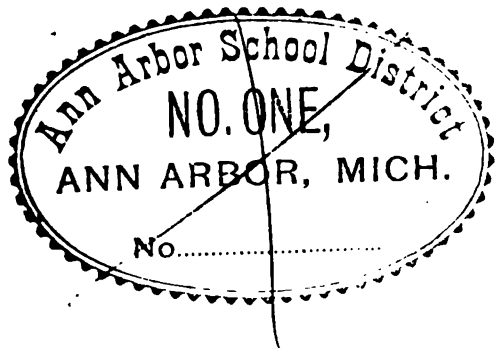


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# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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## IN LITERARY CHICAGO.

BY EVE H. BRODLIQUE.

TO SPEAK of the literary world of Chicago would not long ago have been grotesque. Now that world exists, clearly defined, with a character of its own, and with something of a history. It is an independent world, almost as much so as the Chicago world of business. Its people make new departures. The phase of their intellectual life is not mixed or merged with that of any other State. Typical Western energy has shown itself in typically vigorous work, and there has sprung

up a new school, which has a new trend and local coloring.

It is in the inevitable order of things that it should be so. The nature of the great Northwest is creeping between bindings, and a new literary centre is forming.

But with the new phase of higher civilization has come also a new malady. Chicago has not wholly escaped the cup-and-saucer novelist or the skim-milk poet. Nevertheless there is a select



disgust at his diabolical treachery, and a certain admiration of the nerve and craft he had displayed in effecting his purpose. It was evident that Peppino, though he might be a deeply injured man, and so, to a certain extent, justified in seeking revenge, possessed those elements of character that distinguish the thoroughbred scoundrel and crafty villain in all ages.

That very night Peppino disappeared, leaving behind only a slip of paper which he had stuffed into my waistcoat pocket, and which contained these words :

"You have behaved very decent to me, and, as you English say, you are not half bad. I'm off—where to, is nobody's business. I shall write old Warburton all the particulars, and he'll think a typhoon has struck him. Glad you got your two hundred pounds in advance. Adios! From your beloved  
PEPPINO."

And that was the last I ever heard of the Spaniard with the Italian name.

Most of our crew soon obtained transportation to Singapore, whence I secured a passage to London in a homeward-bound Indiaman.

Of course I wrote by first mail to Mr. Warburton at Hong Kong, giving him all the facts in my possession respecting the loss of the ship, but it was a short enough letter I got in reply. It ran thus :

"DEAR CABLETON: I'm a ruined man, thanks to that scoundrel Peppino. I'm going to try Australia. Good-by.  
F. W."

The case made a great stir at the time in insurance circles and in the newspapers, but the true inwardness of the affair was never known except to us three.

## THE SUNBURNT POET.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

(Written on the death of Richard Francis Burton, Trieste, October 20th, 1890.)

To win the Theban prize each brought his ode,  
When, lo! a stranger stood, wind-flusht and brown,  
Who sang the wondrous world and claimed the crown;  
But high gods sing in a forgotten mode.  
Then cried he, soaring high—his bright feet shod  
With Day that quenched the day and hid the town—  
"Ye spurn Apollo as a sunburnt clown,  
Ye pallid priestlings of a sunburnt god!"

'Twas Phcebus' self. And now he welcomes thee,  
England's brave Burton, dowered of sun and wind,  
Whose songs were born in deserts fierce and free,  
'Mid dusky Bedouins, Mongols yellow-skinned,  
In Amazonian woods, in wilds of Ind,  
And on the breast of Camoens' mother-sea.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.

BY A. L. RAWSON.

THOSE who have read the books of this traveler and scholar during the past forty years may be counted by millions. His writings have delighted readers in every part of the civilized world, and it may be said that his travels were as extensive, though chiefly in the uncivilized regions were they most valuable. This is to class parts of Arabia and Africa which he visited as uncivilized, and I feel sure that no one who has visited those regions will object to styling the great majority of the people barbarians.

I have heard Burton say of them: "The worst races are not necessarily the lowest in the scale as to intellect; they are those whose talents are given to vice and cruelty among themselves, neighboring peoples and strangers. Such people are in the way of true civilization, and like tigers, cobras and other hindrances to the peaceful occupation of some of the fairest portions of the earth, the sooner they are helped to disappear the better it will be for the rest of mankind."

Richard Francis Burton was born, March 19th,

1821, was of Lieutenant Colonel Burton, a retired Irish officer. He received a father's and a mother's and one of a sunny life, and his mother's and a general conversation and conversation. From he went to the very best advantage of his journey in law books, as every school reader is pleased to say on reading almost any one of his many volumes. His early life was spent as a boy in Tours, France, a city of books and book-makers, and there he made himself familiar with the language as derived from the parchment, and was well prepared by masters, writing masters of such an apt student, at Paris, another illustrious French city. His recollections of those early days were amusing. "Frenchmen, and French women in particular," he was wont to say, "seemed to me to be forever in masquerade, not only in dress, but in thought and expression."

He probably never changed that opinion.

I asked him why he thought thus of his co-religionists, and he answered: "The Catholic religion redeems a Frenchman, but an Irishman ennobles the Catholic faith."

"They have some great men in France," I ventured.

"Seldom that one can be so named who was a zealous churchman. Great and good men everywhere belong to a higher order than any church."

"How did you enjoy your life at Oxford?"

