

much passion, is two hundred miles from me. She is mine no longer, and I weep without restraint. This is very weak, but I cannot wrestle against a tenderness so just and so natural."

Lady Mary consoled herself for a voluntary exile from her daughter by more philosophic reflections.

"How often I fancy to myself the pleasure I should take in seeing you in the midst of the little people, and how severe do I then think my destiny that denies me that pleasure. I endeavor to console myself by reflecting that we should certainly have perpetual disputes, if not quarrels, concerning the management of them; the affection of a grandmother has generally a tincture of dotage; you would say I spoil them, and perhaps not be much in the wrong."

Lady Mary often wrote for display. To amuse her daughter, and to express the yearnings of an overflowing love, were the sole objects of Madame de Sévigné's letters. They are the unaffected utterances of her heart. The fame of both will probably be lasting. The one will be esteemed for her sweet, womanly qualities, even more than for her intellectual endowments, while the other must be respected for her genius, no less than honored as a public benefactor.

---

ART. II. — *Voyage dans la Cilicie et dans les Montagnes du Taurus, exécuté pendant les Années 1852, 1853. Par Ordre de l'Empereur et sous les Auspices du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.* Par VICTOR LANGLOIS. A Paris: Chez Benjamin Duprat, Libraire de l'Institut et de la Bibliothèque Impériale et du Sénat, des Sociétés Asiatiques de Paris et Londres. 1861. 8vo. pp. 494.

IN the month of December, 1851, just after that daring act of arbitrary violence by which the President of the French Republic became virtually the autocrat of the French realm, it occurred to the shrewd thought of M. Victor Langlois that an audience at court, and a little timely adulation of the new

monarch, might materially aid a long-cherished scheme of Eastern discovery. He had just finished a work on Oriental Numismatics, and took with him to the august presence a copy of the book, to substantiate his title to favor. The Prince received him graciously, and, running his eye through the volume, added, "Then you have travelled in Asia?" "No, Monseigneur; but I should be happy to visit the East, if your Imperial Highness would deign —" Eight days later he received from the Minister of Public Instruction a commission which appointed him to make an "archæologic exploration" of Lesser Armenia; and on the 19th of May, 1852, he started upon his enterprise. His outfit was very moderate, and not at all burdensome, consisting only of the books that might be of use, a letter of introduction to the French Consul, and an abundance of excellent advice from the Academy of Inscriptions, the Asiatic Society, and the Directors of the Imperial Museums, as to the kind and method of his researches and investigations. His baggage was only that of an ordinary railway journey; but he was, as he says, "rich in hope," full of confidence in his own powers and his sure success, able by long practice to decipher the most obstinate legends, whether upon metal or upon stone, and tolerably skilled in the dialects of the region where his discoveries were to be made. He invited no retinue, preferring to find his aids upon the spot; and of the passengers who embarked at Smyrna in the steamer *Mentor*, on her regular return trip along the Syrian coast, none appeared less important than the quiet person whose homely face and steel-bowed spectacles seemed to designate a wandering German student.

The splendid volume named at the head of this article is the latest and most accessible, if not the most valuable, fruit of this voyage of discovery, so quietly begun. It is the complete work of which the previous essays of M. Langlois had given the promise and the desire. The quarto published in 1854, immediately after his return to Paris, had supplied a hundred and eighty-two new texts for the sagacity and conjecture of the readers of the literature of ancient stones. Divers papers in the "Numismatic Review" had given specimens of the coins and medals of the classic age which this antiquarian miser

had extorted from buried monarchs,—Sardanapalus and others. In the “Archæologic Review,” a paper on the “Dunuk-Tasch” had demonstrated that the three hundred and fifty feet of damaged pudding-stone in the neighborhood of Tarsus, which other travellers had despised as mean, was really the cenotaph of the Assyrian king before which Alexander, in his victorious march, stopped to wonder and reflect. Hints about the Ansaireeh and their faith had suggested that M. Langlois could tell a good deal more about that singular people, if he only should see fit. The full opening has now come; and instead of thin quartos and scattered articles in reviews, we have a goodly octavo, printed in the best style of the Parisian press, decorated with spirited engravings in great number, with curious inscriptions and more curious devices, arranged in the most scientific order, written in a style at once clear, concise, pure, and entertaining, and conveying an amount of new and valuable information very rare in works of Eastern travel. M. Langlois has not been mocked by his buoyant hope; and his revelations of Cilicia will give him place with eminent discoverers. Not the least valuable service which Napoleon III. has rendered to the science of his empire has been the judicious patronage of this “numismatist”; and the work which sums up the results of these two years in “Little Armenia” is quite worthy of an imperial “*imprimatur*.”

“Little Armenia” is but another name—a mediæval phrase—for Cilicia. The volume, with the exception of the few closing pages, is wholly upon Cilicia, and rigidly rejects all extraneous matter. Sixty-two pages are given to the “Prolegomena,” comprising a cursory description of the country, its topography, its natural history, races, languages, religions, trade, manufacture, agriculture, government, and history. These are followed by a piquant narrative of personal adventure, the “*Journal du Voyage*,” in which the several expeditions from the capital, north, west, and east, are somewhat rapidly sketched,—showing, by comparison with the romances of Messrs. About and Enault, that truth is stranger than fiction, and leading one to think that the best chapter in “*The King of the Mountains*” was adapted from the report of M. Langlois’s

actual experience. The remainder of the volume is occupied with a systematic statement, analysis, and discussion of the ruins, monuments, inscriptions, and relics of every kind collected or examined by the traveller in the four regions into which he divides Cilicia, — Cilicia of the Mountains, Cilicia of the West or of the Plains, the Cilician Taurus, and Cilicia of the East. The order followed in this discussion is chronological, beginning with the remains of the most ancient time, and coming down to the most recent. The antiquities of each site and city are described separately; and to the description are joined admirable historical notices of each place, and of the natural scenery. We shall have space in this article to mention only a few of the principal places and monuments described by the traveller.

Cilicia, the country to which M. Langlois was sent, is most widely known as the native land of the Apostle Paul; and the information of the majority of men concerning it is confined to that fact. But the researches of this traveller prove that the land has a much fuller title to the attention of archæologists. The name which he has chosen to give it is its ancient name, and not that by which it is at present known. Its modern name is Karamania, from the family of Karaman, of which, after the Turkish conquest, it became a possession. Its name in the Middle Age was "Little Armenia," given to it by the Armenian victors, to mark the distinction of their colony by the sea from their great empire around Mount Ararat. But in the long epoch of Greek and Roman dominion, it bore the name of Cilicia, according to Herodotus given from Cilex, son of Agenor of Phœnicia, but more probably derived from *κίλιξ*, an obsolete Greek name of the buffalo, which is the symbol of Tarsus, the capital of the province. The country lies in the southeastern part of Asia Minor, along the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean, being surrounded on the other sides by high ranges of mountains, — the Amanus on the east, and the Taurus on the north and west. Viewed from the sea, it appears to be a long strip of undulating plain, hemmed in by a lofty mountain wall, which during most of the year is crowned with snow. The provinces from which this mountain wall separates Cilicia are Pamphylia on the

