisting to make sure the control, while British cavalry, taking 7,000 more prisoners, had surrounded and occupied Damascus whose principal street in Paul's day was "called Straight," which seems to have extended clear to the Holy Land, for the English after their Palestinian campaign marched *straight* upon this oldest city on earth, made a bee line for its wonderfully pellucid rivers, in which a military leader of Syrian and Scriptural fame, Naaman the leper, took so much pride. Their experience in approaching such a historic place must have been exhilarating, but scarcely could have equalled that of the chief of the apostles on his way thither, when he was stricken to the ground by a light above the brightness of the sun, and when he was temporarily blinded, while yet he talked of the "heavenly vision," to which he was "not disobedient." Nor were they, though engaged in war, in the peril that he was, for it was from the city wall there that he had to be secretly let down in a basket in order to evade his enemies. The attention for months was simply enthralled by the story of the recovery from the Turks of the sacred places especially, for which the Crusaders contended in vain through two centuries.

We are now ready to enter the country of the most

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hallowed associations. We are to go ashore, not at such a natural harbor as Haifa, which is to be made the main seaport of Palestine, but at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, where there is so poor an entry from the sea, that often in rough weather passengers cannot be landed. Sharp rocks jut up from the water, and between them the smaller boats taking us from the steamer have to be skilfully shot. On a rock here, classic story according to one form of the fable makes Andromeda to have been chained. She was so beautiful that the sea nymphs in their jealousy sent a monster of the deep to ravage the coast. Relief from it was promised only on the condition that the father of the maiden yielded her up, a kind of human sacrifice, to its awful jaws. But the wingéd Perseus flying that way discovered her, and he at first thought that she was a marble statue, so still did she lie in her fright. He interviewed her, and even as they were talking, a sound was heard out over the sea, and there it came, eagerly and proudly cleaving the waves, with its dreadful head reared aloft for its human prey. It came rushing on till it was only a stone's throw away, whereupon the heroic Perseus like lightning flew aloft, and as an eagle darts down and kills a snake, so he quickly alighted on its back, and after a terrific fight he pierced it to death. Andromeda was thus saved, to be made of course his bride. She was not after all devoured by the monster.

This might be supposed to be purely legendary, till you try to go to the shore, and then you realize that the monster is still there. As a small boat comes up alongside of your big steamer to take you off, it first rises to meet you, the victim, and immediately drops several feet to play with you a little. Doubtless the sea monster does these pranks, but all the time anxious to get at the trembling tourist, who at

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what seems to be the right moment makes a flying leap, and manages to get into the small craft with the aid of the rowers, who, however, are nothing less than pirates. They begin rowing you towards the rocks, then they stop and demand back-sheesh, notwithstanding that they have been regularly paid. If you do not contribute something more, they let you fall off into the trough of the sea, till, if you do not throw them a coin, you will soon throw *up* something else. These are devouring monsters like their great original, which tried to get at the poor Andromeda. At length you manage to land, and you are in a town of many memories, where timbers were floated down from the King of Tyre to be used by Solomon in his temple at Jerusalem.

Since the Ottoman recession, this place has been vastly improved. A sea-wall has been built, with warehouses and other facilities for increasing trade. To commemorate the British ascendancy, there was the suggestion that the solid masonry should contain a fountain, and very suitably, for everywhere the English not only look after a proper sea approach, but they also see to it that towns have an ample water supply, as for instance at Jerusalem. Not only were the Pools of Siloam utilized by the British for a water supply to the Holy City, but a few miles southward of these and supplementing them, there was restored and enlarged for the same purpose a reservoir constructed by Pontius Pilate, who very likely with water brought in a basin by his direction from this copious flow washed his hands before all in expression of his desire to be held clean of the blood of "that just person" ever since known as the Redeemer of mankind. Solomon's Pools beyond Bethlehem could never have been adequate for the holy city. The writer of Ecclesiastes, if not actually the wise man of Scripture, at least impersonating him,

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said rather proudly of these at the time of their construction, "I made me pools of water," but they were not what an ambitious modern town would want. From springs in the hills of the same general region, and from Pilate's renewed supply, the progressive new occupants in a little over two months conducted to the captured capital of Judea such an abundance of living water that the amount yielded was over 300,000 gallons a day. The British with their customary appreciation of the blessings which water can bring, whether for drinking or for shipping, immediately on arrival addressed themselves to improving the harbor at Jaffa or ancient Joppa.

From here Jonah sailed forth on his memorable voyage, and had a thrilling experience with a monster fish or whale. He was the first to experiment successfully with a submarine, his indeed was a *whaling* success, though doubtless he did not feel as the captain of the now historic Deutschland did in her wonderful initial trip across the Atlantic. *He* said that submerging was just like settling down into "a soft blue nest." Here lived the good Dorcas, who endeared herself to so many saints and widows by making garments for them, and who has been immortalized by numerous women's societies named after her or organized under suggestion from her benevolent work. She may be regarded as the founder or patron saint of all such organizations. We think of her, and of her premature death over which so many wept, and of her restoration to life by a miracle. We go to the traditional site of the house of Simon the tanner by the seaside, with whom Peter was lodging when he had his vision of the sheet let down from heaven with all manner of beasts and birds, that meant broadening of the whole scope of the

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Church, which henceforth was to include Gentiles as well as Jews, no nation being unclean or taboo.

After eating in this vicinity some of the most luscious oranges we ever tasted, grown here in most attractive groves amid whose dark-green leaves the golden fruit nestles, we take train, not camel as of old but railroad, and start for Jerusalem. Crossing the fertile plain of Sharon, which brings to mind the rose of that name, it is not long before we hear a familiar station called out, "Lydda! Lydda!", and we recall what can be read in the book of Acts, namely, "Lydda was nigh unto Joppa," and so it is, a quite incidental confirmation of the New Testament narrative. There Peter healed the palsied Æneas, "who had kept his bed eight years." Much more real do these Biblical incidents seem on the very ground of their enactment.