"Trinity College was supplied, as usual, with boys, or 'men,' as they are proud to call each other, who cared more for physical than for mental culture; their pleasures, too, were of the same color. My studies were very little trouble to me, for the tutors never seemed to take pains to teach us anything. If we found out by ourselves, we were fortunate in gaining some degree of recognition; but if we failed through lack of method in our instructors, we were demerited, degraded, and finally plucked. I did not dare to bring such a disgrace home to my 'governor,' so I helped myself to a leave of absence."

"Your days in the private school at Richmond were more pleasant, it must be presumed."

"Indeed they were. Richmond is one of the fairest spots in beautiful England, and our school (Watson's) one of the best, and I really learned more there than at Trinity, counting the same number of days to each place. I would abolish colleges as they are now, and turn them into schools for specialisation, to fit boys for some certain business or walk in life. If a boy is born to a title, let him cram history, poetry and biography; if his lot is to be a gentleman, fill him up with poetry, romance, general literature and politics; if to commerce or manufacture, stuff him with elements of mechanics, of engineering, chem-

istry, and the details of some certain line of trade; and so to give each one a fair start in life."

The earnestness with which he advocated such a change in the methods and system of teaching was convincing of his sincerity. One of his arguments was 1859:—"In answering your inquiry I am free to say I never liked the present academic or collegiate system, because it enables men of mediocre ability to creep into places where they may do infinite harm. Look at my case in India in 1857. I had suggested the necessity for an increase of British power, as a means of protection, and I prevention of certain wrongs and abuses, at Aden and its coasts and in the Red Sea, when my college-bred superiors, instead of comprehending the necessity and providing the means, reproached me. If they had heeded me the frightful massacre at Jiddah might have been avoided, and a check been put on the slave trade many years sooner than it was done. It is strange, but true, that human life is the price of incompetency in office."

He obtained an appointment in the Indian Army in 1842, and felt he had entered on a sure road to fame; but he soon discovered that preferment would come only with gray hair, and he was too impatient to wait when he saw so much to do. Sir Charles Napier recognized his ability, but Sir Charles was not all in all, and Lieutenant Burton was coolly ignored in favor of some more fortunate though less competent man, who happened to have a friend near the powers.

Precious time was lost, and in a letter of that period he wrote (1859): "If I can do so, you may look for me any day in the United States, on the way to Utah and the Great Salt Lake, and you may do for me a necessary and valuable service if you will compile a dictionary of local slang supplementary to Bartlett's, including of course the Western varieties, for my use. Also, if you will give me a list of articles needed or most useful on the journey across the plains."

I introduced the traveler soon after his arrival in New York to the foreman of Colt's factory, and we together examined a number of revolvers at the store. While we were debating the matter, as to which would be most useful, Mr. Colt came in and was made acquainted with Burton, and begged the favor of making him a present of two handsomely mounted and chased navy "pop-guns." We all adjourned to the Astor House, where the genial proprietor joined the party.

After listening to one of Burton's tales of his life in India, Colonel Stetson said he would call in a man from the office who could understand that kind of story, and he introduced Mr. Parkin-

son, the confectioner, and Edwin Forrest, the actor. Burton and Forrest were all in all to each other for three hours or more, the rest of us were only too happy in listening, and occasionally, when Mr. Forrest suggested, assisted at "circumventing Colonel Stetson's poison," which ceremony usually emptied a quart decanter of the best French brandy at each round.

"There's no other liquor fit for gods and men," said Forrest.

"Not every man is worthy of such ambrosial dew," said Artemus Ward (Browne), who looked in the door that had been left ajar by the ganymede.

"Oh, dew come in!" said the tragedian.

Twenty-eight years after that "glorious night" the English Consul at Trieste, writing about other things, concluded his letter in these words: "And then the memory of that night with Forrest, Ward (Browne) and the others, including yourself, is still fresh and a source of lively pleasure. The stories told by Forrest, Ward and yourself enriched my leisure hours all the way to Utah."

The consul and I were the only two remaining of that party.

My desire to travel in the Levant, Egypt, Palestine and Greece had drawn me toward sunrise as far as London; there I halted for the benefit of introductory letters to Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and others, and I found a home in Great Russell Street, nearly opposite the British Museum. I was anxious to make the acquaintance of the artist W. H. Bartlett, who had visited the countries I wished to see, and found him through the kindness of Mr. Virtue, his publisher.

Mr. Bartlett took me to his color man, and I bought a liberal supply of materials, both oil and water, for use on a journey which was planned to take me far away from supplies, and the generous dealer invited me to dine with him at his club. There it was made known that I intended to visit the Nile land, and many remarks were made by way of suggestions for my benefit in preparation and on the road, and one of the company at the table said he had met Lieutenant Richard F. Burton, who was an officer in the service of the Honorable East India Company, and that he was then in London, and he would undertake to give me an introduction to him.

In about a week I had the pleasure of unfolding my plans for the coming year, which then extended no farther than Egypt and Palestine, to one who listened with deep interest. He said he had been to Europe on leave of absence over three years, and intended to return to India in a few months, when he hoped to meet me at Cairo, or Alexandria, as it might be.

He was a fine-looking man, English (Irish) all

over, and in conversation made you feel at ease. He was not obtrusive in opinion, nor would he dispute on any topic, unless requested to do so for the sake of bringing out his great knowledge of men and things. A desire to know something about the United States led him to ask questions, or to lead the conversation in that direction, many times during our five weeks of social intercourse.

A day with him in the British Museum was full of surprises and delight for me, because of his very intimate knowledge of objects in the Oriental sections, and he was ever ready with a story or an incident in his own experience to the point. In the East India Company's rooms he was more at home, if possible, and threw a charm around every object that he noticed or spoke about. I grew, as it were, by jumps of years when in his company. His kindly helpfulness was shown in correcting the errors in an outline grammar of the Arabic language, which I had prepared in MS. for an inside pocket, and permitting me to copy his Turkish grammar, and a small one in Sanskrit.