west, Lycaonia and Cappadocia on the north, and Syria on the east. These limits, however, have varied much in different ages and with different conquests. At one period, the Euphrates became the eastern boundary of the ambitious kingdom; and more than once it has been restricted to the plains in the neighborhood of Tarsus. The present limits of the two pachalics of Adana and Itschil include nearly all that belonged to the Roman province under the Cæsars, — an irregular belt of territory, from the thirtieth to the thirty-fourth degree of east longitude, and from the thirty-sixth to the thirty-eighth degree of north latitude, with an extreme length of two hundred and fifty miles, and an average breadth of from forty to fifty miles. Along the shore of the gulfs of Soli and Iskanderûn, a sea-coast line of one hundred and fifty miles, the land is very level and marshy, as is signified by the name “Pœdia,” which distinguished it in ancient time from the western region, called Cilicia Trachea, from its rugged and rocky surface. Throughout this latter region, isolated hills and spurs from the mountain wall give a wild beauty to the scenery, while they make travelling difficult and dangerous. These small mountain ranges keep no regular course, and tend to all points of the compass. In all the country there are copious water-courses, some of which are large enough to be reckoned as rivers. The Cydnus, which flows by Tarsus, is but the fourth in size, being surpassed by the Calycadnus, the Pyramus, and the Sarus, — all of these streams having, from their fountains in the Taurus to their mouths in the sea, a length to be measured in hundreds of miles. In some parts these streams lose themselves in the marshes, to reappear at some distance beyond; and there are some which seem to disappear utterly and have no outlet.

Unlike the Syrian shore of the Mediterranean, the Cilician shore is indented with numerous bays, separated from each other by projecting capes and headlands. The gulf of Iskanderûn is thirty miles wide from Alexandretta to the mouth of the Pyramus. The gulf of Soli, at the head of which is Mersina, the port of Tarsus, is eighty miles in breadth from Cape Megarsus to the mouth of the Calycadnus. These bays, broad as they are, are not provided with harbors, and afford little

more protection against the force of the waves than the roadsteads of Jaffa and Acre. In ancient times, there were several ports from which commerce with Syria, Cyprus, Africa, and Greece was carried on, but now most of the trade by sea is confined to the harbor of Mersina. This is the only landing-place on the coast for the French and Austrian steamers.

Cilicia has always been famed for the unwholesomeness of its air, and for its severe climate. Alexander came near dying when he attempted to pass through the land, and, more than a thousand years later, the Grand Master of the Templars wrote home to the Pope, that if four thousand horsemen, strong and sound, should try to get through this sickly region, it would be wonderful if the end of the year found five hundred of them alive. This unhealthiness comes rather from the bad drainage, and from the neglect of the land, than from any misfortune of position. Apart from the extreme heats of the dry season, there is nothing to make the climate intolerable, if the rivers were only united by a canal which should carry off their superfluous and stagnant waters. The air of the mountain region is temperate, and even cold in the winter, compelling many of the nomad tribes to seek the plains.

The country, especially in its hilly portion, is rich in mineral wealth. There are mines of iron, which yield from sixty to seventy-five per cent of metal, near the surface and easily wrought; mines of lead, yielding forty-two per cent of this metal, with two per cent of silver; mines of copper, yielding from thirteen to twenty-five per cent of the metal; with sulphur, and valuable quarries of stone. The vegetation is various and beautiful, and is mostly identical with that of Northern Syria. Eight species of fossil plants have been found here and described by Russian botanists. The Fauna, if less remarkable than in the time of the Emperor Julian, when *lions* were often seen in the Taurus, are still sufficient in quantity and quality for a sportsman's needs. There remain a few of those brown bears which the pious Duke Godfrey of Bouillon delighted to slay. The chase of the hyena, the wild boar, the antelope, the goat, the red fox, and divers "smaller deer," may still tire an enthusiast, as it tired Frederic of the Red Beard on his crusading march. There are wild buffaloes and

wild horses still roaming the plains round Anazarbus, and huge eagles, vultures, hawks, and owls gather to the feast when a camel falls. Along the water-courses, ducks and geese in flocks, solitary herons, cranes standing on one leg, and the heavy stork, invite destruction. The immense turtles — two of them land species and one marine — might satisfy a London alderman, if the testimony of Admiral Beaufort is to speak for the race. He saw one weighing two hundred pounds. Johnny Crapaud might be equally delighted by the abundance of frogs and crabs in Cilicia; and a Milesian would speedily invoke the blessed Saint Patrick to clear the land of its snakes and reptiles.

The human inhabitants of Cilicia are a strange agglomeration of races, greater in variety in proportion to their numbers than those of most Eastern provinces. The successive tribes of conquerors have each left descendants in the land, and in the 150,000 scattered over the territory there are reckoned not less than sixteen sorts of men. The most numerous are the Turcomans, estimated at 60,000; next to these are the 40,000 Turks; next to these, the 20,000 Kurds; and lowest in number of the Moslem tribes, the Arabs, partly of Syrian, partly of Egyptian descent, to the number of 15,000. The Arabs, the Turks, and a portion of the Turcomans, are “sedentary,” living in towns and in houses; the Kurds and the larger portion of the Turcomans are nomad, living in tents, and shifting their encampment with the season, and as necessity compels them. These nomad Turcomans, the Bedouins of the province, are separated into ten tribes, while of the sedentary Turcomans there are nine tribes, each under its own hereditary chief. The principal wealth of the country consists in cattle, sheep, goats, and camels, by far the larger proportion of these belonging to the nomads. The tribe of Kerim-oglou alone has 2,500 tents, 2,000 head of cattle, 40,000 sheep, 4,000 goats, and 2,000 camels; and the whole number of tents belonging to the nomad tribes is 9,100, with an aggregate property of 544,150 beasts in all kinds. The sedentary Turcomans have 5,880 houses, with an aggregate of 221,425 beasts. The two classes have an exemplary dislike of each other, and are constantly at strife. The nomads, who bear the name of

Jourouks, have little to recommend them except their hospitality to strangers; whom, however, they are quite ready to plunder when these cease to be their guests. All the Turcomans are Moslem, most of them fanatically so.

The Kurds, though less numerous, are far more formidable and warlike. From their fastnesses in the eastern mountains they come down to forage and plunder, setting at defiance the authority of the pachas, and rarely and reluctantly paying any tax to the government. They have four distinct tribes, with 5,000 tents, 95,000 sheep, 45,000 goats, 60,000 head of cattle, and 9,600 camels. They are not a religious people, attach very little importance to prayers, and, like the Yezidis of Persia, make the Christian's Satan their favorite god. Of the 15,000 Arabs, who dwell mostly along the coast of the sea, the large majority are Ansaireeh. They are descendants of exiles for their faith from the mountains of Northern Syria. The number of Gypsies cannot be exactly given, this race being in Cilicia, as everywhere else, spurned and shunned by the other races. The traveller, nevertheless, meets frequent camps of this people, "without decency or religion," with garments and features encrusted and discolored with dirt,— "this hideous brood, greedy as hogs," to use the words of an old chronicler. There are negro slaves, too, included in the catalogue of Cilician races, but they are fortunately so few as not to be worth counting.