Soon the holy city itself is reached, and the longings of a lifetime are realized. With the Psalmist one says, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her skill, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." We can appreciate the feelings of the first Crusaders on their arrival as pictured by Tasso in his "Jerusalem Delivered." The passage in prose has been translated as follows: "With stifled sobs, with sighs and tears, the pent-up yearnings of a people in joy and at the same time in sorrow sent shivering through the air a murmur like that which is heard in leafy forests what time the wind blows through the leaves." Such a tumult of heart is altogether what might be expected under the inspiring circumstances. There is not a tourist to-day, who from this point does not write jubilant letters to the folks at home, but not a solitary epistle of this sort will survive as long as the message, which a ruler of Jerusalem about 1400 B. C. inscribed on a clay tablet and sent to

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his sovereign in Egypt, asking for military help against the foes besetting him on every side. This document is one of the several hundred cuneiform writings unearthed in 1887 at Tell-el-Amarna on the Nile.

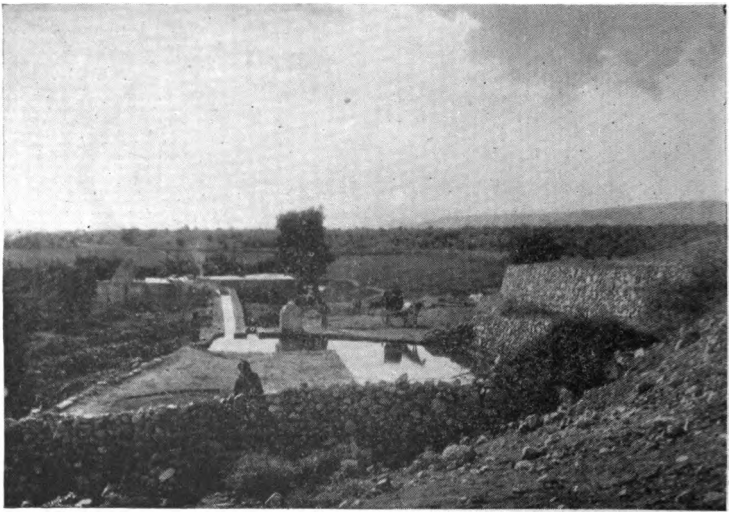
Jerusalem makes an appeal wholly unique to the human heart, as we recall the conspicuous dates in its history. We have mention of it about 4,000 years ago, as early as Abraham, who paid tribute to its ancient king known in Scripture as Melchizedek, the mysterious priest of royal standing whom the epistle to the Hebrews makes to have been "without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life." David not far from 1000 B. C. won the town from the Jebusites, and made it his capital, and ever since it has had a growing sanctity. It met with a measure of success, 701 B. C., in resisting Sennacherib who captured town after town in Judaea and besieged King Hezekiah at his seat of government, exacting of him the heavy indemnity of 300 talents of silver and 30 talents of gold, for which the temple had to be stripped, but who thereupon relinquished the siege, perhaps being more inclined to retire with his rich booty because of a pestilence laying low the flower of the Assyrian army, though this plague may have been in connection with a second and subsequent invasion. It was of this tragic event that Byron wrote,

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown."



Rocks in Jaffa Harbor



Elisha's Fountain

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In this "Hebrew melody" we have poetic treatment of an incident, of which Isaiah in a more prosaic way says, "Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses." The historic character of this Scriptural item has been strangely evidenced in our day by an archæological discovery. A rich possession of the British Museum has long been that of the small, black obelisk of Shalmaneser the Second, whereon is portrayed the peculiar physiognomy of Jews, who are represented as bearing tribute to the oriental despot from King Jehu of Israel 842 B. C. It was likewise this eastern ruler who wrote with pen of iron on the rocks of Armenia a list of his conquests including, "Ten thousand men belonging to Ahab of Israel." But coming down to a later age, it was Sargon, the father of Sennacherib, who received mention by the same inspired prophet, but who for centuries did not appear in secular history, to the discrediting of the Bible by many for a long time. But he suddenly leaped into view because of the coming to light of fragments of a cylinder on which he himself wrote. He deported so many from the kingdom of Israel that we still speak of "the lost tribes," while he transported into Samaria to fill the vacancy other racial groups. His own declaration is, "In their place I settled the men of countries conquered." Thus originated the mixed people of the Samaritans, with whom centuries afterward the pure-blooded Jews, we learn from the New Testament, had "no dealings." Not only with Israel of the north, but with Judah of the south did Assyria come into conflict. Now it was a son of Sargon, the illustrious Sennacherib, who ascended the throne 705 B. C., and of whom we have hitherto

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had information through his inscriptions carved on grotesque and mammoth bulls sculptured for stately temples and palaces. But a very recent find is an inscribed, six-sided cylinder, which Professor James H. Breasted of Chicago University purchased in the Near East on an expedition in 1920. Among a large number of Assyrian tablets which his fruitful activity secured for the Haskell Museum of the Institution he represented is this particular one in cuneiform characters recording the royal annals of Sennacherib. It is a description of his great campaigns westward, including that against Jerusalem when he lost most of his army, as portrayed also on the Taylor Prism in the British Museum, and as set forth by Isaiah, who is thus corroborated. A plague or pestilence seems to have decimated the enemy forces. The new and yet age-old bit of evidence, which has only lately been brought to light, and which was announced by the discoverer himself through a preliminary statement in the January, 1921, University Record (Chicago), is a sharp reminder which bids us take notice, that probably we have not reached the end of surprising revelations along this line.

Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebuchadrezzar, was another monarch of the east, who left his footprints in the sands of time, or rather his name in plastic clay, imprinted as it was on thousands of moulded bricks, which once constituted his resplendent palace, but which now form well-known oriental ruins. He created a crisis for Jerusalem, he besieged and took it 587 B. C., and carried off thousands of its inhabitants into the historic Babylonian Captivity, where they had not the heart to sing "one of the songs of Zion," as they were so often asked to do, and they could only hang their harps mournfully on the willows lining the many irrigating canals of the foreign land to which they had come.

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“By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.”

Habakkuk had prophesied of Babylon, “The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out the timber shall answer it,” and this has come to pass in our reviving of our knowledge regarding the ancient empire, which overwhelmed the holy city. There has been uncovered in Festival street of the oriental capital the very pavement laid by Nebuchadnezzar, and we can pass over the roadway trodden by the feet of the Hebrew exiles.

We recall other interesting sayings of Isaiah regarding Babylon and the resulting good. “Desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou knowest not.” “That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure: even saying of Jerusalem, She shall be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid.” “He shall build my city, and he shall let the exiles go free.” If these, according to the traditional view, are *predictions*, they correspond in a surprising manner to the subsequent facts. Or if, according to the higher criticism, they are sacred *history*, they still are in remarkable agreement with the details given us by secular writers. In the overthrow of Babylon the way was providentially prepared for the release of the captive Jews and for their return to their native country to rebuild Jerusalem and the temple. The agent divinely employed was Cyrus, of whom the prophet makes God to say, “I will gird thee, though thou hast not known me.” It was in 538 B. C. that he wrought his historic accomplishment. A faithful remnant availed themselves of the opportunity, and the holy

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house, first of all, was restored, though not with its former glory.

In 444 B. C., the romantic Nehemiah led a band of pilgrims back, and rebuilt the city's walls, while sixty years later Ezra conducted thither a company of priests and officials, who established the Law and the ancient worship. The holy city had varying fortunes under Alexander the Great and his successors. In 168 B. C. came a crisis under Antiochus Epiphanes, who made himself most obnoxious and notorious by introducing the worship of Zeus in the temple of Jehovah, and there came a whirlwind of Jewish opposition culminating in the religious and patriotic revival under the leadership of the Maccabean brothers who secured for a while national independence. There eventually came the Roman subjugation, with a certain splendor under Herod the Great, who rebuilt the temple with a magnificence rivalling if not surpassing that of Solomon's time.

Jerusalem, too, was the scene of much of the teaching and of the death and resurrection of the Lord, marking the division of the whole period of the human race into B. C. and A. D. In the year 70 of the Christian era came the final destruction both of the city and temple, and since that catastrophe the Jews have been wanderers over the earth. The Emperor Hadrian, whose Tomb the Castle of St. Angelo on the Tiber once was, initiated the worship of Jupiter and Venus in the holy place where incense had long been burned to Jehovah alone, and the result was the indignant and furious revolt under Bar Cocheba, who was believed to be the Messianic Star which he proclaimed himself, but who was ignominiously defeated in 135 A. D. Only after a considerable interval were the Jews permitted miserably to console them-

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selves by weeping at a designated spot, where appear the foundation stones of the olden temple.

The heathen possessed the ancient heritage until, under the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, came a reviving of gospel memories, and a fixing, so far as seemed possible or probable, of the now long-revered sites, and the constructing of Christian churches, like that of the original Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and like that of the Nativity in Bethlehem. After about three centuries of this came the Saracen rule in the Caliph Omar's conquest of the city 637 A. D., in the fifth year after the decease of Mohammed. On the authority of the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters of New York, a Yale Divinity classmate of mine, and an eminent archæologist of accurate scholarship, half a century later the Caliph, Abd-el Melek, erected on the site of Solomon's temple the mosque known as the Dome of the Rock, often called the mosque of Omar, but not properly so, unless it can fittingly bear the name of the conqueror to commemorate his achievement, rather than that of a successor who was the real builder.

A Moslem tradition, and even belief, has prevailed that the Christians would some day come again into the ownership of the city, and therefore there was walled up the Golden Gate, through which it was feared that the conquerors would march. During successive centuries of Saracen sovereignty, Christian pilgrimages were generously tolerated, but when the more liberal Arab caliphs were forced to yield to the less civilized and more brutal Turkish clans which captured the city 1077 A. D., there came annoying restrictions and insulting treatments to European pilgrims, and the outcome was two full centuries of crusading efforts to rescue the holy sepulchre and other sacred shrines from the hands of the infidels. In 1099 A. D. the Crusaders captured Jerusalem,

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and there was nearly a century of Christian rule, but in 1187 A. D. all was lost to the illustrious Saladin, and from that time, notwithstanding feats of bravery of Richard the Lion-hearted and various princes of the Continent, the Moslem control was unbroken to the present, except for a brief decade from 1229 A. D., during which Frederick the Second of Germany held the reins of power by grace of the then Sultan of Egypt, who at the expiration of ten years annulled the gift which he claimed to have been abused. In the conquest of Jerusalem by General Allenby in 1917 there was accomplished what Christendom failed of doing with any permanence through millions of noble knights during the middle ages.