His advice was to enter an Arab school in Cairo, and learn the dialect of the Koran, in order to get the intonation of the natives as well as the idiom, and he seemed to enjoy repeating the old adage, The traveler is wise who conceals his treasures, opinions and country; and also that other one, in which you are advised to conform to the habits and manners of the people among whom you happen to find yourself; and he was ready with many rich stories of his adventures and mishaps before he learned the true value of those wise counsels.

I had visited nearly every section of our country, from Hudson's Bay to Panama, and the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and was ready, therefore, to say something in reply to his inquiries, and sometimes to interest him to a high degree.

His accounts of life in India were always full of incident, and never prosy. He studied man, and was ever ready to compare notes with other students.

"I say, when you are in Jerusalem, just try to find any present excuse for calling the place El Kodus."

"And yet, many millions look to it as the sanctuary of their holy religion."

"And more millions turn their faces toward the Kaaba at Mecca, and would be taught to revere the North Pole if some saint should select it as his retreat."

"Or swear by the Mormon Bible."

"Tell me what that book is in origin and make-up."

I told him the story of the invalid preacher Spaulding, his fiction of the Ten Lost Tribes and supposed origin of the people who inhabited this country before the Indians, and how Joseph Smith and Rigdon reconstructed the work, and published it as a divinely inspired and miraculously preserved book. I was able to tell him that the place where Smith said he found the gold plates which, he asserted, were covered with hieroglyphics, was in a field next to the farm of my uncle, Benjamin Armington, who lived at Monticello, a few miles south of Palmyra, N. Y.

"It would not be strange," he said, "if the devotees of that book became a powerful people. Time will work wonders in obscuring the origin and in throwing a mysterious halo of sanctity around the book and the early promoters of the faith, and at length will cover up all, or nearly all, of the questionable features and sanctify every other, as has been done with the Vedas, the Shastra, the Granth, the Bible and other sacred books. The leaders recruit their ranks from able-bodied men and women who are religious, or superstitious, which is much better, and aim to teach them the faith as it is in Mormon, whether or not they know anything else beside work at their trade or occupation. This will breed a race of fanatics who will be the tools of any so-called religious teachers."

"In what does this differ from the history of all other religions of which we have any account?"

"Not in any essential word or deed. Even Joe Smith, as he is called, died in the faith, if not for the faith, and he will be canonized in due time."

"Brigham Young, his successor as the prophet of the people, is President of the Church and Governor of the Territory under the United States, uniting the Church and the State, which is contrary to the spirit of the founders of the nation, who tried to keep them apart because of the long train of evils that had followed such union in the past, in the Old World."

"When religious fanatics are left to themselves and can carry out their own sweet will they invariably attempt to control the civil power. They are impatient of any and all criticism, proud of

their assumed position as the mouthpiece of God, and naturally autocratic and despotic over their fellow men, whom they consider their inferiors, poor blind lost sinners in need of salvation which is in their keeping."

I was amazed at this outburst and reminded him that the adage taught secrecy in opinions.

"Yes, I always observe that rule when among strangers; but even in these few days of our acquaintance I feel as though we had known each other many years, for we have followed out similar lines of inquiry and are interested in similar studies."

Burton seemed to me at that time to love travel as a means of adding to his stock of knowledge of men and things and of gratifying a spirit of restless and insatiate curiosity, and I had to promise him to keep up a series of notes of my travels that we might compare when we should meet again in Egypt.

His kindly interest in me was shown in many ways; for instance, in an inquiry as to how I expected to get about among Arabs and Mohammedans without an interpreter, who would be very expensive as to salary, and more so in his cheating me in every purchase. I told him of a few lessons in Arabic I had in company with the poet Longfellow at his home in the Washington Headquarters, Cambridge, when we were taught by a native from—

"Tangier?"

"How do you guess?"

"By your pronunciation of the word *Arabic*, which is that of the *Maugrib*, the west of Africa. You will do well to keep to that style, as it will help you much in passing as a native in Egypt. You cannot go about, away from the streets in which Europeans live, without being worried by all sorts of fanatics who hold it a duty they owe to Allah to persecute any stranger who wears a hat as an infidel to the true faith: that is, in the prophet Mohammed. As soon as you arrive in Egypt apply for admission to one of the schools attached to the El Azhar College, and sit on the ground with the native boys and drink in the tones of their voices. Don't stop to think they whine and yelp, for in a few days their cries will be music in your ears, when you can understand



SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

what they say, and say the same yourself so they can understand you. Then you can go about Egypt, anywhere you will, without molestation, for the Maugribs have a good reputation in Egypt as men who are skilled in all the arts that made Spain the delight of the eyes in its wonderful mosques, now in ruin or desecrated by the foot of the infidel."

"There spoke the true believer!" I exclaimed.

"Believer in art and architecture as educational. Who can look on the Alhambra, even in its copy at the Crystal Palace, without pleasure at the beautiful forms and colors, and wish there were architects in our day who loved their work as the Moors did? In Egypt you will find enough to keep you busy a lifetime if you so desire, but above all do not neglect the Coptic churches. The Copts are the remnants of the old Pharaohs — people, priests and all gathered into one fold of a few thousands under one Patriarch — and they live in villages that are walled in, or in a quarter of an Arab city, to enter into which you must have a special

permit. If you wish to see the inside of the churches you must get a permit from the Patriarch in Cairo, and have a muftach (key) in your hand in the form of a coin of the realm, at least a mejidi; and be sure to remember the poor before leaving the sacred precincts."