The number of "rayahs" in Cilicia, who are descendants of the conquered races, and mostly Armenians, is reckoned at 12,000. Those who inhabit the plains are poor laborers, corresponding to the Fellahin of Egypt; the inhabitants of the mountains are in better condition. The Greeks, partly of the old Cilician stock, partly of Syrian descent, number about 1,000. They are the merchants, the farmers, the factors of the land, guiding its enterprise and carrying on its communication with the men of foreign nations, and are far more civilized than any of the other races. Of the race to which Paul belonged, which once had synagogues throughout the country, but two individuals now remain. The Moslems of Tarsus may tolerate Jewish graveyards, but will not suffer the presence of living Israelites. A small number of Christian Persians dwell



among the Armenians, but the census takes no account of these insignificant "Kizilbaches." The Frank population — Greek, Italian, Maltese, French, and English — numbers scarcely more than one hundred.

The principal language of Cilicia is the Turkish, which is by no means spoken in its purity, differing as much from the tongue of Stamboul or Smyrna as the French of Quebec from the French of Paris, or the Italian of Naples from the Italian of Tuscany. Along the coast, a corrupted Arabic is spoken. In the seaports, the merchants speak a Cypriot Greek, which is not the dialect of either ancient or modern Athens. The Christian priests and the *educated* classes, if such a term may be applied to Cilician society, pretend to speak Armenian, somewhat as the Wallachians pretend to speak Latin. The foreigners have their "Lingua Franca," the Kurds their corrupted Persian, and the tongues of the country may be summed up as six kinds of *patois*. The Greeks and Armenians, when they write in the common Turkish speech, use their own characters, as the Maltese use Roman letters in writing Arabic words. There is not much writing required, since books and newspapers do not now circulate widely in this region, once so famed for culture and refinement.

Cilicia is well supplied with religions. Besides the dominant Moslems, four fifths of the whole population, there are Orthodox and Catholic Greeks, Catholic and Dissenting Armenians, 120 Maronites, 100 Latins, 70 Jacobites, 3 Protestants, with a sprinkling of Druses, Metualis, Ismaelee, Devil-worshippers, and Jews, with the 13,000 Ansaireeh already alluded to. The relation of the sects is comparatively peaceful, the Christian sects being not numerous or powerful enough to make trouble. It is rather the practice than the science of religion that is cared for, and there are no schools of the prophets, either Moslem or Christian.

The trade of Cilicia is greatly reduced from its mark in the Biblical eras, when the kings of Tyre and of Jerusalem brought silver, purple, saffron, and perfumes from its ports, and is far from justifying the extravagant accounts of the Middle-Age pilgrims concerning the wealth of this teeming coast. In those days, the merchants of Tarsus and Lajazzo had treaties of com-

merce with all the powers bordering on the sea, and the ships of Genoa and Venice, bringing the varied treasures of Western industry, took back horses, asses, mules, and cattle, with wood, iron, and slaves. This last branch of commerce, once very lucrative, has now happily declined, and *slaves* are not included in the tables of Cilician products, though markets for the Turkish harems are still found in some of the towns. Very little reaches Cilicia by way of the sea. The foreign steamers leave only the remnant of their merchandise after visiting the Syrian coast, and the native craft are too small for heavy freight. Rice comes from Egypt, coffee and soap from Syria; but with the exception of these commodities, nearly all the imports are through the mountain passes, on the backs of mules and camels. The exports of cotton in its raw state and in fabrics, of goat's-hair and camel's-hair cloaks, of tent-cloth, and of wooden utensils, find their way to the bazaars of Aleppo and Smyrna, in small quantities, most of the product being consumed within the country. There are one hundred and sixty-four factories of various kinds in the province of Adana, under the direction of a Nazei, or general superintendent, whose power is almost unlimited. In the western pachalic, the principal manufacture is of saddles, bridles, harnesses, and knapsacks; and it is reckoned that two hundred bales of leather are annually brought from Europe to supply this industry. A new branch of lucrative commerce was opened in 1837 by the *leech* fishery; and now, in the markets of Marseilles, Cilician blood-suckers command high prices, and are in great favor. The business season of Cilicia is the months of January and February for wholesale traffic, March and April for retail. It is customary for business men to make large advances to producers.

The soil of Cilicia, especially in the pachalic of Adana, is rich, and might with proper culture yield abundant harvests. There is no lack of sun or of water, artificial canals distributing as in Egypt the surplus of the rivers. In the gardens along the Sarus and the Calycadnus one hears the creaking of the *sakkia*. But the people are too sluggish for improvement, and agriculture is in no better condition than when Strabo and Pliny described the land. Excessive taxes, defec-

tive methods, and a lazy peasantry preclude the fruit of husbandry. The ashes of an annual burning is almost the only manure in use. In June, the time of harvest, great numbers of foreigners come in, to work for the large wages of eight piasters a day besides their food, — a pay greater than that of most European laborers. The principal products of the field are cotton, the average annual value of which is \$ 600,000; wheat, of about equal value; sesame, in value about \$ 75,000, of which a great deal of oil is made; barley, in value about \$ 60,000; about \$ 14,000 worth of wool; and about \$ 8,000 worth of tobacco, very far inferior to that of the Lebanon. The wheat is of two kinds, red and white, the white being preferred, and commanding a price twenty-five per cent higher than the red. The barley crop is very uncertain. The wool is of excellent quality, white and fine. Shearing-time is in April and May. White-wax comes to market in the month of August, and is sold at from ten to fifteen cents the *oka*. Cotton is of three qualities, only the poorest of which is exported in the raw state. Flax is but little cultivated. Though vines are numerous and of luxuriant growth, comparatively little wine is made, and that of poor quality. The curious viand called *Boundourma*, which the naturalist Belon described in the sixteenth century, made from *nut sausages*, *fried in wine* and *basted with flour*, is still popular. A few olive-trees are cultivated, and there is some poor and coarse silk raised.

The government of the province is administered by the two pachas, each having under-pachas for the districts and the villages. The usual staff of agas, medjlis, muftis, and kadis administer and interpret the laws. The military force for each pachalic consists of a battalion of regular infantry, numbering six hundred, and of a thousand bachi-bazouks, three hundred of them mounted, who are scattered in all parts of the province. The pachalic of Adana, which sends to the Porte the principal revenue of Cilicia, raised in the year 1852, from taxes of all kinds, nearly eleven millions of piasters, a sum equivalent to about \$ 500,000 of our money. The sources of this revenue were duties from customs, duties upon smoking-tobacco, snuff, salt, spirits, cattle, camels, and passports, and various kinds of direct tax. The *salian* tax is levied upon the

property of all married persons without distinction of religion, and is either 60, 30, or 15 piasters, the piaster being about five cents of our money. The *khavadj* is levied upon all *rayahs* or Christians over fifteen, Mussulmans being exempt, and is either 50 or 15 piasters. The *spentz*, a sort of poll-tax, is 3 piasters the head. The Ansaireeh pay a special poll-tax, the *miri*, amounting to 2 or 3 piasters. The Turcomans pay tithes, and the Jourouks pay a special "tent duty," amounting to 5 piasters for each tent. The sale of animals pays a small percentage to the government; and the wood-merchants are obliged to sell their wood to the government at half-price. A very important source of revenue is found in the tolls at the passes on the mountain frontiers, a regular tariff of which is established. A Christian pays  $3\frac{1}{4}$  piasters, and if a pilgrim,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  piasters; a load of manufactured goods pays 9 piasters; a load of wheat or barley,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  piasters; and a load of other agricultural products,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  piasters. This is at the pass of Kulek-Boghaz, where the rates are lowest. At the other passes the charge is much higher; a pilgrim paying 12 piasters, and a load of merchandise  $12\frac{1}{2}$ .

