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OCTOBER, 1910

CONTENTS

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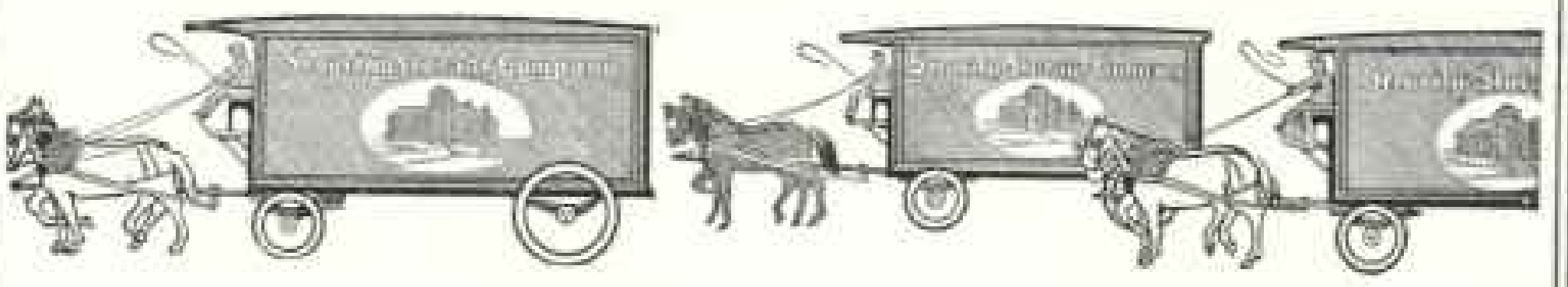

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VOL. XXI, NO. 10 WASHINGTON OCTOBER, 1910

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

IMPRESSIONS AND SCENES OF MOZAMBIQUE

BY O. W. BARRETT

With Photographs by the Author

A COUNTRY as big as the Atlantic States from Florida to New York, with the capital near the southern boundary and half a dozen smaller towns scattered along the coast; more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, of which only about one per cent are whites; one of the oldest of all European possessions and one of the richest in agricultural possibilities, at least, but one of the least known countries in the world. Such is Mozambique.

Four or five good ports and as many bad ones; five towns and a small but up-to-date capital city, and a generous number of military posts and outposts, a few of which are in the real raw interior; millions of acres of the finest alluvial soil fairly aching to show the farmer what big crops may be grown; waterways like the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and plenty of smaller ones to allow cheap handling of products; no deserts, no salt sinks, no large swamps, no mountainous wastes, no impenetrable jungles; out of some twenty only one or two tribes that object seriously to paying taxes to the government, now that they realize that the tax collector is a vital organ of the white tribe, which objects to any one tribe exterminating another in the good old way; for, wicked as a bush policeman tries to be, he must needs fall far short of the unrestrained chief's "induna".

The early history of this strange section of East Africa should not be, even if it could be, written. We know the old-time black was as bad as a barbarian can be, and the endless tale of persistent, widespread, and continuous butchery would not be good to read.

Yet the ethnologist may well listen to the half legend, half true stories of the clans, tribes, and races that have been lost forever. No pottery, no carvings, no ruins will remain after a few more years; only language traces (for the slayers sometimes spared a few of the comeliest maidens) and father-to-son oral history. To ride over the site of a native village which probably held a thousand huts less than twenty years ago, to note the bits of charcoal, pieces of clay bowls, bones, and the few ominous breaks in the heavy ten-foot stockade fence made of hardwood logs set upright close together, forcibly reminds one of the wretched people, tired of fighting, who sought to gain respite by erecting a barrier that no foe could burn or climb over, only to

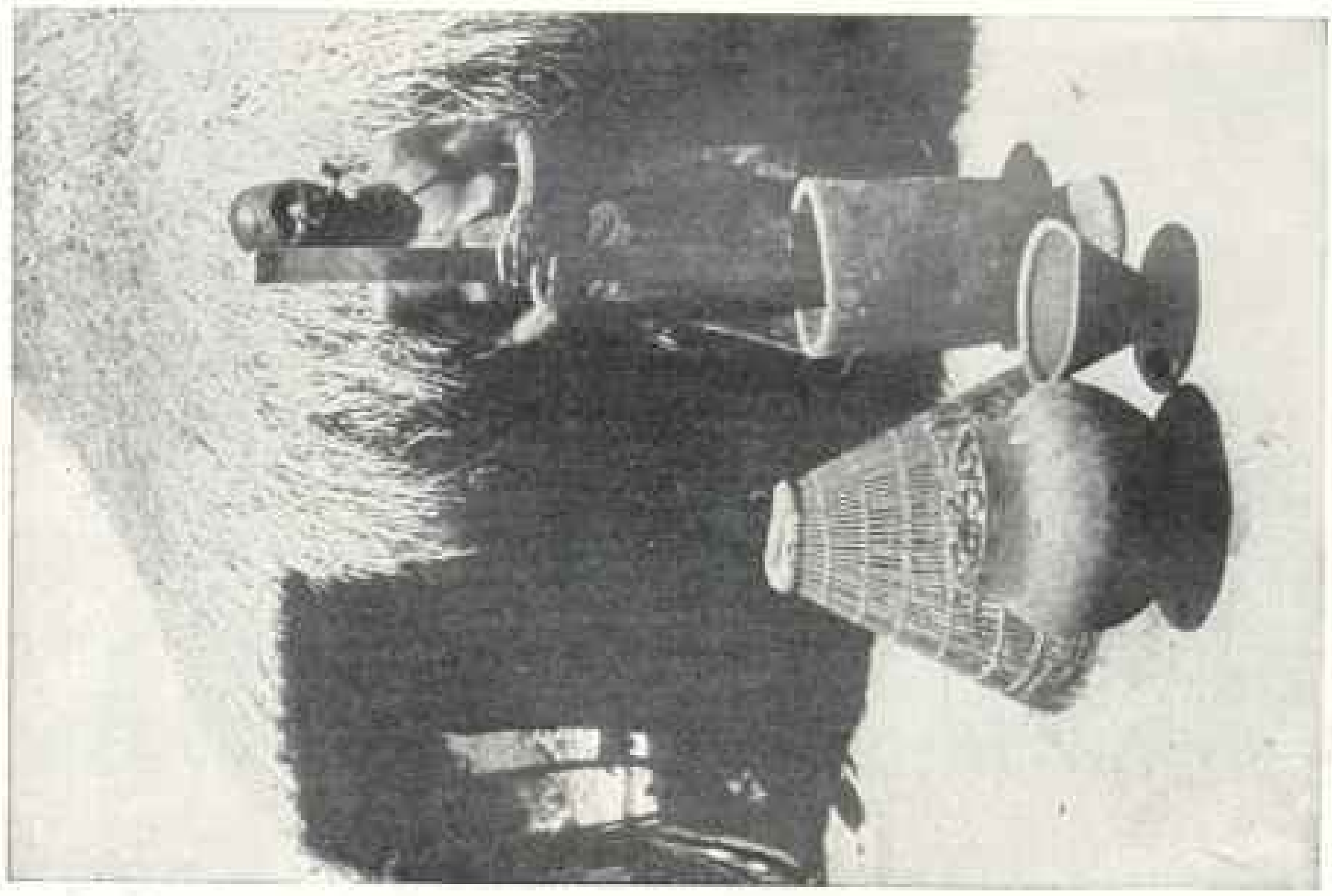
GRASS AND PALM-LEAF COSTUMES WORN BY THE NEWLY INITIATED BOYS IN A M'CHOPI CIRCUMCISION CAMP

This costume is the first one worn after the completion of the ceremonies which require a week or longer in the camp, and is said to be necessary to prevent the great danger which would result to all parties concerned should any woman happen to see the person of the new member. The striped pole with a rattle at the tip is in evidence beside the doorway of each hut, which is the temporary home of the boys during the initiatory period.

ANT-HEAP IN SISAL HEMP PLANTATION, MOZAMBIQUE

These termite nests are dangerous but necessary evils in the plantations. The cost of tearing down the heaps, sometimes 20 feet high, is greater than the damage the insects do to the crops. After the removal of the timber the colonies gradually starve to death.

KAFIR BOAT MADE FROM MIDRIBS OF PALM LEAVES BOUND TOGETHER: MOZAMBIQUE



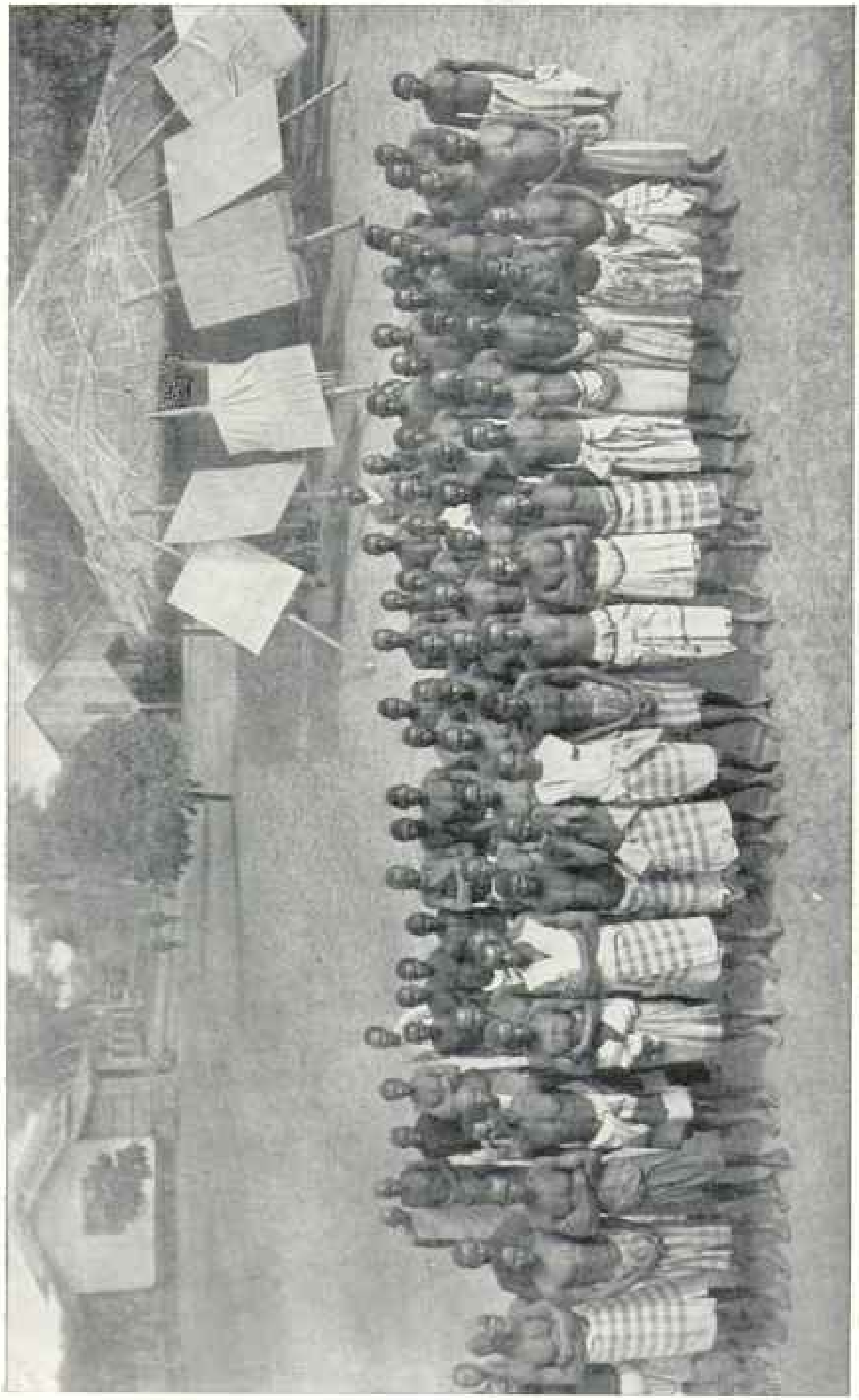
Old Ikonga (Kaffir) woman with wooden mortar and pestle for husking rice, pounding maize, etc. Near Lourenço Marques. Fish trap in background.

Kaffirs bringing maize from the hinterland to the Limpopo River for export. The women carry about 60 pounds at a trip; the journey requires from 2 to 6 days. They usually travel in parties of 3 to 10 or more.

KAFIR CORN AS GROWN BY KAFIRS IN SOUTHERN MOZAMBIQUE
Height, about 15 feet; grown without fertilizers or "machine cultivation"; soil, 27 feet deep

perish some hot, red day amid the frightful "ooogh-sh!" cries of the enemy as their dripping assegais were thrust through and through the dying and dead.

The Zulus have had for centuries a superstitious fear of salt water, and so, when Chaka, Dingaan, and their brother fiends had devastated practically all the country between Zululand and Inhambane, wiping out kraals and even whole tribes by scores, they came to a long chain of lakes (the lower Inharrime) parallel with the coast, and there they stopped, thus saving one tribe of true, pure-blood Kafirs who had fled over onto the dunes and low, bushy hills between the "rosary" of brackish lagoons and the Indian Ocean. This tribe, the M'chopis, is the purest if not the only unmixed Kafir tribe now in existence.



HUSKY HAMMOCK CARRIERS; THE HAMMOCKS APPEAR IN THE BACKGROUND; MOZAMBIQUE

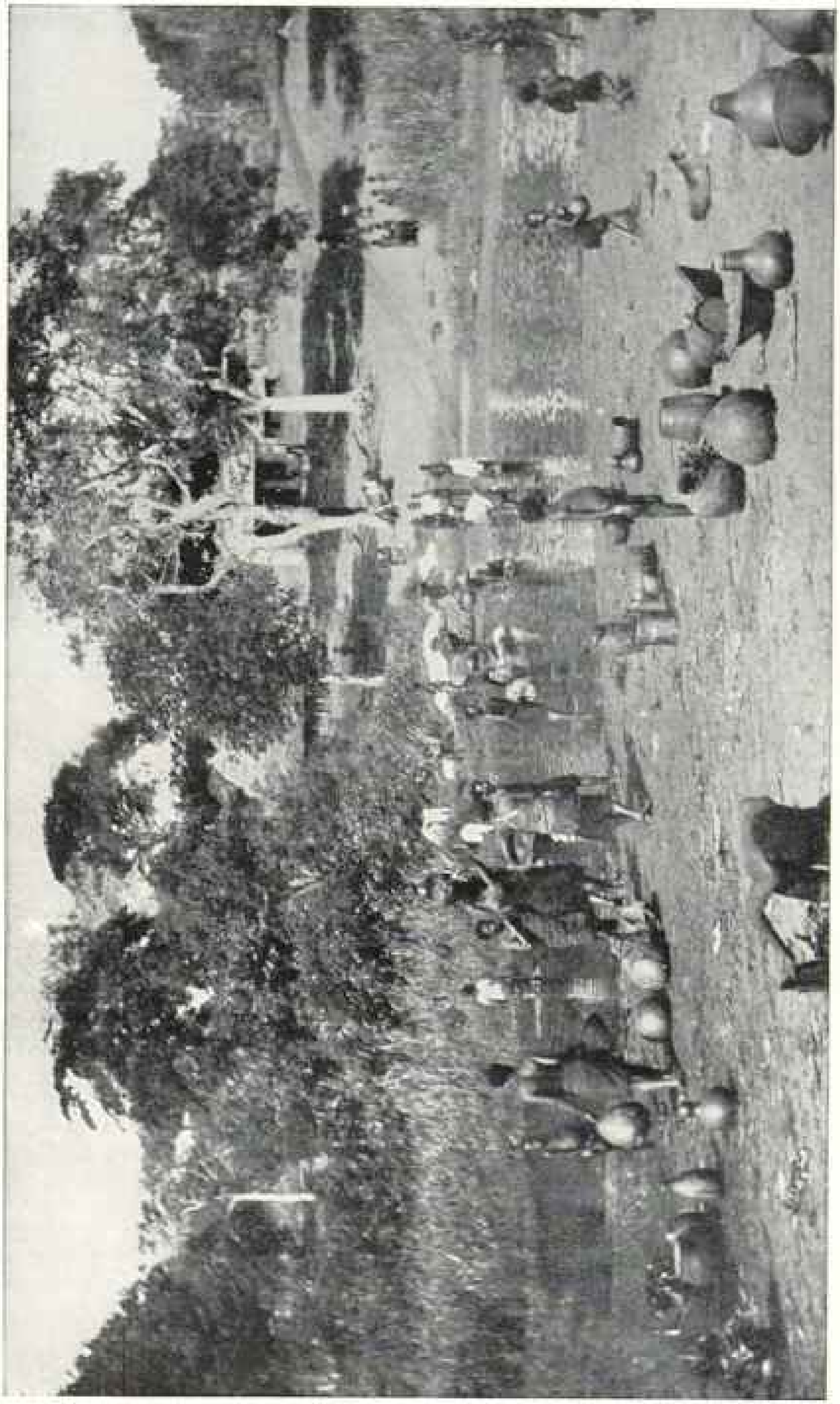
FORDING A BRANCH OF THE SLUGGISH, MIRY RIVER NEAR THE ZAMBESI

The "mashila" or hammock poles are raised from the shoulders to the heads of the carriers to avoid wetting the passenger. A lion devoured a native on the further bank shortly after our party had passed.

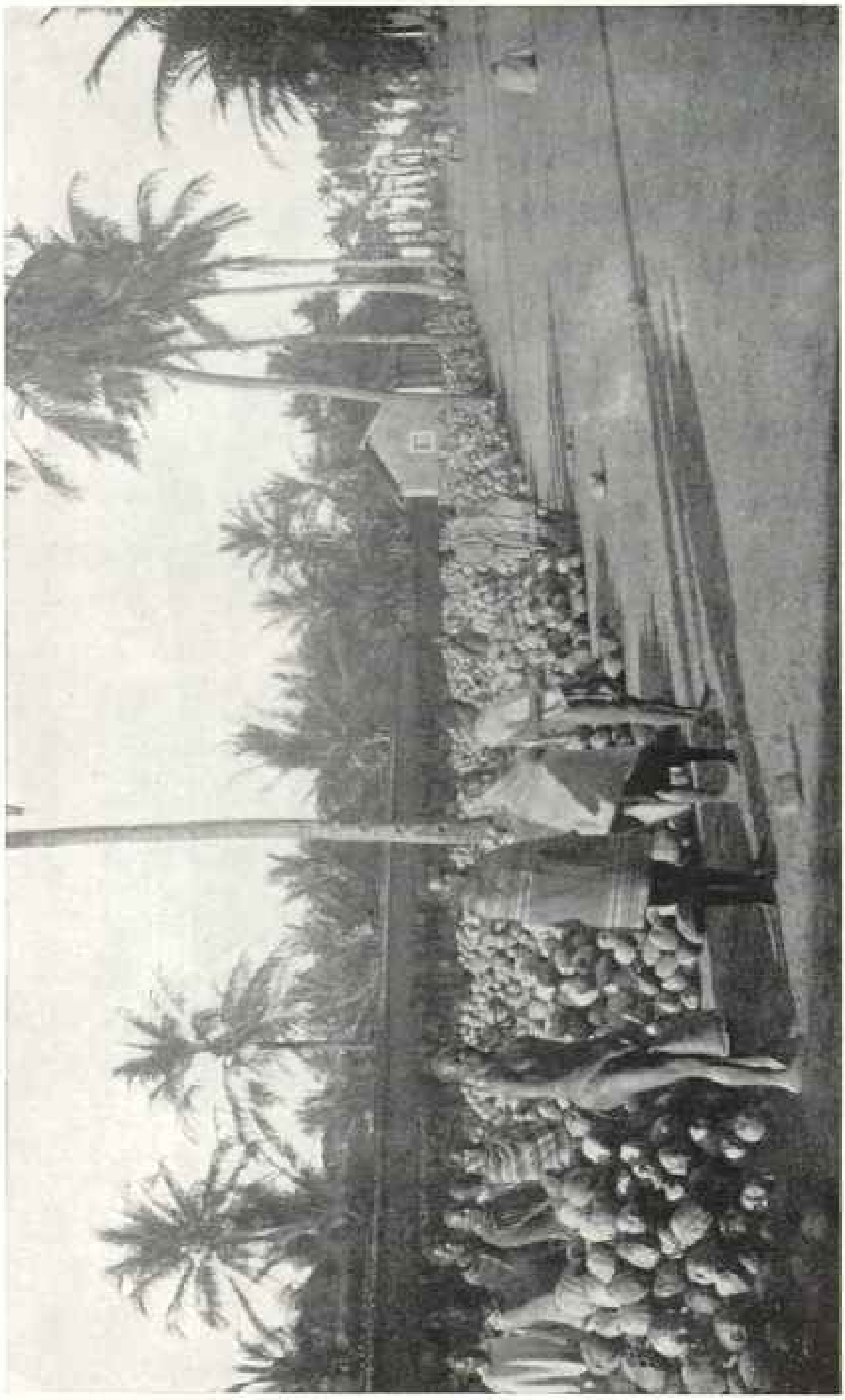
At Quesico we had the good fortune to witness a batuque, or ball, lasting nearly three days, at which about 3,000 fine specimens, mostly adults, were present. To describe the weird minor music of the marimbas, or huge xylophones, the blood-freezing death chants, the thrilling war songs, the "expression" dances of both women and men, and rites and divination ceremonies which the witch doctors were induced to show us would require much space. Many of these things could not have been seen by strange white men except that the commandante, Lieutenant Alves, the authority on all M'chopis [Mtyopi] matters, had the full confidence of the chiefs; and, besides, there were other more material inducements in the shape of feasts and presents.

At Inharrime, near Inhambane, we saw another grand batuque, with 3,500 Landims, M'chopis, and Bitongas. Here 200 native "pianos" kept up an incessant din for 36 hours. The "tunes" varied with the tribes. The Portuguese national air was executed pretty well by several of the bands, who had picked it up from obscure sources.

Each key of a marimba has suspended loosely beneath it a hollow gourd as a resonator. All but the smallest of these resonators have one or two apertures covered with the stretched membrane from a bat's wing. The membrane itself is protected by an artificial rim of wax, and this membrane continues to vibrate for several seconds after all sound from the key and resonator has disappeared. The particular orchestra shown on page 829 had learned to play the Portuguese national air very creditably, but when attempting "God Save the Queen" it became evident that the memory of each



WASHING, BATHING, AND FILLING POTS AND GOURDS WITH DRINKING WATER SIMULTANEOUSLY: MOZAMBIQUE

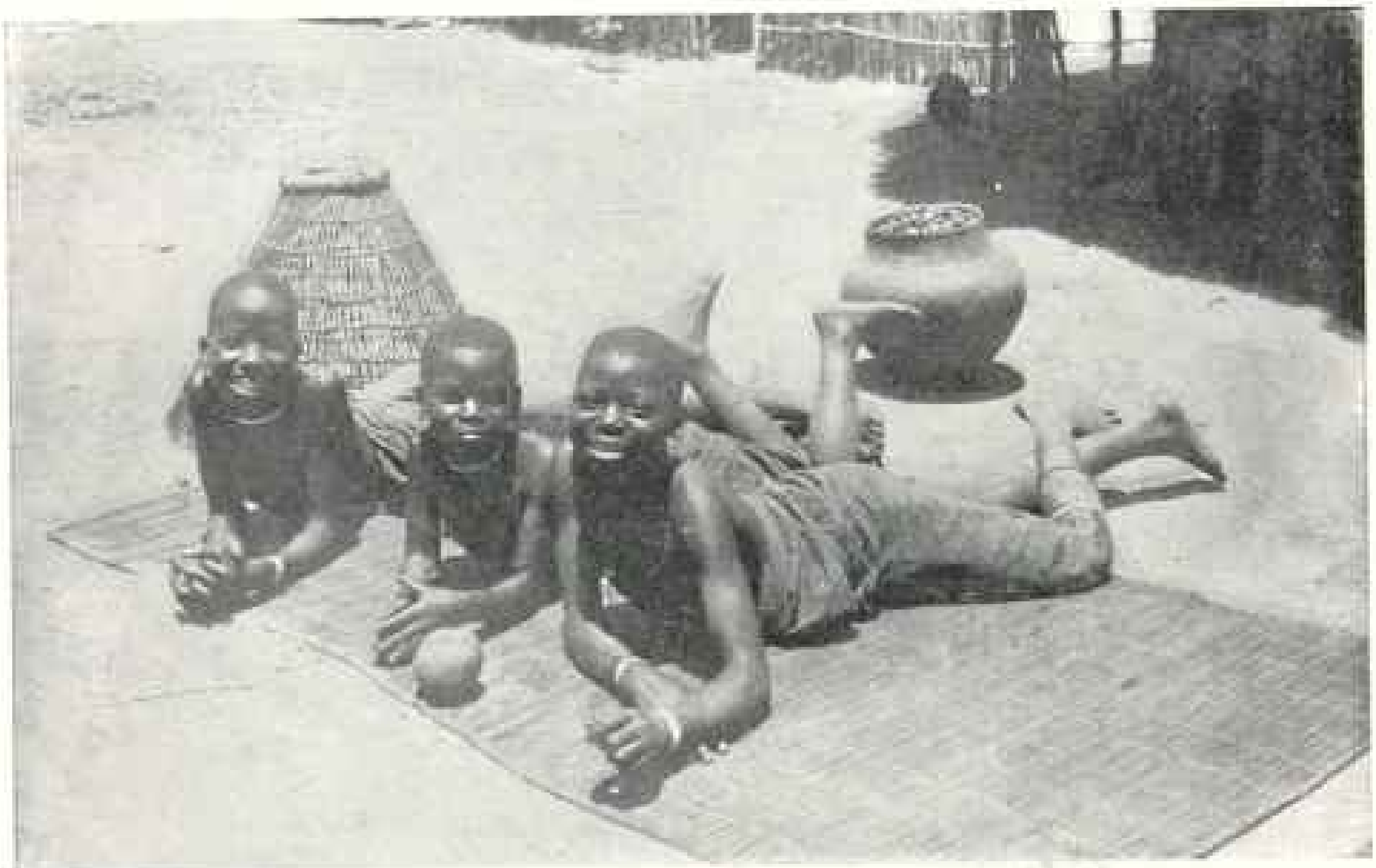


INSIDE THE COMPOUND WALLS OF A COSOANOT ESTATE OF THE COMPANIE DU NAVAL IN ZAMBESIA

Unhusked nuts by the hundred thousand are collected here to be opened; the "meat" dried into copra and shipped to Marseilles

KAFIRS OF THE RONGA TRIBE, UMBELUZI VALLEY, SOUTHERN MOZAMBIQUE
The ubiquitous 5-gallon kerosene tin is in evidence

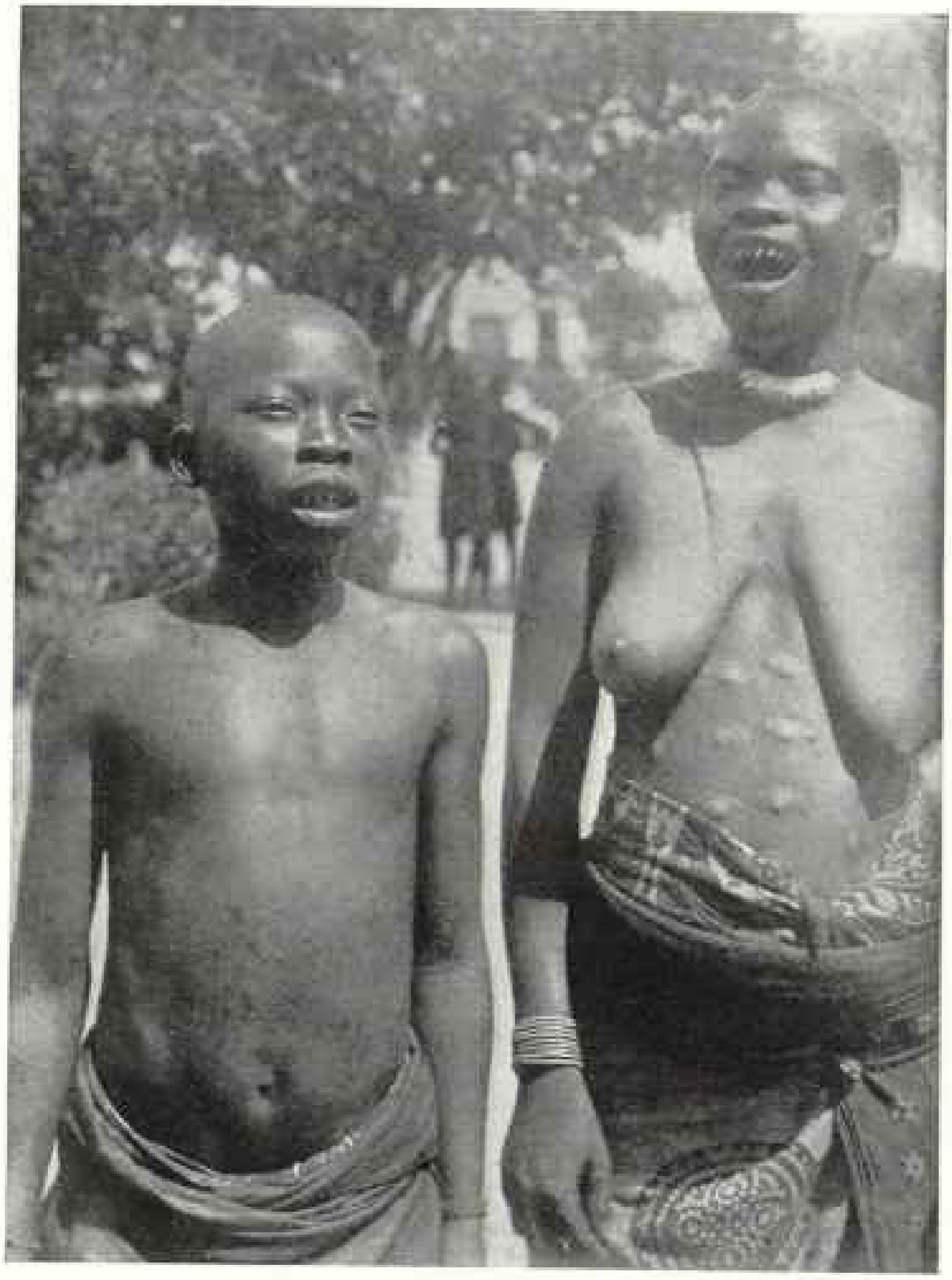
RONGA KAFIRS: UMBELUZI



YOUNG KAFIR GIRLS, UMBELUZI: WORTH $25 TO $50 EACH: FILED TEETH RARE

NATIVE CANOES MADE OF BARK (BRACHYSTEGIA): MOZAMBIQUE

The section of bark is carefully removed from the tree, the ends folded in, and all seams and cracks caulked with native pitch



FILED TEETH OF THE M'CHOPI NATIVE

This custom is practiced by comparatively few members of this tribe and is undoubtedly in imitation of some of the tribes of Zambesia. The woman being usually right-handed, prefers to carry the child on the left hip, where it is not so much in the way while at work; hence the left breast is usually slightly elongated.

player was decidedly inadequate to the feat. All the notes from whatever style of marimba are in the minor scale. This form of musical instrument appears to be used only by the M'chopi tribe and their immediate neighbors, who are only poor imitators. The drum-stick carries a lump of native "landolthia".