"The traveler must be a sort of wandering cyclopedia of religion and mythology?"

"For what do you travel if it is not to gather

pearls and other gems? You must consent, and strive also, to become a devotee to the great systems of worship of symbolic objects of devotion, Tree, Phallic, Serpent, Fire, Sun and Ancestral. Learn their inner meaning, and respect all who sincerely hold to any one or all of them as you respect yourself."

"I have paid some attention to comparative mythology, and to the history of religion as displayed in antiquity among the cultured nations."

"Do not overlook the so-called uncultured or barbaric or semi-civilized peoples, for they are not so skillful in hiding their true sentiments as the cultured hypocrites are. Study them if possible in their native tongue and in their homes. A Christian in Sunday dress and at church is one thing, and in a working dress or business garb, at home or in the countinghouse, is another and very different sort of thing; but the semi-civilized man changes his dress only at long intervals, and, like other mortals, those among them who are able to change dress oftenest have the flimsiest store of religion."

"Do you regard religion as a sign of mental health?"

"No. In its extreme developments it is an evidence of disease, spiritual immaturity, mental decay. Religion and insanity are more than cousins, for the highly excited enthusiast becomes insane in many cases. This is another reason why you should travel in disguise among Mohammedans. They have many fanatics among them who



CAPTAIN BURTON AS "SHEIK ABDULLAH," TRAVELING IN ARABIA.

feel it a duty to keep an eye out for intruding infidels. And it is a well-known notion of theirs that an unbeliever or infidel pollutes any sanctuary he may enter. Such pollution must be done away, as we wash a floor, scour a rusty knife or polish silverware; but if water—the water of life—is polluted, what remedy can be applied less than to take the life of the infidel wretch who does the mischief? So reasons the Oriental, and you must be warned beforehand of danger.”

He illustrated his remarks by relating incidents of his experience in India, and one may be repeated here, for I have not seen it in any of his writings. Notice had been given that a famous imam had returned from Mecca, and would give some account of his pilgrimage at a certain mosque at the hour of and immediately after the morning prayer. Burton wished to be present, and, dressed as a true believer, he was among the early arrivals, and spread his prayer carpet near the mimbar (pulpit) and between two very aged Moslems. He performed his devotions without attracting attention, but when the speaker enlarged on the delights enjoyed by the hadji he thought he must have showed more than the orthodox amount of emotion and interest, for the two faithful ones beside him inquired of him why he had delayed so long a visit to the Kaaba. He answered, “My going and coming has been determined by Allah, the arranger and guide of all souls;” and they were satisfied as to his integrity as a true believer.

But he said he felt safer when outside of the mosque, carrying his carpet under his arm and swinging his rosary. He could not feel at that time that he was prepared for the honors of martyrdom. A sudden introduction into paradise among a galaxy of houris without the orthodox preliminaries might have been embarrassing.

“Mohammedans make a fetich of the mosque, and Christians are not entirely free from this vice, for they require you to remove your hat in church, no matter how cold it may be, and no service going on. Some also make the sign of the cross whenever they pass in front of the altar, whether near or far off, even in the street before the church door. You have only to feel that God is in or near the altar, and the ceremony is explained. The notion that God is everywhere, and therefore nowhere, is not consoling to these enthusiasts; they must have Him bottled up where He can be found when wanted.”

“The Arabs of the desert are said to have a very simple and pure religion.”

“Their religion may be very pure, but it cannot be simple. The Arab's desire, first and last, is for children, and that develops fetich worship,

and the web of superstition clinging about them is intricate and beyond explanation in a few words. Every breath they draw, from the cradle to the grave, is perfumed or tainted with it.”

“I have heard that the Druses in Syria, who have their chief centre at Dayr el Kamar (Convent of the Moon), in Mount Lebanon, are Phallic Worshipers.”

“If you could successfully penetrate their secret you would render a great service to scholars. Many ancient texts might be cleared up if we could get hold of their ritual. Why not make that one of your objects of pilgrimage?”

So we conferred together, each speaking frankly and looking toward the future.

My Maugrib teacher had given me a very high opinion of Tangier and Algiers, so when I was in Marseilles I felt tempted to make the trip to Algiers in one of the steamers which ply between those ports, but was persuaded that my time was worth more for Egypt.

I had been favored with letters of introduction to the President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon, and was most graciously received by him, and permitted to make a sketch for an ivory miniature. He gave me a letter to Pope Pius IX., which obtained for me an introduction to the Vicar of Christ in the Vatican, and permission to make a portrait on canvas. The sittings were very early in the morning, as soon as it was light enough, or, as his holiness put it, “When Dame Nature first opens her eyes to see what is going on.”

After a sitting it was my custom to walk about the galleries, visit the Sistine Chapel, or the Vatican Library, whichever seemed desirable for the day; and one day I met a company of Englishmen and ladies, among whom was Burton. I took him to see my picture the next day, and having spoken of him to the Pope, his holiness said he would be glad to meet Mr. Burton, of whom he had heard through Mr. Manning, a new convert to the church in London.

His holiness conversed with Burton in the French language, and they got on famously together. I credited the best touches on the portrait to the animation in the sitter's face produced by Burton's replies to his inquiries about England and India. One reply announced a forthcoming book, to be entitled “Scinde; or, The Unhappy Valley,” and the Pope exacted a promise from Burton that he would send him the work as soon as it was ready. When assured that he should have the books (it was to be in two volumes), the venerable Pontiff invited him to visit the library, and instructed an attendant to see that he was permitted access to any of the cases, as he might



wish. This privilege had been given me some days before, and I suggested that we go together that day, and hunt for certain manuscripts that were said to be hidden away in the vast depths of that unexplored region. Our search was rewarded, for we were shown some rare works, from which we made notes.