The net revenue of the pachalic ought to yield, after the expenses of administration are met, not less than \$400,000 to the Porte. But here, as in other Turkish provinces, there is equal carelessness in the collection of taxes and in remittance to the imperial treasury. The quota of this pachalic is constantly in arrear, and officials contrive to cheat the government. The Julian law, which gave the governor a right to draw upon the people for the supply of his table, is still in force; and, in addition, this magistrate is allowed 180,000 piasters of salary, or \$9,000. He is appointed for no particular time, and holds office only at the pleasure of his Ottoman master. One inferior official, however, the Turcoman Bey of Payas claims an hereditary right, which is respected by the paramount government.

Such, in brief, was the experience and condition of the country as M. Langlois found it at the close of the month of May, 1852, when the steamer *Mentor* cast anchor in the port of Mersina. Scarcely had he recovered from admiration of the beautiful panorama made by the double arc of the curving

bay and the background of magnificent mountains, when he was summoned to expiate, by five days in the Lazaretto, the sin of having ventured to visit the land of pestilence. There was no plague in the countries from which he had come; but reason was vain against the inexorable fidelity of the officers of health. The Lazaretto of Mersina, like most hospitals of this kind, is a filthy prison, allowing no accommodation of any kind, not even a plank to lie on. The adjoining marshes guarantee speedy fever, and M. Langlois discovered at once that his only chance for life was instant escape from this infected stable of Augeas. An accommodating Turk, whom the Consul had sent to meet him, readily entered into his idea, and about midnight, after the guard had stupefied themselves by copious potations, the prisoner managed to let himself down by a cord from the window, and join this Turkish friend, who was in waiting with a good horse ready saddled; a vigorous kick from the Turk gave motion to the beast, and a gallop in the darkness ensued, such as an officer of the French Guard had never taken. There was no time, indeed, to be lost. The dogs of the Lazaretto had given the alarm, and the fugitive had hardly time to hide himself in the cellar of Ali's house, in one of the great empty jars, before the officers of justice were knocking at the door and claiming the Effendi. They were bullied off, however, by the click of pistols and the lies of Ali, and the affair had no tragic conclusion. It was certainly a characteristic beginning of adventure among Arabs.

Escaped from this immediate danger, the first care of M. Langlois was to hasten to the Consul's house, where he would be safe from arrest. He found, to his amazement, that the Consul was living under a tent, like a Bedouin, and that this was the fashionable summer arrangement for Cilician society. Ichné, the place of the encampment, the Biarritz, the Bath, the Saratoga of Cilicia, is the resort, in the sickly months, of all the first families of Tarsus. The sulphur springs continue to supply here, as in the days of the Romans, a nauseous beverage and an invigorating bath; and the waters of Ichné have, moreover, the excellent moral advantage of being perfectly free. Nobody owns them, neither the state nor any private company or man. The visitor may enjoy, without money and

without price, the luxury of being parboiled in one of the ancient sarcophagi, which are used now as bathing-tubs, with the accompaniment of the nasal chanting of Gypsies, the musicians of Cilicia. It was at this pleasant watering-place that the Consul had installed himself, with his suite of gentlemen and Arabs. The Consul himself was a character, a Syrian Christian, who had acted as the dragoman of Lamartine, had served the daughter of the poet in her last sickness, and had received his lucrative and honorable sinecure from the head of the Provisional Government of France in gratitude for this service. M. Langlois found with him a polite reception, and was furnished with a tent, a carpet, and a sufficiency of pipes, the chief luxuries of an Eastern establishment. The arrival of a Frank is an important event in that region which Franks so rarely visit; and M. Langlois had not been long at Ichné before a package of despatches from the Pacha arrived, welcoming to the province "His Excellency the Bey-zadeh Victor Langlois, French prince, the glory of scholars, the light of science," and furnishing him with safe conduct to the capital. The experience which the fugitive from quarantine had had of Arab horses should have taught him prudence; but on nearing Tarsus, the noisy salute of musketry which announced his presence gave him a fresh lesson in horsemanship, and he was precipitated into a muddy ditch, and compelled to make an undignified entry on foot. His first stay in Tarsus lasted for several weeks, which he diligently employed in examining ruins, acquainting himself with the people, and making himself the hero of various adventures. The season of the year was that of marriages and baptisms, and he was called to favor his friends with his society and patronage at these happy ceremonies, which he found at once entertaining and fatiguing. At the marriage festival he was annoyed by the everlasting discharge of fire-arms, by the horrid discord of the band of three instruments, and the shouts of the little vagrants who followed it along the street, — by the uncouth style of the wedding repast, cones of rice and great plates of roast mutton, torn apart by the fingers and devoured voraciously, — and especially by the deafening applause when the bridegroom raised with a sabre the mass of shawl which enveloped the form of

his invisible bride. He notes carefully the exhibition of wedding presents, among which glass *nargilehs* with silver mountings figured conspicuously. The most curious circumstance, however, is the rush which all the guests make for a piece of the sacred bread, which the priest throws down before the altar when he pronounces the nuptial benediction, a *mêlée* as noisy, as fierce, and even as dangerous, as that at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem when the Sacred Fire appears. The holy wafer, in its symbolic meaning, becomes thus the "wedding cake," and any one who can secure and eat a fragment of it will be happily married within the year.

Some of the baptismal ceremonies in which M. Langlois bore a part were equally remarkable. As godfather, he was expected to furnish a name for the infant, and to promise on its behalf that it should be trained carefully in the faith of the "Gregorian Church," duties not easy for a foreigner and a Catholic to fulfil. But the difficulties were evaded; the Greek prelate was as accommodating as the bishop of an English Church. "Say yes!" said he to the perplexed godfather, "and all the responsibility will then fall on the godmother." The name, "Mardyros-Garabed-Asdonadzadour," or "Martyr-Precursor-God-given," was kindly suggested by the father of the child. The baptismal dress of the infant was the simple raiment of nature, and the font was a basin of wine. The legend of Clarence's death represents the method of the new birth in the Church of Cilicia.

Soon after his arrival, by the advice of judicious friends, M. Langlois had hastened, by the present of a gun, to gain the good-will of a taciturn savage, Bothros Rok, who seemed to be held by the citizens of Tarsus in peculiar fear and respect. This terrible janissary, a Christian Arab of Palestine, had avenged the rape of his sister by the murder of her seducer, the son of the Pacha of Jaffa, and had been driven in consequence first to the Lebanon, and then to the Taurus, where he had been the associate and messenger of the most renowned of the bandits, and had remained many years in this life of plunder. On the breaking up of the bands, by mutual agreement, the services of Bothros were secured by the government, who could at any time furnish safe conduct through the

mountains to those whom he should accompany. To the acquaintance and friendship of this freebooter M. Langlois owed his life. Another acquaintance which he made on one of his rambles was that of the beautiful Nedjmé, the "Pearl of the Taurus," daughter of a mountain chief, who seems to be the original of M. Enault's Nadéje. It was a happy omen that this charming damsel deigned to accept his company, and gave him prestige as a traveller. Omens are of great weight in the East; woe to the man who meets a crow, a beggar, a hare, or a Jew, as he is starting on his journey; happy he who shall see a dove, an eagle, a gazelle, or a young virgin! M. Langlois was glad to make use of the omen.