The warriors in the dance, who may number 300 or more, constantly drop in their tracks and pretend to be smitten with death. The witch doctor then passes around, sprinkling them with medicine, whereupon all gradually resume their places and the dance continues. This dance is said to be as old as the tribe, which is probably the oldest Kafir tribe in East Africa. Their language is quite

KAFIR DRUMS AND RATTLES: THE ROAR OF THESE HUGE DRUMS CAN BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY

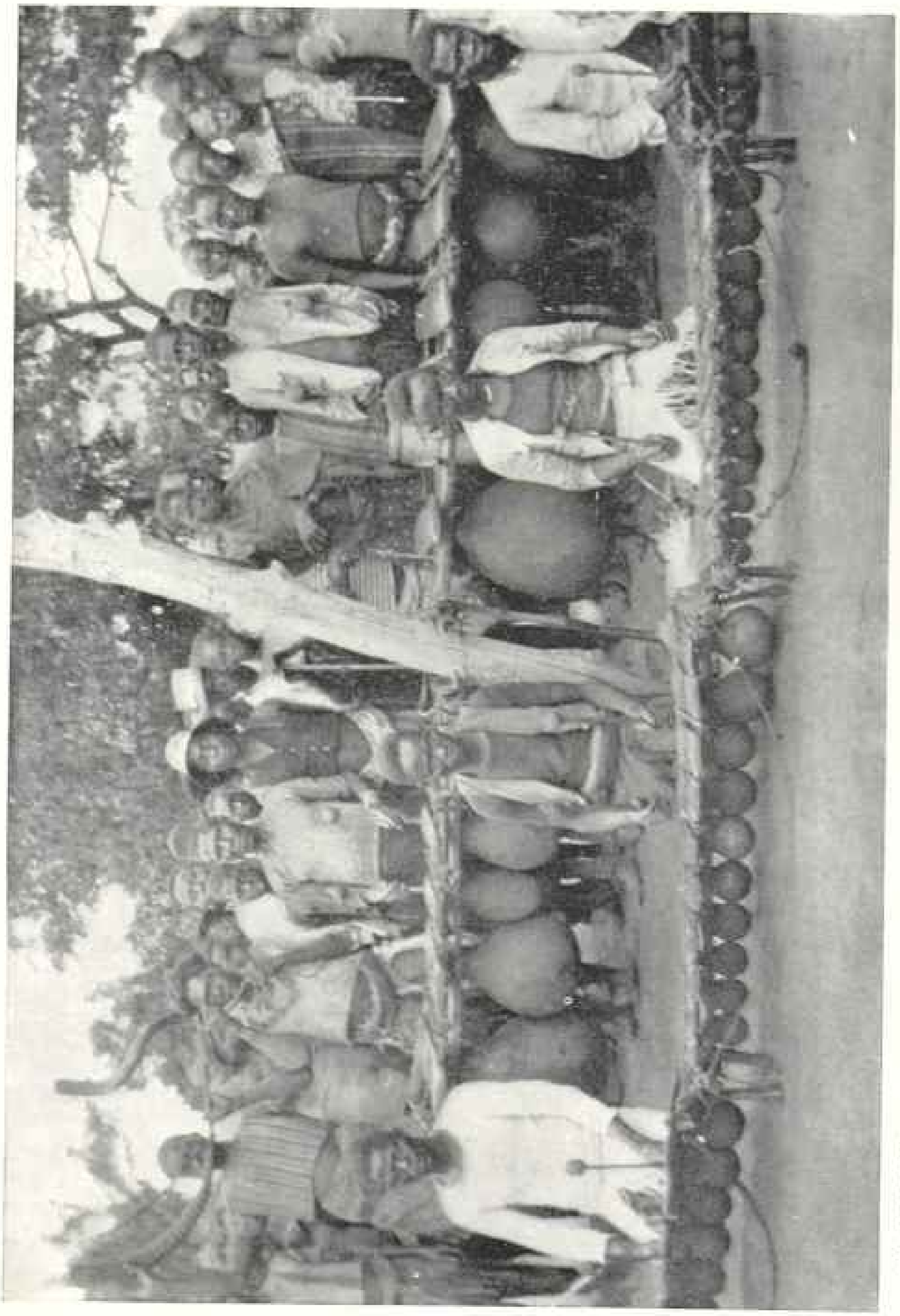
distinguished from that of any neighboring Kafir tribe, and many of their customs are also peculiar. About 25,000 individuals are now in existence. They have the best "shambas" and take the most interest in agriculture of any known native tribe in East Africa.

The young girls' dance of the M'chopi tribe requires several years' practice before the difficult poses and contortions can be successfully performed. Several ankle rattles may be seen worn by the girls at the lower left of the picture on page 828. These hollow spheres are made of palm-leaf or grass, if not young gourd fruits, and are partially filled with large seeds, pebbles, etc. The noise of these ankle rattles is supposed to assist in keeping time in the dance. This is probably a Zulu custom, and even today in civilized Durban the ricksha boys frequently wear similar ornaments.

The tribes meet but do not mingle. Here we saw grave old M'kumbi, who has an income of $50,000 from the 10,000 huts of his tribe.

On the Zambesi, at the head of Chinde, I counted eight hippos at one time around the boat. Since the natives are not supposed to have guns of any sort, and since few devastating tourists pass that way, these uncouth monsters may endure a few years longer. There are usually to be seen one or two pairs in the Inkomati River, some three hours from Lourenço Marques, the capital. Feet a foot across and a body as wide as a wagon—no wonder the poor native sits up nights beside his corn-field when he hears the ominous "woo-uff" of an old tramp bull in the neighborhood.

Near Mopea, three days up the Zambesi, we passed through two small native kraals in which the lions had eaten 18 people in three months previous. It is quite impossible to hunt these man-eaters on account of the tall, rank grass (four to six feet high), and, since they soon



A N ORCHESTRA OF MARIMBAS: MANY VARIETIES OF THESE UNIQUE XYLOPHONES WITH HOLLOW GOURD SOUNDING BOARDS ARE USED

THE "MARIMBA" OF THE M'CHOPI TRIBE IN THE STATE OF INHAMBANE, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

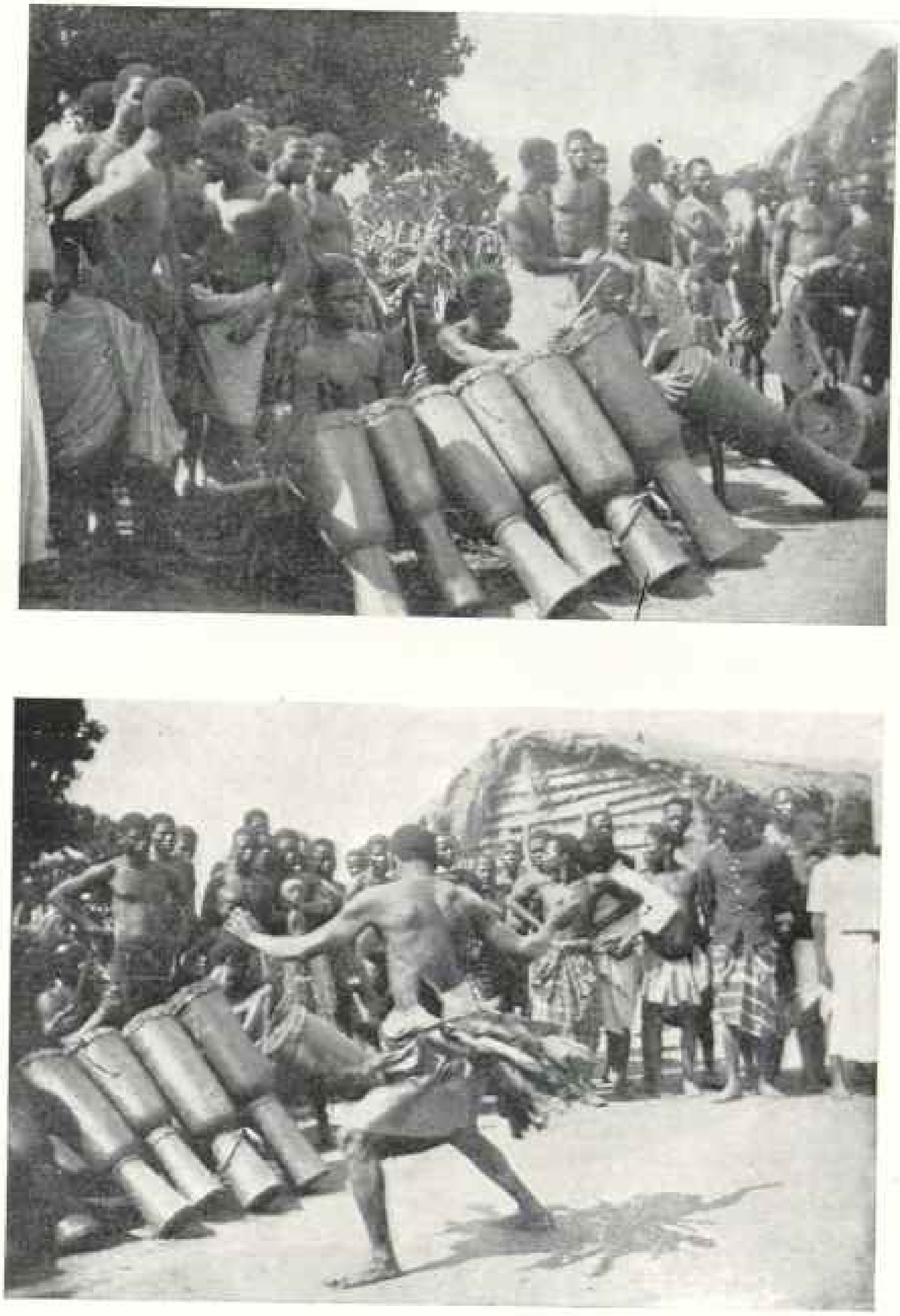
The resonators are made from a kind of wild gourd attached beneath the xylophone keys. One or two apertures in the side are covered with the membrane from a bat's wing, fixed with gum, so that a "snarling rattle" is produced, even continuing several seconds after the sound within has ceased. These gourds vary in size from 6 to 40 centimeters in diameter. All the notes are in the minor key.

learn that two or three cuffs will make a big hole in the side of an ordinary hut, the poor native must roost high or die.

Even Major Kirby, the famous lion hunter, has not been able, he tells me, to average one lion per month during his stay in the Honor Company's estates, where over 100 people were devoured last year.

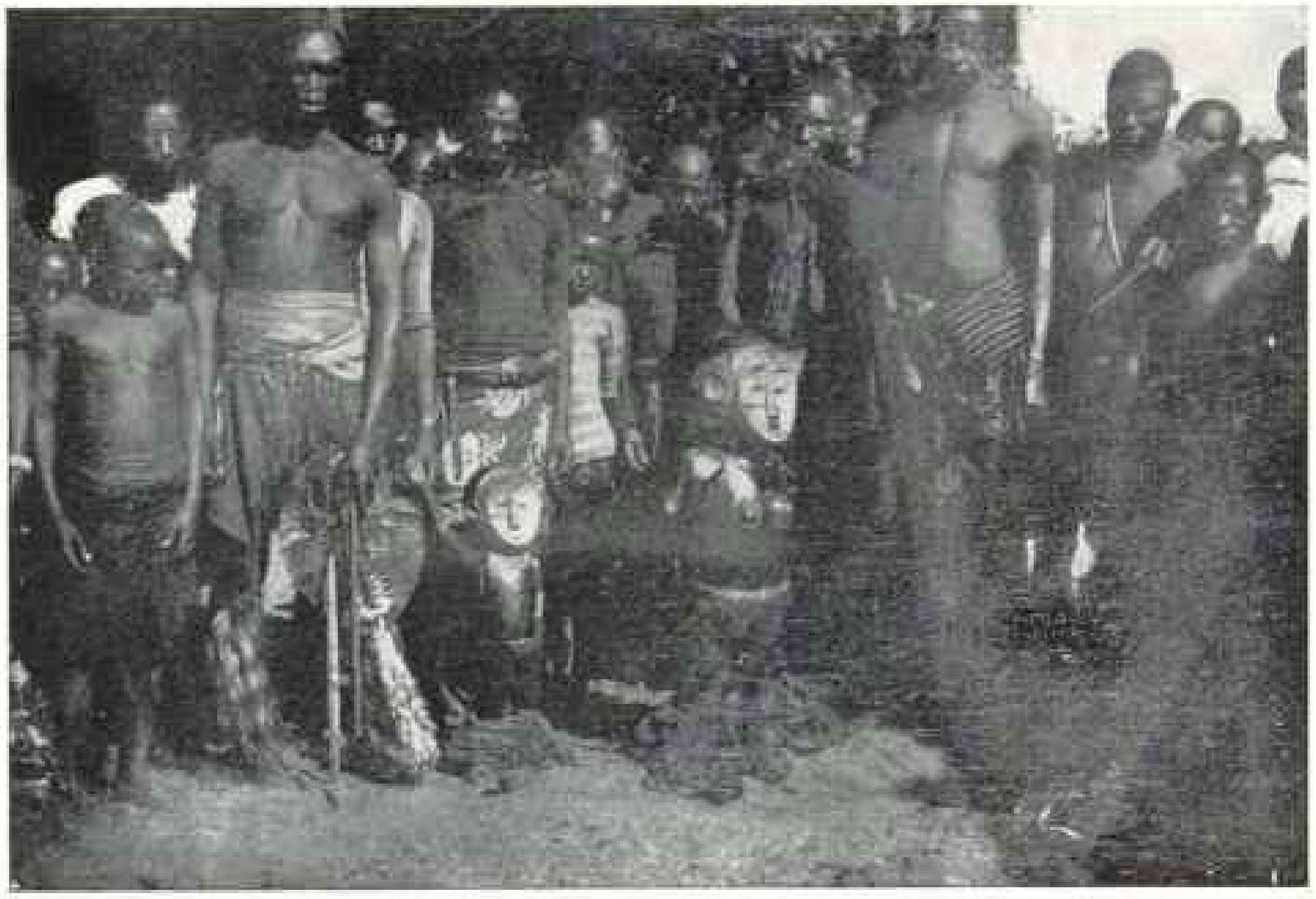
In the Zambezia district there has been spent a large amount of money in agricultural experiments, and, though the results are not encouraging thus far, it is no fault of the land. I have never seen any soils quite so rich, apparently, in either temperate or tropical America as are to be found in the Zambesi, Limpopo, and Inkomati alluvial plains. The colonization laws are pronounced excellent, even by English colonials. They are automatic—just to the government, to the colonist, and to the natives. And here I may say that it seems to be agreed by men who know that nowhere else in Africa is the native question so well managed as in Mozambique. But it is a very big and deep and difficult question.

During our trips, covering some 250 miles on mules, 125 with hammocks, and 1,000 in boats, we came into touch with at least 500 natives as bearers and quasi-police guides; but not one thing was stolen during the ten weeks' travel, and never was it necessary to punish a "boy" for any misdeed. The 50 to 75 loads, 30 to 50 pounds each, were mostly pack-



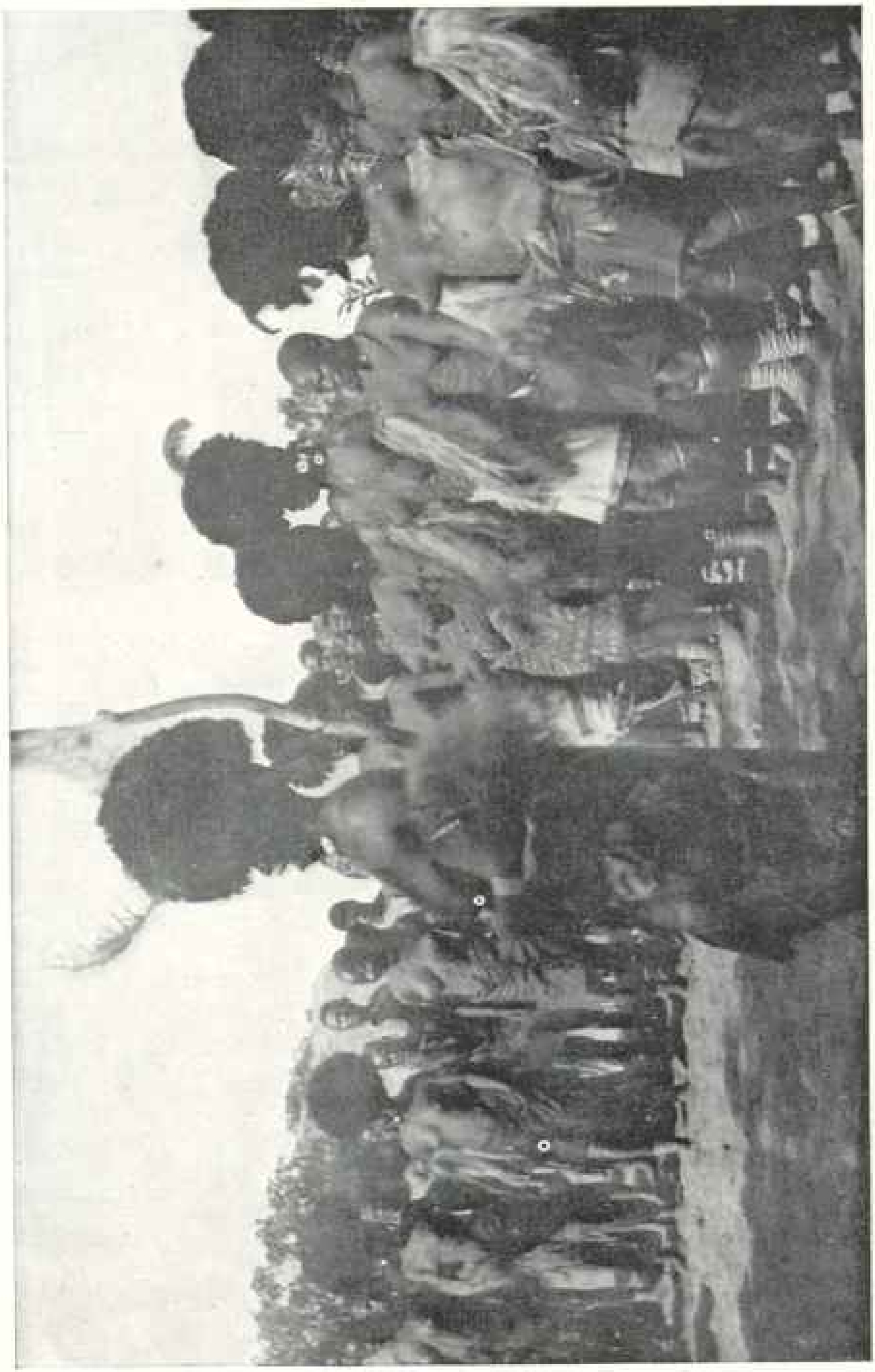
HAND-DRUM ORCHESTRA OF THREE PLAYERS IN THE ZAMBESI DELTA

Both the bare hand and a short drumstick are used in producing the weird but highly variable "music." A carved image on a post presides over the occasion

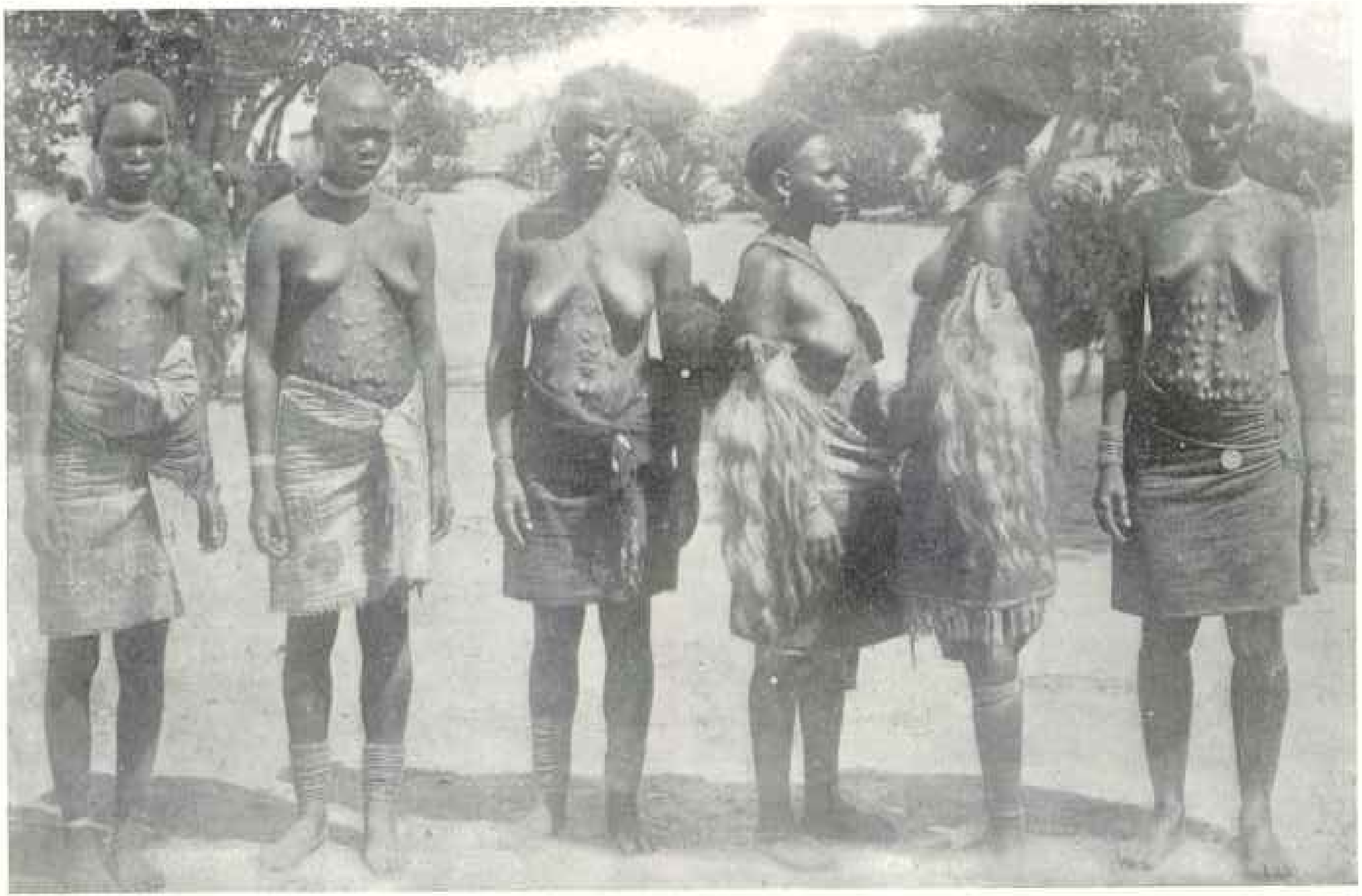


WAR DANCE OF THE M'CHOPIS: FEIGNING DEATH TO BE REVIVED BY THE WITCH DOCTOR (SEE PAGE 818)