My next meeting with Burton was in Cairo, Egypt, when he was on the way, as he supposed, to cross the Arabian peninsula, a task that was reserved for Mr. Palgrave, some years later. He was in high hopes as to the value of his proposed journey across Arabia, and devoted himself to preparation, especially in language, knowledge of the Koran, the practice of the Mohammedan religion, and inquiries from Arabs who had been into the interior, or anywhere inland from the large ports on the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. So, when he found I knew something about Arabia he was doubly pleased with my bronzed face, and when we had retired to the seclusion of his room at the hotel he inquired: "Why do you wear so large a turban?"

"My emameh is large, but the sun is hot in Egypt, and was hotter in Mecca and Medina."

"How have you that knowledge?"

"By personal experience," I replied. "I have been up the Nile, across Abyssinia to Axum and Massowah; to Aden, Mocha, Jiddah, Mecca, Medina, and Yembo or Jembo, Petra, Jerusalem, Damascus, Dayr el Kamar, Beirut, Alexandria, and am now here in El Kaheerah, victorious over many perils and privations."

"I should say so. You look and act like a born Arab. Give me the salutation of peace. Again I say I am struck dumb at your good fortune. But you must tell me about your journeys, and more particularly of how to get to the Holy City of the Prophet. How did you ever do it?"

"Do you remember the Sheik el Isherob?"

"The Lord of the Big Drink? Certainly. It was I who gave him that splendid title. He could empty a bottle of Nile water at a gulp. What of him?"

"He was my teacher at the College El Azhar."

"Then you sat among the boys of the shaven heads?"

"Yes, and recited and intoned with those who were to be made imams and doctors of the law and of medicine."

"I must address you then as hakeem?"

"As you like, only keep my secret, for I hope to make another visit at least to Mecca, to get maps, plans and views which I could not secure on this trip."

"Your secret will be safe in my keeping. Did you make any drawings or sketches?"

"Many. I was favored beyond all expectation. My teacher, guide and friend, Sheik el Isherob, or Mahammed Ion Bakee, was my faithful companion on the entire journey, and I am sure it is to his wise management my safety is due."

"Does he think you are a sincere convert?"

"I suppose he does. We never had a word about the matter. He accepted me as a pupil on the strength of a general letter written by my teacher in Arabic at Cambridge, and always spoke of me as a Maugrib. He may have thought me a born Arab."

"The first question invariably asked of a stranger is as to his native land (*Wa ism enta bilad?*)"

"And my answer was, 'The country of the faithful,' to which he replied, 'You speak in the accent of the Maugribs of Fez.'"

"That was sharp in you. He thinks you are from Fez, or Mequinez, or some place far in the west, where the people have nearly lost their native tongue, or so changed it as to have only a distorted idiom left, with a strange and barbaric accent. How an Egyptian does pity and commiserate an unfortunate man who was born, in spite of his helpless condition, outside of Egypt!"

"Perhaps that was one reason why he was so very kind and faithful to me."

"You, of course, made him happy with back-sheesh?"

"By doubling his salary at the college, supplying him with clothing, paying all expenses, giving him money and goods for presents on the way, and treating him as an equal."

"Oh, hold on now! That last is too rich."

"Well, I mean treating him respectfully and with kindly consideration. We everywhere appeared as tutor and pupil, and paraded our books whenever it was possible. We were often appealed to by disputants to settle their differences by references to the Koran or to the traditions of the prophet, and he usually referred to me as the treasury of knowledge, the casket of pearls of wisdom, the pillar of the faith, and other complimentary titles and phrases, which I humbly swallowed, as a cat gulps down cream, for in that I saw additional safety, and felt that the price could be well afforded. The books served another purpose: they were portfolios for my sketches, and I was not suspected of any evil intention, but rather commended for my great piety and devotion."

"What sketches have you?"

"I have one that might be expected to blind your eyes with its effulgence."

"Do you refer to the prophet's tomb at Medina?"

"That is it. You have guessed it. How very



BURTON'S HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

simple the tomb itself is! But the covering is of the richest goods, embroidered with colored silks, with threads of silver and gold. Sentences from the Koran and wreaths of flowerlike forms, in good taste and done with fine skill. Burckhardt must have seen the tombs, for he described them very accurately—Mohammed's in the middle, Omar's on the right and Abu Bekr's on the left, and all covered with richly embroidered cloths, which are in part valuable shawls, the gifts of princes of the faithful."

"The historians who mention it all differ in their descriptions."

"I have not seen any of their descriptions. I had no intention of going on the pilgrimage when we left Cairo for Philæ and the Nile cataracts; but events succeeded unexpectedly, and I found myself at Aden, in a stream of pilgrims from India, and drifted along with them to Mocha, where I delayed a few days to see the coffee district; then joined another company of pilgrims as far as Jiddah, with the intent to keep on to Suez and Palestine; but being urged by several of the company and jeered at for my lack of devotion, I was forced to go to Mecca to save my reputation. Even Sheik Isherob became impatient at my hesitation, and declared he would leave me at Jiddah while he did duty for both of us. I intend to look up the various authorities, which Sheik Isherob says are many, and so be able to give a complete account of the Haram at Medina. The Kaaba is better known, and needs less particularity in its description."

"Have you sketches of that also?" he asked, with growing interest.