The most elaborate description in the volume is that which M. Langlois gives of Tarsus and its environs. The city is not large positively, much less in comparison with its grandeur under the Roman *régime*. Its inhabitants number scarcely seven thousand; its houses are low and terraced, its streets narrow and crooked, and on market-days blocked up by the caravans passing and repassing; it is cut up by canals, which supply water to the fountains and baths; the mosques are dilapidated; and grass grows in the squares and on the walls. It is difficult to believe that this is the city of the mythic Perseus, of the luxurious Sardanapalus, — the city where Alexander rested from the fatigue of his way, where Antony feasted Cleopatra with such magnificence, where there were such magnificent temples, theatres, and aqueducts, that this was the second city of the kingdom of Leo II. in the Byzantine age. Now, in the sickly season, the streets are almost deserted. There are no successors to the scholars, orators, and philosophers of whom Strabo gives so long a catalogue; and none, not even pachas, can read the works of that Cicero who was once Proconsul here. M. Langlois soon found that his excavations could not be aided by any native skill in archæology, and that the stolid suspicion of the Turkish officials was a serious obstacle to his inquiries. He was fortunately not detected in his attempt to force with powder an entrance into the Dunuk-Tasch. But if he had obeyed the order of the Governor of Tarsus to desist from digging in the Gueuzluk-Kaleh, the museums of Paris would have lost some of their most curious treasures.



Of the former glories of Tarsus many monuments remain. Of the Cyclopean structures of the Pelasgic times, there are few traces, but the vast mass of the Dunuk-Tasch carries back the history to the time of Assyrian dominion. This monument, which M. Langlois believes to be the most ancient existing in Asia Minor, he has demonstrated to his own satisfaction to be the tomb of the first Sardanapalus. It is a great oblong of conglomerate, 354 feet in length, 129 in breadth, and 22 in height. The white marble with which it was originally incrustated has been carried away, and the inscriptions which the ancient historians record have disappeared. We need not go over the argument of M. Langlois, or his refutation of the theories of Barbaro, that it was a castle; of Texier, that it was the seat of an oracle; of Chesney, that it was a temple of Jupiter; and of Zosimus, that it was the tomb of Julian the Apostate. From a comparison of authorities, from an examination of medals, and from the preponderance of conjectural reasoning, he makes out a case as strong, certainly, as that of the tomb-theory of the Great Pyramid.

The *Gueuzluk-Kaleh*, from which M. Langlois extracted so many treasures, in statuettes, jars, and articles of pottery, he considers to be the Greek cemetery of the successors of Alexander. Of relics of the Roman period, he mentions the Gymnaseum, aqueducts, roads, bridges, sewers, mosaics, and a huge mound in which he discovered numerous figures in *terra-cotta*. These monuments are mostly in a very fragmentary condition. Some of the mosaics are well preserved, but most of them are too far destroyed to allow any satisfactory study. The *cloaca maxima*, discovered in 1853, is twelve feet in height by eight in breadth, and evidently communicated with the principal streets of the ancient city. In the house of a Nassairi peasant, M. Langlois was so fortunate as to find a Greek milestone, of which he gives the mutilated inscription. Of the numerous temples of Tarsus there are no authentic remains; the more pity, since few cities have worshipped, from their foundation, more various and heterogeneous gods. The Pantheon of Greece and that of Egypt were added to the deities of Assyria, and an elaborate inscription, which M. Langlois gives, taken from a bath-house, expresses the gratitude of

Tarsus to the "Pious, Fortunate, and August Marcus Aurelius Severus Alexander, son of the *god* Antoninus, grandson of the *god* Severus." Of the remains taken from the cemetery, the most important are figures of the gods, *ex voto* offerings, portraits, and caricatures. The Trinity of Pagan Tarsus seems to have been Hercules, Apollo, and Perseus, who are frequently confounded. The eagle, the lion, and the bull seem to have been the favorite symbols.

Of the Byzantine, Armenian and Moslem ages there are at Tarsus some interesting monuments. The beautiful gate of the Kandji-kapon belonged to a Byzantine fortress. Fragments of the castle remain to attest as well its primitive grandeur as the vandalism of the rulers who have dismantled it. The Church of the Virgin, which Armenian tradition says that Paul founded during one of his visits to his native city, is in excellent preservation, with the exception of its dome, and is adorned with the usual quantity of black pictures, yellow ostrich-eggs, and silver-plated saints' faces. Its most rare treasures are two Armenian manuscripts of the Gospel, in quarto, elegantly bound, one of which dates from the eighth century. The Church of St. Paul, now a mosque, was founded in the fourteenth century by King Ochinus. In this church was buried Hugo the Great, the famous Crusader. The gates of the city and its present wall belong mostly to the Moslem period, and there are six mosques, some of them with showy minarets and imposing dimensions. The mosque of Makamdjami contains, according to the legend, the tomb of the prophet Daniel; and there are not a few touching inscriptions on the Mussulman houses and tombs. The memory of St. Paul is kept at Tarsus, as the memory of Abraham at Hebron, by a gigantic carob-tree, so large that two men cannot clasp it, and with a hollow in its trunk large enough for a man to live in. Unfortunately for the legend, a botanist's eye denies for the tree more than two centuries of age.

Making Tarsus his centre, M. Langlois explored the country from time to time in various directions, spending in his journeys usually from two to six weeks. His travelling companions were Peyron, a young Greek merchant, very easily frightened; Gregory Alepson, formerly an Armenian monk, but

now chancellor of the English Consul ; Bothros, his champion defender and interpreter, with two companions of the same class ; ten armed zapties, or militia ; an Arab cook ; and a full company of mookras, or mule-men. His first excursion was along the coast, to Soli, Lamas, and Gorigos. The ruins of Soli, and of Pompeiopolis, which lies near to it, are close to the sea-shore. They consist of fragments of baths, reservoirs, aqueducts, and houses, mostly hidden by the thicket of bushes, and brought to light with difficulty. The long colonnade from the harbor to the city, once of two hundred columns, still shows forty-eight in good preservation, some Corinthian, some Composite. The tomb of Aratus, whose verse Paul quoted with such effect to the Athenians, is as conspicuous by the roadside here as the tomb of Cicero on the way to Gaeta, and has an architecture somewhat similar. To-day, this spot, retaining the proud names of Solon and Pompey, once the seat of power and opulence, is not even, as it was in the Middle Age, the haunt of pirates, but is given over to reptiles and desolation. While M. Langlois, on the steps of the ruined theatre, was gazing upon the tranquil sea, and recalling in imagination the galleys of the Egyptian conqueror, he was startled by the hiss of a monstrous black snake, six feet in length. A Cilician secret which he greatly coveted was the art of serpent charming ; but he found that the *psylli* could not be persuaded by any offer to sell or to impart so divine a gift. "The psyllus who should sell his secret would be exposed through all eternity to the avenging scourge of Satan."