Such is a rapid survey of the main events in the history of the city that is so widely appealing in its influence. Standing before it, the modern man gets his best idea of the walls, which used to surround every ancient city for protection against the enemy, and which now enclose the older part of Jerusalem, though these date only from the second quarter of the sixteenth century. These offer a suggestion of the last of the "seven wonders" to which we have been alluding in these pages till all of them have been mentioned, in our enumerating of the Scriptural "seventy times seven." We are reminded of Babylon's Walls, which in Nebuchadnezzar's day were more wonderful than the Hanging Gardens there. These latter consisted of a succession of terraces rising up to a considerable height, for the bride of the monarch coming from a mountainous country to that region of flat, prairie-like monotony expressed a desire to see a mountain once more. Immediately to gratify her wish her royal husband constructed an artificial hill with planted trees and sparkling fountains and blooming flowers, till the whole seemed like

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a Paradise rising against the sky. All this was wonderful, but more marvelous were the walls. Herodotus says that they were over three hundred feet high and more than eighty feet broad, and that between the battlements thereon four-horse chariots could meet and pass without colliding. There was *one* Grecian city, old Sparta in its earlier history, whose only wall, such was a ruler's proud boast, was its fine army, and without any slang every soldier could be said to be — "a brick." If a southern General of distinction in our civil war acquired the title of "Stonewall" Jackson because he stood so strongly in battle, the Spartan troops in the long ago constituted fortifications that were, all of them, like stone walls. Generally, however, there was felt to be needed a defense of actual stone or its equivalent. Athens had even its famous Long Walls extending to the harbor at Piræus, six miles distant, nearly a third as long as the narrow twenty-two-mile strip of land connecting Los Angeles with its seaport at San Pedro. These Long Walls were once demolished to the music of Dorian flutes. Not so poetical was the repeated destruction of Jerusalem's walls by battering rams or other engines of war, quite as effective in their day as the immense siege guns of the Germans at present, discharging with a roar so tremendous as to deafen the gunners, and shooting forth huge projectiles that play dreadful havoc with the strongest fortifications of granite and concrete and steel.

We are familiar with the celebrated Sennacherib's siege of walled Jerusalem, and with his picturesque description of the event on winged and human-headed bulls: "As for Hezekiah of Judah, who had not submitted to my yoke, forty-six of his strong cities . . . I captured. Hezekiah himself I shut up like a bird in a cage, in Jerusalem, his royal city." Somehow that seems to tally pretty closely with what the inspired

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penman says: "In the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib king of Assyria come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them." This is only another confirmation of Holy Writ from the land of the Book, the harmony between the two records being complete.

We next run out to the adjacent places of interest. We climb Mount Olivet, and descend eastward to the plain. We see corroboration of Scripture when it says, "A certain man went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho," as we go over the same steeply descending road. We recognize the significance of that word *down*. The descent is to a level of 1,292 feet below that of the sea, while from Jerusalem the drop down is 3,786 feet. At one point in our descent we peer down into a deep gulch, a regular canyon, where Elijah was said to have been fed by ravens. Do you want to know an interpretation of this by the higher criticism? As we could have a tribe of Indians called Hawks, so a tribe of Bedouins bore the name of Ravens, and it was these who carried supplies to the prophet. An ingenious explanation it is, though some may be inclined to think that more faith is required to believe the interpretation than the incident in its literalness. They may feel that the former is more wonderful, more miraculous, than the latter. But there are these two ways of looking at the matter, and you can take your choice.

Presently we reach Jericho, whose walls miraculously fell down at the blast of the trumpets. This whole region was once a garden spot, a fair Paradise, and could be made such again by a fertilizing irrigation, and when it was a prize worth having it was a gift of Antony to Cleopatra. German excavators have here uncovered ancient walls, which are 1190 feet long at the greatest length, and 520 feet wide at the point of greatest breadth. We go in this vicinity to the copious



Bethany



Bethlehem

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fountain, into which Elisha cast salt and healed the waters that had been very bad, but that ever since have been sweet. It was at this Biblical city where the blind Bartimæus supernaturally received his sight, and where the diminutive Zaccheus, the publican dwarf, climbed a sycamore tree so as to see the passing Jesus in the latter's last journey to Jerusalem.

We go to the Dead Sea not far away, saltier than our great oceans, and with a buoyancy making it impossible for bathers to sink. Unlike the brightly-gleaming Sea of Galilee, which constantly pours forth its life-giving waters through the Jordan, *this* with its leaden surface only *receives* them through the self-same river, and never gives out anything, and that is why it is and always must be "dead," with desolation forever reigning on the brackish shores. This region of asphalt and bitumen even unto the present was a suitable environment for the tragedy that here came to the Biblical "cities of the Plain," Sodom and Gomorrah, which were destroyed by an awesome cataclysm, by "brimstone and fire," and that may have meant a volcanic eruption, or an explosive outburst of inflammable oil and gas, condensed to the point of a high pressure that was resistless, "and lo, the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."

It was in the valley of the Dead Sea, and therefore somewhere not far distant, that in crusading times Sir Walter Scott's historical romance, "The Talisman," represents Richard of England and Saladin the Saracen first to have looked (at least consciously) into each other's faces, as by a friendly prearrangement they met at a sparkling fountain that bubbled up from the sand among some shade trees and that fittingly was called "The Diamond of the Desert." When the Lion-hearted was asked to give an exhibition of his well-known strength, with gigantic weapon corresponding to his own size,

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with his "glittering broadsword," he clove in two a bar of iron as though it had been a sapling, while the Arabian, challenged to do his best, with finely-tempered Damascus Blade cut clean and smooth and with no show of rough edges "a cushion of silk and down," and also a soft, fluffy stuff floating lightly in the atmosphere. The blow in each case was as effective as Apollo's in Homer when "Terrible was heard the clang of that resplendent bow."