"Yes. Of the corner where the

sacred black stone is fixed, and views of the Haram and the city."

"What is the stone like?"

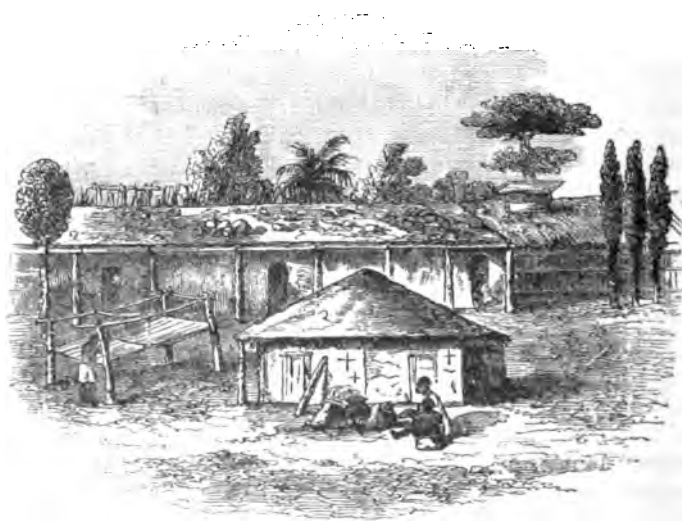
"Here is a diagram of the stone as it is in its silver setting. It is irregular in outline, ovoid, nearly 7 inches high by 8½ wide in the widest part. The silver-gilt band is three-quarters of an inch across and an eighth of an inch thick, or more in places where the face of the stone sinks a little."

"Did you observe the stone itself?"

"Yes. It is nearly black, or very dark chocolate brown, streaked with yellow and dotted with reddish and gray spots and with one large group of reddish-yellow spots. I did not recognize it as an aerolite, as it has been said to be, but rather hold it to be a stratified rock with partly crystallized matter imbedded in its mass. So many millions have kissed and rubbed it, the natural color is obscured. It is shiny from hand and lip polishing, and the silver rim has lost its gold plating, except here and there a small speck where the band is turned down and so protected from touch, and the rim itself is worn thin all round and entirely wasted away in places on the lower edge."

These and many other inquiries he made, evidently from curiosity only, for he had not determined on his trip to Medina and Mecca.

He had a strong desire to see the famous serpent charmers of Cairo, and a visit to their quarter was arranged. Sheik Isherob was engaged, and an Englishman from Leeds was invited, making a party of four. The sheik of the serpent charmers lived at Fostat, Old Cairo, the city at the time the Romans ruled Egypt, and his house was near the Coptic convent or church.



CAMP ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA, AFRICA.

Every traveler knows the ways of the serpent charmer of Egypt, but the mysteries thereof are as dark and unfathomable now as ever to the ordinary eye. Burton, after seeing the sheik of the clan exhibit his power, or, rather, skill, with the snakes, said: "It is a marvelous sleight of hand backed by true courage, for they never know when the snake's poison fangs may have grown again so as to give a fatal stroke."

"But their occult power, my dear sir!"

"Come, now, we are not gathering items for a child's wonder primer. Don't talk about occult power over a brute without reason."

"Oh, then, occult power only affects those who exercise reason? I am glad to know."

"Don't rejoice in knowledge prematurely."

"But those communications from the spirit world?"

"Dead men tell no tales."

What a volume can be conveyed by a look! He looked the very embodiment of incredulity and fun.

"I have never had such a message, and until I get one by myself, or another I can trust, I must look on the whole scheme as experimental only, of course, with my most ardent hopes for success in boring a hole through the veil that separates life and death. But what has all this to do with the serpents and their charmers?"

"Nothing at all, and you have not seen the real charmers."

"No! You surprise me. Who are they?"

"The almeh—the awalim."

"Then, we have wasted precious time."

"Nothing lost. These charmers are near. The sheik, if you give him an order in the shape of a coin of the realm, or even of England or of France, will at once produce a dancing girl, and for two pieces we may see his harem in motion."

We made a joint-stock venture of it, and saw two very fair dancers—or, rather, posture makers—and four assistants, younger and much more handsome, and quite pretty as Arab girls go, and for an hour had a fine exhibit of pantomime, in which a love story was enacted, from the first shy and modest glances to the quarrel, the reconciliation, elopement and final blessing of the parents, accompanied by music and clapping of hands of the husbands and brothers and cousins of the women; and in all the exercises the serpents were kept lively, erect or crawling about between the feet of the dancers.

We were unable to discover any evidence of occult power, or of any other power than that of habit. The snakes had been trained by long and patient practice, and permitted the men or the women to poke them about, usually without showing signs of rage or irritation; and when stirred up with a stick on purpose to make them angry they were half asleep and struck very lazily.

We were very much disappointed in the quest of wonderful works, and, except for the girls and their dancing, we considered the day wasted, only that it served as a means of exposing a very popular fraud.

Not long after that the then pretty young (grass) widow Blavatsky, fresh from

Russia, visited the same serpent charmers with us, but with a very different result. She went into ecstasy over the entire performance—dance, snakes, music, and the noises of the attendant rabble that surrounded the actors.

"What do you think of the fair Cossack?" I asked Burton.

"A dangerous young woman—treble so from having a husband so near the frozen Caucasus while she exposes herself to the ardent sun of Egypt."

"And of her mesmerism?"



IN THE IHRAM, OR PILGRIM'S GARB, AT MECCA.

"Biology is a new study—not a 'science,' as it is erroneously called, but yet in the experimental stage. Madame is reported to have done many wonder works. If *we* could see some—even one!"

