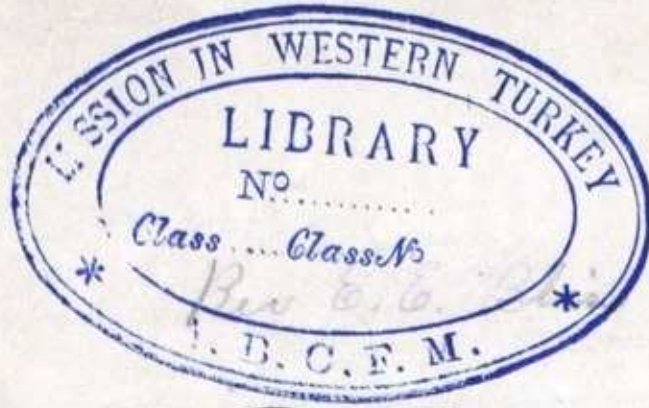


No 6



LEAFLETS

From Letters

OF

Rev. Homer B. Morgan,

Missionary of the

Am. Board of Com. for For. Miss.

IN

TURKEY.



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LEAFLETS

FROM

LETTERS OF REV. HOMER B. MORGAN.

SHIP LELAND, BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND, }
October 27th, 1851. }

MY DEAR PARENTS:

We are now, as you see by my prolix date, on the southern edge of the great New Foundland Banks. And I ought in justice to my poor penmanship to say that it is extremely cold here this morning. There are no ice-bergs in sight, but we were greeted by another accompaniment of cold regions, the blowing of the whale. There were two about half a mile distant from the ship, and every few minutes, as they rose to the surface, a cloud of spray was seen darting up into the air, like the puff of steam from the pipe of a locomotive. This was all we could see of the monarch of the deep, but it was enough to prove that he was there.

With this as a sort of preface, I purpose to commence my narrative back at our anchorage in Nantasket Roads, and follow up the course of events to the present time. I can say that I have nothing of very special interest to communicate, so that those of the circle to whom this shall be given, who seek wonderful things and hair-breadth escapes, may seek elsewhere to gratify their tastes. We have not occasion to record our gratitude to God for deliverance from a watery grave—from the tempest that seemed just about to send us to the bottom of the sea. We have something greater to be thankful for; that we have not even seen danger.

The last note I sent you, was written just as the pilot and steam tug were leaving us. We came to anchor to wait for a favorable wind to take us out of the bay and off on our pathless journey. Sabbath morning can scarcely be said to have dawned upon us. It was cold, and dark and dreary, and the progressive departure of the thick darkness showed wind and rain and waves to be the externals of the day. The wind which was quite strong at night-fall had increased to a gale, and we sincerely congratulated ourselves that we had not got to sea on Saturday. It was quite in contrast with our usual mode of spending

the Sabbath, and truly did we wish that we could share the inconveniences of those on shore, and brave the storm and be repaid by the privileges of the house of God. In the afternoon I went down into the fore-castle, the cabin of the sailors, and gave away a bundle of tracts. Casting bread upon the waters, may the promise be verified. Monday morning we were awaked by the rattling of the chain cables. The day before the watch found at day-break, that the vessel was dragging her anchor, and before she could be brought up they were obliged to let go another anchor, and pay out a good deal of chain. This made the work of getting under weigh one of several hours. But about nine o'clock we were loose from American soil, and a wind that had brushed the odors from her autumn woods and fields was sweeping us onward toward the broad ocean. As we passed from behind the island, Boston was again visible, and her domes and spires afforded us an affectionate parting glance. We were on deck the greater part of the day, and at evening after watching the sun go down behind the waves, turned a little to the south and with a glass made out the low indistinct outline of Cape Cod, the last view of our native shore. When shall we see it again?