We go to see the Jordan at the spot where the Israelites are said to have crossed dry-shod, and a landslide in 1267 A. D. is alleged to have produced a similar situation, the dam that was formed having temporarily held back the river. Here again the water may have divided at the stroke from the prophet's mantle, when from the farther bank and some distance beyond Elijah was swept up into heaven by a whirlwind, by a flaming chariot. Likewise at this location the Lord may have received baptism, and here thousands of pilgrims since have been baptized, and water has been borne hence for christenings everywhere. Better than the clear waters of Damascus did the leprous Naaman find this muddy stream to be, when at the divine command he washed seven times therein, whereupon his corrupted flesh became clean again as that of a child. With this river also, on whose "stormy banks" many a Christian has stood in imagination as he has sung a familiar hymn, is connected the interesting legend relating to St. Christopher. According to the tradition he towered up to the height of twelve feet, a veritable giant. In various cathedrals of the world, there are representations of him in statues of heroic size. He wanted to serve Christ, but he found himself doing little more than carrying pilgrims across the bridgeless Jordan, though the flood has been arched in our day by engineering skill. Being so tall he could act

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as a human ferry very well, but he seems to have thought that there was not much if any Christian service about that. One day he took a child on his shoulders, and he never before had such hard wading in crossing the turbulent flood. It seemed as if the burden he bore would break him down, and sink him into the swift and swirling waters. But he struggled on, reached the farther shore, and looked in astonishment at the child who had seemed so heavy. Then there came to him that suggestive revelation, that he had carried the Christ Child, who at once commended him for his lowly service, and who named him Christopher, a union of two Greek words, meaning Christ-bearer. This was as significant a christening as that of the Bosphorus at Constantinople. The naming, in the legend of our river, was not of *it*, but of the *person* so singularly associated therewith. We have here a more practical lesson than there. When we in school or home help the children along, with loving devotion, when we carry another over a difficult place, give him a little lift, when we do him some favor, when we try to make a household task easier for others, when we are unselfish and courteous to a fellow-traveller, when we take our part, however unimportant it may seem, in the work of a church, — we can in such multitudinous ways show the spirit of Jesus, we can thereby bear his image, we can each be a St. Christopher, making many a heart glad, carrying cheer wherever we go, and being blessed therein, receiving a fuller disclosure of the Lord of glory. The Allenby steel bridge to-day over the river connects the Holy Land and the new Arab kingdom, and makes the conqueror of Palestine a modern Christopher to bear pilgrims more easily than in the past back and forth.

On the other side of the Jordan, where we are lingering, loom up the mountains of Moab in full view, and we think

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of the Moabite Stone found in that region in 1868. On it is an inscription made by the king of Moab, nine hundred years before Christ, regarding his great enemy. It says, "The king of Israel who *oppressed* Moab many days." This agrees with what the Old Testament says, "He rendered unto the king of Israel the wool of an hundred thousand lambs, and of an hundred thousand rams." Of course such a forced tribute was regarded as *oppressive*. The Moabite Stone, therefore, is confirmatory of what is related in the Bible, and it can be seen in the Louvre at Paris. Nor can we forget that Ruth was a Moabitess, who married Boaz of Bethlehem, and therefore furnished a link in the ancestry of the long-predicted Messiah, of "great David's greater Son."

Yonder, too, in that mountain range beyond the Jordan, is the summit from which Moses was granted his one vision of the promised land, which he really never entered, and ever since a Pisgah view has meant something entrancing to the eyes. On another height in that vicinity, or in some secluded valley thereof, Israel's leader was at last mysteriously taken by God, "but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

“By Nebo’s lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan’s wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;

But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e’er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.”

Returning up the steep declivity from the Jordan, as we toil along, we recall what is recorded of the Lord. "He went

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on before, going up to Jerusalem," a steady and laborious climb. We stop at what is called the Samaritan's Inn to remind of the man who was robbed and left for dead till a kindly stranger saw that he was comfortably housed somewhere near here. We come to Bethany, once the home of the two sisters and their brother, with whom Christ spent many a happy hour, and to whom at last he brought cheer by a notable resurrection. When he visited the holy city, he was accustomed to go out to this suburb to pass the night amid congenial surroundings. While there we descend by twenty-four steps into a cave said to have been that at whose mouth the Lord stood and cried, "Lazarus, come forth," while from this or some other similar excavation in the ground the sleeper *did* emerge to the astonishment of all.

At this place also rises like a sweet perfume the fragrant memory of the loving Mary, who in a perfect abandon of affection anointed her Lord with a cruse of very costly nard and who wiped His feet with her hair. Though the act because of the expense involved was denounced by Judas as a "waste," it was commended by the Master in the imperishable words, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

Leaving this village of sacred associations we wind around Mt. Olivet, and all at once Jerusalem bursts upon the view. Nowhere else does the city seem so impressive. Naturally Jesus with this outlook broke into tears, as he thought of its coming destruction, when, he predicted, it should not be left one stone upon another. Titus 70 A. D. did thus raze it to the ground, and to commemorate its overthrow he erected that Arch still standing near the Roman Forum.