MASKS USED BY SOME OF THE WARRIOR DANCERS

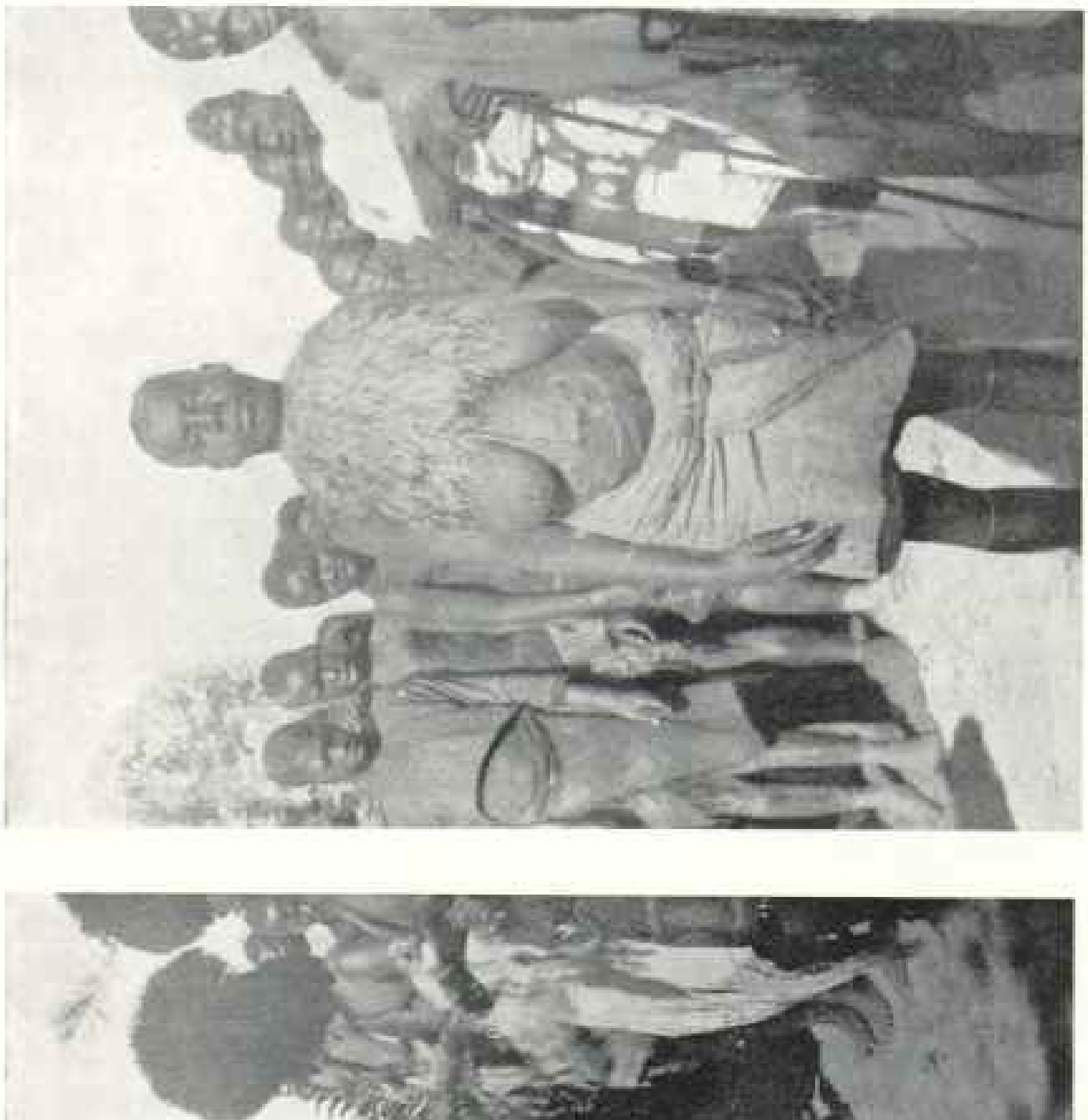


WOMEN'S WAR DANCE: QUEGO, MOZAMBIQUE: THE HEAD-DRESSES ARE OF OSTRICH FEATHERS

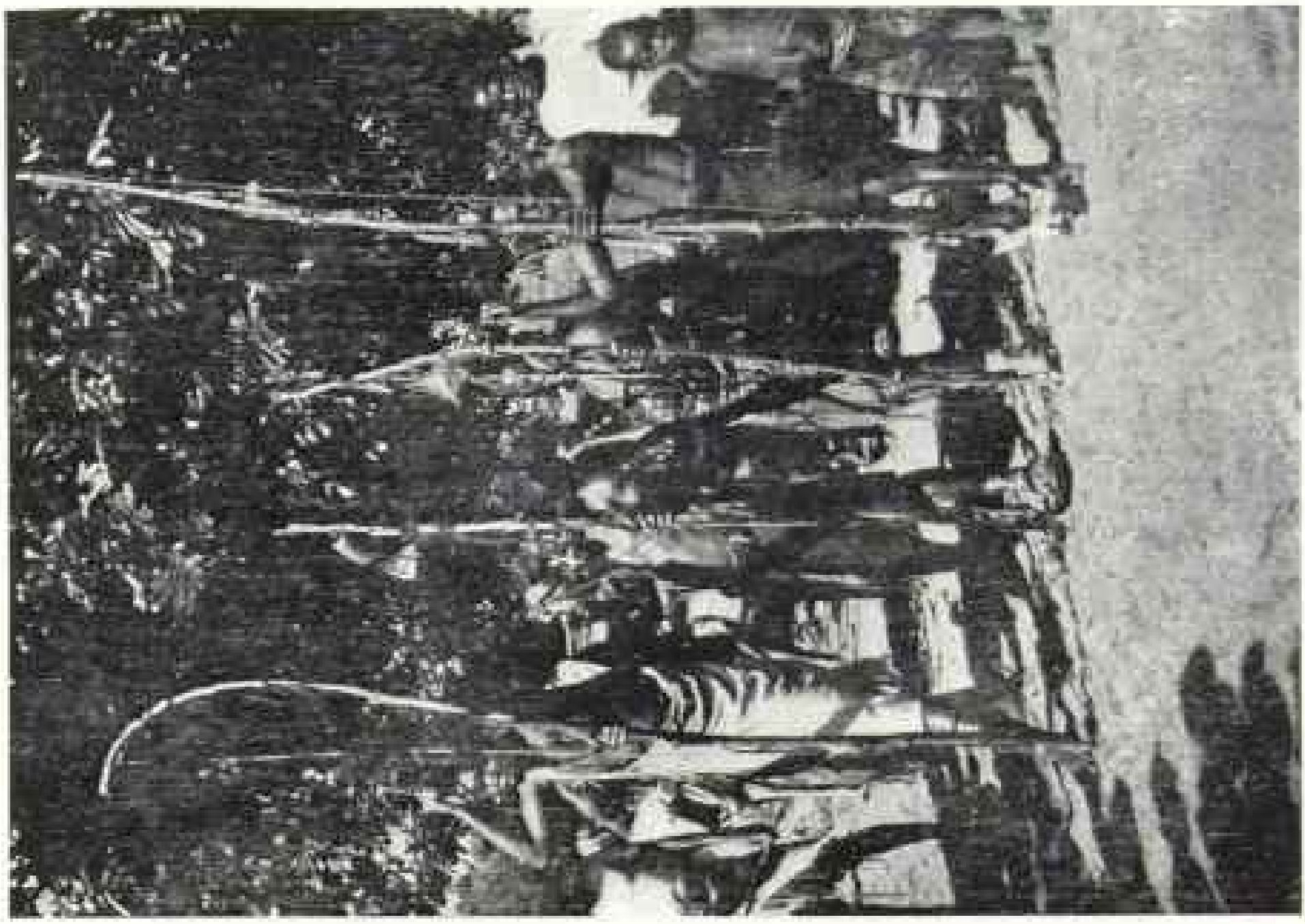


MODERN COIFFURE STYLES IN MOZAMBIQUE

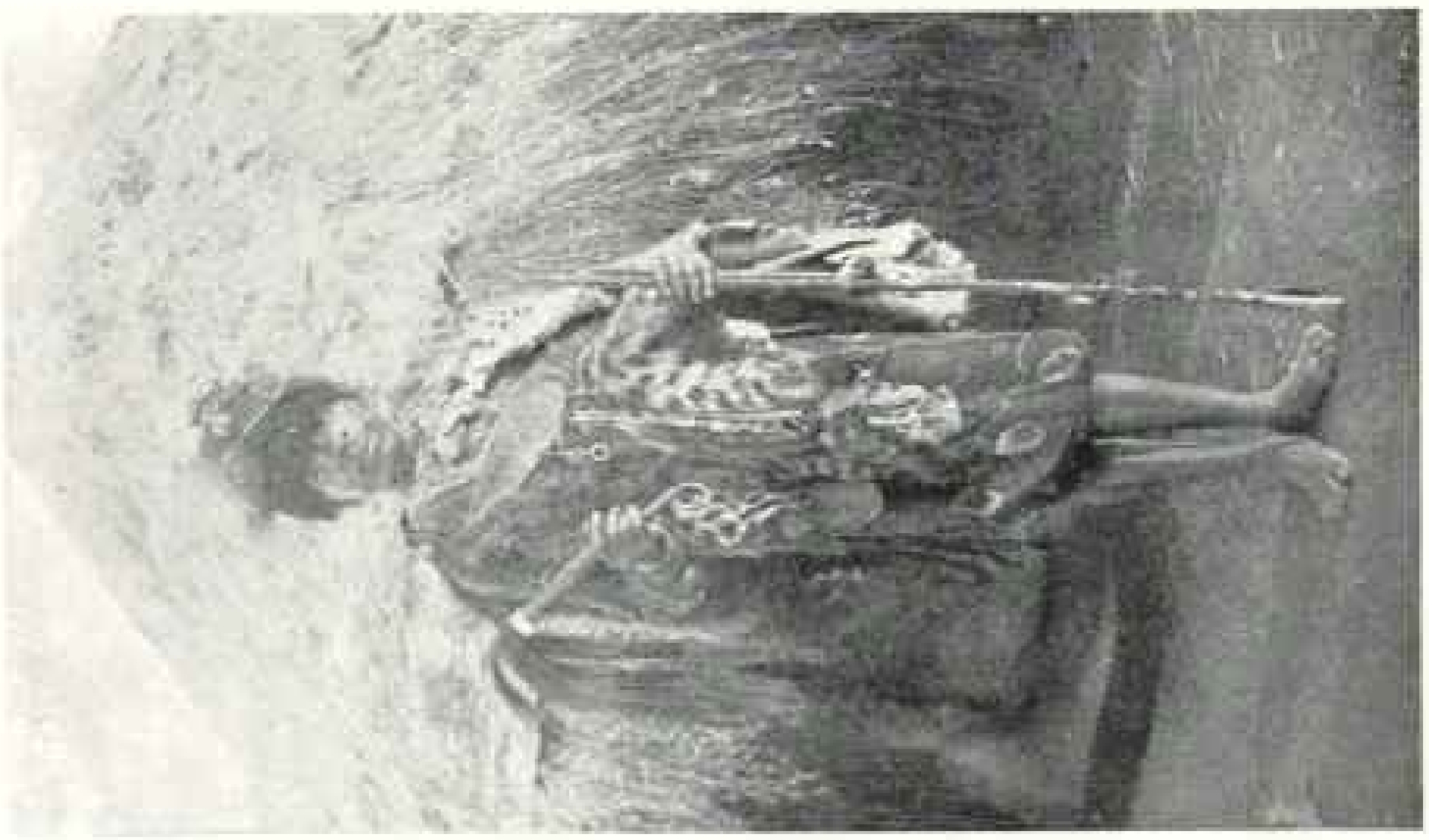
The arm decorations are antelope and ox tails; two of the women carry much-prized head-dresses of black ostrich feathers; the anklets are of brass and steel wire with the exception of one which was made of beads strung on hair. This scar tattooing is practiced very largely by the M'chopis, and is imitated to some extent by their neighbors. However, the lower tribes do not usually make so large nor so thick a bosse as the M'chopi women. The M'chopi tattooers use one or more native resins to rub into the fresh surface of the cut to stimulate the growth of scar tissue. Consecutive semi-circular cuts are preferred. The bosse or point in the center of the scar mass is sometimes one-half an inch thick. There seems to be little design among the M'chopi tribe in the arrangement of these scars, which extend from a line just below the breasts to just above the knees.



DANCES OF THIS LITTLE-KNOWN PEOPLE ARE THE PRINCIPALS IN THE MAYA SYMBOLIC DRAMA



CEREMONIAL BOWS USED IN WAR DANCE BY THE NATIVES OF SOUTHERN MOZAMBIQUE

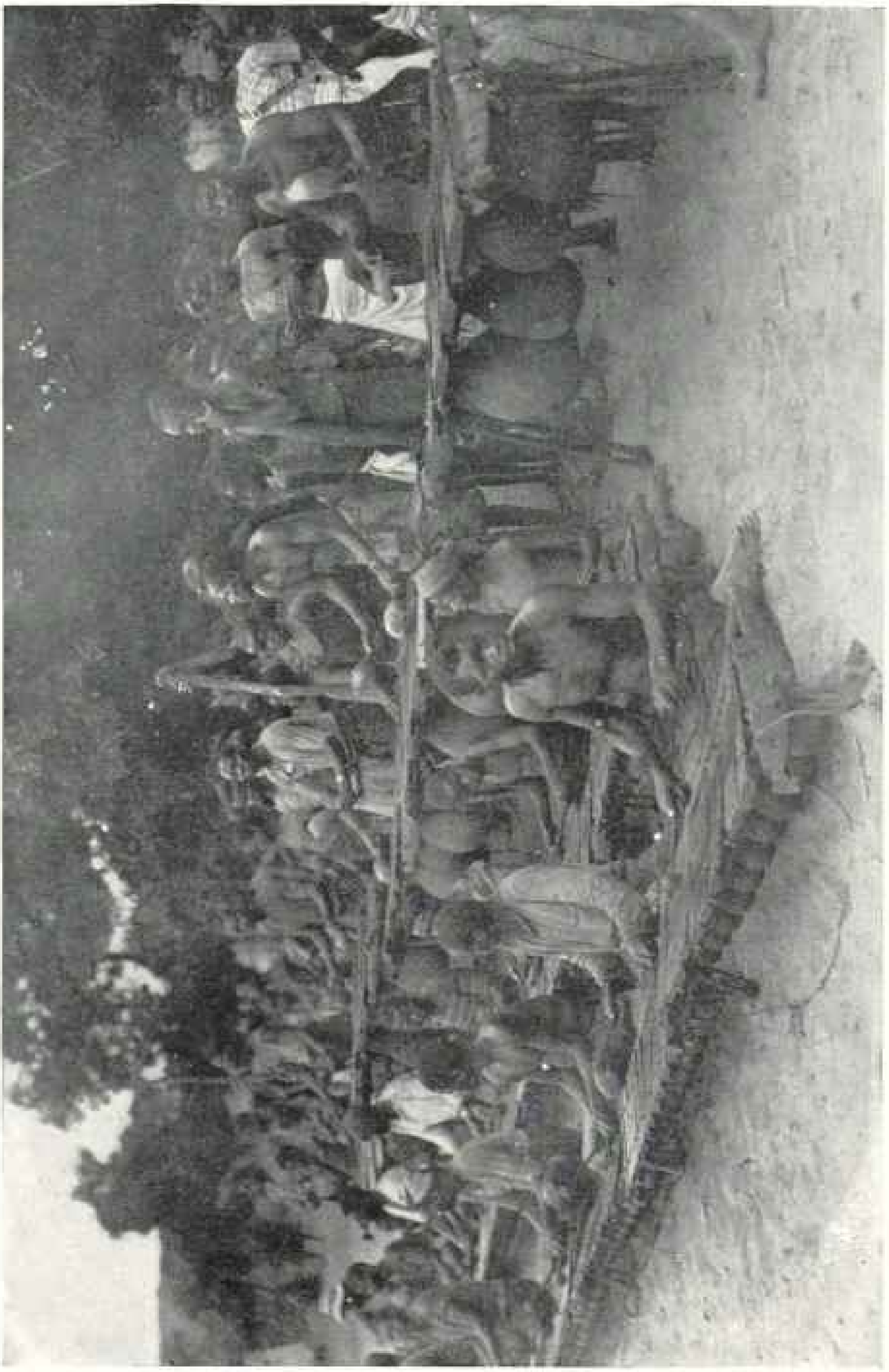


A WITCH DOCTOR

The Mfecane, or Zulu wars, are the oldest and yet the purest of all the Kaffir wars. They were saved from extermination by a series of military genius, Tchaka, the founder of the Zulu military system, who, thinking it an arm of the (embossed) sea

THE YOUNG GIRLS' DANCE OF THE SICHUANS

Note the rattles above the ankle of one of the girls (see page 810)



The dim from this triple rank of marimbas was overwhelming. Only a small portion of the 200 "pianos" forming the orchestra can be seen

THE WOMEN'S WAR DANCE AT QUESICO, MOZAMBIQUE

ages filled with things dear to a native's heart and easily pilferable.

Neither were any acts of cruelty nor of indecency witnessed on the whole trip, except on the part of the whites. The farther away from civilized centers we went the more *respectable* became the native.

Thousands of "black ivory" specimens are exported to the gold and diamond mines of the Rand; they return with money, disease, discontent, and bad morals. The young men from Gazaland and Inhambane go on contract for say one year to get money to pay the hut taxes and to buy one or two wives. Instead of paying for a wife with cattle, as formerly, before the terrible ravages of rinderpest and "East Coast" fever, sterling gold, £10 to £25, must now be cashed down to the father before the union is legal or the bride enters the new hut.

With diseases which practically preclude the breeding of all domestic animals but the pig, it is no wonder that the rich lands are so very little cultivated. But the steam plow has put in its appearance and as soon as permanent regulations for sale or rental of land are promulgated the country should be a happy harvesting ground for planters. With labor at $2 to $5 per month, good transportation, no more sickness than in any other country, perhaps, and good support from the government, colonists will come and then Mozambique will gloriously come into her own.

THE LOST WEALTH OF THE KINGS OF MIDAS

By Ellsworth Huntington

IT was the lazy hour just after noon in the square, sunny court-yard of the great khan at Eregli, the present terminus of the Bagdad Railway. A line of round-topped, long-bodied wagons, black or white, was drawn up on one side of the yard, while on the other a group of travelers and guests squatted on their heels in the shade, rehearsing the time-worn gossip of the ages.

Now and again a wagoner in skin-tight trousers and a girdle reaching nearly to his armpits stirred up the buzzing flies, as he sauntered to the well in the midst of the hot court to draw water for his patient horses.

The "odabashi", or "chief of the rooms", emerged from the steamy atmosphere of the coffee-seller's shop beside the wide street door, and went aloft to a flagged porch on the second story, bearing on his uplifted hand a tray laden with blue bowls of curdled milk, flat cakes of bread, a plate of cool, insipid mulberries, and some tiny cups of unsweetened coffee thick as pea soup.

Through the outer door one caught a glimpse of the inevitable oriental bazaar, where peasants in dirty white drawers bargained with leisurely merchants in baggy blue trousers, who sat contented in their little shops selling cloth, raisins, peas, rice, and strange brown substances with lingering, indescribable odors. Turks, Greeks, and Armenians were there, but not a man of any race showed signs of haste. Why should a man hurry at noon of a summer's day with the thermometer over 90? or why, in fact, should he ever waste the precious hours of life by haste?

The stillness was broken by Luiso, the wily Greek wagoner, whom I had hired to drive me out into the Axylon, the great dry plain which occupies the center of Asia Minor north of Eregli. He looked very clean, as he reported that he had been to the public Turkish bath at my expense, according to orders, but he could not see the sense of such a proceeding, for he had been there only two months before.

Liberty from a soldier's viewpoint

Early the next morning we started off, accompanied by a mounted gendarme, a needless encumbrance taken to add to our dignity. He was a gruff old Turk, who soon began to grumble about his wrongs.

"What's all this talk about liberty and a constitution?" he growled. "Look at my gray hairs. Haven't I served the government faithfully for 40 years? And now, just because there's liberty, little boys with piping voices are put in our places—mere school boys, 17 or 18 years old, with soft cheeks, who cannot even raise a mustache. They can read and write and all that, but what do they know? When they have to ride 10 hours with the post some night they don't even know the road, and shiver and shake like frightened women. What's this liberty good for? It hasn't brought me the 20 months' pay that the government owes me, and now I shall be thrown out to starve because they say we old men make the villagers support us. Hasn't a man got to live? I don't want liberty. I want to be free to get a good living."

Thus he talked as he rode beside the wagon through the pretty gardens of the oasis of Eregli, past the miles of reed-beds which form the miscalled Lake of Ak Gyöl, and out into the great dreary plain of the Axylon. When he fell behind for a space the Greek took up the complaint, and said that liberty might be all right, but so far as he could see it was liberty for the Moslem and not for the Christian.

WHEN PROSPERITY RULES

Everywhere we found the people of Asia Minor wondering why they are poor, and why this new liberty of which all men talk, but of which no man knows anything, does not make them prosperous.

We, too, had often wondered why this land, where Midas turned all things to gold and where Cresus was richest of mortals, is now so poor, and it was largely to study this problem that we had come back once more to Asia Minor.

During the past two years Turkey has experienced a wonderful transformation. The new régime has not brought all that the ignorant expected, but it has done much in spite of the complaints heard on every side. Back of the present low estate of Turkey, however, there lies a train of centuries of gradual decay, and this it is which renders the task of regenerating the empire so difficult. Since the days when Asia Minor was in her prime, 2,000 years ago, something has surely changed. Is it the race of the inhabitants? Is it their religion? Is it the government? Or is it nature herself? The change cannot be due purely to the coming in of the Turkish race, for the majority of the people of Turkey, although Turks in name, are not such by blood. Moreover, although the Turks have many faults, few thoughtful persons who have lived in their country will deny that under favorable conditions it is hard to find any people more sober, peaceful, and industrious. Nor is the change from the prosperous conditions of the past wholly a matter of religion, for Mohammedanism can scarcely be considered worse than paganism. So long as prosperity is the rule, Mohammedans and Christians get along admirably, but trouble arises at once when there is poverty or distress. Nor is the government responsible for all the decay in the civilization of Turkey, for today the worst conditions are found in just those places where the government has least authority; for instance, among the Arabs and Kurds. Beyond question the country has suffered deplorably from racial weaknesses, from religious dissensions, and from governmental oppression; but back of these and ever aggravating them, and sometimes causing them, lies another factor—a change in nature herself.

Nomadization, so wise men say, has been the bane of the Turkish empire. Vast areas which once were prosperous agricultural districts have now been given over to nomads and their flocks, and this has led to disorder and to the breaking down of the ancient high civilization of the land. It has often been said that nomadization is a result of the racial character of the Turks, and such is the common statement in histories. The observations which we made during the work of the Yale Expedition of 1909 throw much doubt on this assertion, and make us believe that nomadization is largely due to a change of climate. It was the study of this problem which led us out into the dry plain of the Axylon, lying at a height of about 3,000 feet above the sea. It occupies many thousand square miles in the center of Asia Minor within a great ring of peripheral mountains which border the coast and keep out the rain.

HOSPITALITY A TURKISH CHARACTERISTIC

Our first day's ride came to an end soon after 2 o'clock, at a sad adobe village of dingy gray set in the midst of a smooth brown plain of fine-grained lacustrine clay. A parching south wind had raised the temperature to 101 degrees Fahrenheit, and the heat was so oppressive that we all lay down to rest in the mud guest-room.

After half an hour my drowsy thoughts were interrupted by a plaintive childish voice which seemed to be addressing some one who would not answer. After it had spoken two or three times I perceived a dirty, rosy little youngster standing in the middle of the room and timidly inviting the sleepers to drink coffee, while his mother hid her face in her veil and peeked in at the door. When I had drunk the contents of one of the little cups down to the half-way line, where the beverage becomes solid

A CART ON THE BORDERS OF PHRYGIA

A CIRCASSIAN WATERING CART, MADE OF A SINGLE LOG, IN THE MIDAS VILLAGE

THE TOMB OF THE KING OF MIDAS (SEE PAGE 841)

grounds, the child would not be satisfied until I said that it would be all right to put down the cups for the others to take when they awoke. He had been so well trained in the hospitality which is almost universal among the Turks that at the age of five he felt greatly distressed for fear he might fail to do his duty as a host.

SENTINELS OF THE DESERT

For the next week or more we rode across the vast barren plain. On the edges it is diversified by ranges of volcanic mountains, while from the plain itself symmetrical brown cones of extinct volcanoes rise to flat tops, in which lie gracefully rounded craters. Near Kara Funar we came to an odd type of volcano. The plain is composed of ancient lake deposits, which have been consolidated into a soft marl alternating with sandstone of a grayish brown color. In these deposits a hole a mile or more in diameter and nearly 200 feet deep was formed many thousand years ago by a volcanic explosion. In the middle of the hole a cone of slag and scoria was built up until it rose well above the level of the plain. When the internal forces of old Vulcan ceased to act, a pretty cup of a crater remained in the top of the cone, while at its base an annular depression surrounded the cone and was itself surrounded by the gray cliffs of the lake deposits. Today the depression is occupied by a lake, narrow and ring-shaped and very salty. In winter the lake fills up to a considerable depth, but during the long rainless summer evaporation reduces its size and causes the water to become so concentrated a solution that much salt is deposited.

VALUABLE SALT DEPOSITS

In May salt-gatherers arrive and keep on working for about two months, when the water is almost gone and the deposits begin to contain not only common salt but other distasteful chemical compounds.

As we came to the edge of the hollow and looked down at the annular lake a strange sight presented itself. The lake was so far dry that part of its ring was waterless, and was covered with green reeds; another part was white with salt, and still another contained muddy blue water ringed around with white salt, outside of which was a ring of green reeds. Back of the reeds in the center rose the black and red slopes of the volcano, while on either side stood the steep gray and brown cliffs of the lake deposits. In the large pond at the foot of the slope below us 40 or 50 men were wading knee deep, or were stooping to get hold of something at the bottom of the water. In their hands they brought up great masses of dainty square crystals of salt, which they placed in little piles whose tops touched the surface of the muddy pond. When each man had gathered enough he brought a sieve like an ash-sifter and used it to carry the salt ashore, and piled it up among the reeds in glistening little cones from two to four feet high, shining white as snow against a bright green background.

It is hard work to gather the salt, for the constant dipping of the hands into the briny water and the rubbing of the finger-tips upon the mud of the bottom soon causes sores. A man can work only from four to six days at a stretch, after which he must let his hands rest a few weeks and get well. An industrious man can earn high wages, however—80 cents a day if he is very energetic—so there is no lack of laborers. The salt works are owned and run by the government, which sells the product at the rate of about 10 pounds for 8 cents.

HOW THE LOWLY LIVE

In order to see as much as possible of the life of the people, I traveled as the natives do. Each morning we started soon after 5 o'clock, in the cool beauty of the dawn. Sometimes we ate a little bread before starting, and sometimes took a bite in the wagon. There was no real meal, however, until 10 or 11 o'clock. Then, as the heat grew great, we stopped at one of the clusters of from six to a dozen houses which sprin-

kle the plain at intervals of 3 or 4 miles. They are poor little hamlets, composed of houses of mud or stone, just high enough to allow a man to stand upright.

Not a scrap of green relieves the brown monotony, except in one or two cases where some industrious soul carefully draws water from a deep well and daily waters a few sorry vegetables enclosed within a mud wall.

At first it puzzled me to know how the soldier always picked out the guest-house with unfailing accuracy. I soon saw, however, that the guest-house, which, like most of the houses, consists of only a single room, never has hay stacked on its top. Also, it is regularly located a little to one side of the main body of the hamlet, in such a position that the guests, as they ride up, may not pass close to the other houses, nor, as they sit in the cool of the evening before the door, be tempted to admire the women on their way to the well for water.

On arriving at the door of the guest-house, one merely goes inside and sits down. By and by a boy or man appears and says, "You came well," to which one answers, "We found things well." Then the villager roasts coffee over a fire—unless he has some old and much-cooked grounds on hand—pounds it in a mortar, boils it, and offers the guest a drink. If one stops at a guest-house in the afternoon, nothing more happens until evening, except that the men drop in one by one to hear the news, as the word of the presence of strangers spreads to the fields and herds. If one stops at 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, however, nothing but patience is required in order to get a meal of the best that the village affords.

TURKISH DISHES

Sometimes we had bread fried in fat; often we were regaled with cracked wheat, also cooked in fat, or with a dish of fried eggs, to which flour was added with a liberal hand to soak up the grease. By way of relishes the richer folk sometimes brought us summer squash or egg-plant stewed with butter, or a mess of greens raised in a tiny garden plot and watered with infinite pains.

The dish which stays longest in memory is "airan"—thin sour milk, in which floated small cubes of cucumber and a few tiny bits of raw onions, which had been grated into it to give it a cooling flavor.

When the traveler has eaten his fill, more coffee is served, the hosts go about their business, and the traveler is left to sleep a little or to resume his journey. Payment is not asked nor expected, and even to offer it is in many places regarded as discourteous.

The little hamlets where we stopped day after day are all occupied by Turks, who lead a semi-nomadic life. Flocks and herds are their main reliance, but for a mile or two around most of the hamlets the higher parts of the country are planted with scanty crops of grain, chiefly a peculiar red wheat, which was being harvested at the time of our visit, in early July. Almost universally the wheat seems to be planted in the very dryest, highest places, while the relatively low places, where there is a fair amount of water and a hint of green grass, are not tilled. Luiso, the wagoner, noticed this and had much to say about the stupidity of people who let good land lie waste and threw away their time in trying to raise crops where nothing would grow.

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES

Near Lake Tatta, the large central salt lake of Asia Minor, we rode for days over a comparatively green plain with running water in various places, yet without cultivation. Here the strictures of the Greek reached a high pitch of irony. "Look at these idiots," he said. "Just put some Greeks here, or some Muhajir Turks—that is, immigrants from European Turkey—and see what beautiful farms and gardens they would make. These people are fools to live in poverty and wander around with their cattle when they might live in one place and be rich."