I arranged a meeting with Mme. Blavatsky, her Russian friend, Burton, Mr. Broadway the dentist, and two or three others whose names I have forgotten, as they were not written in my notebook with the others. They came late, after we had been in the room at Shephard's nearly an hour. And we all noticed that they became very deeply interested at once in madame's phenomena. Burton had been introduced as Mr. Jones, of England, and he soon made himself useful by mesmerizing a young woman. Nothing peculiar happened, except that she said several times, "I don't get any light—I see no light," which we afterward interpreted to mean as a hint for the operator or mesmerizer to give her a leading idea so she could go into an intelligent trance. Late in the evening a young English girl came into the room with her father, and out of curiosity asked to be put under the influence. While in a trance, as it was said, she told us that a number of persons were in the room who had been neighbors of the Burtons' at Richmond, where Sir Richard went to school when a lad, and who were reported dead.

"I see," said the medium, "a short, fat, French woman standing behind Mr. Burton, who says her name is Pujol, and that she knew him at Blois, in France."

Many other names she gave, some of which Burton remembered as of persons he had known, and he expressed the utmost astonishment that a stranger whom he had never met before should be able to tell so much that seemed to be real and true information.

"What surprises me most is that she told me things I did not know before; for instance, what disease my grandfather died of. I must inquire if she was correct in her statement."

It was many years after that before I had a chance to remind him of the circumstance and inquire if he had verified the report, and he said: "The young woman told me correctly as to the nature of my grandfather's last illness, and, whether it is imagination or not, I seem to feel the approach of the same insidious malady."

"How now about dead men telling no tales?"

"It was a live woman that told me, not a dead one, and there may be a subtle connection between our souls that enables certain peculiarly organized persons to read each other's minds. Or if not to know their thoughts, which seems utterly improbable, at least to be conscious of their

physical construction, as, for instance, in my case. If she was able to see that I was affected by a certain disease, she might also know it was inherited, and from which line of parentage. We are literally and truly wonderfully made."

The days at Cairo passed like a crowded dream. We went about on foot or on donkeys or horses, as the mood took us, and saw much of the Arab part of the city. Every great mosque was visited in search of ancient lamps, of which there were many, and of carved screens and pulpits many.

"If life were long enough, or one were rich enough to indulge in the luxury of having a secretary who was a scholar and antiquarian, such subjects could be taken up with advantage. A book devoted to the ancient lamps of Islam—gold, silver, brass, bronze, iron and glass—would afford a rich mine of archæology in their fine work, various patterns, some of which are unique, and in their inscriptions, which add to our information as to the history of the Caliphs. The names, titles, pedigree, and in some cases the deeds, or what works he was most noted and honored for, are engraved on the lamp. But the detested Giaour is here, and will in a few years strip Egypt of these treasures. Then the scholar will have to hunt all over the *civilized* world to find the precious relics of which these *semi-barbarians* have been robbed, by the force of arms or of money."

"If they don't have wit enough to take care of what they have, the natural outcome will be that Egypt will be stripped of its antiquities, except, perhaps, the great pyramids, and future generations will lose the pleasure of contemplating the past in the Nile land for lack of materials."

"You suggest, logically, a protectorate."

"Napoleon tried it."

"Too soon. The learned world condemned Herodotus and voted Egypt dull and stupid. Later discoveries have sustained the story of the Greek historian, and proved the high antiquity of the Coptic people."

"And confirmed the Old Testament history."

"What! did you say history? Is there history in the ever-changing summer cloud? Are the Greek myths history, and are we derived from the gods by descent? The poetical legend,

"The sons of God saw  
The daughters of men  
That they were fair,"

would, under the rule, become history. Oh, no, we must not indulge in dreams, except as dreams, and in that light the allegories of the Bible are exceedingly beautiful. But history is not made, it grows, and the spiritual life and character of Abraham like the sunrise bursts on us, not like

a human history, but like a complete idea, so elaborately wrought out in St. Augustine's 'City of God.' A scheme, not a growth nor a history. True history is not artificial, either in its plans or in its details. The poetical myths and miracles lift the whole Bible into the clouds."

He built largely on the great work of his life, a translation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," which, he said, "Will introduce the people of the West to the Oriental Arab as he is in his true character—the inner man."

But Lady Burton has cut out every characteristic feature, and so has greatly reduced the value of the work, which was in ten, and is now in six, volumes. She edited his work from the conventional, artificial standpoint in morals, while her husband had assumed that true morality has its basis in human nature, in natural laws, and therefore the exact truth is the most valuable in literature, if not elsewhere.

On this topic he once said, in answer to a question: "I have no respect for what is called divine truth. 'Divine' truth, like German silver, or oroid gold, has very little of the true silver or gold in its composition."

Burton was a temperate man in all things. He ate and drank in moderation, and I never saw him smoke more than a quarter or half a cigar. He preferred the water pipe (nargileh in Arabia, or hookah in India), but he would sometimes say that tobacco was a heavy and useless drain on the system. We have often been on a trip of ten or twenty miles together, in the vicinity of Cairo, from three in the morning till eight or nine in the evening, and only refreshed ourselves with a few dates and milk, or water, as we could get it, and he sustained his activity and liveliness in conversation to the end. He had a perennial stock of good stories, every one of which illustrated some trait in human nature. He seldom indulged in a story that was merely funny, although he was very fond of wit and humor, and was himself witty in a large degree.