We next drive out to the Lord's birthplace, and on the

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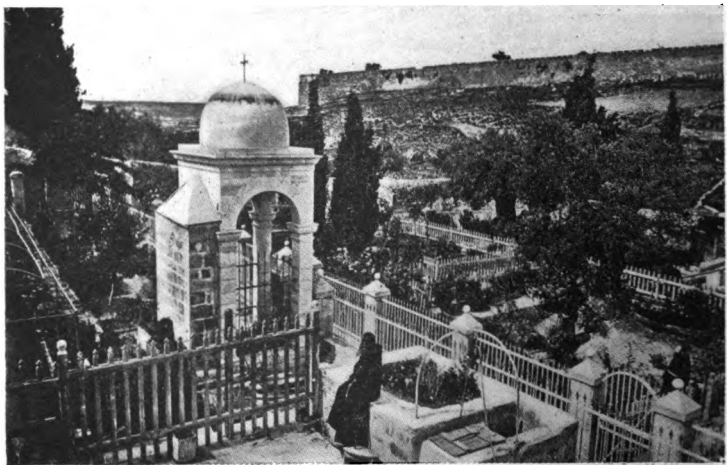
way we pass Rachel's tomb, not improbably at the original location. Recalling the romance of the young life of Jacob and herself, how, for the love he had for her, years seemed to him only a few days in their courtship, the tears almost start yet because of her sudden death here on the road, while the narrative in Genesis says pathetically, "And Rachel died, and was buried on the way to Ephrath (the same is Bethlehem). And Jacob set up a pillar upon the grave; the same is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Thus were human hopes blasted again. Before entering Bethlehem, we take a look at the spring, which caused David in his day to say longingly, "Oh that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." My individual travelling-cup held some of the contents of this, as before it had been dipped into the fountain of Nazareth, where Mary and the boy Jesus must have often quenched their thirst.

Once in Bethlehem, we can only tarry long enough to enter the church standing over the probable site of the nativity, the exact locality being indicated by a star in the floor. This building because of its primitive simplicity may be the basilica erected here by order of the Emperor Constantine 330 A. D., or it in the main may date from the restorations of Justinian two centuries later. It certainly is of great antiquity. We could linger here alone a whole hour. We could also with profit wander over the adjoining fields, where Ruth gleaned and had her little love experiences, and where the shepherds watched over their flocks by night on that first Christmas eve in the long ago. But we must pass on after repeating the well-known lines of Bishop Phillips Brooks:

"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;



Jews' Wailing Place



Garden of Gethsemane

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Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light."

We drive on to Hebron, where David reigned seven years before establishing his capital at Jerusalem, and where Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah in which to bury Sarah. Over it stands a mosque, which once was a church built by the crusaders. Though Turkish misrule has not allowed anyone to enter the sepulchral cavern that is covered, Dean Stanley believed that if admission ever were gained to the innermost shrine, there would be found very likely "one at least of the patriarchal family still intact," "the embalmed body of Jacob," which he himself before his decease directed to be brought thither from Egypt. There, too, *may* lie the mummy of Joseph, his "bones," which at his dying request were carried back by the long wilderness route to the land of his youth. His remains were interred by Joshua at Shechem, but possibly were transferred later, according to a Mohammedan claim, to this historic cave. It could almost be wished that father and son, who were so much to each other in life, might be lying there together in the embalmment which Scripture says expressly they both had. The present rule of England may permit the determining of this secret, unless her well-known and altogether admirable consideration for the feelings of her wide variety of citizens and subjects, and in the present case of the Moslems, should make inexpedient what might be regarded by them as sacrilege, though as to this cave Christians and Jews would seem to have prior rights.

Making our way back to the holy city, we take a donkey ride outside the walls, stopping at the still existent Pool of

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Siloam, whose construction is to be credited to Hezekiah. We read in the Chronicles, "This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper spring of the waters of Gihon, and brought them straight down on the west side of the city of David." That is exactly what he did, for he conducted the only perennial spring in the vicinity, the Virgin's fountain, by a rocky tunnel through the hill of Ophel, to this Siloam Pool. Thither the blind man was directed to come, and to wash and to receive his sight. We are told that the Pool by interpretation signified Sent, and the waters *were sent* there by a circuitous passage underground. In 1880 some boys were making their way from one end of this subterranean channel to the other. It was my fortune when in Jerusalem to meet one of these very lads then grown to be a man in middle life. One of the young fellows slipped and fell in the rock-cut canal, and on rising from the water he saw lettering on an artificial tablet in the passageway of stone. Experts, examining what he reported he had seen, declared it was an inscription probably written by order of Hezekiah on completing the tunnel. How does it read? "While the excavators were still lifting up the pick, each toward his neighbor, and while there were yet three cubits to (excavate, there was heard) the voice of one man calling to his neighbor." The lively narrative continues that when "the excavators had struck pick against pick, one against the other, the waters flowed from the spring to the pool." What is the picture we get?

The workmen evidently began to excavate at opposite ends, and though they twisted and turned more or less in their progress inward, they at last came face to face at the center, and before they had yet broken through the thin partition finally remaining, they heard one another's picks, and they shouted, each to the other, through the thinning

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obstruction, until they actually met with an enthusiasm which could not be repressed, and which to us becomes vocal through the inscription that still survives after a lapse of more than two and a half milleniums. The stone actually cries out in corroboration of what the book of Kings says regarding Hezekiah, namely, "He made the pool, and the conduit, and brought water into the city." The Siloam inscription, harmonizing so wonderfully with this Scripture, was seen by me in the Museum of the city on the Bosphorus.

In this connection, there occurs to the mind a favorite line from the hymnology of the Church,

"By cool Siloam's shady rill."

and the stream in its flow through the tunnel certainly is shaded, and is cooled by reason of the shelter from the fierce rays of the hot sun. We also recall that a tower of Siloam fell and crushed 18 persons, who however on that account, the Master taught, were not sinners above others. We likewise remember that of the various sites possible for the Pool of Bethesda, this is one, though the more probable identification, according to the scholarly Robinson and others of a similar caliber, is that which makes it the same as the Virgin's Fountain at the other end of the subterranean channel, where may have been not the single ornamental column of Siloam which toppled over, but a whole cluster of marble pillars constituting the "five porches" of which John speaks, for amid such cloisters lingered the multitude seeking to be put into the water when it was "troubled." Amid such surroundings, decorative as those "at the door of the temple which is called Beautiful," where Peter and John bade the lame beggar to rise and walk, Christ performed his cure upon the impotent man who for 38 years had waited to be led into the miraculous

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bath. The Pool of Bethesda really seems to have been the Virgin's Spring, wherein all the conditions of the gospel story appear to be more nearly met than elsewhere, even to the waters being all astir at intervals, in a bubbling commotion as if moved by an angel. To this day a cavern there by a trick of nature forms a siphon, making the liquid contents to flow intermittently, and this to the ignorant and superstitious would seem to be supernatural. It seemed worth while to stop at a spot of such manifold associations. Astride of lowly beasts of burden, like that on whose back the Lord made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, there were three of us who completed the circuit of the city, outside its walls, with donkey-boys trotting along behind to apply the goad or lash in order to expedite the movements of the dumb creatures which were by no means speedy. Even under such difficulties of making our way along, we were glad to have done so because of the reminders which Siloam brought.