Tuesday, nothing of importance occurred but the ordinary run of sea life. A little more company than usual—we were all day in the path of the home-bound fishermen, and the white wings of their little boats were constantly shining on the sky. Now and then a large vessel passes in sight, and to break the monotony of the day we hoist our ensign to get a similar greeting from the passing stranger. If we see the familiar Stars and Stripes, then our flag is immediately taken down and a set of small flags run up in stead. These flags together, express the number of our vessel, so that having seen this, the home-bound vessel can report us safe so far from Boston. This day we saw a fishing schooner approaching us, with evident intention of coming alongside. They had some inquiries to make in regard to our latitude. Captain Hall was standing on the quarter-deck, and when within speaking distance was addressed "ship ahoy!" He replied "Hallo." "What is your latitude," &c. A day or two after this, another craft of the same class, came toward us, apparently for the same purpose. The wind and waves together were in such commotion as to render speaking and hearing uncertain, so Capt. Hall wrote our latitude and longitude on the side of the vessel for them to read as they passed. They swept by but not a word was spoken. When they had read the writing they silently bowed and waved their thanks for the courtesy extended to them. It was a novel but beautiful sight.

I have as yet given no report of sea-sickness, that *horrid monster*.

Wednesday morning tells the most serious tale on that subject. The wind was very fresh, and the motion considerable, so that the sensitive stomachs of both the ladies were pretty thoroughly disturbed. Miss Harris, especially, has suffered a great deal since we have been out. She has hardly seen an hour when she has felt quite well. Hattie's indisposition was partly a cold and partly sea-sickness. It was not very serious, she has been in her state-room but one entire day. The greater part of the time she has spent on deck and in capital spirits. As to myself I have not been sick at all yet. I will not boast, for I do not know what effect a thorough commotion of the sea would have upon me, but unless we have more stormy weather than we have yet seen, I shall, I think, escape. The agony of this malady would be much diminished, both in time and degree, could it be encountered in well ventilated apartments. But in our particular case, in addition to being shut up in close state-rooms, the aroma of the dishes manufactured by our Italian cook and steward and called food, helps to keep the thing screwed up to the highest pitch. With my well stomach I have only to *think* of our tea and coffee, beef, hashes, stews and soups, and ah me! there is forthwith aroused an inward commotion that would pass muster as genuine sea-sickness in any well fed community. But I must not enlarge on this point; as mother used to say when she saw me going towards the cheese room for luncheon, I "must save my appetite for dinner." Where the fault lies I cannot say. It is not the fault of the Captain, he is as fine a fellow as as you could wish to go to sea with. He is a young man, but has been to sea all his life. His home is on "the Cape" as may be said of many of the daring sea-goers of our country.

On Saturday night after we left Boston, I was on deck with the Captain and thinking myself sufficiently acquainted with him, spoke of the desire of his passengers to have prayers at night and a blessing asked at the table. To both of these propositions he very readily acceded. I spoke also of having religious services on the Sabbath. He replied that he should be very glad to have them whenever the weather might permit. This was all so much more easily done than I had anticipated, and was so grateful to our feelings that we cannot cease to be thankful for it. That very evening we erected our family altar, and whenever the ladies have been able to be out of their berths, our offering has been regularly laid upon it. Here we may record mercies and implore blessings. Capt. Hall is frequently present.

Thus far at my last sitting. I have been looking over these pages and am unable to determine what day my last jottings were intended to represent. In default of a date by way of a regular introduction, I