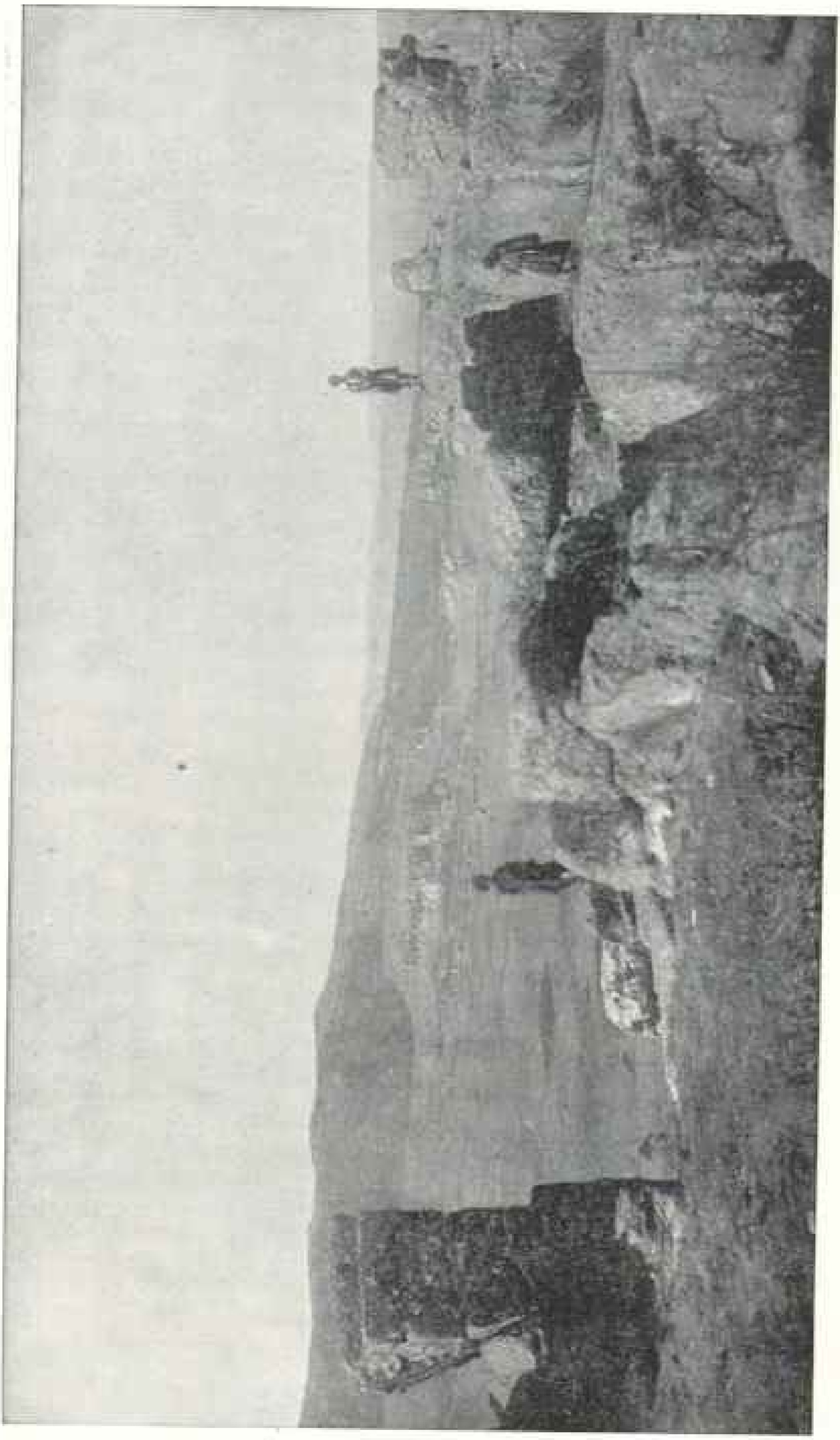
It almost seemed as if he were right.

HEAD OF A COLOSSAL LION, FALLEN FROM A TOMB OF THE DAYS OF MIDAS
The outline of jaws and head may be more clearly seen by turning the picture on end

The crop of 1909 was so poor that in many places it was impossible to cut it with scythes or sickles. The only recourse was to the painfully laborious method of pulling the grain up by the roots. The season was so dry that many people did not get back even the seed they had planted. Those who got two bushels of grain for one of seed felt satisfied, and those who got three congratulated themselves. Often this same thing happens, and generally there is a period of perhaps five or six years out of every thirty when the crops are flat failures. At other times they are often poor—so poor that no people who were not very industrious and very much in need of the scanty harvest would take the trouble to reap them. Yet the Turks of the Axylon do not cultivate the moist, green parts of their plain. Instead, they depend upon their animals and change their habitat at least twice a year.

In winter they live in large villages, usually at the foot of the mountains, or in some other location where there is an abundant supply of drinking water. There they gather for five months for the social season, from November to March. One such village which we visited contains about 600 houses, each one with a huge stack of greenish-yellow hay on its flat roof and a few sheds and yards about it. The place is called Sultan Khan, from the magnificent ruined Seljuk khan or inn, with an exquisite façade of varied marble, erected in 1277 A. D. A place with a domed inn like this, over 400 feet long and 160 wide, must once have been of much importance. Today it is an insignificant village, with a little khan where a few travelers stop on their way from the salt works of Lake Tatta to Konia, the ancient Iconium from which Paul, the Apostle, was driven out.

When we visited Sultan Khan there were not half a dozen people there beside the keeper of the inn and his servant. All the rest were scattered over the



RAMPARTS OF LAVISHLY CARVED ROCK AT THE CASTLE OF PISHMISH KALEH, WITH THE MIDAS MONUMENT IN THE DISTANCE
(See page 841.)

plain at the 57 yailas, or summer hamlets, where they stay from April to October. There they feed their flocks, for it is only by scattering themselves over a broad area that sufficient grass can be found for all the animals which form the chief means of livelihood. The great flocks of sheep stay at the yailas all the year, cared for by a few lonely shepherds. The other animals—horses, cows, camels, and donkeys—are taken to the large villages in winter and fed on the hay stacked on the roofs. In summer, however, they, too, are taken to the yailas. This sort of nomadism prevails over large parts of the plain of the Axylon. Once the case was different.

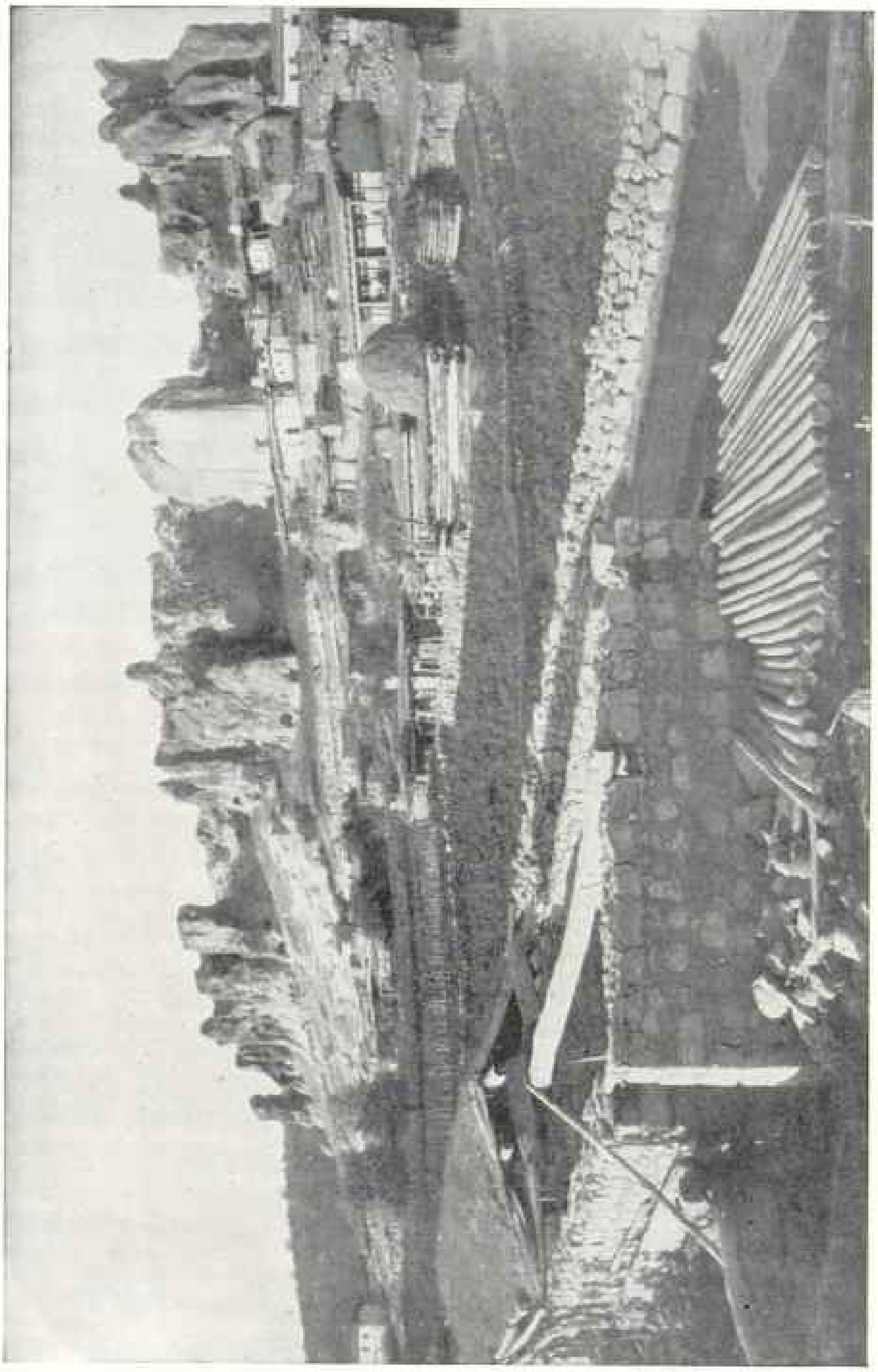
ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF THE NOMADS

In the days of Midas and Cresus, and in the times of the Greeks and Romans, nomadism appears to have been unknown in this part of the world. The chief proof of this lies in the large number of ruins, all of which, to judge from the style of architecture and the nature of the Greek inscriptions, were inhabited at about the beginning of the Christian era. During nine days' travel in the plain of the Axylon, I passed through 16 actual modern villages, as distinguished from yailas or summer camps. I made no special attempt to visit ruins, merely examining those which came in my way. Nevertheless I passed through the ruins of 42 genuine villages, not to mention various small isolated instances. Most of the 16 sites now occupied by modern villages were doubtless also occupied in the past.

It is certainly safe, then, to say that the number of ancient villages was at least 48, or three times as many as exist today. Probably all these villages were occupied at the same time, during the days of greatest prosperity, but, even if only half were occupied, the population must have been much greater than at present, for the old villages were almost universally larger than the modern ones. They must have been much richer, also, in order to erect the fine buildings whose carved columns are found in large numbers.

AN ANCIENT FLIGHT OF STEPS CUT FROM SOLID ROCK BEFORE THE MOSQUE OF SAVATRA

Take, for example, the village of Ak Viren, in the middle of the plain. The place has no running water, but depends upon deep wells. The inhabitants cultivate a considerable amount of land, but rely mainly upon their flocks for sustenance, because the crops are so poor and precarious. The present population numbers 130 families, whose houses are scattered irregularly among extensive ruins. Once the town was a fine place, the capital of the district. Savatra, as it was called, boasted some excellent buildings, in one of which was placed the flight of seven steps shown in the above photograph. They were carved from a solid block of limestone and are now preserved in the yard of the mosque. The old town occupied an area which I estimated to be ten times as large as that of the modern village. Other ruins are correspondingly larger than their modern representatives. In view of all the evidence, it seems con-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MIDAS AND OF THE MODERN CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE AT ITS FOOT

servative to say that 2,000 years ago the population of the plain of Axylon must have been at least five times as great as now. With such a population, and with towns of such large size, a semi-nomadic life like that of the present day would be impossible.

The former prosperity of Asia Minor is admirably illustrated by the tombs, castles, and other monuments found among the Phrygian Mountains, west of the plain of Axylon. Here lies a pleasant region, wooded with fine pines which cover breezy ranges of hills and surround fertile valleys. Rain is more abundant than in the plain of the Axylon and the population is correspondingly denser and more prosperous. The inhabitants are of exactly the same race as those of the Axylon, and they profess the same religion and are subject to the same government, but their mode of life is different. Nomadism is unknown, for the good reason that it is not necessary, because as a rule the crops are good, and even in bad years there are no such complete failures as in the plain farther east. Nevertheless the Phrygian Mountains are not a rich region, and often the crops are so scanty that distress ensues, for here, too, the long summer is rainless.

THE FABLED WEALTH OF ASIA MINOR IN THE PAST

About 2,600 years ago Phrygia was the home of a dynasty of kings who went by the name of Midas. The fame of their wealth spread far westward to the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor, and so to Greece itself. We do not know how rich they actually were, or how prosperous their country was; but we can judge somewhat from the ruins which they have left behind. The most famous is the so-called Tomb of Midas, a perpendicular surface of rock 55 feet high and 50 feet wide, covered with ornaments in a complicated rectangular pattern of crosses, meanders, squares, and other devices, surrounded by a long Phrygian inscription. Its appearance is shown in the illustrations. It is unknown whether it was the Midas mentioned in this inscription or some other of his dynasty whose wealth gave rise to the famous tradition, but it is evident that a people who could build such monuments must have been not only prosperous and wealthy, but somewhat highly civilized. Scores of other monuments and well-wrought tombs are scattered through the country.

Great castles were built to protect the towns, and the great "Royal Road" to Persia passed this way. So abundant was labor and so prodigal the kings that when a rampart was planned for the castle of Pishmish, facing the Midas tomb a mile or more to the east, the whole top of a huge isolated rock was cut away, forming a platform around the edge of which was left a wall of living rock. Today the site of the city of Midas is occupied by a village of poor but industrious Circassians, who bewail the fact that they were ever persuaded to leave their homes in the Caucasus for a region where they continually suffer from poverty.

THE CAUSES OF THE POVERTY OF TODAY

To go back now to the cause of the present poverty and nomadism of the plateau of Asia Minor. In the first place, the people of the Axylon and other regions are not nomads by choice, but by necessity. They regret that they cannot cultivate more land. The damp areas which aroused the scorn of the Greek wagoner are untilled for the good reason that they are so saline that crops will not grow. I examined the matter with care. In several cases I found rich men who have recently tried to use the streams for irrigation. In each case there has been a good growth the first year, but in the succeeding seasons rapid deterioration has set in. The little trees, which start out bravely, pine away and die; the vegetables, which grew vigorously the first year, are sickly the second, and fail utterly in later years. It is possible that modern methods might redeem the land, but no methods used in the East could do so.

Again, in the higher parts of the plain, where there is no trouble from salt, there

A FLAT-ROOFED ANATOLIAN VILLAGE

The village lies near the forested Phrygian mountains, and therefore employs an unusual amount of wood

GATHERING SALT IN THE VOLCANIC LAKE (SEE PAGE 835)

SUMMER HOUSES OF NOMADS IN THE AXYLON

WINTER VILLAGE OF NOMADS IN THE AXYLON

TENT OF A KURDISH CHIEF IN THE AXYLON

THE WOOD MARKET AT AFIUN-KARAHISSAR

BOUND FOR THE WEEKLY MARKET

WINNOWING THE WHEAT AFTER IT HAS BEEN THRESHED BY A SLEDGE DRAWN BY OXEN

is endless trouble from lack of moisture. If the inhabitants tried to rely upon agriculture they would either starve in a few years or be forced to abandon the country. Thus it appears that here, and also in almost all other parts of Turkey where nomadism is practiced, the people must either depend upon flocks, and wander from place to place, or must give up the country entirely. Therefore it is not the people who have nomadized the land, but the land which has nomadized the people.

In ancient days nomadism was not necessary, because then the climate was moister than now, so that the dry places were damp enough for crops and the saline places were in many cases kept fresh. The proof of this is abundant. It consists partly of the strands of old salt lakes which are proved to have stood at much higher levels in the past than in the present, showing that they received more water.

Another line of evidence is found in the location of old cities. Sir William Ramsay, the greatest authority on the geography of Asia Minor, says that in ancient days the chief towns were located where it was most convenient for trade or for defense. In modern days, however, the locations have often been changed, he says, to sites less convenient than those of the past, but which have the advantage of a larger water supply. That is, great towns could formerly be located almost anywhere, because everywhere there was enough water. Now, towns, even of smaller size, cannot be located except in places where there is an exceptional amount of water.

Another kind of evidence is found in towns like Ak Viren, already mentioned. Here the chief town of the region grew up in a place that is now not only too dry to support a large town, but absolutely devoid of anything to support a small town. Semi-nomads, like those of the Axylon plain, could never build a fine little city such as old Savatra. It could have grown up only at a time when the plain was so well watered that good crops could be grown everywhere.

Scores of other facts point to the same conclusion. The change is not due to the cutting off of forests, for it occurred over a vast area, including Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Turkestan, as well as Asia Minor, and in much of this region there is no evidence that forests ever existed during historic times. It has also occurred in places where forests once existed but are now gone, and in places where they have always existed and still survive. Hence it is a general change, affecting all of Asia from western China to Asia Minor, and probably a far larger area, extending eastward to the Pacific Ocean and westward to the Atlantic.

CLIMATIC CHANGES PAST AND PRESENT

The change from the conditions of the past to those of the present has not progressed uniformly. About 600 years after Christ there was a period of a century, more or less, when the climate was even drier than now. When the change took place from the previous moist conditions to the great aridity of the seventh century, hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of people in the drier parts of Asia began to suffer from lack of water for their crops and grass for their cattle. Their families were hungry and their children cried for bread. So the fathers cast about for new places to occupy, and began to move this way and that in great hordes, taking with them their wives, children, cattle, and household goods.

Thus, apparently, arose the great migrations which overwhelmed Europe in the Dark Ages. It was hunger, due to drought, which made the early Mohammedans so terrible a scourge. Hunger drove them and religious fanaticism united them. In the great changes of this turbulent time the last vestiges of the wealth of the land of Midas were swept away, for no land can be rich if its people suffer from hunger.

A TALK ABOUT PERSIA AND ITS WOMEN

By Ella C. Sykes

Author of "Through Persia on a Side-saddle," "Story-book of the Shah," "Persia and Its People"

With Photographs by H. R. Sykes

PERSIA is one of the oldest empires in existence. It has been a kingdom for 25 centuries—ever since Cyrus the Great, about 550 B. C., conquered Media and united that country to his under the name of Persia. It has had many glorious episodes in its long history; has produced the great teacher Zoroaster; such world-famous poets as Firdawsi, Omar Khayyam, Saadi, and Hafiz, and such great soldiers and rulers as Darius I, Shapur I, and Shah Abbas.

Again and again the empire has been a prey to anarchy; again and again conquering hosts have swept through the country, Alexander the Great having many a successor, the most destructive conqueror being Chinghiz Khan with his hordes of savage Mongols—a leader who boasted that he had slain thirteen millions of his fellow-creatures!

At the present day, though shorn of its former dimensions, Persia is more than three times the size of France, yet it has only nine and a half millions of inhabitants—15 to a square mile. As the population of the whole country is not equal to that of London, New York, and Paris combined, none will be astonished to learn that it is possible to travel for days at a time without coming across a village or even a human being.

The center of the country is a great plateau, rising from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, and crossed by frequent chains of mountains, while a lofty mountain barrier bounds it on the north and south.

The climate on this plateau is a fine one—dry and bracing, cold in winter and often intensely hot in summer. When living in the southeast, the writer's home was at a height of 5,600 feet, and in order to escape the summer heat she camped at an altitude of 11,000 feet among the running streams and lush herbage at the foot of a snow-capped range. The Lut or desert, once an inland sea, occupies the center of Persia, cutting off the north from the south and the east from the west, and thus rendering communication difficult. In fact, it helps to make transport so costly that the different districts and principal towns are practically isolated, and cannot depend upon other parts of the country, even in such a case as that of famine.

There are great differences of climate in the kingdom, the low-lying, feverish district round the Caspian, with its dense forests and 50 inches of rainfall, being in complete contrast to the arid uplands, where as a rule not a tree or a blade of grass is to be seen save on the irrigated ground round a village.

Again, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, the moist heat during summer is well-nigh intolerable to Europeans, and the groves of date-palms that constitute the wealth as well as the staple food of the inhabitants are only possible where there is irrigation, so rainless is this torrid region.

INADEQUATE TRANSPORTATION METHODS

In the whole Persian Empire there are only six miles of railway, and of roads only four, their total length amounting to under 800 miles. There is only one navigable river, the Karun, that flows into the head of the Persian Gulf, and on this sea the so-called ports are merely open roadsteads, at which cargo cannot be landed in stormy weather.

The merchandise of Persia is practically carried on the backs of camels, mules, and donkeys, a slow and expensive mode of transport, and the traveler usually rides through the country follow-

A CARAVANSERAI: THE PERSIAN HOTEL.

A COOK-SHOP.

PERSIAN BOYS

THE SHOP OF A VILLAGE BUTCHER

DERVISHES

ing the tracks made by the passage of caravans during the centuries.

It will be understood from what has gone before that hotels must be bad, if not non-existent, and indeed the ordinary caravanserai, swarming with vermin, with only openings in its walls in place of doors and windows, with no furniture of any description, and hardly any food, would appall any one unaccustomed to Eastern travel.

The Persian is of Aryan stock, and has the same words as ourselves for father, mother, brother, and daughter (*pidar*, *madar*, *bradar*, and *dukhtar*), and the construction of his language is like that of English.

He is a handsome, well-built man, with regular features and fine black eyes, his complexion being no darker than that of an Italian. In manner he is most courteous; he is quick, alert, fond of conversation and discussion, and has been rightly called the Frenchman of the East.

Persia has been a Mohammedan country from the time of its conquest by the Arabs, in 641; but some thousands of Zoroastrians, the old fire-worshipers, still remain in the land, and have been much persecuted.

PERSIAN MUSICIANS

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE HOUSEHOLD

In order to understand Persian domestic life at the present day, we must carry ourselves back to patriarchal times. The Persian is lord and master of his house much as was Abraham or Jacob. He has enormous power over the persons of his wives, children, and dependants, all of whom he can treat much as he pleases.

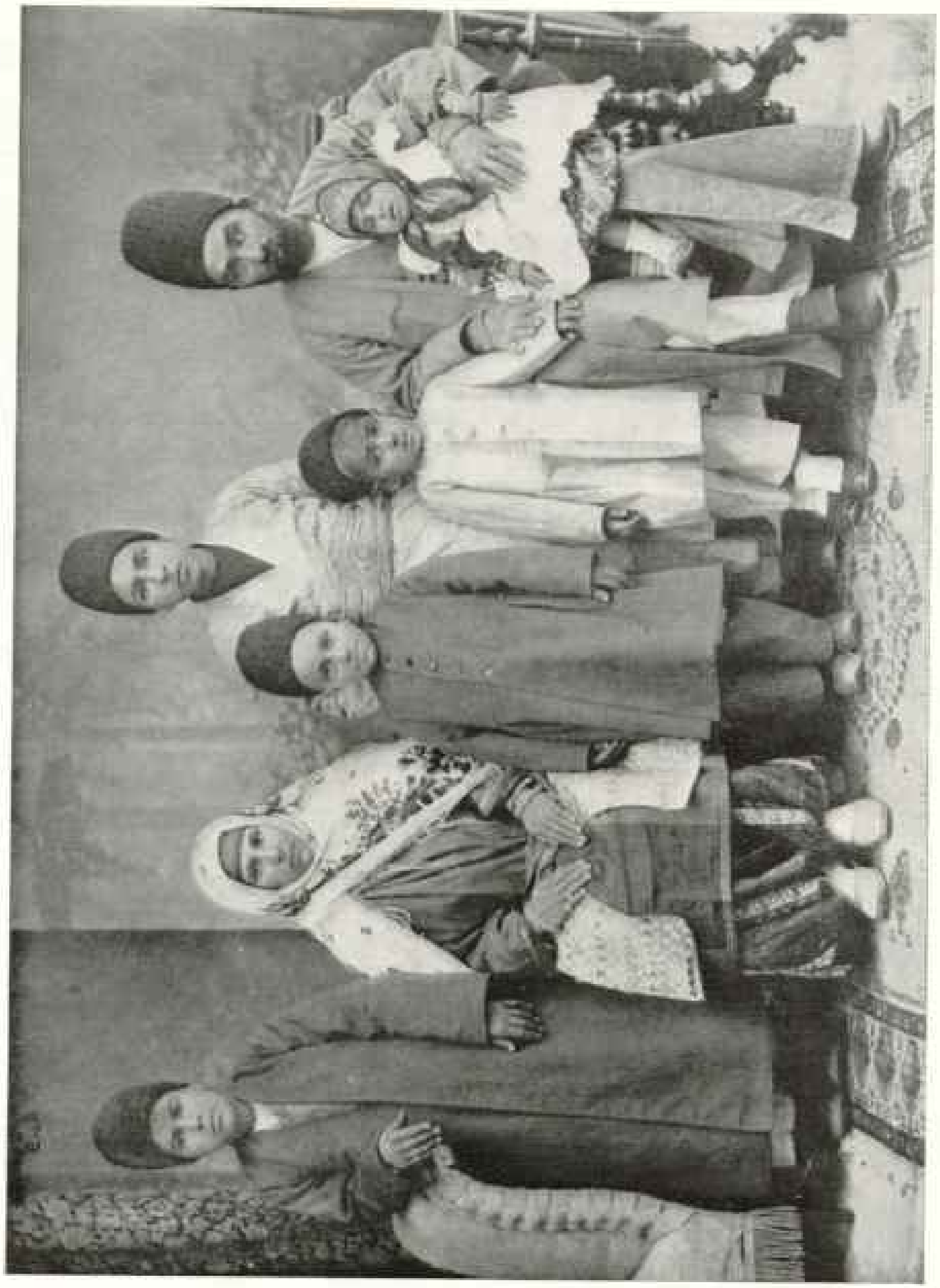
When a woman is handed over to her husband with her dowry, he regards her far more as a chattel than as a wife. She may never show her face to any man save her husband and near relatives, and, owing to the extreme seclusion in which she lives, it is most difficult for her to get justice should she be ill-treated. There are certain laws for her benefit in such cases as that of divorce, but these are only enforced when a man divorces his wife.

If the case be reversed and the woman carries her slipper to the judge and demands separation from her husband, the latter is not obliged to refund the dowry that he received with her.

Brutal husbands who wish to be rid of their wives and yet retain their dowry sometimes ill-use them in order to force them to sue for a divorce themselves.

If a man is angered with his wife and says three times, "I divorce you!" he has legally severed himself from her, and, should he desire to have her back again, she will be obliged to marry and then be divorced by another man.

The happiness and position of a Persian woman usually depends upon her children. Her great wish is to present her lord with sons. "He that has no son has no light in his eyes" is a well-known saying, and a man feels that he is disgraced if he has no heir to carry on his



A FIRE-WORSHIPING FAMILY: TEHERAN. Photo by H. Strzygowski

name. When a child is about to come into the world two cradles and two little suits of clothing are in readiness. If a boy make his appearance he is placed in a silken bed and clad in beautifully embroidered garments; but if a girl should arrive to her falls the cotton cradle and the common attire. Her nurse goes in fear and trembling to break the news to the father, who may, in his anger, order the luckless woman to be bastinadoed instead of giving her the gift that would have been her due had she announced the birth of a son. From the moment of his entrance into the world, throughout his entire life and even in the hereafter, the Persian man has decidedly the best of everything and the woman the worst.

WILD SHEEP SHOT BY MR SYKES

MOULDING THE CHARACTER OF THE YOUTH

The man of well-to-do parents receives his education from a *mulla*, or priest, who teaches him to read and write, and to recite the Koran in Arabic, probably without understanding a word of the Mohammedan bible. At about eight years of age he is more or less separated from the women, and now practically lives with his father and with the latter's men friends, being in the charge of servants who teach him to ride and to shoot.

His dress is that of his father's in miniature — the brimless astrakhan hat, the European trousers, the frock coat much kilted at the waist, the vest of Kerman shawl, and often the elastic-sided boots. He will accompany his father when visiting, and soon learns the elaborate code of Persian etiquette, being careful to address royalties, officials, church dignitaries, merchants, and so on by their proper titles, and deal out to each the right amount of courtly phrase. He will be told to speak of himself as the *bandeh* or slave of any superior, but will be warned that it is considered sarcasm if he gives to any man more compliment than is his due.

The "strenuous life" finds no favor in Persia, the ideal of a young Persian being to act as a hanger-on at court, or to be included in the suite of some governor of a province or high official, such sinecures being spoken of as "doing service".

The Persian, however, is a fearless rider and a keen sportsman. He loves to gallop his horse at its fullest speed, digging the points of his shovel-shaped stirrups into its ribs to urge it to yet greater efforts; and then he will pull it up suddenly with the severe Persian bit. Or he will take part in a gazelle hunt, making one of a large circle of horsemen, who gradually hem in a small herd of these shy animals, drawing closer and closer until the terrified *ahu* attempt to break through the ring. Then the sportsmen fire at their quarry, Persians being so reckless in moments of excitement that sometimes the riders get shot instead of the game.

To climb the mountains after the ibex and wild sheep is the hardest form of sport, and hawking and partridge shooting are also favorite amusements. Nothing, however, comes amiss to the gun of a Persian, who will bring down a crow or any small "cockyolly" bird if no better game is to hand.

The well-to-do Persian is roused before sunrise by the call of the *muezzin* summoning all men to prayer. He throws aside the padded quilts that form his bed, hastily dons his garments, and exchanges the felt skull-cap in which he

A SERIES OF PERSIAN TOWERS

A CASPIAN BOY

Photo by M. Bourke

SCENES IN A PERSIAN BAZAAR.

CUTTING UP A CAMEL FOR FOOD

OXEN PLOUGHING

sleeps for the black lamb's-wool hat. His servant then pours water over his hands, and he washes his face, arms, and feet before prostrating himself on his prayer-carpet, which is turned in the direction of Mecca.