Continuing our sight-seeing, we enter the Latin Garden of Gethsemane, with the Greek not far away, and both of them near at least the original location on the slopes of Olivet. A flood of memories sweeps over the mind and subdues the heart at this consecrated spot with its flowers and shrubbery, and with its ancient and gnarled olive trees, which may be a thousand years old, and which in that case might be not far-removed descendants but children or grandchildren of the trees that witnessed the sweating of great drops of blood by the Master in his agony. There were less than a dozen of these trees which manifestly dated from a remote antiquity, for the branches had to be artificially sustained by iron and stones and braces to keep them from splitting from the trunks. The veteran of them all collapsed from a violent storm in February of 1920, making a deep

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impression on the natives because of a tradition that it would fall when the Turkish empire fell, and the legend had now become a fact.

Within the city we go to see various things. One feels that he is transported to the distant past, when he walks along David Street, too narrow as are also the other streets for vehicles, and lined with little shops which hardly rise to the dignity of our chicken coups. We are shocked to see lepers abroad, with mere stumps of hands begging for alms as of yore, and we shrink from the wretched creatures, whom Christ sympathetically touched and lovingly healed.

A pathetic sight is the Jews at their Wailing Place, where at an older part of the wall they bemoan the loss of their beloved city, reading from their Hebrew Scriptures and especially from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and often actually weeping to the extent of tears rolling down their cheeks. The language of the prophet is very appropriate for expressing their jeremiads:

“How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!”

“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.”

“Mine eyes do fail with tears, my heart is troubled.”

The question here arises whether those who mourn for Zion are ever to be permitted to go back to what they regard as their very own. There has been one return, as evidenced not only by the Biblical record, but also by the cylinder of Cyrus in the British Museum. On this can be read what the eastern Potentate himself had inscribed regarding the provinces he had conquered, namely, “All their peoples I assembled, and I restored their lands.” Of course, the Jews must have had restored to them the Holy Land, for

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such was the general political policy of this enlightened ruler. But is there to be a second restoration? Jeremiah says expressly, and other prophets are no less explicit, "I will gather you from all the nations, and from all the places whither I have driven you, saith the Lord; and I will bring you again unto the place whence I caused you to be carried away." "I will plant them upon their own land," speaks the Lord by Amos, "and they shall no more be plucked up." Though these predictions, in the return from Babylon, may have had a primary, they certainly have not had therein anything like a complete fulfillment.

There is in Judaism, therefore, a very strong movement known as Zionism, which is steadily gaining in strength, which includes among its advocates Louis D. Brandeis of the Supreme Court of the United States, and which believes that the Jews are yet to be an independent State, a political and religious entity separate from other races, with Jerusalem as the seat of government. Not that all Hebrews, or even the majority thereof, are to return to the city of David, but that they are to go there in sufficient numbers to constitute a *nation*. Since the capture of Jerusalem by the British in 1917, this idealism (formerly regarded as such) has come into the realm of practical politics, for Balfour, the English Secretary of State for foreign affairs, has said (and France and Italy have officially proclaimed themselves in agreement with England in this matter), "His majesty's government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jews, and will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object." To a delegation of prominent Zionists President Woodrow Wilson said, "As for your representation touching Palestine, I have before this expressed my personal approval of the declaration of the

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British government regarding the aspirations and historic claims of the Jewish people in regard to Palestine. I am moreover perusaded that the allied nations, with the fullest concurrence of our own government and people, are agreed that in Palestine shall be laid the foundations of a Jewish commonwealth." What the subsequent developments may be, we cannot say, but Paul's forecast does not seem impossible of becoming an actuality, that "all Israel shall be saved," his view being that of their ultimate conversion to Christianity after the fulness of the Gentiles has been reached.

The reestablishing of Jewry amid the olden surroundings has already been started by the founding of a Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, the part of the Olivet range overlooking the city so magnificently from the north. From this direction the boy Jesus at twelve years of age had his first conscious sight (since being taken there from Bethlehem in babyhood) of Jerusalem, which must have been ravishing to the eyes of one so religious as he was, shown by his going thus early in life to the temple there to have officials explain to his inquiring mind and to his awakening moral nature the deep things of the heavenly Father, whose business he felt that he must be about. Sir Herbert Samuel in 1920 became the British High Commissioner for the Jewish homeland, and it is to be hoped that he may become as highly esteemed as the Biblical Samuel, who judged Israel of old.