Soli is about two hours distant from Mersina. The next place of importance is Lamas, though all along the road is lined with ruined Byzantine castles. Here the hill-country begins. Of Lamas, once the capital of a province, nothing now remains except a double row of aqueduct arches spanning a mountain torrent. The neighborhood is romantic. There are wild glens, cascades, and in a gorge, by the aid of a glass, are seen trophies hung up on the brow of the precipice. The *Tefingue-dagh* is to Cilicia what the Profile Mountain and the Cannon Mountain are to the Franconia Gap. The literal translation of the word is "Gun Mountain." The actual trophies hung on the rock are an inlaid bow, two ar-

rows, and a sabre. Such votive offerings are not unusual in Moslem lands.

A few miles beyond Lamas are the ruins of Sebaste, or Eleusa, once famed for its olives. What is now a promontory was once an island. The ruins here are almost wholly Roman, and consist of aqueducts, reservoirs, house walls, part of a temple, and part of a theatre. A Greek inscription copied from a sarcophagus shows that the exclusive spirit bore sway in ancient as well as in modern tomb-building: "Plotinus, son of Hyginus, built in his lifetime, for himself, this sarcophagus, and this monument in the cemetery of Sebaste. After his death, only his daughter can be buried here; and if any one else buries here, he will pay six hundred pence to the treasury, and three hundred to the city."

Gorigos, the ancient Corycas, is, to an archæologist, the most attractive locality in Cilicia. It is called by Oppian the "City of Mercury." Cicero, Livy, and Pliny all speak of it in their writings. In the time of Stephen of Byzantium it was a famous resort of pirates; and in the thirteenth century it is mentioned as remarkable for its admirable ruins. A manuscript poem of the fourteenth century, in the Imperial Library of Paris, gives a very exact description of its castles and towers, which may be verified from the large engravings of M. Langlois's volume. These castles, one of which has been separated from the mainland by the action of the waves, are of Armenian origin, and of vast extent; and the inscriptions upon their towers are of great assistance in determining the chronology of "Little Armenia." The moonlight view of these ruins which M. Langlois enjoyed would have been enchanting but for the hum and stings of the myriad mosquitoes, the substitute for the "Divine fury" of the ancient soothsayers, who here announced the will of the gods. The party, unable to sleep, held a night session, enlivened by ghost stories, around the fire; and the leader very appropriately recited a passage from the "Inferno" of Dante. Vainly they endeavored to find a mummy in the numerous sarcophagi; and in one, from which, seemingly intact, they removed the lid by gunpowder, they found only a package of tobacco. To such base uses have the sepulchres of the Byzantines come in this region.

Farther on is Selefké, the site of Seleucia, on the Calycadnus, the river in which Frederic Barbarossa was drowned. Thirty houses and a mosque now represent the city which Nicator founded, which in the fourth century was the capital of the Isaurian robbers, and which in the thirteenth century was a stronghold of the Knights of St. John. On one of the two ruined temples, the frieze represents "winged genii holding enormous bunches of grapes." A Roman bridge of six arches is in good preservation; there is a great reservoir of marble; and in the necropolis are great numbers of sarcophagi cut from the solid rock. On the covering of one of these stone coffins, M. Langlois was delighted to discover the name of Aphrodisias, the first Christian martyr of Seleucia. The castle of the knights, oval in form, is nearly perfect, even to the steep staircase on the mountain by which it is reached. It occupies the point of a precipitous rock, and has the same magazine and cistern of unfailing water which the Venetian Barbaro saw there four hundred years ago. From the ruined seats of the theatre, which looks out upon the sea, is a splendid panoramic view, which the imagination of a scholar could easily fill. It is sad to say that this ancient capital is now, like Syene in Egypt, degraded to be the place of exile for abandoned women.

Another place in "Cilicia Trachea" which M. Langlois visited was Kannideli, the ancient Neapolis of Isauria, where he found curious bas-reliefs, sarcophagi, and all sorts of mediæval ruins, but no trace of the Roman dominion. On one of the churches he discovered an inscription nearly identical with that on the Church of St. Helena at Bethlehem. The roads between these towns are hardly less attractive in the number of their ruins than the Appian Way of the Roman Campagna; and the volume contains descriptions of arches, mausoleums, and grottos fatiguing to the memory. This first western excursion of M. Langlois gave him abundance of work in arranging and revising his notes; and he found the attentions of the Consul on his return to Mersina rather a hindrance than a comfort.

The next excursion from Tarsus was eastward, through the region watered by the Sarus and the Pyramus, to Adana, Ana-

zarbus, Sis, and the country of the Kurds, to Missis, the ancient Mopsuesta, and to Aias on the gulf of Iskanderûn. Adana, on the Sarus, the capital of the pachalic, is about a day's journey across the plain from Tarsus. It is a considerable city, numbering 18,000 inhabitants. The tradition says that it took its name from Adanus, the son of "Cœlum and Terra." Its origin is certainly obscure, and it was an old city when Pompey chose it for one of his prison colonies. It was the home of Cassius in the wars of the Triumvirate. Hadrian took pains to visit it, and Maximian gave to it his favor. Ravaged and laid waste by the Isaurians, it had become great again in the age of the Caliphs, and was one of the cities which Haroun al Raschid is said to have rebuilt. The Crusaders found it rich in all kinds of spoil; and from the time of the Turkish conquest it has always prospered. The monuments which remain declare the fame of the city. The great bridge which Hadrian built across the Sarus still continues to amaze travelers by its strength, its breadth, its solid foundations, and its graceful arches. At the entrance stands a gate which once belonged to the walls of the city. There are remains of the aqueduct which Auxentius built, and which established his fame. The walls of the Byzantine castle still frown above the bridge; and they show the Vakef-serai, the house and room in which Sultan Murad lodged, as they show in the hotel of Augsburg the house and room of Charles V. Adana is, nevertheless, very modern in its general appearance. Its palace is kept clean, and is defended by artillery. Its baths are spacious, convenient, and greatly frequented. The Armenian cathedral has a curious manuscript of the Gospels of the thirteenth century; there are another Armenian Church and a Greek Church; nine mosques with elegant minarets; streets with sidewalks; and 4,500 houses, many of them fine. It has a temperate climate, a clear sky, and a situation of unrivalled beauty. By the boat navigation of the Sarus, it has communication with the Mediterranean countries, but most of its traffic is by caravans. The Pacha, Mehemet Zia, as M. Langlois found him, was hospitable, dull, and extremely addicted to *kief*, a state half-way between absolute sleep and the Italian *far niente*. The interview at the palace was rather gracious than exciting.

The Pacha's residence, like that of the Doge in Venice, is at once a palace, a barrack, and a prison.

From Adana to Sis, the ancient capital of the Christian kingdom of Armenia, is about fifty miles in a northeasterly direction. The route is not free from danger, as it passes through several camps of Turcomans. M. Langlois was permitted to taste in the tent of one of the chiefs the wine and mutton of Turcoman hospitality, and he does not recommend either. The wine was an equivocal boiling liquid flavored with resin, and the stew was an *olla podrida* of grease, nuts, and honey. There was no sign of any care for cleanliness. Arriving at Sis, he was summoned to the episcopal palace to receive the welcome of the aged Patriarch, whose white beard, wrinkled face, blue turban, and black robe gave picturesqueness to his serene dignity. The conversation, which was aided, of course, by chibouks, turned upon European affairs, in which his Eminence was not well posted, but chiefly upon the wickedness and schism of the rival Patriarch of Echi-miedzin, a subject on which M. Langlois was not fully informed. The interview lasted two hours. All the ingenuity of the traveller could not, nevertheless, get the Armenian archives opened to his inspection. A night expedition which he attempted, in the vault beneath the church, in darkness and dirt, assisted by Bothros, reminding him of Dante's inscription over the gate of hell, resulted in nothing but mortification and disappointment. He found coffins, bats, and bones enough, but no parchments.