After his devotions (which he repeats at noon and at sunset) are accomplished, he partakes again of much-sweetened tea without milk, and with it eats a thin cake of flabby bread and some sweetmeats. Then he smokes a *kalian*, or water-pipe, and feels fortified for the work of the day, whatever it may be.

At noon an ample repast is served on a leather cloth laid on the ground, and the standing dish will be *pilau*, which consists of a mound of beautifully cooked rice mixed with chopped meat and vegetables.

All Persians sit on their heels, and they eat with their fingers, manipulating the *pilau* most cleverly with the right hand, it being a mark of ill-breeding to use both hands when feeding.

The meal is discussed in total silence, and, when all the greasy right hands have been washed with rose water, the party betake themselves to slumber, a midday siesta being indulged in from the highest to the lowest.

Tea, fruit, and sweetmeats are partaken of during the visits which Persians are so fond of making, and often the evening meal is not served until 9 o'clock, all going to rest immediately they have finished eating.

According to the Mohammedan religion Persians are not permitted to indulge in alcohol, and the strict confine themselves to sherbets (fruit syrups). But the wines of Shiraz, Hamadan, and Isfahan, or arrack, the spirit made from grape refuse, prove too strong a temptation to many, and unfortunately the Persian only drinks in order that he may become inebriated.

PRE-MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS

Friday, the Mohammedan equivalent to the Christian Sunday, is the day when business is suspended in the bazaars, and the faithful resort first to the public baths, and, after their ablutions, to the mosque. Here all prostrate themselves in the direction of the kaaba, the sacred black stone built into the mosque at Mecca, and their devotions are led by a priest, the proceedings terminating with a discourse called the *khutbah*.

When a Persian reaches manhood his parents busy themselves in arranging a suitable marriage for him. As he has never looked upon the face of any lady, unless she be a near relative, he has absolutely no choice in the matter. His mother selects his *fiancée* and he is not supposed to meet her until the public betrothal by a priest takes place.

If he then dislikes what he sees of a face that is almost disguised with rouge and powder, he can draw back, but he has to hand over to the girl's parents half the value of the dowry that he would have received with her, and, moreover, he is socially disgraced.

Marriage is, however, by no means such a serious matter as it is in some countries. The Prophet permits his followers to have four wives apiece and as many temporary connections as they please, and we have already explained how easy it is for a man to rid himself of an uncongenial helpmate.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND CUSTOMS

Moreover, many Persians have no home life in the usual sense of the word. A Persian house is divided into the *biroont*, or men's apartments, and the *anderoon*, or part consecrated to the women. A strong door, set in a high blank wall, gives entrance to a narrow passage that leads into a square courtyard on which open several rooms. Here the men live, and here they usually feed and entertain their friends, while their women dwell in rooms set round an inner courtyard, the only entrance to which is through the *biroont*.

As a Persian is instructed from earliest youth that a woman's advice is of no account—in fact, the priests tell him that he had better do the exact opposite of what a woman counsels—it can be understood that as a rule he has no exalted

opinion of his wife or wives, and seldom turns to them for companionship.

When death approaches, if he has performed his daily prayers, kept the Fast of Ramazan, visited the mosque on Friday, and given alms to the poor, a Persian has no doubts as to his reception in the next world and dies in a happy confidence of attaining to the paradise promised by the Prophet to all his faithful followers.

Rivers of delicious water, milk, and honey flow through beautiful gardens planted with shady trees. These latter thrust their branches laden with luscious foods into the mansions where the faithful, arrayed in silk, lie on couches and are tended by houris of surpassing loveliness.

Seventy-two of these angelic beings fall to the lot of the humblest believer, and they sing enchantingly to him, fulfill his least desire, and make him forget the women he has known on earth.

THE RESTRICTED OPPORTUNITY OF PERSIAN WOMEN

And now I will ask the reader to turn to the life of the Persian woman and contrast it with that of her lord and master.

Often she comes into the world unwanted and meets with no welcome, and through life she is usually neglected and made of little account. Sometimes she is educated with her brothers up to the age of eight, but after that she is separated more or less from them and is relegated to the *anderoon*.

In Persia it is rare to find a woman who reads or writes, and a girl will employ her time in embroidery, in making sweetmeats and sherbets, and in much gossip with her women friends and servants.

Her indoor dress in summer is a gauze jacket, and very full, short trousers that do not reach to the knee, this latter garment being introduced by Nasr-ed-Din Shah, who was greatly fascinated with the costume of the Paris ballet girls.

A Persian lady cuts her hair in a straight fringe across the forehead and mixes her tresses, if not abundant, with horse-hair; but she always covers her head with the *chargat*, a handkerchief of fine muslin that she wears by day and night, and which it would be the height of impropriety to remove.

In appearance she has fine eyes and good features, small hands and feet, and a figure usually too stout for European taste, while, owing to her secluded life, she often looks dull and unintelligent. Her fondness for cosmetics leads her to rouge and powder her face most inartistically, and she uses *kohl* to impart a languishing look to her eyes and to double the width of her eyebrows, making them sometimes meet at the bridge of her nose.

When a woman wishes to leave the *anderoon* her dress is a complete disguise. She draws up to her waist a garment, socks and trousers in one, and over this she drapes the *chadar*, a large black wrap covering her from head to foot. Hiding her features is a white silk or cotton cloth with just a strip of lace-work across the eyes, and death would be the penalty were a man rash enough to raise that face-cloth. Heelless, flapping slippers complete a costume which is almost suffocating in the summer heat, and which at any time makes its wearer look like a waddling bundle.

The public bath is the Persian woman's chief dissipation. Here she meets her friends and spends many hours in the hot, steamy atmosphere, while her servants dye her hair with henna and indigo and tint her nails and the tips of her fingers and toes with the scarlet juice of the former plant.

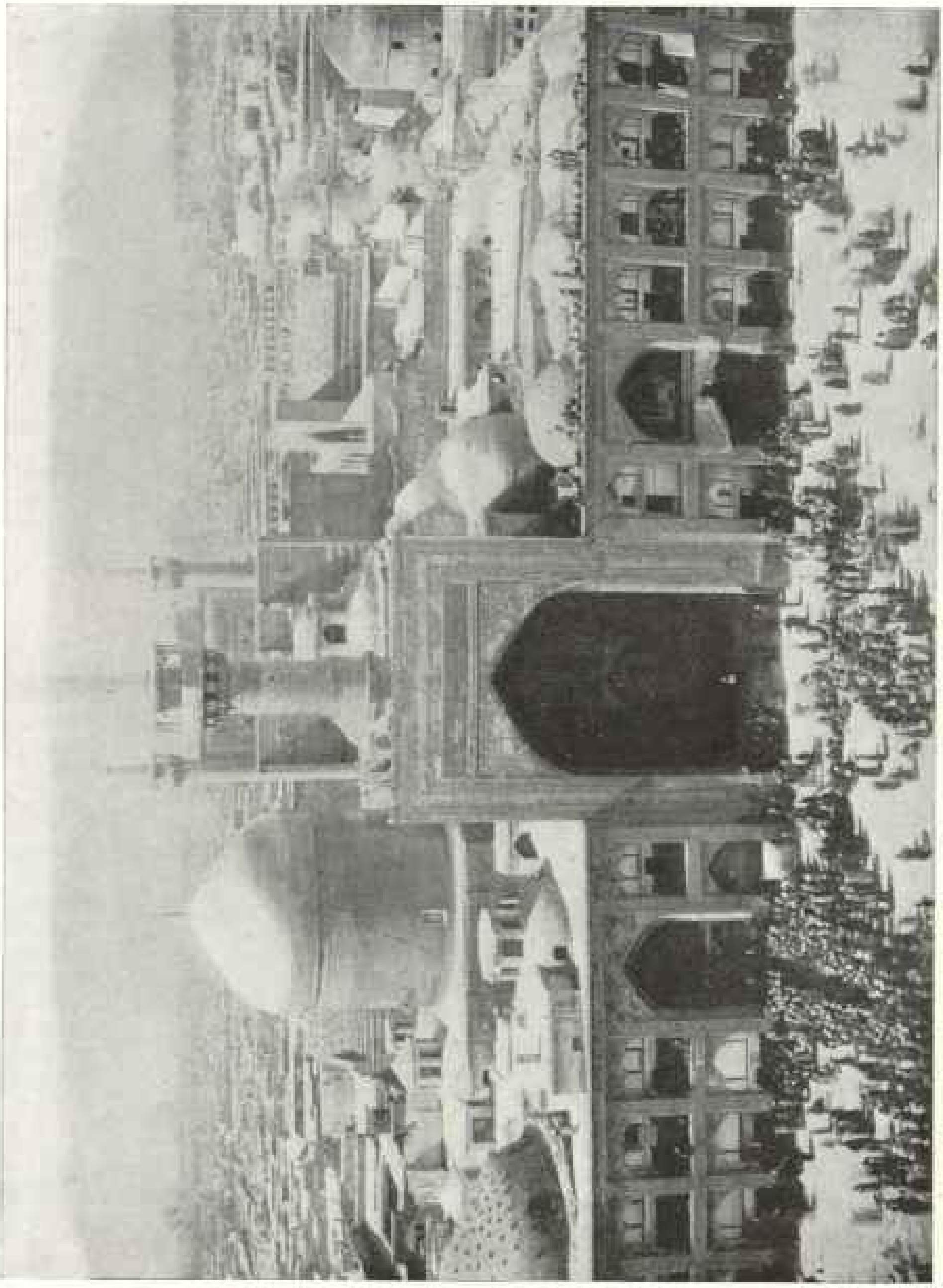
Perhaps she will go to the mosque on Friday, but if she does so she will be confined in a closely latticed enclosure from which she can see and hear but little of the proceedings.

HER FATE DECIDED BY OTHERS

Of course marriage is the great crisis in a girl's life, but in this, as in everything else, she has no choice. Her parents often have no idea of consulting the tastes of their daughter, and girls are

ENTRANCE TO A PERSIAN VILLAGE

A PERSIAN PEASANT FAMILY



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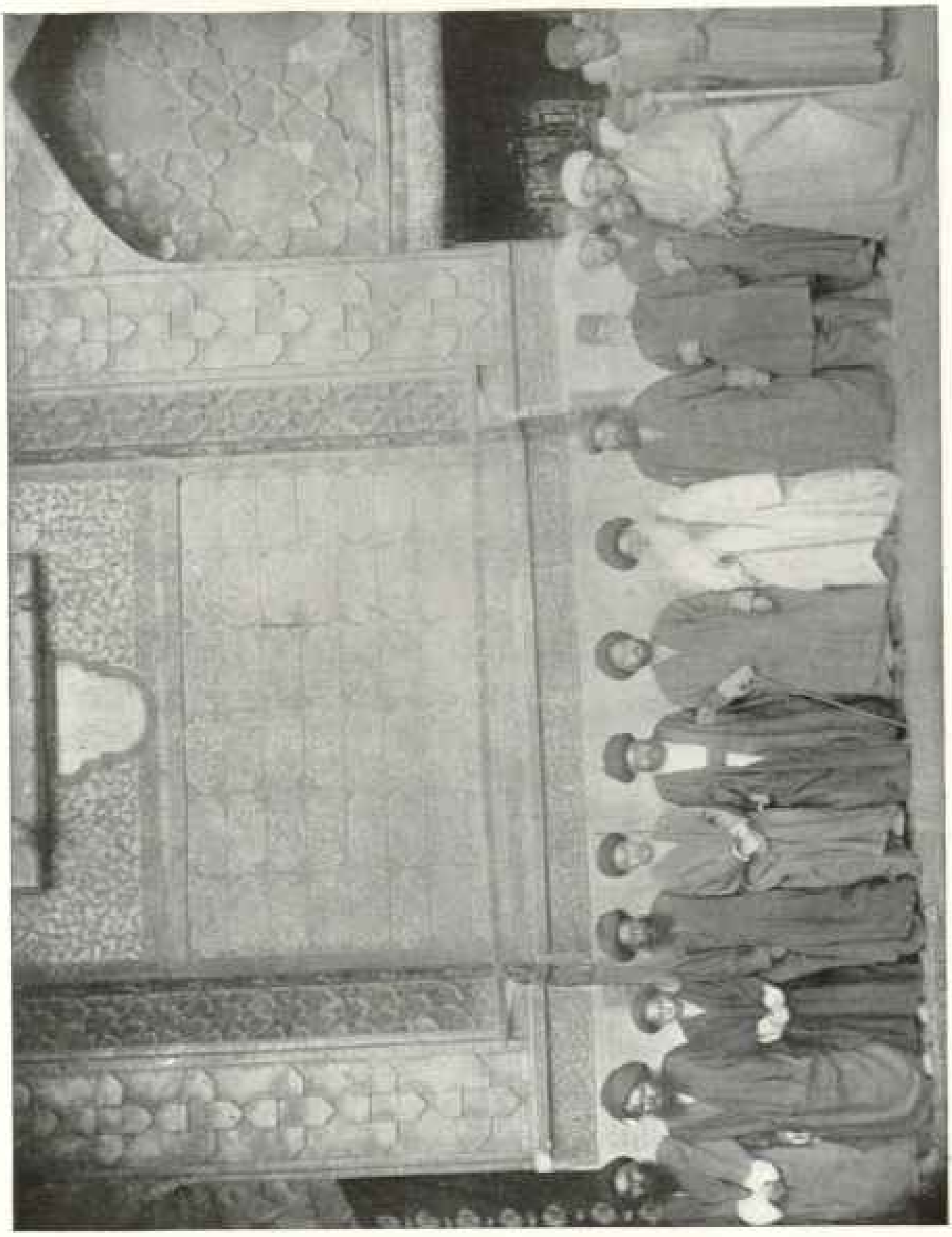

THE SHRINE "IMAM REZA"
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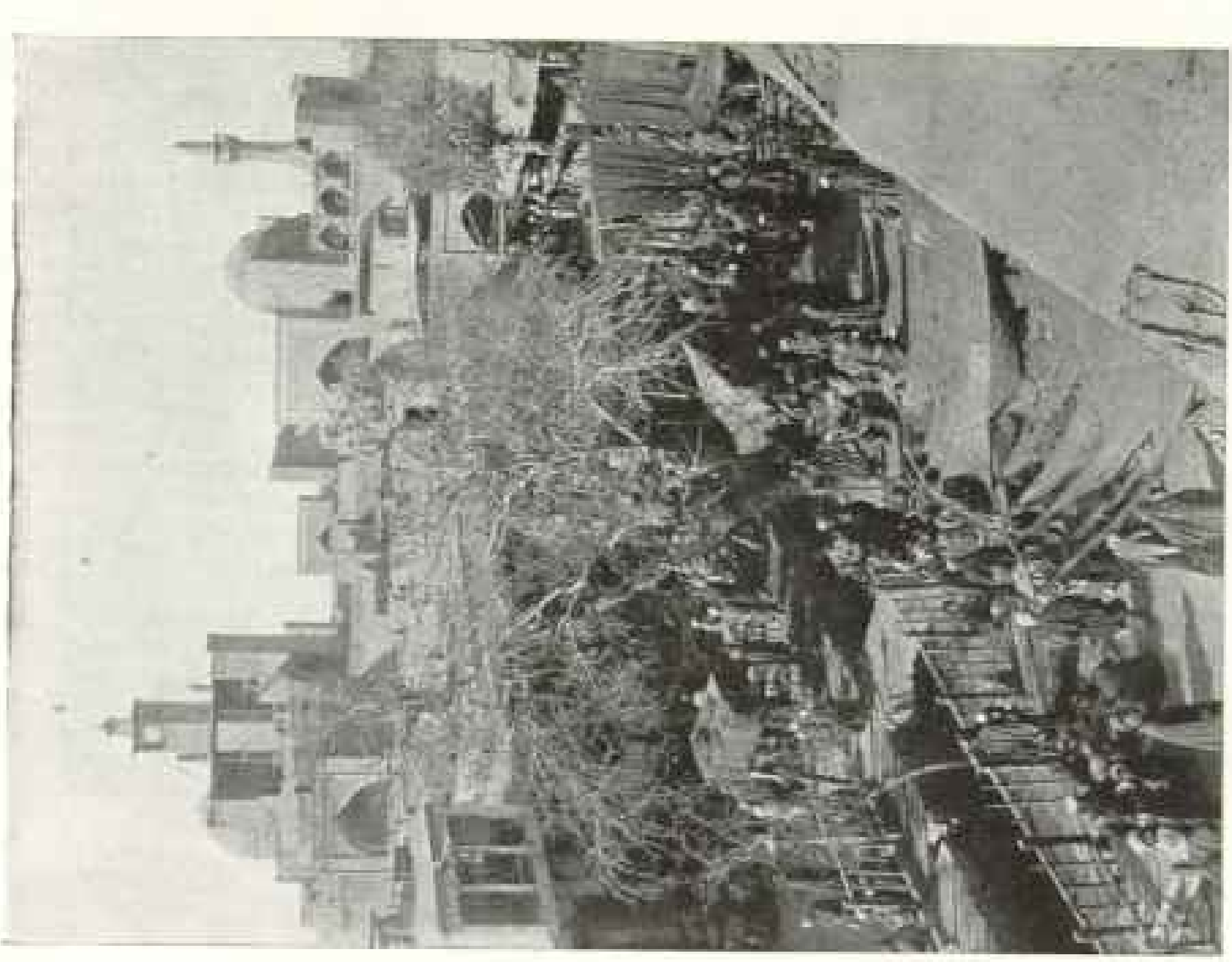
ZOROASTRIAN OR FIRE-WORSHIPER



PARSEE FUNERAL: THE SHROUD AND MOURNERS

sometimes handed over to men old enough to be their fathers or even grandfathers; there is also much marriage among cousins in order to keep the property of a family together.

Once married, the young wife's strongest wish is to become the mother of a son, for she knows that her husband's affection, and, in fact, her entire position, depends on this. If no son is born to a man he will take to himself a second wife, or perhaps divorce the first, and it may easily be imagined what jealousy and heart-burning are roused if there are rival wives in the same establishment.

In any case a wife cannot be a real companion to her husband. It is not etiquette for him to be seen with her in public; he may not salute her should he recognize her in the street; her secluded life prevents her from knowing what is going on in the world, and she is not acquainted with any of his friends, nor can he meet any of hers. Consequently he spends his days apart from her and usually eats with his men friends, the women of the household finishing what he may leave.

A woman's great consolation lies in her children, there being much filial piety in Persia, though the son's love for his mother has apparently no influence on his behavior toward his wife.

TERRORS OF THE HEREAFTER

When a woman becomes old her thoughts turn often to the other world, and she makes up her mind to go on a pilgrimage. The Prophet, it is related, when permitted a glance into hell, found that the great majority of the victims writhing in torment were women. As lions with 7,000 teeth and vipers with 7,000 fangs mingle with fiends, all working away with a will to torture the luckless inmates of the infernal regions, most women would count no effort too great to escape from such a doom. Only by a life of unremitting virtue can they attain to a paradise into which apparently any man may enter with comparative ease.

A woman knows, however, that a pilgrimage to Mecca, Kerbela, or Meshed will save her from the terrible Mohammedan hell, and she cajoles what money she can from her husband, sells her jewels, and starts off with a party of friends and servants. Meshed, being in her own country, is probably the goal of her journey, and what a journey it is for a woman well advanced in years and unaccustomed to exertion! If she cannot afford the swaying *takht-i-ravan*, or litter, she must sit cramped up in a *kajaveh*, or pannier, strapped on one side of a mule, or else ride astride on a rough pack-saddle. However hot may be the weather, she must keep her face covered up and her figure shrouded in the all-enveloping black cloak.

At sunset she will arrive at some caravanserai; her servant will sweep out a recess for her, will hang a carpet before the opening, and spread out her *resais*, or cotton quilts, and all night long she will hear the noise of mules and the talk of the muleteers, and will probably be troubled by the insect life which is very active in these rest-houses.

Day after day her mule jolts her over great plains destitute of a single tree and with only vetch or camel thorn sprinkled on the gravelly soil. She will cross the ranges by passes that lead into other plains, the replica of those which she has traversed; her food will probably be insufficient, and she will be forced to drink water often brackish and sometimes absolutely foul, for she has no filter with which to purify it.

At last, coming to the crest of a hill, she sees the glint of a gilded dome and knows that the goal of her journey, the sacred shrine of the Imam Reza, is not far off, and that from henceforth she will bear the proud title of *Meshedi*. She and all the other pilgrims dismount and prostrate themselves in adoration, and before sunset the party is entering Meshed by a gateway badly in need of repair and our lady's servant has got quarters for his mistress in a house as near the shrine as may be.

The next day she will betake herself to the shrine, where she will be met by a band of *Seyids* (descendants of the

GATEWAY OF A PERSIAN CITY

A VILLAGE PASSION PLAY: NOTE THE WOMEN WATCHERS ON THE WALL

Prophet), one of whom will recite to her the proper Arabic prayers, which she must repeat after him, and he will tell her where to make her genuflexions. She will gaze in amazement at the jewels, the magnificent carpets, and the weapons hung on the walls of the shrine, and she will join the band of pilgrims who pass round the silver trellis-work that encloses the body of the Imam Reza, kissing with fervor the silver padlocks of the gates.

She will also visit the beautiful mosque close by, and will pay a priest to read portions of the Koran to her daily, as it is improbable that she can peruse the Mohammedan bible herself. In the screened-off portion of the mosque, set apart for women, she will meet the friends from her native city, and will spend much of her time in conversing with them. A whole year may elapse before she makes up her mind to return to her husband and family, and indeed she is not greatly needed at home. Her children, if they are young, are in the charge of a faithful slave, and, as her husband has always engaged the servants, and has disbursed all money required for the household and has overlooked the accounts, she is hardly wanted at all.

EARLY PREPARATIONS FOR THE END

Day after day, in approaching the shrine, she walks over a pavement composed of countless flat tombstones, and she sometimes wonders whether she may not have the good fortune to die in the holy city, in which case her bones would be laid to rest in this great cemetery and she would go straight to paradise. Persians pay from $50 to $500 for a grave near the shrine. But they do not remain in possession of it very long. Directly the inscription cut on the stone is worn down by the feet of the myriads of pilgrims, the corpse is dug up and its place is taken by a new occupant with a new stone, or even the old one recut!

If the Persian lady, however, makes her way home, she will die in the odor of sanctity and with the coveted title of pilgrimage, and her body may form one of that terrible caravan of corpses returning to the shrine to be buried that the traveler sometimes meets in the neighborhood of Meshed or of Koom.

When she dies the hired mourners arrive to weep and lament; all water in the house is thrown away lest the inmates be afflicted with colic; a priest recites the Koran, and the corpse is placed in the coffin with a stick under each armpit. This is for the purpose of enabling the deceased woman to raise herself when the blue-eyed angels come to question her as to her orthodoxy. If she can answer to their satisfaction her coffin will expand to the size of a room, but if they are not pleased with her, her last resting-place will close in upon her, all animals being able to hear her shrieks of agony as she is thus tormented. Even if all go well, she has to pass the Bridge of Sirat, "finer than a hair and sharper than a sword," which spans the fires of hell, and only a minority of women can tread this in safety and enter into the regions of the blessed. Here apparently the Prophet did not contemplate that husbands and wives should meet one another again, and we find that the women are relegated to a paradise of their own with angel attendants. In fact, this glimpse of the life of a Persian woman assuredly bears out my contention that she has the worst of it in every way, from the moment of her birth even to her life in the world beyond the grave.

THE POSITION OF THE SLAVE

I have said that Persian domestic life was really patriarchal, and I cannot leave this subject without mention of the servants and slaves who form so important a part of a Persian household. The former are treated as members of the family; their master calls them *batchaha* (children); he feeds and clothes them, and, if displeased with them, orders them to be bastinadoed. They are supposed to be paid their wages in cash, but, as ready money is usually scarce in Persia, their master often rewards them in a somewhat ingenious manner. He will employ them to carry a gift to some

superior, who must give the bearers the value of the offering in coin of the realm. Europeans, on their arrival in the country, are often victimized in this way. A dish of apples, a melon, or perhaps a few limes will be presented to a *feringhi* (foreigner) with great ceremony, the worthless present placed on a beautifully chased metal tray covered with a magnificently embroidered cloth!

The servants purchase everything needed for the household in the bazaars, an honest domestic taking a 10 per cent commission on all he buys, and they collect the gossip of the town with which to amuse their masters. Servants burst into the conversation of their betters at any moment, and, though in some ways they may like the service of a European, with its fixed money wage, yet they constantly feel "left out of it" as they hear the unknown language of their employers.

Curiously enough, the slave has in many ways a most enviable position in Persia. He has cost much money; therefore he is given the best of food and clothing and is never forced to do hard work. Having no family of his own, he is supposed to center all his interests in that of his master, and the latter will often leave him in charge of his children and his valuables. A slave frequently amasses a fortune if he is in the service of a highly placed official, for all visitors will bribe him in order that he may curry favor for them with his master; but he seldom wishes to purchase his freedom.

SUPERSTITION A FUNDAMENTAL CHARACTERISTIC

From this article it will be judged that Persia is neither an enlightened or progressive country; but only those who have lived there can understand the state of superstition in which the people live. Soothsayers and dervishes are consulted on every occasion, no business or journey being undertaken, no doctor summoned, or even medicine drunk unless the omens are ascertained to be propitious.

Ghouls, demons, *jinns*, and *afrits* haunt all ruins and lonely places. The former disagreeable visitants are so active at night that no Persian will sleep alone, and many a well-to-do man hires a priest to share his room and keep off these powers of darkness. The *jinn* is usually invisible, and on account of this no one would dare to fling hot water away with a splash or even throw stones, lest a *jinn* lurking near should be injured and wreak vengeance on its unconscious aggressors.

From the highest to the lowest there is a firm belief in the "evil eye". A prosperous Persian woman will dress her baby boy on his rare outings in common clothing, because, if some passer-by, attracted by fine attire, were to admire the child's beauty without adding the saving expression *Mashallah* (God is great), illness or accident would be sure to follow.

Blue is the color to avert the "evil eye", and all who can afford it wear a turquoise, the poor and animals being obliged to put up with blue glass beads.

Medicine must also be classed among the category of superstitions. A man in a burning fever will be laid in the ice-cold water of the channel that flows through the garden, because he is suffering from hell fire; the *jinns* are supposed to be beating a man in a fit of epilepsy; ground-up rubies and pearls are given to the rich as powerful tonics, and powdered glass is actually used to allay the inflammation in sore eyes! Witchcraft is suspected to be the cause of many an ailment, and there are countless recipes for foiling the exponents of the black art.

But in the limits of a short article it is difficult to do more than give a mere glance at Persia and its people. The writer, however, hopes that what she has written may interest people in a country that has had such a long and often glorious history and that is even now engaged in the difficult experiment of changing an old-world autocracy into a constitutional government.

Khoda hafiz-i-shuma—Good-bye.

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE PORTUGAL

By Oswald Crawfurd

The early navigators of this youngest of republics discovered Brazil and both of the ocean routes to the Indies—via Cape of Good Hope and Magellan Strait. Her present population is about that of New York City, and her size corresponds to Maine or Indiana. According to statistics, her people have the longest heads in Europe and are also the smallest in stature. Three-fourths of the population above six years of age can neither read nor write, notwithstanding a law passed in 1844 making primary education compulsory. The following article is abstracted from "The Contemporary Review" of Edinburgh.

TRAVELERS leaving the unquiet waters of the Bay of Biscay behind them and getting their first sight of the peninsular mountains on the steamer's port bow must often have asked themselves, How has it come to be that, in this huge Iberian peninsula, one little slice of territory facing the western sea has remained independent throughout the ages, when so many other and seemingly more powerful principalities have tottered and gone to the ground?

Is the country too mountainous and inaccessible to permit invasion and conquest, like Wales or our British highlands? Or is there some peculiar virtue or quality in the inhabitants of this corner of the land that has served to keep it free and untainted by the foot of the conqueror? Or, again, has some one great man stood forth in the hour of his country's need, repelled the invader, and left lasting traditions of freedom and independence, never afterwards to be forgotten?

Nearly all these questions can be answered in the affirmative, and Portugal owes her existence to this day as a nation, not to any one of the circumstances here suggested, but to all of them conjointly.

The territory of Portugal is in point of fact a huge fortress whose enceinte is constituted by ranges of mountains in the north and in the east, and by the sea on its western and southern frontiers; but no fortress is safe from attack and capture unless the garrison is adequate, and the Portuguese have shown themselves at all times of their history, from the first forlorn hope of their uprising, under Sertorius, against the Romans, a people apt for freedom and strong and stout in opposing foreign domination.