We go to the Mosque of Omar, the Dome of the Rock. Various are the associations of the historic rock that first had been a threshing-floor, and later an altar, on which the most distinguished sacrifice would have been Isaac, had not a substitute been providentially and divinely provided in a ram caught and held by its horns in an adjoining thicket,

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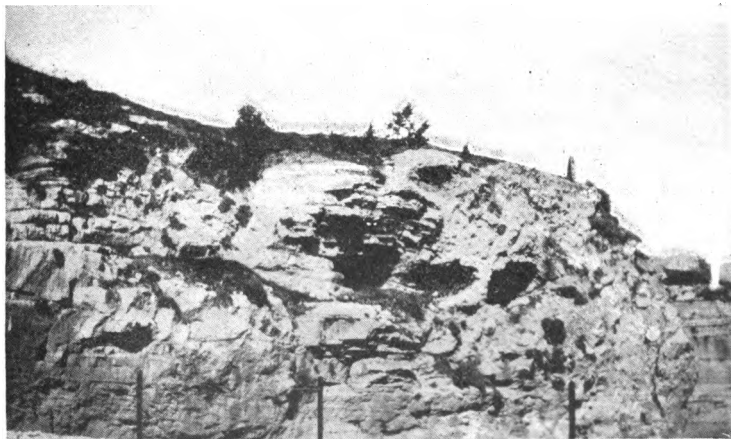
where at present there is only clear space. Over this boulder Solomon built his temple, and from it Mohammedans claim though of course foolishly, that their prophet ascended to the sky, the massive stone proceeding to follow him upward till it was arrested in such a miraculous flight by the angel Gabriel, the impression of whose hand thereon is pointed out to the ignorant and superstitious as a veritable imprint.

It was a successor to Solomon's temple as built by Herod the Great, that is so closely associated with Christ, who, however, predicted of it as of the city itself that it should not be left "one stone upon another." A single stone of this edifice does remain. There is a lone survival, perhaps a "survival of the fittest." Excavations at Jerusalem in 1871 brought it to light. It has this Greek inscription: "No foreigner to proceed within the partition wall and enclosure around the sanctuary; whoever is caught in the same will on that account be liable to incur death."

Josephus in speaking of the balustrade separating the court of the Gentiles from the inner one of the Israelites says, "Upon it stood pillars at equal distances from one another, declaring the law of purity, some in Greek and some in Latin letters, that no foreigner should go within that sanctuary." Titus, too, the conqueror of the city, speaks of the Jews having been allowed "to put up the pillars thereto belonging at due distances, and on it to engrave in Greek and in your own letters this prohibition, that no foreigner should go beyond this wall." So that there has been discovered one of these very pillars, which Paul must have been able to read, for he on a certain occasion was asked in astonishment, "Dost thou know Greek?", when he began to speak in that language. Writing to the Ephesians, and thinking of this balustrade of separation, he said that Christ "brake



Mosque of Omar



The New Calvary

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

down the middle wall of partition." Now the venerable relic, which he saw on the dividing wall and which suggested to him an apt illustration, and which the Lord must have seen and read, can to-day be looked upon by us, and *was* inspected by my own eyes in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. We have here another crying out of the very stones, which have sent forth one of their number from the accumulated rubbish of centuries to proclaim to us in Greek the reality of the temple, which once stood on the hill where we are standing, and within which were given so many of the teachings that were divine.

We finally go, perhaps along the Via Dolorosa with its fourteen Catholic stations of the cross, to the Holy Sepulchre, to that which Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, claimed to have discovered in the fourth century, and for which the crusaders for two hundred years fought, to rescue it from Mohammedan hands. It has long been under the dome of a church. But this, though sacred because of many associations for centuries, would seem to have been wrongly located, for apparently it is within the ancient walls of old Jerusalem, whereas we are informed that Christ was crucified without the gate, where also he was buried. Rejecting the traditional site that has been generally accepted for sixteen centuries, we follow many modern scholars in indentifying the "green hill far away, without a city wall" with the grassy knoll just outside the Damascus Gate, northward of the city. Its grottoes, when seen from exactly the right angle make cavernous eyes, that, aside from the rounded form of the hillock, give it still more the appearance of a human skull, so that it might well be called, as it is in the New Testament, "the place of a skull." In this vicinity was found a very significant tomb inscription in Greek, "Buried

A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

near his Lord." Never can we forget going to this Calvary, often called Gordon's. The quiet flowering garden at the base, and the rock-hewn sepulchre there, seemed to meet all the conditions. Reverently we entered the sacred shrine, and tearfully we recalled the words of the angel, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and the emotions excited were well-nigh overwhelming. At this tomb only of all those we have seen at one time or another, did we on reflection have a jubilant, victorious feeling, as once more through memory was heard the ringing Eastern message, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Assuredly this is the crowning point of interest round about Jerusalem.

We recall, in closing the kingly leader of the sixth and seventh crusades, Louis the Ninth of France, who has been canonized. *Saint Louis* enlists our warm interest. He went on his last crusade in 1270. He went by way of Tunis, northern Africa, where he hoped to convert a Mohammedan ruler, who was reported to be favorably disposed toward Christianity. He arrived, but was prostrated with the African fever. He grew worse, he was manifestly nearing his end. He gave parting instructions to all, including a weeping daughter, who stood at the foot of his bed. He fixed his dying gaze upon what every crusader carried, the cross, and with a rapturous expression he partly rose, and said ecstatically, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! we will go up to Jerusalem!" He sank back to his pillow. He had gone not to the earthly but to the heavenly Jerusalem.

This scene brings to mind a favorite musical rendering of "The Holy City," which always makes a particularly tender and dreamy appeal to the human heart, and which

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM

especially appealed to her who was the author's closest companion during all their eventful journey eastward.

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair ;
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there ;
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Lift up your gates and sing
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your King !

And then methought my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang,
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang ;
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.

 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Hark ! how the angels sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your King !

And once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seemed to be !
I saw the holy city
Beside the tideless sea ;

A CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

The light of God was on its street,
The gates were open wide;
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Nor sun to shine by day;
It was the New Jerusalem,
That would not pass away.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, .
Sing, for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna for evermore!

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