will commence with this Monday morning, November 3d, 1851. We are now going along at a very good rate, in a comparatively smooth sea, with a light wind from the south. Our course is S. E. by S., distant from the Western Islands about 350 miles. We have not thus far had a very prosperous passage. With the exception of two or three days, the winds have been constantly in the east and vicinity. Last Monday morning when I commenced the letter, we were on the lower verge of the Grand Bank, this morning we are but a few hundred miles nearer Gibraltar. We have had a taste of almost every kind of sea life. Head winds a plenty, fair winds and no winds at all. Saturday we were visited by a storm. The weather had for some days been squally and during the morning several dashes of wind and rain had passed over us giving occasion for letting the vessel off before the wind, and reefing sail. But about noon the wind commenced to freshen, and by one o'clock it blew a perfect gale. One by one every sail was taken in until nothing was left but the main spencer, and just the least amount of canvas we could carry and have any out. I cannot describe the storm. It was grand, terrible, and that is about all one can say. The black clouds shut out the light of the sun, and a solemn darkness seemed to rest upon the ocean. The wind dashing furiously along swept the spray from the crest of the waves, and drove it mingled with torrents of rain in blinding sheets over the vessel. The waves were not as high as I had seen them before, but they seemed to be rushing in madness on with the wind. They would dash under the bow of our vessel, and then sweep growling past the side, chased by another and another on till the darkness and the spray hid them from the sight. Now and then a wave would throw a few gallons of water over her bow, but the ship lifted herself proudly above it and passed on unharmed. We all stood under shelter and could look out on the water and see the storm rage. We felt safe for we knew that our vessel was staunch, and our Captain cautious and experienced. Above all we felt safe, for we knew that God our Father ruled those raging billows.

Yesterday was the Sabbath, a perfectly splendid day. The ear was greeted by no joyous chime of church bells, but the afternoon brought with it two o'clock, our hour for service. The church is the after cabin; our congregation, the Captain, 1st Mate, Hattie, Miss Harris and a few of the men. Our service is of the orthodox style, and our singing Congregational, no appointments for the week. A week ago I attempted to speak without notes, but there was so much motion to the vessel that I found it extremely hard to keep the thread of my discourse and keep on my legs at the same time. So yesterday I gave them a sort of extempo-written sermon. I don't know when I preached

with more interest to myself. Yesterday was the first Sabbath of the month, and to our dear Christian friends in America (for we may now speak of ourselves as being in foreign *parts*, if not in a foreign *land*) the cherished Monthly Concert. We knew we should be remembered in prayer in many a circle far away from us. Hattie and I at least were not forgotten in the prayers of the good people of Watertown. We should have taken great pleasure in bowing at the Throne of Grace at the same hour when we might suppose that your prayers were ascending, but we are something like two hours and a half in advance of you. When you, at 7 o'clock, are gathering for prayer at the session house, it is half past nine with us on the water. But we did remember you, and always will. May we never be forgotten nor the interests of our dear mission, by those who pray in the church to which my heart clings.

I was sleeping this morning (November 5th,) very soundly. I suppose, when I was awaked by a furious pounding under my berth. It was a novel but very effectual method of arousing me. I was told that the Captain had been speaking to me several times, for the purpose of announcing that Corvo, the north-westernmost of the Azores or Western Islands was in sight. We had been sixteen days only out of sight of land, but that was sufficient to call forth from all of our number expressions of the deepest interest in the simple sight. It was not long before I was on deck and saw some ten or twelve miles off south-east of us, what presented the appearance of a cloud darker than its neighbors,—this was Corvo. For an hour or more before breakfast, and as long after, we sat on deck gazing at that dusky outline thrust up out of the waters, not half so beautiful as the gorgeous clouds, lighted by the bright rays of the sun, nor half so singular in its form as the bank of thunder-heads that was piled against the western sky. Why did we gaze at it so? It was land; and barren and uninhabited though it be, we would have been delighted to step off from the swinging restless element, that has been our home for so many days, for the mere pleasure of feeling the firm, solid earth beneath our feet.