The country is indeed hard of access, but not inaccessible, as has been proved in every age of its history, and, compared to almost any part of Spain, its fertility, the amenity of its climate, and the richness of its soil have invited invasion. There is nothing in Portugal resembling the vast, arid, sunburnt, central tableland which constitutes nine-tenths of the neighboring country. The whole kingdom, sloping from the frontier mountains to the sea, forms a succession of fertile valleys interspersed with rich alluvial plains, watered by innumerable rivers, streams, brooks, rivulets, and water-springs; the air, tempered by breezes from the sea and mountains, and made agreeable by wood and stream, is far more genial than that of the great Spanish tableland. It is a region that has been coveted by the dwellers on the barren Iberian uplands in an age when agricultural wealth was nearly the only wealth.

In the early days of savagedom this region was eagerly colonized by Rome, and, later on, seized and settled on by Gothic tribes from the north, and, after that, appropriated by the Mahometan Moors. It was against these latter, and against the several nations of Spain that were beginning to rise to power against the yoke of Islam, that the first effectual struggle for freedom was made by the

inhabitants of Portugal—a struggle that ended in the constitution of the nation which is now modern Portugal.

THE LIBERATOR OF PORTUGAL

It might have seemed at first a hopeless struggle against overwhelming and impossible odds, and that the issue of independence could only be reached by a miracle. When seeming miracles come to pass in human affairs they generally happen by the action of some heroic personage who is also a man of genius. So it was with Portugal, and her hero, a greater one by far than the nearly contemporary Cid, El Campeador, in Spain, was the conqueror Affonzo Henriquez. The deeds of this Portuguese warrior king are authentically recorded in the dry chronicles of three nationalities, and in geographical and historic events whose effects and consequences subsist to our day. The actions of the Spanish champion, a condottiere captain who fought for his own hand mainly, now with, now against the infidels, were internationally as fruitless as the victories in the Trojan war. They have left no trace in history; they are suspected, indeed, to be partly mythical; but the memory of them lives, and will live always, for they are recorded in one of the great epics of the world.

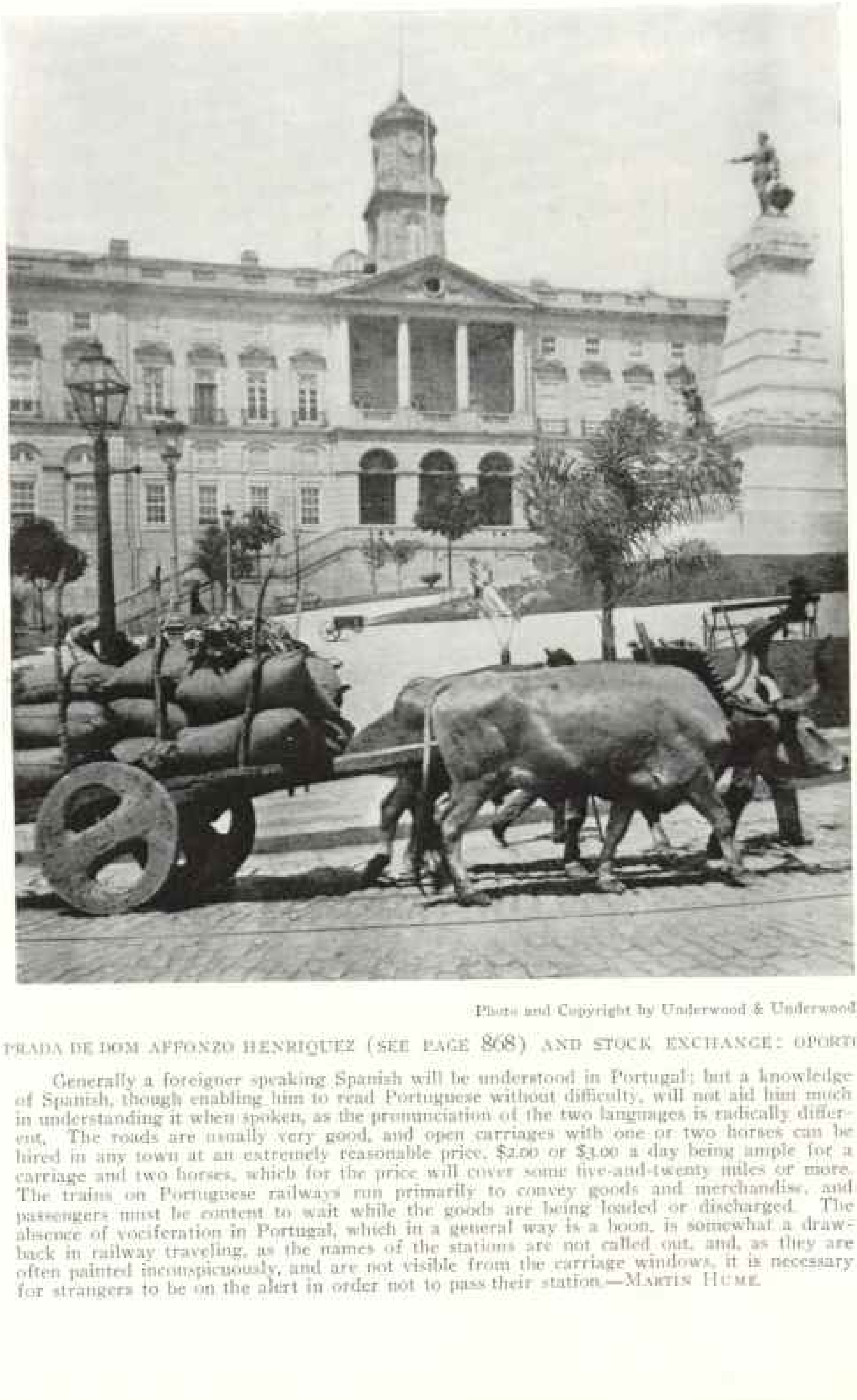
Portugal has had two great epochs during which the doings of its people were of international importance and have left their mark enduringly on the history of the world. The first, the long fight for freedom under King Affonzo Henriquez, nearly synchronized with the second and unsuccessful crusade and was indeed itself a crusade, for the Portuguese king and his people were fighting the battle of Christian Europe for the Cross as strenuously and as effectively, in Lusitania, as Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard Coeur de Lion fought for it in Syria. The news had come to northern Europe that a champion of the Faith was holding his own against the Crescent in Portugal, and when the king resolved to attack and besiege the central Moorish stronghold at Lisbon, he obtained the help of a large body of crusaders from North Germany and the low countries, who sailed for the East from the mouths of the Rhine and put in at Dartmouth.

The Cross prevailed in the end and Islam fell, and with it the Moslem power in Portugal. The conqueror spared the citizens of Lisbon. The religious fanaticism and intolerance that have marked later periods of Iberian history were then unknown, and the great Moorish city continued its prosperous existence under equal laws imposed by its Christian conqueror. Evidence of the humane tolerance of the Portuguese is clear to this day to any one who passes from any northern city of the kingdom to Lisbon. The type of the Lisbon crowds is still that of the dark Moorish race who dwell in Tangiers and Fez.

Affonzo Henriquez, king, patriot, conqueror, and legislator, the real maker of Portugal, was succeeded during the first century of Portuguese history by monarchs who followed in his footsteps and maintained his great traditions. This is the first and most glorious period in the history of Portugal, but there has been a second memorable epoch in which Portugal has stood forth prominent among the nations and done more than her share to advance the civilization of the world.

HER INTREPID EXPLORERS

This second great epoch was inaugurated by Prince Henry the Navigator, at Sagres, at the extreme southern end of Portugal. Prince Henry built an astronomical observatory, studied the then almost unknown art and science of navigation, and despatched exploring expeditions at his own cost into the unknown ocean to the south and to the west. He discovered Madeira and the Azores and explored the eastern coast of Africa as far south as Cape Boiador, in the tropics. Prince Henry's fame presently drew to Sagres, as to a college of the science of navigation, the sons of Portuguese nobles, who caught from him that spirit of maritime enterprise which during the succeeding centuries made Portugal one of the great colonizing nations of the world. The rare and difficult art of



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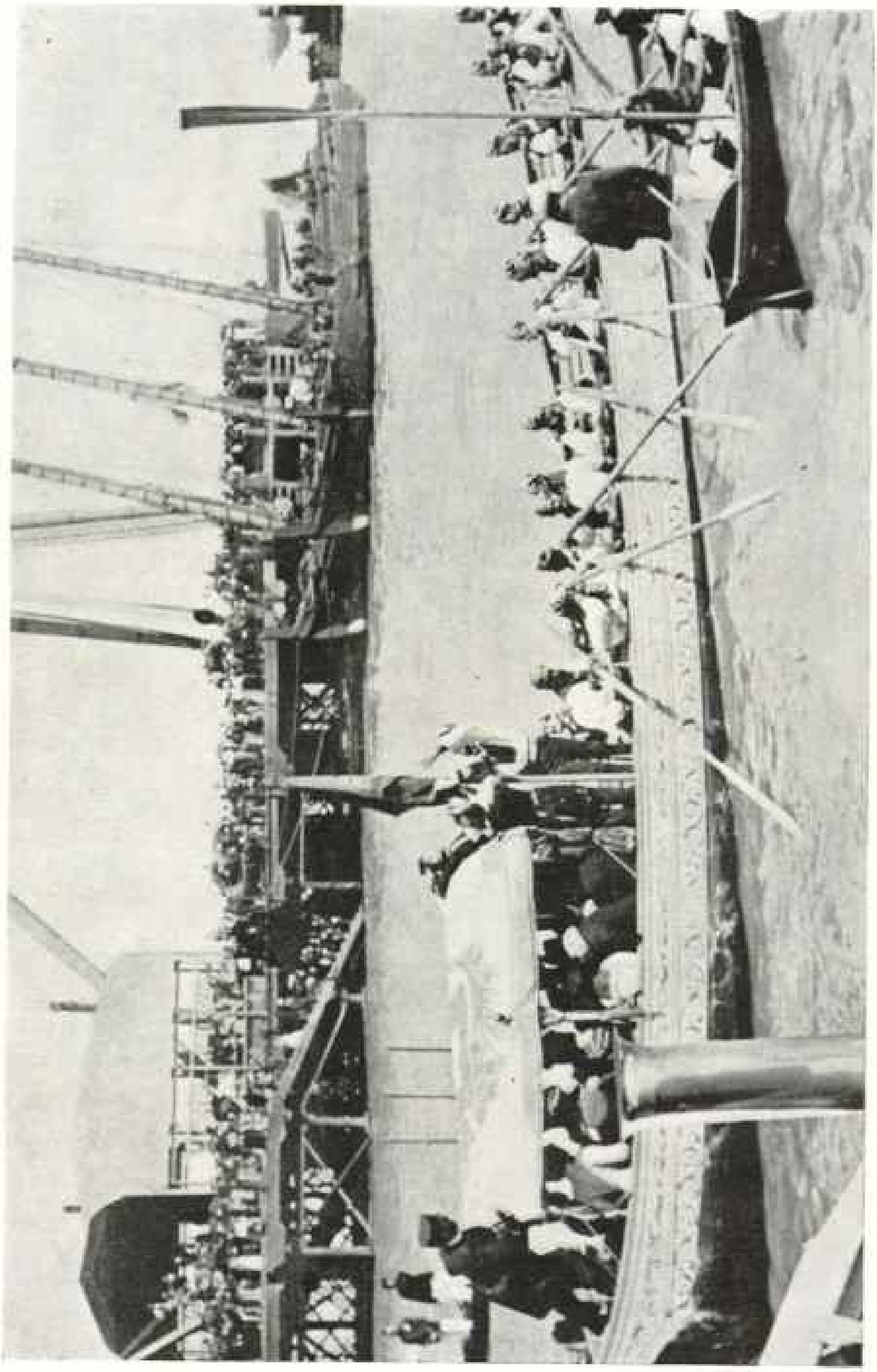
PRAÇA DE DOM AFFONZO HENRIQUEZ (SEE PAGE 868) AND STOCK EXCHANGE: OPORTO

Generally a foreigner speaking Spanish will be understood in Portugal; but a knowledge of Spanish, though enabling him to read Portuguese without difficulty, will not aid him much in understanding it when spoken, as the pronunciation of the two languages is radically different. The roads are usually very good, and open carriages with one or two horses can be hired in any town at an extremely reasonable price, $2.00 or $3.00 a day being ample for a carriage and two horses, which for the price will cover some five-and-twenty miles or more. The trains on Portuguese railways run primarily to convey goods and merchandise, and passengers must be content to wait while the goods are being loaded or discharged. The absence of vociferation in Portugal, which in a general way is a boon, is somewhat a drawback in railway traveling, as the names of the stations are not called out, and, as they are often painted inconspicuously, and are not visible from the carriage windows, it is necessary for strangers to be on the alert in order not to pass their station.—MARTIN HUME.



THE ROYAL BARGE AT LISBON

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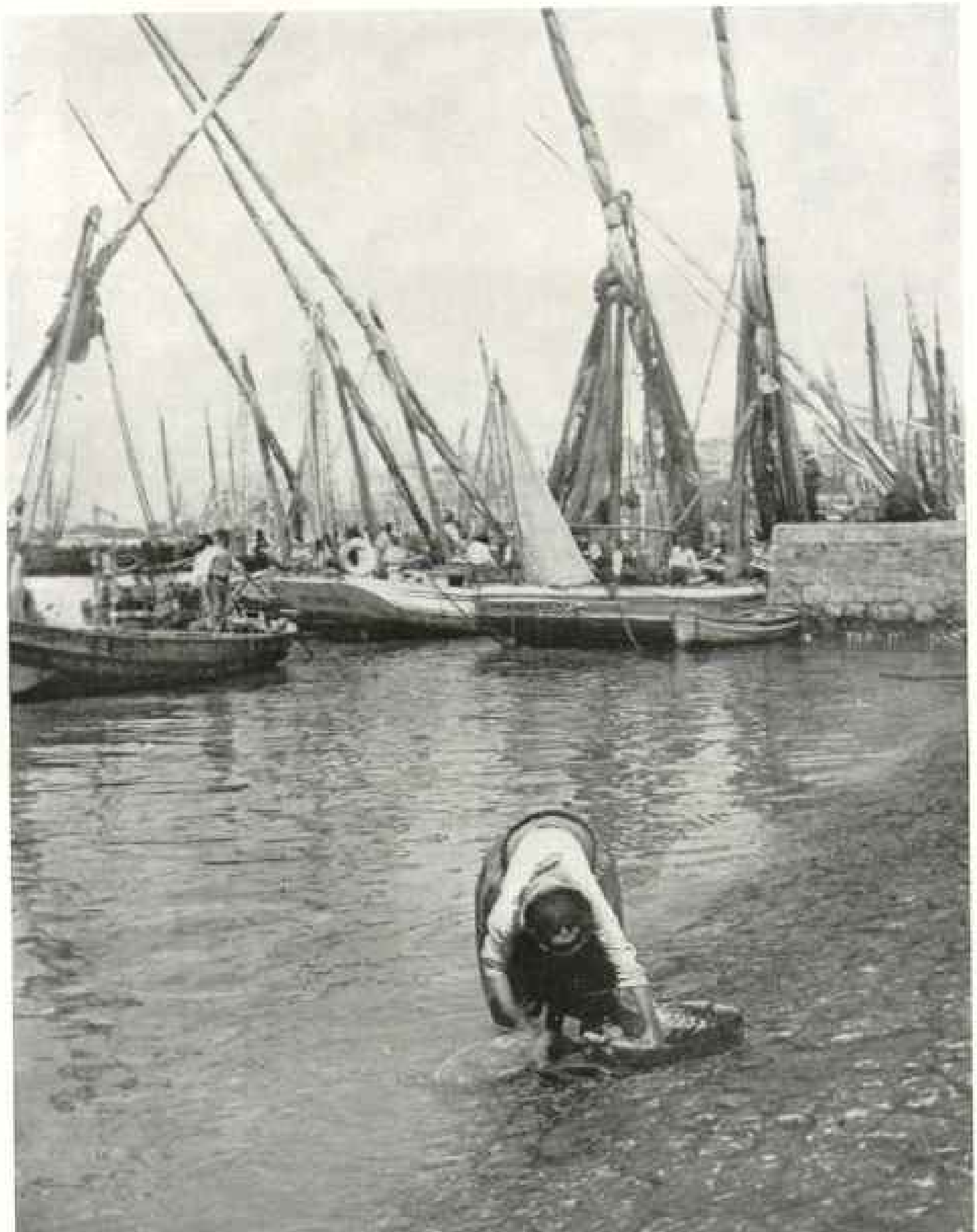

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THE FISHING FLEET ON THE TAGUS: LISBON

THE MONASTERY AT ALCOBACA

Built by Affonzo Henriques, the liberator, to commemorate the Portuguese defeats of the Moors. The buildings are now used as barracks. The most striking objects in the Chapel of Tombs are two magnificent sarcophagi in florid decorated Gothic. The recumbent figures of king and queen upon them, as fair and perfect as the day they were sculptured, rest, not hand in hand as upon most similar tombs, but foot to foot. These are the sepulchers of Pedro the Just and Ines de Castro, for the faithful king ordered the body of himself and his beloved to be laid thus, so that when the universal trumpet should call him to arise, the first object upon which his reopened eyes should rest would be her, who, though unwed, was yet his wife through all eternity (see page 886).

colonization was not learnt in a day by Portugal, but it has never been forgotten. Other and wealthier nations have lost most of their oversea holdings, or keep them still with a rule so rigorous that it means servitude. The colonial kingdom of Portugal, under a wiser and more tolerant policy, has endured, not intact, indeed, but still a valuable and extensive kingdom beyond the seas.

The splendid example then set by Prince Henry the Navigator was followed by the Portuguese explorers and adventurers for nearly two centuries, and led to achievements and conquests of which the whole world is aware. It led to the great discoveries of Vasco da Gama, Pedro Cabral (the discoverer of Brazil), Amerigo Vespucci, and Magalhaes (Magellan) in the East and West Indies respectively, and to the conquests and tenure of part of India by Albuquerque; but these great triumphs must not diminish the fame of the man who first, in an age of comparative darkness, ignorance, and superstition, braved the terrors which the unknown seas then held for learned and simple alike.

Will this small nation ever again play a predominant part in the history of the world? In the modern race of the nations for wealth Portugal has established no record. It is still a small and agricultural nation, striving after industrial wealth which it has never attained and will never attain. It contains, however, in its most prosperous regions—the district lying immediately north and south of the River Douro—an object lesson in the prosperity of its yeoman farmers. This is a region where, by a slow struggle of the farmer against all the forces above him—feudal, ecclesiastic, and governmental—the small farmer has gradually won to independence and prosperity as a holder of the land. It would take more pages than this whole number contains to tell the full story of this struggle for existence and freedom which has ended in constituting a body of small yeoman farmers, their country's real strength, the like of whom is hardly to be found elsewhere.

A LAND OF YEOMEN

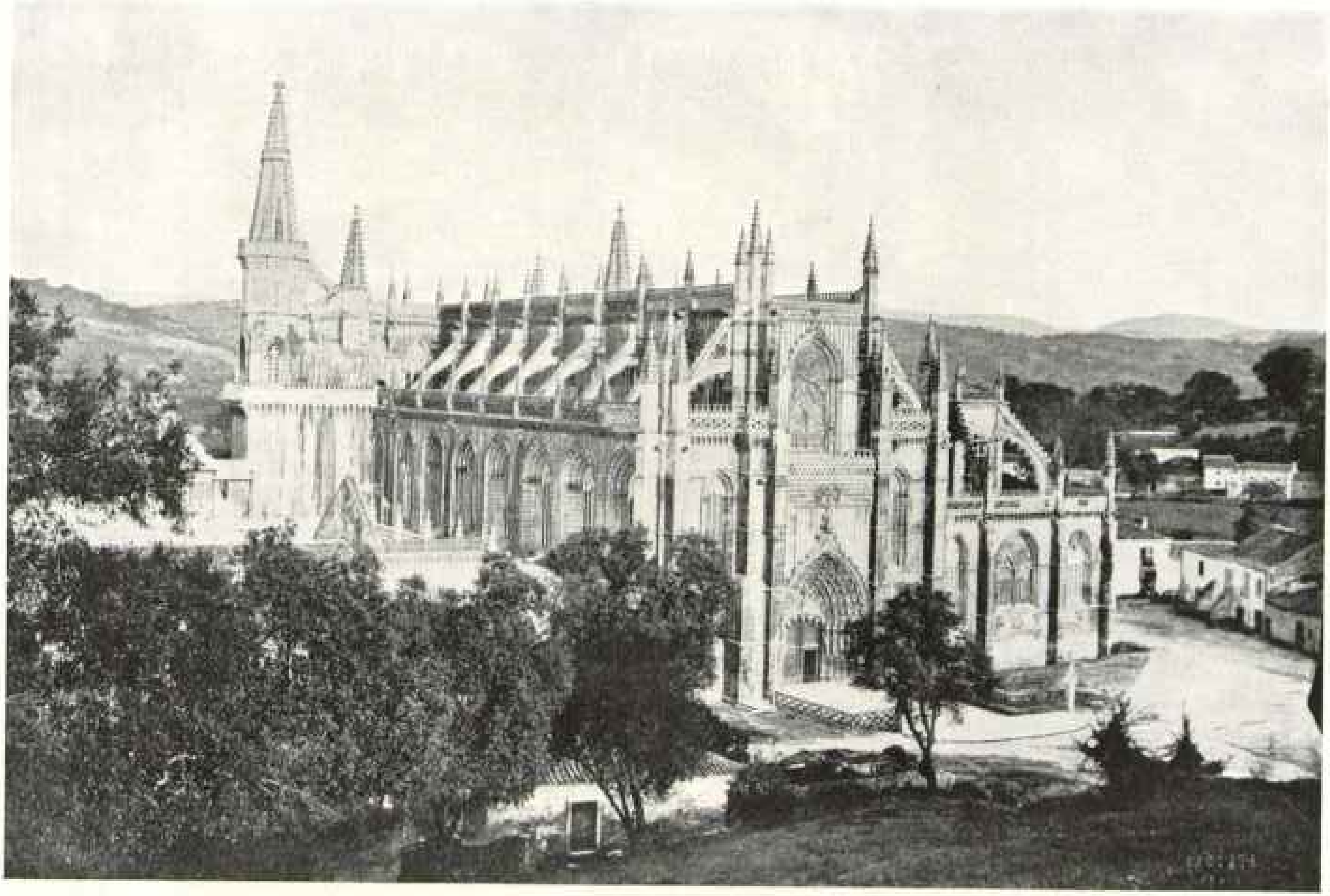
It was mainly from among this yeomanry that the regiments were recruited who fought side by side with our troops in the Peninsular War, whose hardiness and whose good pluck were the admiration of our men and officers, and of whom Wellington himself said that they were "the fighting cocks of the Peninsula."

The popular idea of Portugal, in my own experience, is that it is a sort of second-class Spain, the people lazy and idle, the language ugly and difficult, the literature poor. This report, absolutely and demonstrably false as it is, would be corroborated by most Spaniards. Neighbor nations seldom love each other. They seldom understand each other, and Spaniards and Portuguese are no exception. This attitude toward each other has been likened to that of two men sitting back to back on a bench who will neither turn nor speak to each other.

It is of course an error to consider either Spaniards or Portuguese as a single race. Galicians, Asturians, Aragonese, Castilians, and Andalusians differ among themselves as much as the man of northern Portugal from the dweller south of the Tagus. The difference in both countries is often as marked as that between Germans and Italians.

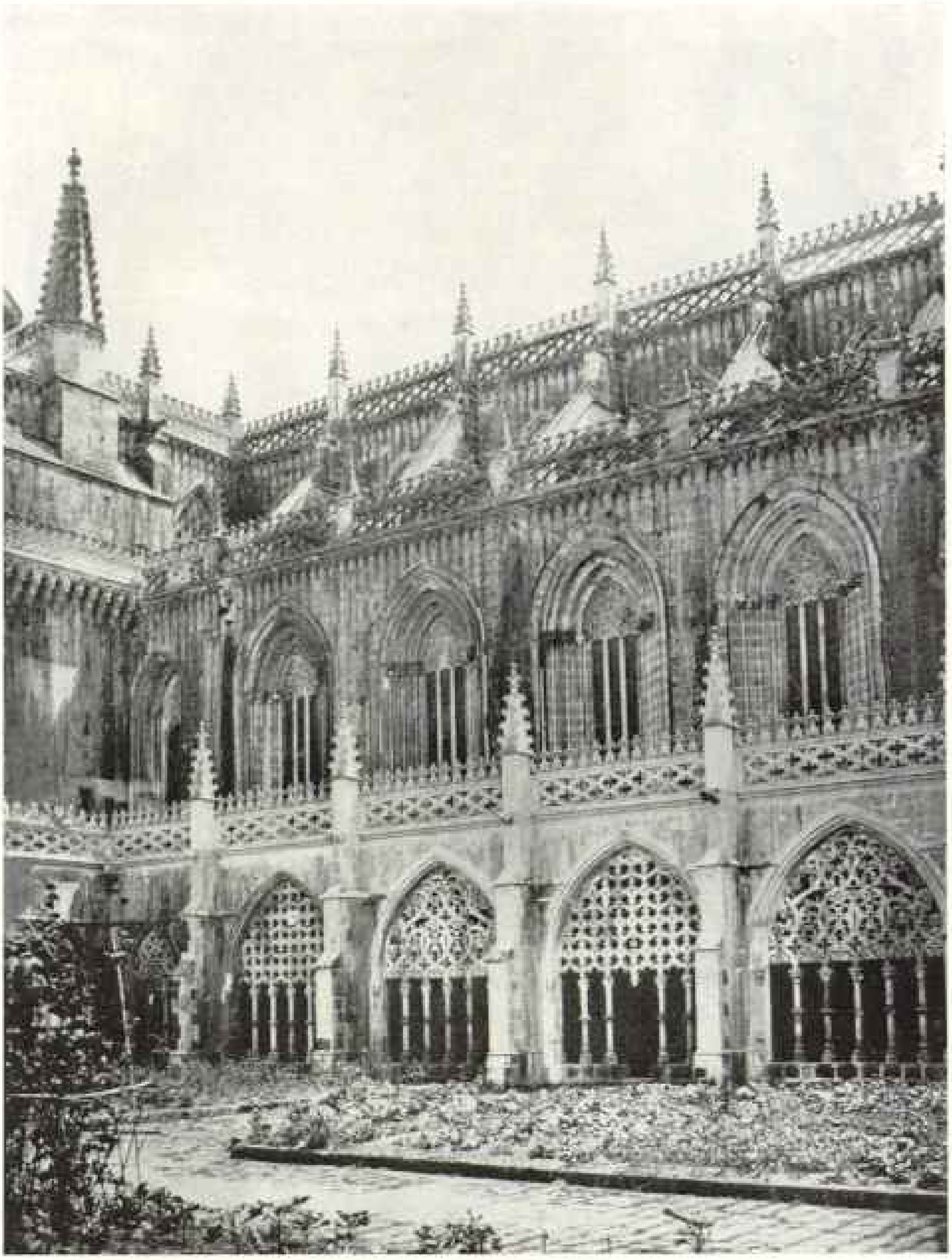
Portugal has been less written about than perhaps any country of its size and importance in Europe. The difficult Portuguese language has been a bar to the traveler and travel-writer.