The town of Sis is built like an amphitheatre, on the side of an isolated mountain, just at the foot of the Taurus. The houses are terraced, like those of the Lebanon, the convent crowning them upon the summit. On another rock is the castle. Below the city is a river, one of the branches of the Pyramus. It is a Christian city, and a mosque and bazaar are the only Turkish establishments. It is governed by a Turcoman Bey, who denies the authority of the Pacha of Adana and withholds all tribute. The monuments of the city are wholly of the Armenian epoch, and in fact its history cannot be fairly traced farther back than the twelfth century. The principal of these monuments are the castle, a very strong

work, now abandoned ; the palace, which, like the Hradschin at Prague and the ancient Medeenet Haboo of Thebes, was at once a palace and a temple ; and many churches of singular construction. The most sacred of these is the Church of St. Sergius, a special saint of Armenian reverence. This is a very small building in the centre of the city, hidden by a high wall from profane gaze, lighted only by a few holes in the dome, and decorated by saints' heads in very rude and ugly bas-reliefs.

In Jerusalem, all pilgrims are expected to kneel at the "tombs of the Prophets" on the Mount of Olives. In Sis, the tombs of the Patriarchs are the approved shrines of piety. M. Langlois gives the epitaphs from several of these tombs, some of them in jingling Armenian rhymes. That upon the tomb of Michael I. runs thus : "In this tomb rests the Lord Michael, the great Elect, who was surnamed Sublime, Admirable, Desirable. He died in peace in the Lord, in the year 1200" (A. D. 1750). The tomb of the Patriarch Theodore bears a still more flattering testimony to his merit. "This is the tomb of the Holy Catholicos Theodore, of the race of Achabah, chosen among a thousand ! He made many efforts to restore the Holy See, and shone by his eminent qualities. This was a sublime man and superior to all the rest. He died in the year one thousand and five two hundreds with forty" (1245 of the Armenian era, or 1795 of our era). The inscription over the door of the new monastery is worth noting. Its style is magniloquent, though, unlike similar inscriptions in Rome, it promises no "full and perpetual *indulgence*." "I am the gate which gives entrance to the heavenly light, to the banquet of the light of glory, (for here is poured the sacred wine and is sacrificed the immortal Lamb,) of the temple supported on the column of grace, lately built anew. I and my Church have been built at the expense of the Lord Guiragos, the sublime Patriarch, who rests upon the heavenly word, most pious and full of the Holy Ghost." The generous and pious Guiragos deserved a better fate. He was poisoned by the Bey for having pretended to independence, and his tomb is in the sanctuary which he had newly adorned.

The Armenian convent of Sis boasts of its relics of awful



sanctity, which constitute the chain of argument for its Apostolic pre-eminence. These are the *right hands* of several of the patriarchs and saints of different ages, beginning with the hand of Gregory. These hands are fastened to silver arms, and are garnished with finger-rings. As in the case of Roman relics, some of these are duplicated and disputed; and the convent of Ecmiedzin has in its reliquary a right hand of Gregory equally well vouched for. It may be an instance of that miraculous power, ascribed by an old writer to the saints, of "self-multiplication." Other treasures of the convent of Sis are the Pallium of Agop (or James I.) the Wise, of red silk, embroidered with crosses and figures of Christ and the saints; two parchment manuscripts of the Gospel, one of them a folio, and regarded by the monks as the miraculous work of King Leo II.; the vase of holy oil, kept in a special tabernacle, as the wafer in the Pix of St. Laurence at Nuremberg; the archives, now nearly destroyed; and the library, of 250 printed volumes, and 145 manuscripts of no great value. All these books are religious, and most of them liturgical. Armenian literature begins and ends with forms of prayers.

On the way from Sis to Anazarbus, a journey of a few hours, M. Langlois and his party were attacked by a tribe of Kurds, who were beaten off, though not until several of the party had been wounded, among others M. Langlois himself. A ball through the leg did not lessen his ardor for discovery, and he gives an account of Anazarbus as if nothing had happened, mentioning merely that a sudden rise of the streams is apt to make travelling dangerous in that neighborhood. He remained in the city ten days, studying its monuments and admiring its position, as strong and commanding as that of Mont St. Michel in France. The ruins stand upon a steep rocky eminence, at the base of which, as well as around the summit, are walls with towers. A long line of aqueduct arches crosses the plain below, and a fine triumphal arch stands at one of the gateways. The chapel of the castle contains a curious sculptured genealogy of the Armenian Barons, preserving thus a *catalogue raisonné* of their tombs. The origin of this city and of its name is disputed. In the time of Augustus it was called Cæsarea; Justin, rebuilding it

after an earthquake, called it Justinopolis; and when, destroyed for the fourth time by an earthquake, it was again rebuilt by an Emperor, it took the ponderous name of Justinianopolis. It became one of the chief cities of the Armenian kingdom, and a great battle with the Saracens was fought in its neighborhood, in which Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, lost his life. In Anazarbus, M. Langlois remarks, as an evidence that the Turcomans are *more civilized* than other Orientals, that their women came unveiled into his tent, and in the evening sat down and smoked chibouks with him, without appearing to be troubled by the exposure.

From Anazarbus the party took their way southward to Missis, passing some remarkable castles; starting up some wild boars, which unclean animals our author could not persuade his servants to hunt; and meeting the imperious Princess Belgiojoso, returning from Syria with her daughter, with whom he was forced to *exchange cooks*. At the request of the Princess, he united with her in a Catholic mass, said by one of her suite in the chapel of a ruined convent, which he found, albeit not much given to sentimental piety, to be very touching and beautiful. Missis, on the Pyramus, is the ancient Mopsuesta, a town chiefly known from its connection with Bishop Theodore, a high ecclesiastical authority. It dates, according to Eusebius, from the siege of Troy, having been founded by the hero Mopsus. It had a famous Temple of the Sun, and celebrated the rites of Bacchus. It was a favorite city of the Emperors; and medals show what privileges were given to it by Hadrian, Decius, and Valerian. Its situation on the river Pyramus was favorable for commerce; and some of the arches still remain to show the magnificence of the bridge which Justinian constructed. The ruins of the ancient city are few, and not very important. From the cemeteries M. Langlois brought away some curious inscriptions, one of which contains in itself the material of a history. "I am Museus, killed prematurely by my brother Tryphon. I intrusted to him the care of all my property for twenty years, and I did not suspect his good faith; yet he deceived me in all things. Not being able to bring him to justice, wanting even my daily nourishment, and violently deprived of life be-

fore my maturity, I invoke against my brother Tryphon, and against his children, the gods of heaven and those of hell; and I make vows that all curses may go with them in all their life and after: for Tryphon ought not thus to have acted in any way. I pray also the gods that neither Tryphon nor any other person may take my bones from this little monument, nor derange anything in this tomb, nor carry away anything by violence, but leave all things here in their places: thus will he be saved from the burnings which threaten him, unless . . . . or if one is an officer of justice; but he who shall do this without purpose or reason, let the gods of the land become adverse to him." An exemplary novel might easily be drawn from this epitaph.