Lady Burton has by her prudish abridgment of her husband's work denied to millions a knowledge of the native simplicity and wonderful resources in linguistic expression of the Arab mind, that now, so far as that incomparable work is concerned, can only be felt by scholars who can read the original Arabic. But regrets are vain, now that the mischief is done. We may feel thankful that she is not able to expurgate the Arabic text. What a pity she was not among the revisers of the Old Testament!

Burton, after his visit to Salt Lake, in a letter written on board the steamer and mailed at Panama, says: "I was pleased to find the Mor-

mons indulged in plain words about certain things, such as are used by the Arabs in similar cases, as you well know. . . . This in no way reflects on their morals, for it is merely a question of taste in language, or, rather, it exhibits the growth of usages in language. Words that were in use and considered in good taste by our grandparents have now to be tabooed for having become too familiar, and we use other words, borrowed from some other language, because their meaning is obscure and therefore less offensive; and those who follow us will condemn our words and adopt others to suit themselves. It is only a question of taste."

Sir Richard was an anthropologist from personal experience and original insight, and his opinions and observations on the peoples whom he visited in various out-of-the-way sections of the world have a very great value.

As a traveler he deserves a high position. He was the pioneer of inland travels from the east coast of Africa, and when such a journey required a peculiar fitness such as he alone at that time had in an eminent degree. Captain Burton, in 1863, discovered and described minutely what are now known as the Yellala Falls, on the Lower Congo. He also ably argued that the Lualaba is the Upper Congo. He modestly neglected to urge his claim to his African discoveries after the death of his friend and companion Captain Speke in 1864, but there is in the minds of thousands of his early readers a pleasant memory of his successful trip, which was a terribly perilous journey, to Lake Tanganyika.

His books are pleasant reading. You can jump over the statistics and other dry matter, for he kindly bunches them so the cautious reader need not worry through them, and he fills his pages with clear, comprehensive and entertaining observations on men and their affairs that entertain and inform the attentive reader. He made three or four books on the negroes of West Africa, filled with the results of his travels in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Benin, the Bight of Biafra, the Cameroons, Dahomey, and the Congo and Loango. In 1864 he was sent as Consul to Santos, in Brazil, and visited Paraguay, the La Plata States, Chile and Peru, and wrote books on "The Highlands of Brazil" and "The Battlefields of Paraguay."

With what intense satisfaction and delight as an Arab scholar did he accept the assignment as Consul at Damascus in 1869! After so many years of wandering about the world in uncongenial climes, among uncanny peoples often, how pleasant to find himself in the one peculiar Arab city that encroaching Christendom has left to the

descendants of the people of the immortal Haroon al Rasheed.

He wrote, "Here I am at length, *mirabile dictu!* It must have been by some unheard-of error at headquarters that I was sent here, of all places the most welcome to me. Dear me! will it last? When the manipulators of the red tape wake from their temporary dream they may hasten to undo the only good they ever did for me. A thousand thanks for your letter to Abd el Kader, prince of all Arabs, the living embodiment of my ideal of the great Haroon. I have seen him only once, but that was sufficient to make me feel the greatness of his soul. He sends greetings—the peace of Allah—by me to his brother across the sea."

The college-bred officials again blundered. His friendly acquaintance with the exiled chief, social greetings of Syrian chiefs, and simply respectful manners toward the Greek ecclesiastical dignitaries, aroused Oriental jealousy, and he was *legislated* out of office. The consulate was put on a subordinate footing, and Captain Burton returned to England.

"I felt it, I knew it was coming. I am almost a believer in prophecy. If premonitions were ever repeated frequently enough for us to arrange them into a system something practical might be made out of them. Now we never know when to believe or disbelieve their hints. If the old Hebrew prophets, the Cumæan Sibyl or the Oracle at Delphos were of no more certain sound, there is no wonder the shrines were bought and sold."

Burton visited Iceland in 1872 and made a book on the Geysers and the sulphur deposits, which is good reading. He wrote from London: "The Icelanders are full of genuine good human nature, but the terrible frost grinds and pulverizes men and women into mere paving stones. They live too close to each other individually. No room for expansion. I should stifle physically and morally there. They are the opposites of the Arabs, who have too much room, and do not live near

enough to each other. Even their hell is icy! Ugh!"

Now the clouds gather. Growing old, more anxious than ever to do some important literary work, he felt hampered and worried by the indifferent treatment he received from his superiors in office.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I write you this from the tomb, alias Trieste, where they have buried me. I feel that this is the last move, and that I shall close my pilgrimage here in this the very dirtiest of dirty Austrian cities."

A keen regret he felt was in his failure to induce Abd el Kader to visit the Exposition at Vienna. It was like him, for he was wont to study for others their welfare, pleasures and honors.

After his second visit to Midian I wrote him, asking many questions about the country and its peoples, and sent him my itinerary from Medina to Petra. He replied patiently, but to my reference to some attempts of certain Biblical scholars to connect Midian with the place so called in the Scriptures he literally boiled over with indignation.

"These ha'penny brains imagine the Almighty has nothing better to do than to remake the world to suit their dream. The cosmos is countless myriads of cycles old. Absolutely there can have been no beginning. Six thousand years ago!

Why not put it six weeks ago? But this is the sort of men the colleges send into the world as leaders of thought in the church. Leaders! Ah, I forgot myself for a moment; I am neither His Holiness the Pope at Rome nor His Grace of Canterbury, and my opinion is not called for. I feel indignant just the same when precious time and money are wasted in such high places in building up the old, old dream and restating the old, old myth."

Burton was a rare, fine, thoroughly human man. His books even are not a good exponent of his real character, for he always hesitated to write about himself.



CAPTAIN BURTON IN 1859.—FROM A SKETCH  
BY A. L. RAWSON.