Portugal is nearly the same now as it was ten, twenty, perhaps fifty years ago. It is an agricultural country, and in its most prosperous provinces it is a land of small proprietors, farmed by the holders themselves. I speak chiefly of the region north of the Tagus. On a 20-acre farm there can be no room for improved agricultural machinery, or for steam plows, reapers, or threshers. The land is mainly hilly, the fields are tiny and often built up into terraces by supporting walls, and their surface broken by the leaders and water channels that, in the



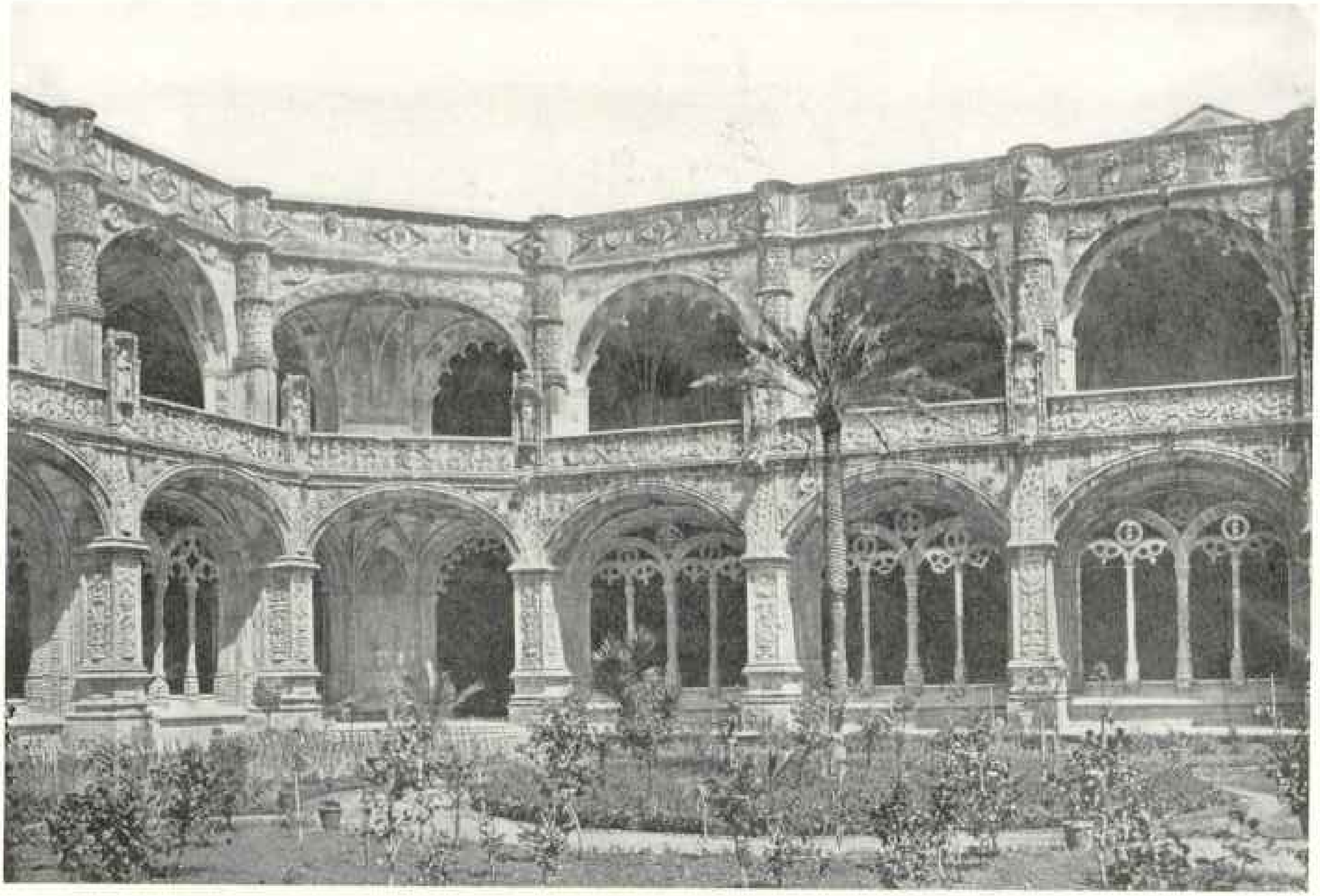
BATALHA, OR "BATTLE ABBEY," THE GLORY OF PORTUGAL

The wonder and envy of ecclesiastical architects for six centuries, and even now, dismantled as it is, one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in existence. The whole edifice is built of a marble-like limestone, which has turned to a beautiful soft yellowish cream color similar to that of an old Japanese ivory carving.



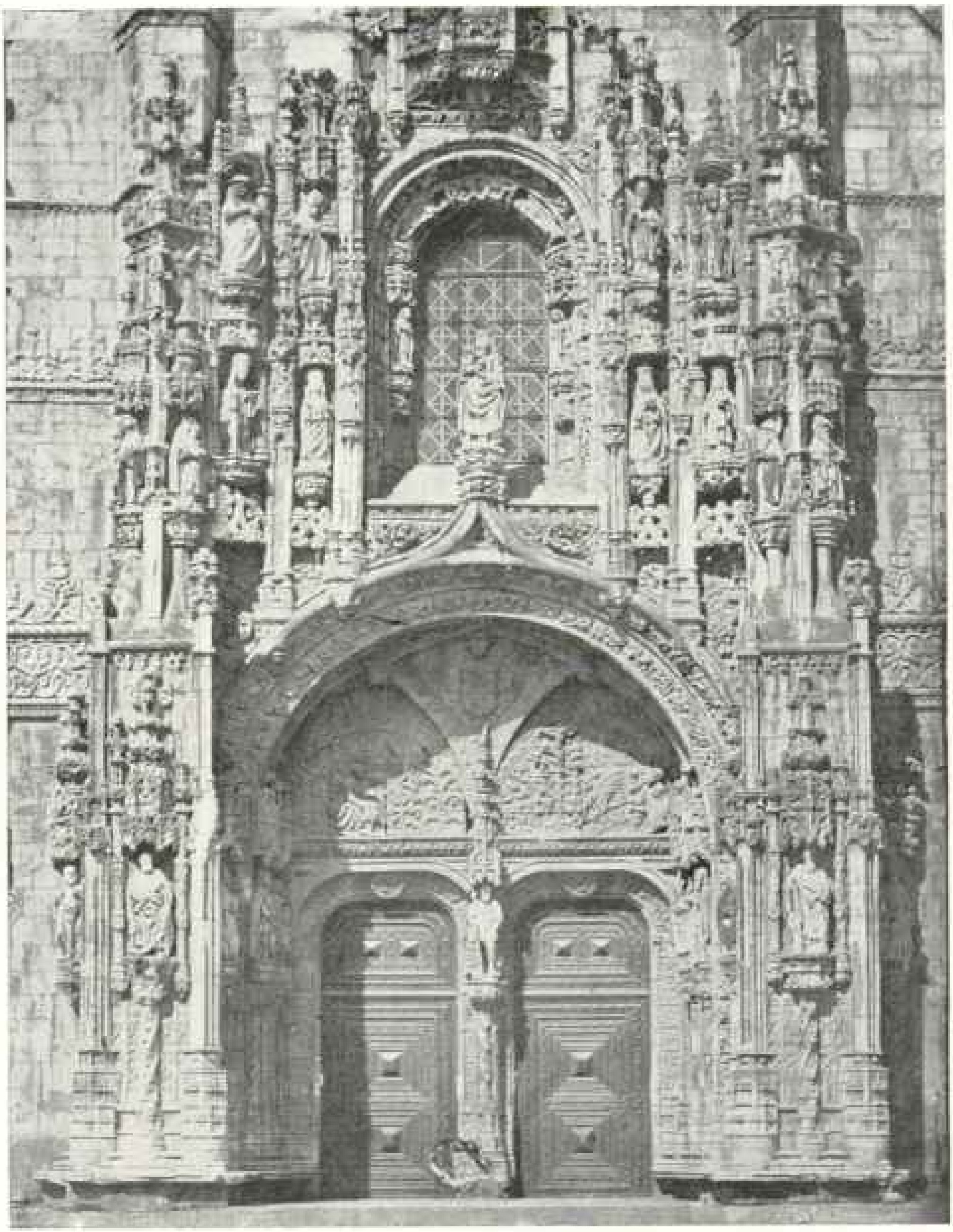
THE COURT AND ROYAL CLOISTERS OF BATALHA

Standing in the center of the court-yard and looking up at the abbey, one sees three beautiful lace-like parapets rise one above the other along the whole length, on cloister, clerestory, and nave, clear-cut edges of perfect curves against the blue sky. Each of the cloister arches is filled with stone tracery of amazing richness and variety, the cross of the Order of Christ and the armillary sphere being deftly introduced in the fretwork with great effect. This cloister, like that of Belem, seems to mark the purer and less extravagant development of the Manueline style, in which the Gothic traditions have not been entirely cast aside, and only the most callous soul could remain unmoved by its exquisite beauty.—MARTIN HUME.



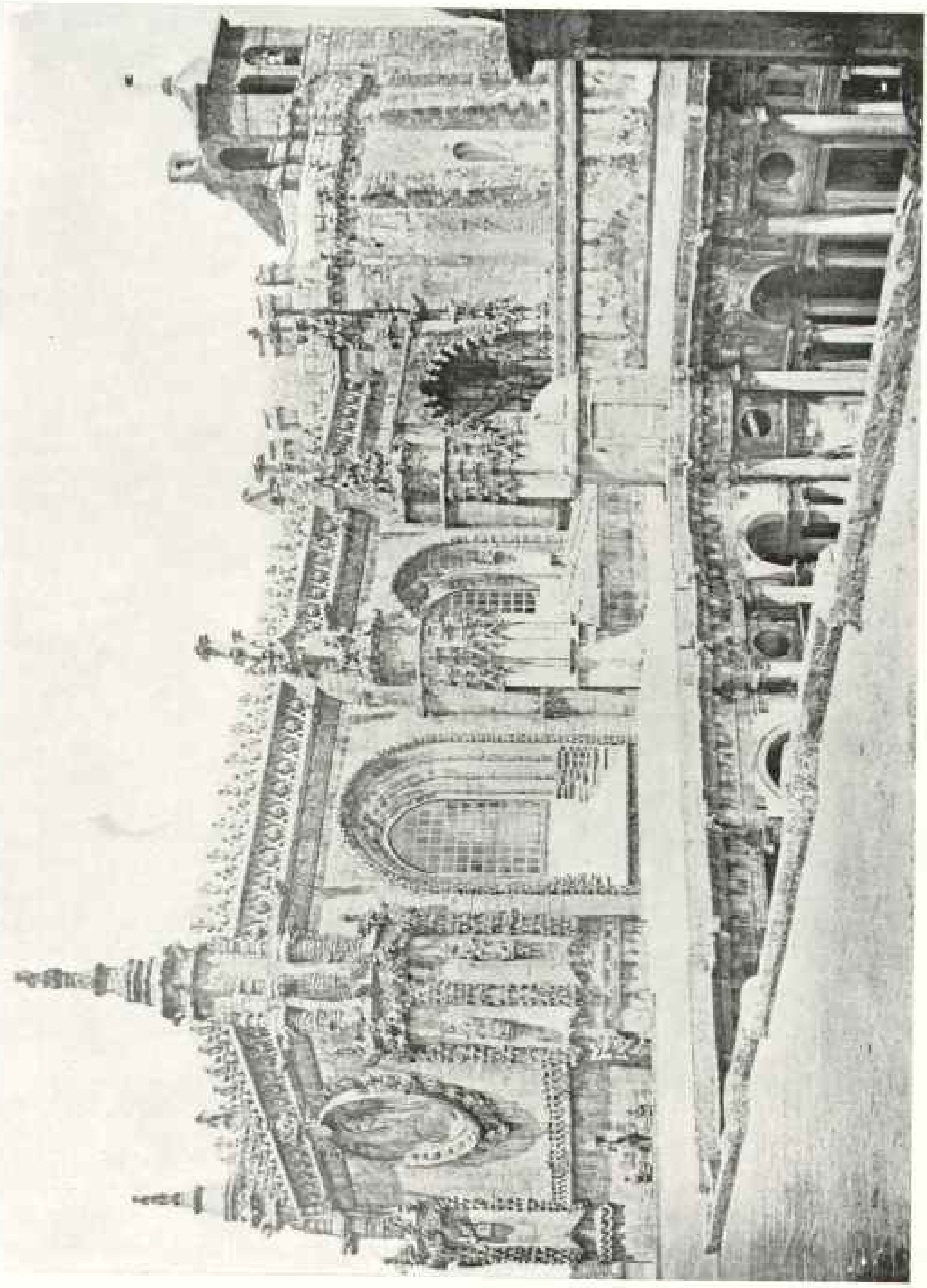
COURT AND CLOISTERS OF SAINT JEROME, AT BELEM

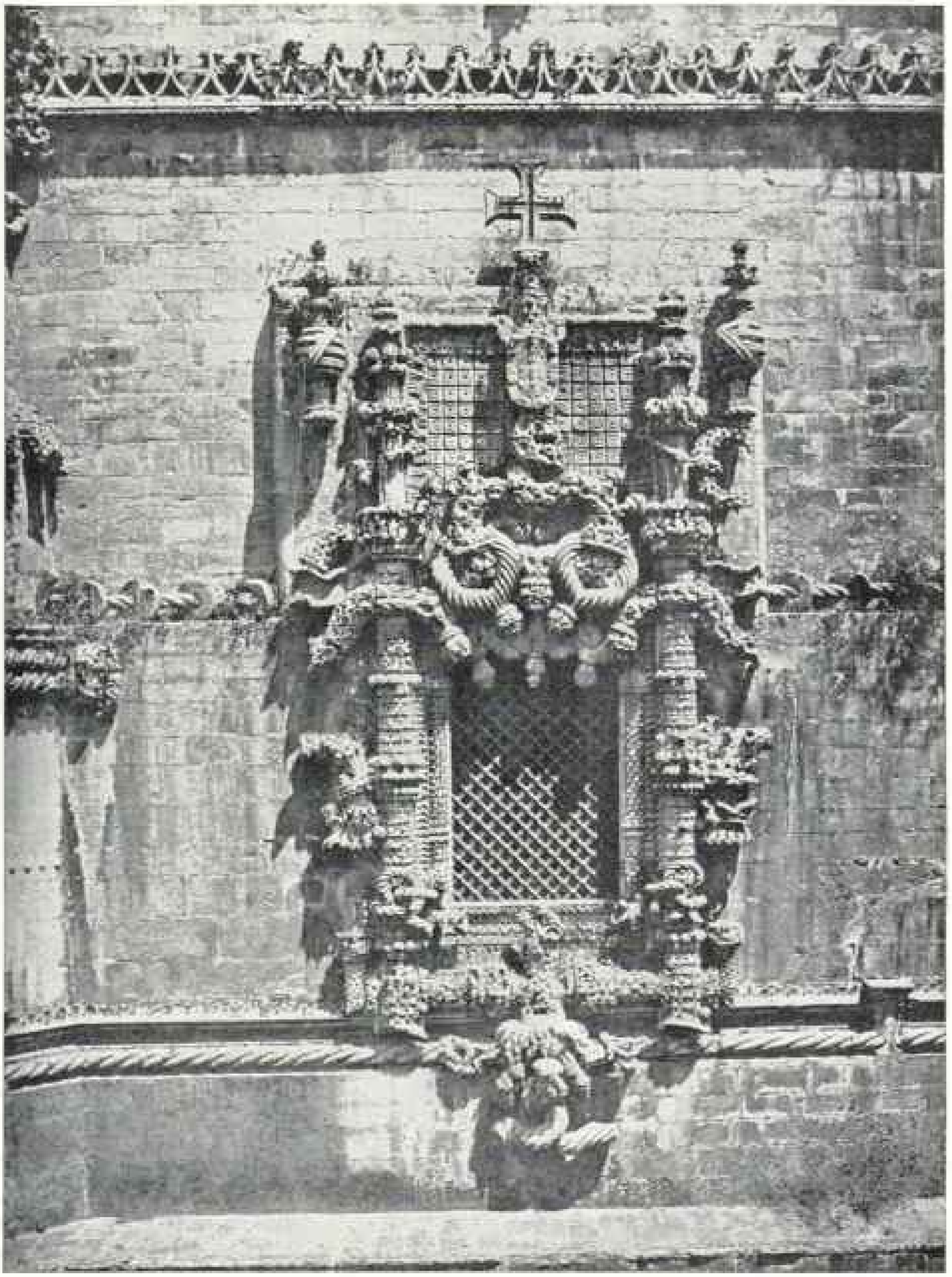
The monastery buildings of Belem shelter 1,200 orphan boys, who are there clothed, fed, and educated by the state, and it is a fine sight to witness them all at table in the great Manueline refectory of the vanished monks, and pleasant to hear the ringing of their youthful laughter as they play joyously in the stately cloisters.



THE PRINCIPAL GATE OF SAINT JEROME, BELEM, A SUBURB OF LISBON

This monastery and church was built by the kings of Portugal to commemorate the spot where Vasco da Gama landed on his return (1498) from his discovery of the first sea route to the Indies. In richness and complexity of ornament and statuary, the gate, windows, and entire building defy description. The structure is generally considered the best example of Gothic Manueline in Portugal. Vasco da Gama is buried here.





A WINDOW OF THE CHAPEL: THOMAR

Thomar was the headquarters of the crusading knights of the Order of Christ, successors in Portugal of the Templars. The remains of the ancient fortress monastery, with its wealth of carving and exuberance of style, form one of the most remarkable sights in Europe.

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WHERE THE OLD AQUEDUCT CROSSES THE ALCANTARA VALLEY: LISBON

growing season, conduct the waters of irrigation to grass, roots, and cereal crops alike. The action of an improved Newcastle plow and a pair of 16-hand cart-horses on such cramped ground would resemble the gambols of a mad bull in a china-shop.

The Roman colonists in Portugal hit upon the most fitting implement wherewith to work such fields. It is represented on innumerable ancient bas-reliefs. The Roman plow, in its simpler form, is still the implement employed on the mountain farms of Portugal. It is drawn by the slow and amenable ox, who turns, stops, or goes forward at a word or a touch, and treads deliberately, feeling his way amid the gourds and watermelons that encumber every Portuguese stubble-field. This plow is little more than the crooked branch of some hardwood tree, cut from the nearest wood, of cornel or wild cherry, shod with iron and driven with a single stilt. It is so light that a man can lift it from the ground, and, when the day's work is done, the plowman slings it between the yokes of his oxen and thus illustrates that line of Virgil which must have puzzled many an English schoolboy:

Aspice aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuvenci.

All the operations of the farm, indeed, are conducted as the Romans conducted

them, except that maize has become a cereal crop in Portugal, ever since it was imported from Brazil by the Portuguese colonists of that country in the seventeenth century, and that the Portuguese have learned from the Moors the use of the eastern water-wheel to draw up the water of wells and low-lying rivers.

The vine is still trained to the poplar or the elm, as in ancient Italy, or run over lofty trellis-work, as it still continues to be in some other countries where the Romans have left their farm traditions. The wine is made today just as the Roman agricultural writers directed it to be made 2,000 years ago. The fermentation is still checked by the fumes of burning sulphur, as it was in Roman times, and the traveler who drinks the common wines of Portugal may be sure that he tastes the self-same liquor that Horace drank and sang of on his Sabine farm. There is but one difference: it was then preserved in earthen jars (amphoræ), and now in oaken barrels; but the Roman amphora, unchanged in shape and material, is still to be seen in rural Portugal. It is borne on the women's heads to carry water from every village well.

METHODS OF GOVERNMENT

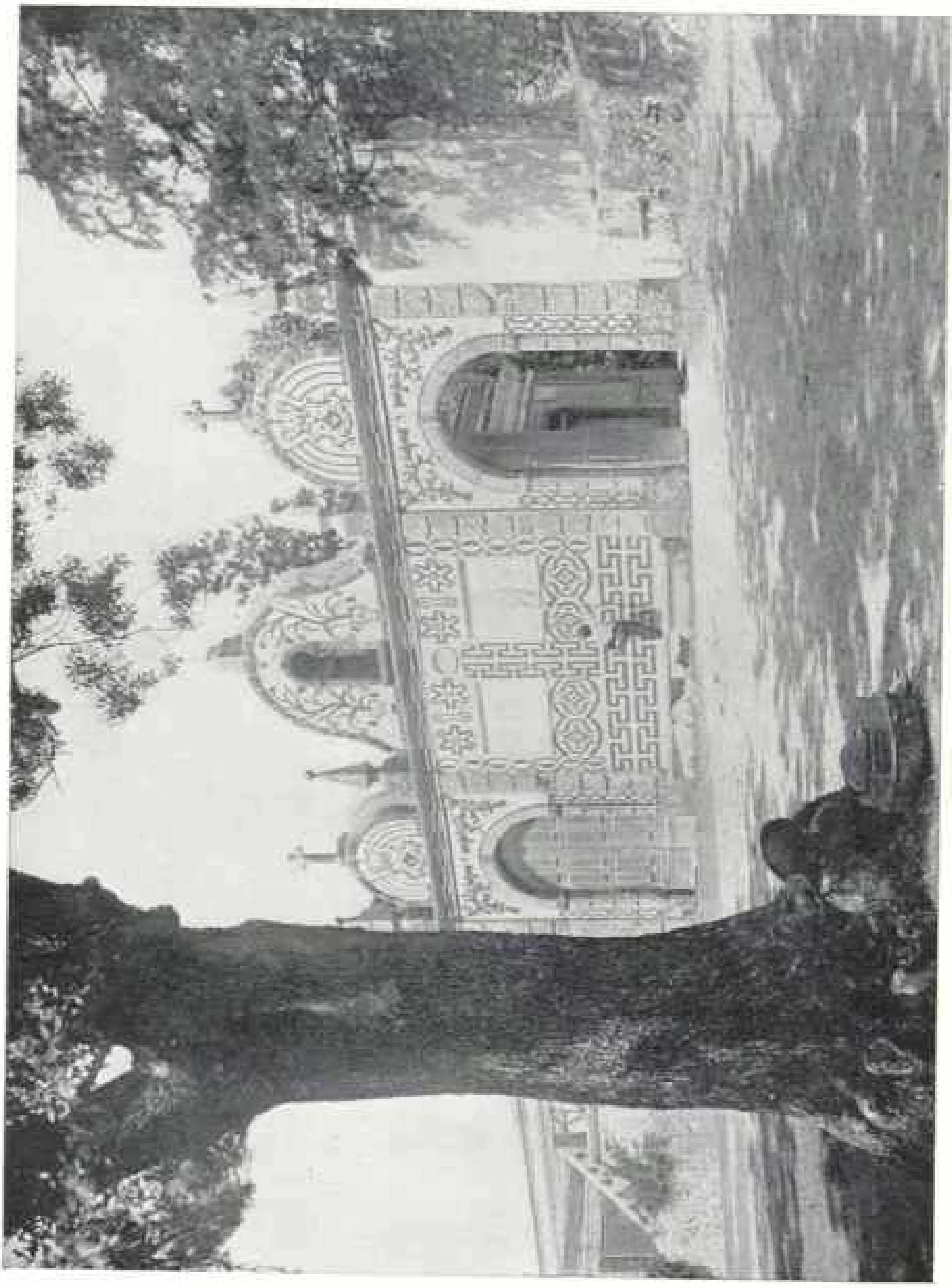
The Portuguese constitution, coming piece-meal to the country, is hardly 80 years old, and the best that can be said of it is that it took the place of very miserable methods of government, and that the Portuguese, being on the whole a shrewd and reasonable people, have made a better use of their constitution, under a line of wise and liberal monarchs, than could have been expected.

It cannot, however, be urged by the most friendly critic of the Portuguese people, that they have not been deplorably misgoverned. By common assent of the Portuguese themselves who are not active members of a political party, bribery, corruption, bad faith between governors and governed, and consequent maladministration are rife in every department of state. These facts have indeed become by-words among the people of all classes in the country. They are the topics of every-day talk in street and market-place.

The Portuguese, a wise, long-suffering people, have lived, have suffered, and have learned, too. Taking them as a whole, the Portuguese are perhaps the most unanimously patriotic people in the world. This great quality in them, existent from the remote past, is still strong, and will be sure to guide them to high issues in the future, as it has in the past. The welfare, the greatness, and the independence of their country is the end set vaguely in the mind of every self-respecting inhabitant of the country.

The modern Portuguese has somehow left his former eminence in the line of decorative art, and that he should have done so is one of the puzzles that modern Portugal presents. I will not attempt to solve it; I will only note that evidence of high artistic traditions meet the traveler everywhere. It is to be found abundantly in articles of domestic use made in Portugal two or three hundred years ago, in the fine repoussé silver plate, in the faience from Portuguese kilns that have not been lighted for 300 years, in the inlaid cabinets known as Goa work, but mostly made in Portugal, and in the still more artistic cabinets, chests, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and domestic shrines of carved wood in good rococo style, worked in native chestnut or in rosewood imported from Brazil.

The now disestablished monasteries must have been rich in such work, for it is still to be found scattered in many a farmhouse. There is a still more persistent tradition of good art-work in the peasant gold jewelry to be seen on the necks and in the ears of every peasant woman on market and fair days, and on the counters of whole streets of jewelers' shops in Lisbon and Oporto. These fine-art forms derive from farther back than the plate, pottery, and cabinet-work before mentioned. They are unchanged traditions from the days of the Moorish occupancy. There are, however, extant art traditions that go further back than to Moorish times. In northern Portugal



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SACRED WOODS OF BUSACO

On the two stone tablets are carved the papal bull forbidding the approach of woman to its precincts (see page 886)

Photo and Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

every ox-yoke is carved with a quaint and elaborate design, the home-work of the peasants themselves on long winter nights. The designs belong to a very early period and are distinctly Gothic in character.

THE PORTUGUESE LANGUAGE

In Portugal we are in a country where three distinct races have, in turn, taken the place of the autochthonous inhabitants, perhaps mingling their blood with, perhaps after extermination or expulsion of, the race on the soil. Three separate civilizations have, in historic times, lived, prospered, and left their abiding marks in the habits and customs of the people; probably also in the blood of the actual dwellers on the land, and very patently in the Portuguese language and its literature.

The Portuguese themselves like to boast that their language is nearer to Latin than any other derived from the mother tongue of the Romans. In proof of this they have composed poems and prose passages which are fair Portuguese and fair dog-Latin. That, however, goes for little. Every foreign student of Portuguese knows that it is easy to read, it is harder to learn, harder to pronounce, and harder to understand when spoken than any other of the Latin languages. The reason is that Portuguese has borrowed very much from the Arabic word, phrase, and idiom. It has perhaps also got from the Moors some sort of Oriental uncouthness, and certainly some use of strange diphthongs which the unpracticed tongue finds it hard to pronounce. Yet it is a rich and flexible language, standing by itself, as a literary vehicle, just as French and German stand by themselves.

THE WOODS AND GARDENS OF PORTUGAL*

By Martin Hume

WHEN I opened my shutters as the dawn was breaking the next morning, and stepped out upon the wide battlements of the castle, the scene before me was so wonderful as to force from me an involuntary prayer of praise and thankfulness to God that so much of beauty should be vouchsafed to my senses. Below and around me for miles on all sides stretched the woods—woods such as I have seen nowhere else in Europe. Great palms and towering cedars of Lebanon grow side by side with oaks of giant bulk; oranges and fig trees, cork and acacia, maple, birch, and willow stand beneath the straight eucalyptus, "tall as the mast of some great admiral;" araucarias spread their spiny branches with a luxuriance never seen at home, and mosses, ivy, and ferns clothe thickly every inch of ground, every bank, and even the time-worn stones, that all around testify to the existence of dwelling here long before the white palace raised its tall tower over the darkening wood of Busaco.

Beyond the trees the shadow of twilight still lingered in the valleys and the horizon was veiled in mist, but already the sun was touching the mountain-tops all around. One range after another caught the golden light, and as far as the vision reached mountain succeeded mountain like mighty waves suddenly stayed in their onward sweep and turned into rosy rock. Here and there amidst the greenery, far below upon the plains, a white cottage, or the clustered red roofs of a village, lit up the picture with a note of emphasis, and the sweet, cool air of the mountains, fresh with the scent of pine, eucalyptus, and wild flowers innumerable, came to the jaded town-dweller like a foretaste of some exquisite

* From "Through Portugal," by Martin Hume. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

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THE LITTLE OLD CARMELITE MONASTERY AND THE BEAUTIFUL NEW UNFINISHED PALACE: BUSACO, PORTUGAL.

new sense to endow mankind in a fuller life to come.

Straight before me, as I stood upon the battlements looking toward the south, there rose, as it seemed, quite close a steep mountain slope clothed with a mass of verdure so thick as to look like a solid billowy surface of every tint of green, from tender primrose to deepest bronze. Here and there a straight pine or cedar, more lofty than its fellows, caught with its feathery top a glinting sun-ray and held it, whilst high up, almost overhead, upon a rocky spur emerg-

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ONE OF THE LITTLE HERMITAGES WHICH DOT THE SACRED WOODS OF BUSACO (SEE BELOW)

ing from the foliage, there stood a humble hermitage, and on the very summit, looking so inaccessible that no human foot could reach it, a little white tower of another hermitage reared its cross over all.

On the right hand, as one looked down over the battlements, the pretty gardens of the palace, with flowers and palms, are spread at the foot, whilst, resting humbly under the shadow of the palace, is the ancient church and the tiny monastery which for centuries housed the silent Trappists, whose loving care made this holy wood to grow upon the spurs and glens of a granite mountain. Beyond

the garden the wood slopes suddenly down in billows of greenery, and then at its foot spreads the vast plain, with towns and villages nestling in its hollows. And as the sun grows in brightness, I see beyond the limits of the plain, far away, a long strip of white, and over it, high up, as it seems, above the horizon, a deep violet wall. It is the sea, the broad Atlantic, with its fringe of silvery sand many miles distant, and it gives the supreme touch to a scene of perfect beauty.