From Missis, M. Langlois directed his course to Aias, the ancient *Gea*, crossing the range of the Amanus, and passing along the coast of the bay of Iskanderûn as far as the battlefield of Issus and the town of Alexandretta. A visit which he made to a famous Turcoman chief, Moustik Bey, had some instructive results. This captain of robbers, who lived by plundering and taking toll of caravans, had a mortal dread of rats and mice, and would flee with all speed at the sight of one of these animals. A special magician had charge, by incantations and cabalistic prayers, to keep these vermin away from the premises of the valiant robber. Aias, on the sea-shore, is a very old city, taking its name from the Greek *αἴξ*, *goat*, the symbol of the city. It had at once commercial eminence and religious hospitality, adopting freely the gods of the nations which brought to it their custom. The ruins cover a vast extent of ground; but the only edifice which time has respected is the Armenian castle, which, as restored by Sultan Soliman, has the curious checkered appearance of the Tuscan churches, half of the stones being the blackened remains of the former fires. Where the merchants once exchanged their wares with Syria, Egypt, Greece, and Italy, there are only fifteen miserable huts, and sixty-five inoffensive but indolent barbarians.

The return journey of the party to Tarsus was diversified by an encounter with a band of negroes, in which the poor blacks were worsted, and their village burned, but the most edifying result of which was the penitential pilgrimage accom-

plished by Michael Rok, the brother of Bothros. In gratitude for this unexpected return, Michael thought it fit to accuse himself at the confessional of all possible sins, and to declare crimes which, if suitably punished, would have condemned him to twenty years of the galleys, completing this act of penance by listening on his knees to a mass of an hour in length. Shortly after the return of the party, the Festival of St. George, the most sacred patron of all the Eastern churches, took place; and M. Langlois was able by his own observation, like Hamlet on the ramparts, to verify the legend of the night walks of the saint's ghost. The "questionable shape" of the apparition emboldened the curious spectator; and a threat of firing upon him dissolved the ghost's mystery, and relieved the people of Tarsus of their long-established annual fear. It is not every Frank traveller who is thus permitted to rescue a credulous people from its delusion and its terror, and M. Langlois was more successful than dragon or paynim in his combat with the Cappadocian saint.

After assisting in a solemn "lion-hunt," — conducted by the Pacha in person, smoking under a tree on his divan, — in which the lion was an ounce, and the ounce, fired at by twenty balls at short range, "still runs," M. Langlois started on his final expedition to the Taurus, and especially to the Kulek Boghaz, or Gates of Cilicia. We have no space to relate the adventures and discoveries of this remarkable journey; — the storm in the mountains, "recommended to all lovers of magnificent horrors"; the capture by Mehemet Aga, "King of the Mountain," and the tantalizing imprisonment in one of his caves; the deliverance through the good offices of Bothros, a former companion of this ferocious bandit; the visit to the castle of Bosanti, the ancient Butrento, with the view of the waterfall and the rainbow; the visit to the grotto of the "Seven Sleepers," the genuineness of which is disputed by a grotto at Ephesus, and by another in Algiers, with the legends connected by Christian and Moslem with this story; Nemroun, once Lampron, with its houses sprinkled over a vast hill-side; the "Valley of Hell," where they met no devils; the deserted Mopsucrene, where Constantius II. died; and the defile of the Kalah-Dagh, where our traveller

found a remarkable plant, called by the Turks "Snake-grass." This plant, from three to five feet high, is crowned with a purple cup, like a horn, from which a quadrangular pistil, like a sword-blade, projects. The exterior is of green, spotted like the skin of a snake. The plant, which seemed to M. Langlois so wonderful that he gives it a special description, is evidently nothing more than the well-known *Arum maculatum*.

The defile of the Kulek-Boghaz, the most important of all the passes of the Taurus, has been famous from the earliest ages. Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*, describes very accurately its present appearance. Quintus Curtius mentions the capture of its castle by Alexander the Great. Pescennius Niger, the imperial usurper, fortified the pass with walls and towers. By the Crusaders the pass was called the "Gates of Judas." The present fortifications, immensely strong, are the work of Ibrahim Pacha, and have given to the pass the proverb, "Who fears not the Boghaz does not fear God." The modern constructions have quite obliterated the ruins of the ancient forts.

We close our notice of the able and interesting work of M. Langlois by a sketch of a holy father whom he met in the mountains, — one of those charming and characteristic portraits with which the book is enlivened.

"Quitting Bosanti, we took our way over the farm of Bothros, following frightful paths which belted the cliffs, and which, after an hour's march, came out on an old Roman way, which we followed, in spite of the difficulties of its disjointed and broken pavement. By a kind of compensation, I found on the sides of this ancient road some profane funeral monuments; and, like Dante in his way through Purgatory, we saw frequently, in their sarcophagi, imaginary shades who pointed out to us the inscriptions recalling their name, their functions, their virtues. Farther on, on this same way which formerly the Roman legions travelled, stood out the skeleton of a colossal arch of triumph, which, according to the tradition, Constantine raised in the journey which he made in this part of his empire. Near this antique monument is a khan as bare and as desolate as all the Turkish establishments of this kind which I have seen and occupied. An Armenian monk had taken possession of it, and was crouching before the fire: we seated ourselves at his side. The wallet of this good father was puffed out like a bottle; it contained

roast meats, chickens, game, hard eggs, a bottle of raki, &c. His mountain rambles had not been without fruit, every one being eager to contribute to his benefit; so he lived like a satrap, the holy man! He confessed to us that, stranger as he was to all the affairs of this world, he had no other care than to drink, to eat, to sleep. The poor man! His chin fell in a triple fold upon his broad chest, and surely it would have been impossible for me to embrace the majestic rotundity of his abdomen."

---

ART. III. — *Poems*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. In Three Volumes. New York: James Miller. 1861. 32mo.

READING "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," or "Aurora Leigh," before the grass is green on Elizabeth Browning's grave, is not favorable to a critical estimate of the poet or her works. The patient years of suffering, the persistent will, the steadiness, strength, and purity, the labors and attainments of this extraordinary woman, come before us in stately procession; and were it not for the touching record of her love, and of her death in the arms of love, we could almost wish that her dream had been realized, and that she might have been something other, and — if she would have it so — something more than a woman. But inasmuch as she was a great woman, she was greatly a woman; and if she exceeded her sex in strength and aspiration, it was only to foreshow what a woman may gain in her proper sphere, — not in another, — and to assure us that no soul of man, however high, needs lack a companion to strengthen and complete, as well as to beautify, his life.

Before entering upon the discrimination which the life and labors of Elizabeth Barrett Browning suggest, it is meet to pay a tribute to what she did, and to the spirit in which she wrought. Of all women of her day, she was most a laborer in the fields which are trodden by the feet of men. A form frail as a lily's was endowed with the will of a giant. This will dragged her slight frame through the furrows of toil, side by side with her brother-men. Like them, she dug in the mines of classic lore, with such results as are possible only to