On the other side of the castle the view is just as lovely in a different way. Beyond the palms and flowers at the foot, seen over a hundred carved crockets and capricious stone pinnacles and gargoyles, with the great tower of the castle and its armillary sphere over all, is a far stretch of undulating wood, and then a vast tumble of mountains, range over range, all but the highest clothed to the top with forests, and beyond and above them all the bare granite peaks of the Caramulo range, iridescent now with the morning sun. The domain occupies the whole of the northwestern end of a long, continuous mountain ridge, some eight miles in total length, running from southeast to northwest, and extremely precipitous on all sides.

From the earliest times, at all events since the fourth century, the glens and ravines that score these slopes have been jealously guarded by ecclesiastical masters.

The sheltered position and soft westerly breezes from the Atlantic endowed the spot with a climate mild, equable, and healthful, even for Portugal, whilst the purity and abundance of the springs and the marvelous fertility of the soil in the deep, moist gorges on the mountain-side made it an enviable place of secluded residence. Whilst the minimum winter temperature is about 40 degrees, frost being unknown, the summer heat is tempered by the altitude of the place and by the abundant shade of the woods, so that the temperature rarely exceeds that of a warm July day in England.

With these climatic conditions, it is natural that this end of the ridge, protected on all sides, should develop a vegetation of extraordinary luxuriance. So remarkably was this the case, that the successive ecclesiastical bodies to which it belonged for fifteen hundred years decreed that the woods were forever to be held sacred as a place of sanctuary and devotion. From the eleventh century onward the domain belonged to the Archbishops of Braga, and in 1626 one of them granted it to the order of shoeless Carmelites as a retreat remote from the world, where the monks following the strict Trappist rule might meditate in silence, undisturbed by the turmoil of their fellow-men.

In poverty, and with the hard labor of their own hands, the monks built the little monastery and humble church as they now stand, with other portions since demolished, and, year by year, for two hundred years, planted and tended with devout care the sacred wood which was their one earthly concern. From all quarters of the globe where the Portuguese flag waved, from India, South America, and the Far East, rare plants and trees were sent by Carmelites to their beloved "Matto de Busaco." Medicinal herbs, rare and lovely ferns, and exotic fruit and flowers, impossible in other places in Europe, here grew luxuriantly, and the silent, white-robed gardeners planted and tended their domain until it became, not a wood, but a sylvan garden of surpassing beauty, as it remains today.

A high wall shuts it in from the rest of the world, whilst a special Bull of Urban VIII, deeply cut to this day upon a great slab on the principal gateway, condemned to major excommunication any person who violated the sanctuary or injured any plant within the sacred precincts; and another papal Bull bans any woman who dares to set her foot upon the domain. Beautiful terraced paths were cut upon the hillsides, and, zigzagging down the ravines, fountains that gushed spontaneously from the mossy rocks were dedicated to saints and adorned with sculptured shrines or rustic grottoes.

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TYPES IN COIMBRA (SEE PAGE 889)

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ON A STREET CORNER: OPORTO, PORTUGAL

Everything that single-hearted toil and devotional spirit could do, for centuries the shoeless Carmelites did for their remote monastery and the fairy glens of Busaco, and since the abolition of the monastic orders in Portugal, the government have tended and guarded the spot as carefully as the silent monks before them.

As one trod the old path of the pilgrimage, up mossy steps and past despoiled shrines, with glimpses of sunlit glades and shady green dells, it was impossible to shut away from one's thoughts those generations of silent, white-clad figures who, shoeless, had toiled so often up the Via Dolorosa, with tears of penitence, perhaps agonies of regret, for the life from which they had fled. All around were relics of their unrecorded labor. Sculptured stones, chapels, hermitages, fountains, grottoes, and shrines were all built by their patient hands; paths scarped on steep hillsides, seats placed in quiet nooks for the meditative and weary; nay, the trees and plants from all lands growing so proudly now, had all been tended anxiously by the same dumb shadows that for centuries waited for death within the walls enclosing the sacred wood. If ever a place was haunted by sad, harmless ghosts,

these paths of pilgrimage at Busaco must still be thronged by the white-robed phantoms of those who made them.

From Busaco our road to Coimbra lay downward for a mile or two, through a beautiful country of pines and gorgeous stretches of purple heather in full bloom, and here and there long trellised vineyards, with the red bronze of the vine leaves adding a splash of color to the scene.

Patient ox teams toil along, led by small boys in black nightcaps, gravely courteous to the stranger, and black-eyed solemn children play soberly by the wayside and take no heed. Soon we pass through the big, poor-looking village of Pampilhosa, and leave the pines and heather behind us, for here down in the valley olives, cork trees, ilex, and vines abound, with figs, pears, and apples, in orchards nestled round the white cottages. Aloe hedges, with the big, fleshy lancet leaves of silver-gray, show that we are in a sub-tropical land, and patches of succulent sugar-cane for cattle fodder grow brilliantly green against the maize and millet fields, whilst all along the wayside the light-leafed poplars rear their straight shafts, heavily burdened by masses of purple grapes and flaming vine leaves, the only sign of autumn, though October is now upon us.

As we near Coimbra, though it is not much past noon, we met many groups of handsome country women, with, as usual, heavy burdens upon their heads, returning home from the weekly market in the city. Barefooted they go invariably, with their fine, broad shoulders, full bosoms, classical faces, and broad, low brows, their gay kerchiefs on head and bosom, and their fine eyes gazing straight forth with modest dignity, and mentally I deny assent to the boast of Guimaraes that its maids and matrons reign supreme in buxom grace, for those of Coimbra need bow the head to none on earth.

Coimbra is crowded with memories of the heroic times, of combats with the Moors, and of deeds of violence and blood perpetrated within its walls, and in its quaint crowded streets are corners that can hardly have changed since the Affonsos and Sanchos here held their court.

THE TRAGEDY OF INES

The heat was oppressive on the morning after my arrival at Coimbra, but a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Isabel the Queen, and to the shrine of love near to it, could not be foregone. Crossing the bridge, I first wended my way to a beautiful villa almost on the banks of the river, in whose grounds there stands the gothic ruin of a palace, and adjoining it, gushing from a rock shaded by dark cedars, a copious spring leaps joyously along a stone channel of some twenty feet long into a stone tank covered with water lilies.

It is a lovely, tranquil spot, where no sound reaches but the rustling of leaves and the gurgling of crystal water, and yet here, tradition says, was enacted in the long ago one of those tragedies that inspire poets, painters, and dramatists for all time. It was in 1355, and Ines de Castro, the lovely mistress of the Prince Dom Pedro, had so infatuated him that he refused to marry another at his father's bidding. The king, Alfonso IV., incensed at the recalcitrancy of his heir, caused Ines to be done to death here beside the "Fountain of Love" by three courtiers.

The son, Dom Pedro, rose in rebellion, and saw his father no more; but when, two years afterwards, the king died and Pedro succeeded him, he worked his ghastly revenge upon those who had persecuted his beloved. Ines had been buried at Santa Clara, the convent near to which this estate belonged, and now her body was disinterred, dressed in royal robes, crowned with a diadem and adorned with jewels, and placed, a crumbling corpse, thus arrayed, upon a throne in the monastery-church of Alcobaca, whilst all the courtiers, upon their knees, kissed the dead hand of her whom they had insulted and contemned in life.

"The fountain of love in the garden of

THE ROYAL SUMMER PALACE AT CINTRA, NEAR LISBON, "THE CASTLE OF PENHA"

Originally a Jeronomite monastery built by King Emmanuel to commemorate the voyage of Vasco da Gama (see page 894)

tears" is the spot called to this day, and a crumbling little gothic convent founded by the lover king between this and the river bears the name of "the convent of tears" (see illustration, p. 872).

Coimbra is famous as the seat of learning for all Portugal—for many centuries, and still, the only university town in the realm. The huge square bulk of the university buildings on the crest of the hill overlooking the town typify the absolute domination of the place by the academical tradition. The hotel on the Alameda, like other hostelries of its sort, has no lack of commercial customers, but even they, assertive as they are, are swamped by the university professors, staff, and graduates who flock to its tables for their meals, whilst in the streets bookshops jostle each other, all filled with text-books, and the unmistable students are everywhere.

There was some stay at Pombal, where it was a feast day, and the peasant costumes were seen at their best—good, upstanding people these, gaily clad, sober, and orderly, coming to the railway stations in good time and unhurried, but not hours before the train starts, as the peasants do in Spain.

In the market, under the shadow of the great mediæval castle ruins on the hill, they do their buying and selling, livestock for the most part today, without vociferation, but with an earnest quietness which is as far as possible from depression. Here at Pombal, and at Albergaria, near, the men wear brown, undyed homespun jackets and trousers girt with red sashes. The bag cap is almost universal, and mutton-chop whiskers are the rule, but what will attract a foreign visitor most in their dress are the curious triple-caped ulsters, made of layers of grass, seen in many places in Portugal in wet weather, but especially in this neighborhood. These garments, bulky as they look, are not heavy, and are

THE ROYAL PALACE OF CINTRA

The strange-looking towers, commonly called "champagne-bottle chimneys," are the chimneys to the great fire places where oxen were roasted whole

an excellent protection against heavy rain.

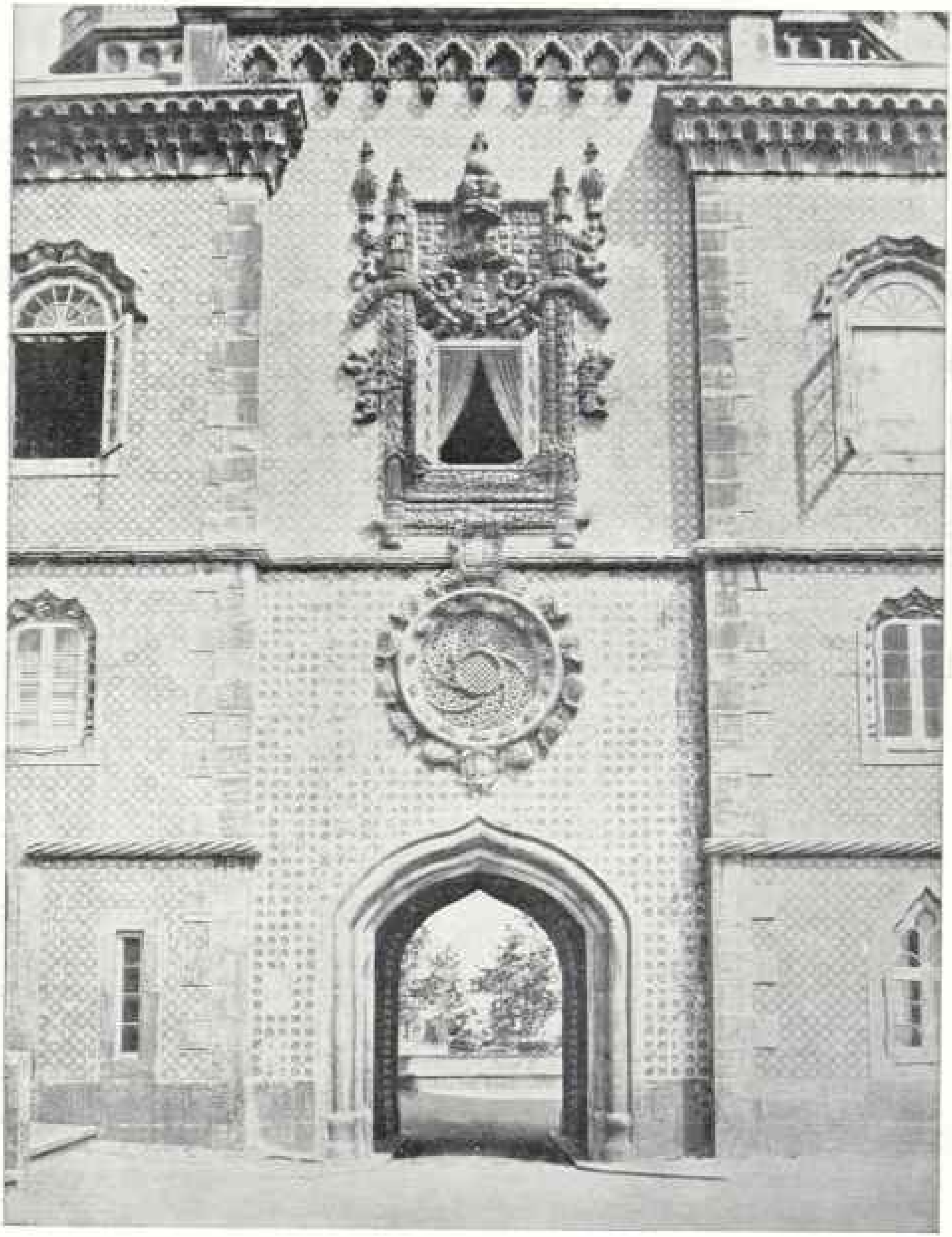
The women here have very full, short, gathered skirts, and though none of them wear shoes or stockings, hardly any are without heavy ancient jewelry of gold filigree, apparently of considerable value.*

The bodies of the dresses are mostly red or yellow, and a broad horizontal stripe of bright color often enlivens the skirt also, their brilliant head-kerchiefs being

* In this connection it is interesting to read the following quotation from "The Tourist in Portugal," by W. H. Harrison, published as long ago as 1830, by D. Appleton & Co.:

"It is not uncommon, in some of the provinces, to find women who have not a shoe to their feet, ornamented by necklaces of gold, some of them of great value. Mrs ——, the lady of a merchant of Oporto, related to us an odd anecdote of a servant whom she had obtained from the country. The girl entered upon her vocation with every appearance of being quite competent to its duties, as indeed she proved to be; but, to the great annoyance of the English prejudices of her mistress, she wore no shoes. The lady mentioned the circumstance to the girl as unusual in English families; but was answered by the domestic that she wore stockings, which was more than servants in the country did, and that she deemed that a sufficient concession to the fastidiousness of a foreigner.

"The lady perceiving that, independently of the want of shoes, the domestic's wardrobe was deficient in what her mistress judged to be very essential articles of dress, and conceiving that want of funds on the part of her new servant was the cause of their not being procured, kindly volunteered an advance on account of wages. The offer was, however, received with some marks of indignation by the domestic, who opened her box and displayed a wealth of jewelry, in the shape of gold necklaces, which quite astonished her mistress, and which was adduced as irrefragable proof that, if she was not provided with the articles that were deemed necessary to her equipcent, it was not for want of the means of purchasing them."



ENTRANCE TO THE SECOND COURT OF THE CASTLE OF PENHA: CINTRA

BALCONY AND PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE CASTLE OF PENHA: CINTRA

usually topped by a broad-brimmed velveteen hat, for the pork-pie hat of the north has been left behind now.

THE GREAT PALACE AT CINTRA

Like the similar mountain of Busaco, the "Rock of Lisbon" is scored by ravines and dells innumerable, sheltered valleys open to the soft sea-breezes charged with grateful moisture, and from time immemorial the luxuriance and variety of its vegetation have been proverbial. At a time when Lisbon, only some 15 miles away, is sweltering and breathless within its south-facing semicircle of hills, the slopes of the mountain of Cintra are fresh and invigorating, and some of its gardens are a veritable paradise all the year round.

The village of Cintra lies in one of the folds of the great hill, at perhaps a third of its height up the side.

Sheer aloft upon a precipice a thousand feet and more above its roofs there stretch the mighty battlements and massive keeps of a huge castle of fawn-colored stone—a castle so immense as to dwarf Thomar, Leiria, and even Obidos almost to insignificance. Long lines of crenellated walls following the dips and sinuosities of the crest of the peak appear to grow out of the mighty rounded boulders, some of these great masses of rock seeming to hang over perilously, as they must have done for thousands of years, top-heavy and threatening.

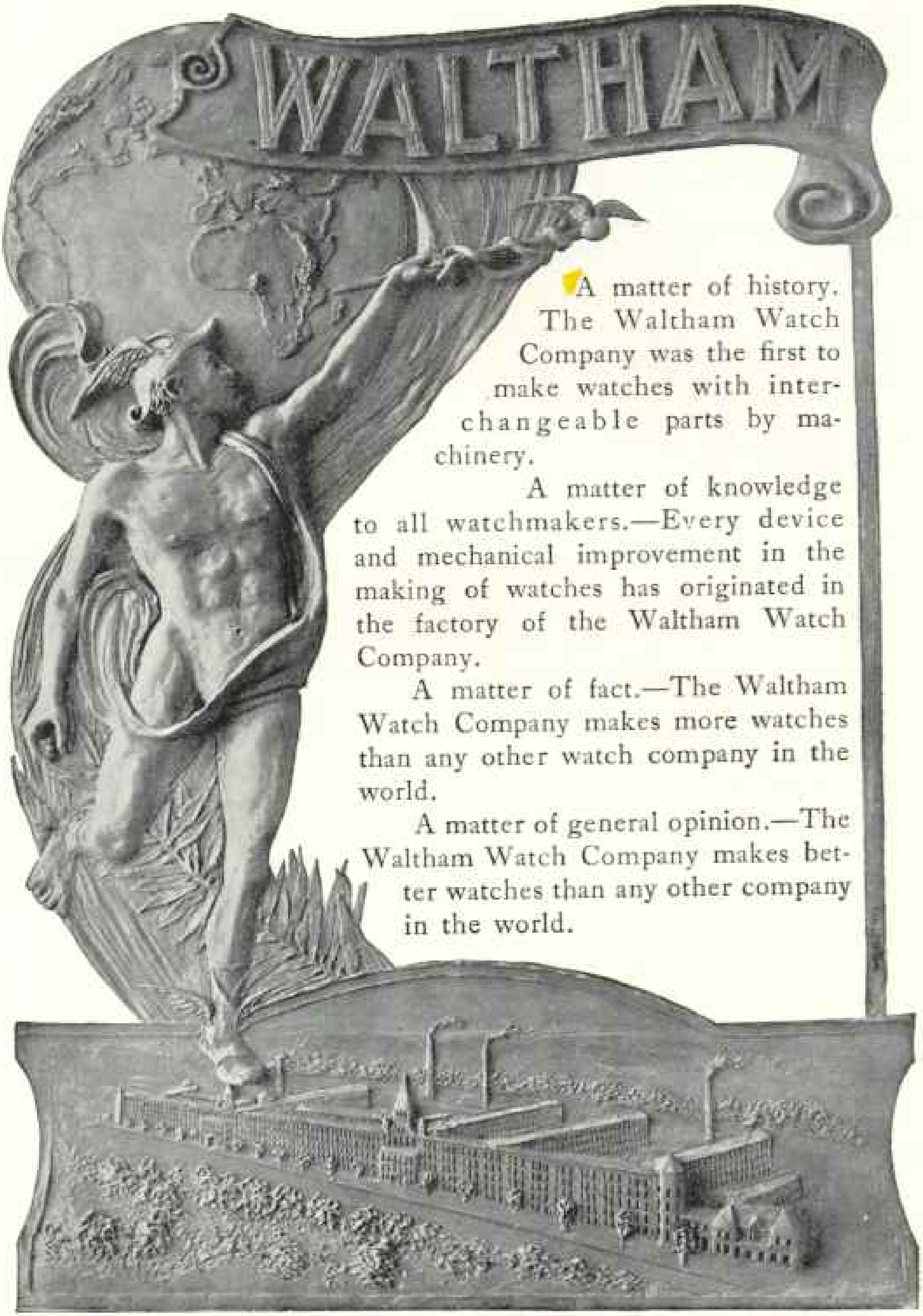
The fortress must have been impregnable by force, and indeed was only gained at last from the Moors by treason, the gate having been bought by the Christians from an unfaithful guardian. A narrow path cut on the face of the precipice is the only practicable approach to the fortress, and leads soon to yet another gate flanked by a strong tower built upon one vast, solid boulder. Yet another strong gate tower we pass through, and with a sudden turn we are inside the fortress: on the right of us a ruined chapel, once a mosque, and on the left a watch-tower, with, at its foot, a monument on which the cross is graven surmounting the crescent, emblematical of the fate of the adjoining chapel.

To describe in detail this prodigious ruin would be impossible in any reasonable space. The summit of the crag consists of two separate peaks at some distance from each other, the higher one occupied by the main keep, "the royal tower," and long battlemented walls reach from one point to the other, with bastions at intervals and massive square keeps at the salient angles. On all sides within the great enclosure formed by the battlements, covering the whole summit, remains of towers and buildings of various sorts are scattered amidst the dense growth of trees and brushwood that have intruded upon the space. The battlements are strong and perfect still, and it needs but little imagination to people them again with the turbaned and mailed warriors, sheltered snugly behind them, watching for the advancing hosts of the Christian king, certain that, so long as Islam was true to itself, no force could take this stronghold of their race.

Upon the highest point of the rock of Lisbon was King Manuel the Fortunate wont to linger for hours and days for many months together, climbing up from his palace in the town below, that he might gaze far out upon the Atlantic, watching and praying for the return of Vasco da Gama from his voyage to India round the African continent, the route that in two generations the impetus of Prince Henry the Navigator had opened.

There was but a tiny Jeronomite hermitage or penitentiary here in this savage eyrie to shelter the anxious king, and during his vigil he vowed that if the great explorer came home successful he would build upon the spot a worthy monastery of the order in memory of the event. The work must have been a prodigious one, for even now the place is hardly accessible by carriages, and the quantity and the weight of material necessarily brought from below was enormous.

This monastery, like the rest, was disestablished and secularized by the state in 1834, and King Ferdinand, the consort of the Queen of Portugal, and a first cousin of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, bought the building for conversion into a royal palace.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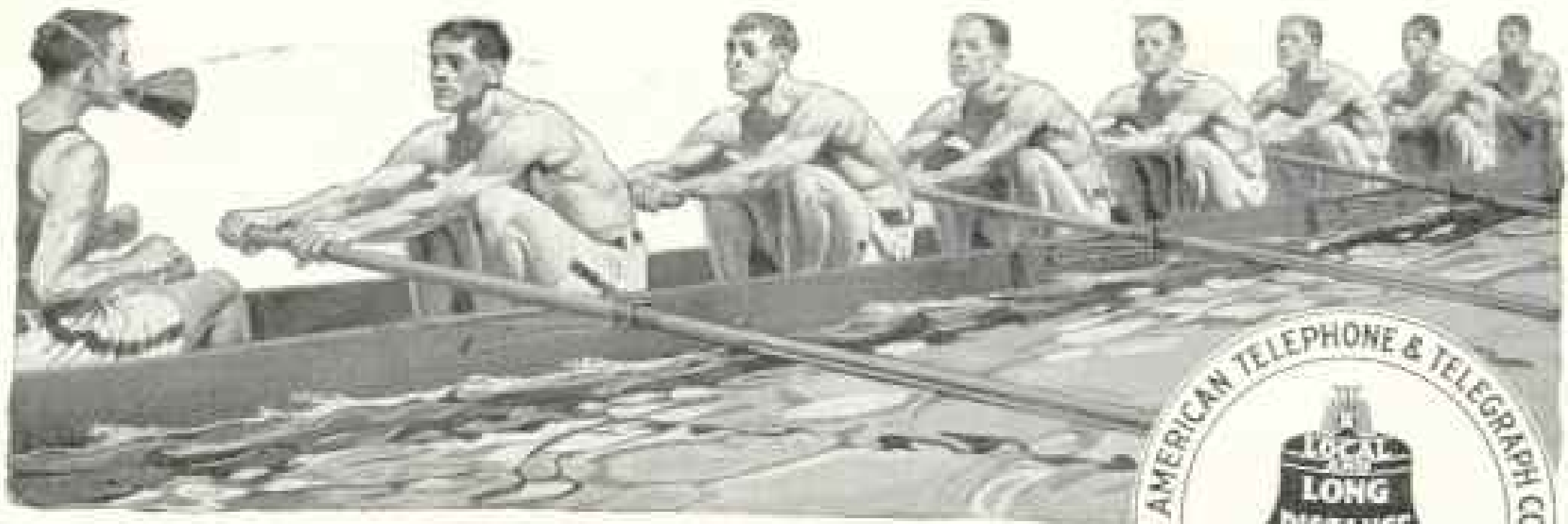

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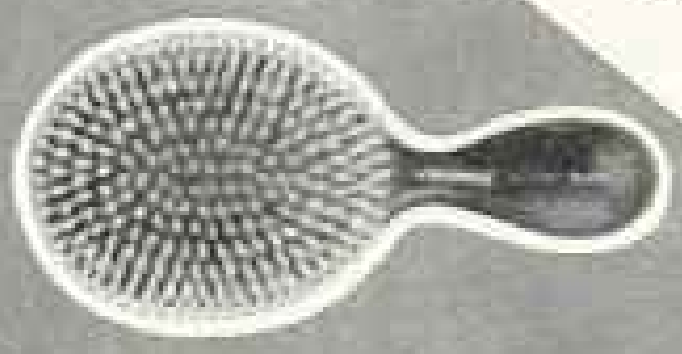

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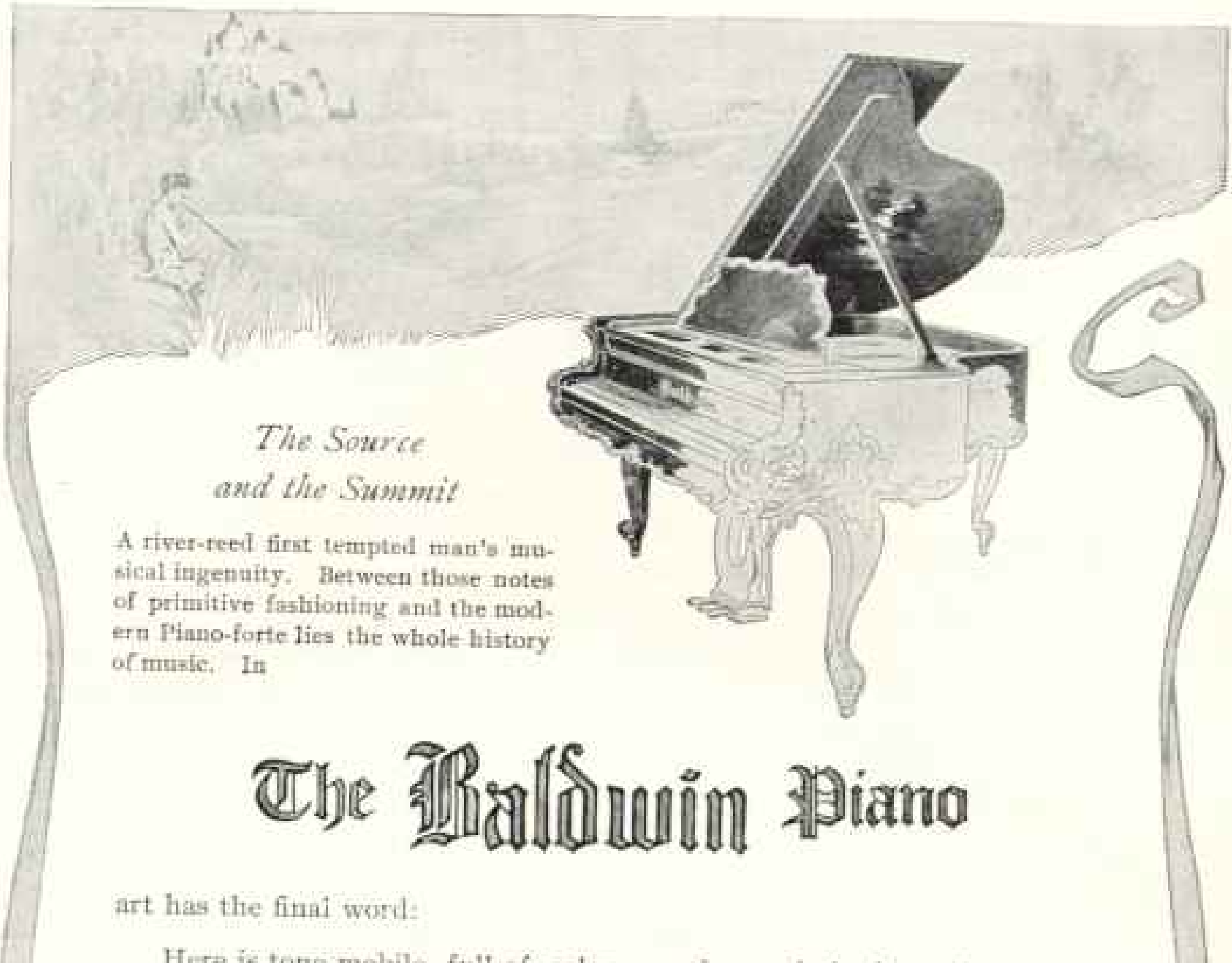

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