On the morning of the 6th, Fayal and Pico, two islands of the Azores, were in sight about four miles off. The wind had hauled a little and the Captain, contrary to his first intention, concluded to run down to the south of the Islands; in so doing we had a beautiful view of them. Fayal presents a singular appearance from the sea. The shore is very bold and rocky; the water, we are told, is so deep off shore that a vessel will strike against the rocks before she touches bottom. The outline of the island against the sky is broken into sum-

mits. The sides are naked, except where a stunted growth of shrubs gives it a clouded appearance from the water. The surface seems to be cracked and seamed, as if the island, in a soft plastic state, had been thrust up from the bottom of the sea and left standing to bake in a sun hotter than the tropics. There are valleys running up the side of the island, in which I infer there must be at least a moderate supply of soil, for the neatly white-washed houses that we saw distinctly with a glass, told both of the presence and comfort of human beings. Yes! there were homes and hearth-stones, and all that man, the highest and noblest of God's creatures, loves. Wild, and desolate, and surf-beaten, as the spot may be, yet there man may live, and get all that growth of mind, and heart, and body that he can anywhere. He may, but it is sadly to be feared that the poor Portugese of these islands have no religion, as a foster-mother, but that which admits the worship of saints, images and relics. Like the volcanic rock which supports them, it may have the outline and appearance of truth, the form of godliness, but that is all; the power, the spirit they deny. Fayal is remembered by you, doubtless, as the island on which Prof. Webster hoped to bury the ignominy of his terrible crime. Two of his daughters are married and living there. Pico, (the peak) as its name indicates, rises boldly from the sea. The summit is seven thousand feet above the ocean. When I first saw it, the summit was enveloped in clouds. It was pleasant to watch them as they came drifting along on the light wind, till they became entangled by the sides of old Pico. At one time they rested along the steep descent like a silver mantle, then were driven by the wind over till they seemed only to cling to the summit, and we could almost imagine that the floating cloud streaming off, was the smoke of an active crater. But the fire of those mountains has all gone out, and there is only the occasional throbbing of fiery heart of the earth to remind the islanders of the parentage of that spot of terra-firma which they tread upon.

These were the spots we were floating past on the morning of Thursday, November 6th. That afternoon the wind hauled still further to the eastward, and commenced blowing with increasing violence, until by night our vessel was stripped of her cloud of canvas, and with a few sails set, was running off far enough from our course. Through the night there was no abatement of the gale, and the next morning the vessel was "hove to" i. e., carried just enough sail to make her mind the helm, and by the violence of the wind we were driven bodily away westward. From Friday until Thursday of the next week we were doing nothing but standing off and on at the southward of the islands, not making a single mile of easting, the

wind blowing a gale all the time. Thursday Capt. Hall concluded to stand off to the north-west, and go north of the islands. We made Fayal again at twelve o'clock that day, and by night were standing off to the northward, wind and sea high enough, I can assure you. The next morning the vessel was rolling and pitching so that there was no prospect of keeping dishes on the table or food in them, and we were obliged to take breakfast pic-nic fashion, all sitting around the cabin where we could hold on best, and being helped from a big basket that the Captain took charge of. Hattie was in her berth that morning, with a cold, accompanied by a little fever, so that she has not had her share of the knocking about of sea-life. At noon and night we managed to sit and take our meals at the table, how, I hardly know, for the vessel was plunging as if she would tear herself all to pieces. That night was the most fearful we experienced. The wind blew a perfect tempest, and the waves—there is little exaggeration in saying that they were like mountains. To see them as they came rolling on toward the vessel, it would seem as if they must break over us. But she would lift herself over them as gallantly as a sea-bird. The spray frequently came dashing over her, and now and then she would take a few barrels of water, still very little compared with most vessels. A sailor who had been to sea about twenty years, told me that he had never sailed in as fine a sea-boat in his life. On Saturday the gale commenced to abate, the wind still ahead and thus it continued another week until November 22d. For more than two weeks we did not gain a mile on our course toward Gibraltar. Yesterday (Sabbath) and to-day, we have had a light but very fair wind and things have been going on a little more smoothly. For two Sabbaths the weather was so bad that we had no service; not that my congregation is composed of "Fair-weather Christians," but the difficulty of preserving the perpendicular, might have been somewhat embarrassing to the preacher. Yesterday however, at two o'clock, my little audience of nine persons was gathered in the cabin for religious service. I preached to them upon 1st Kings, 18, 21, "How long halt ye between two opinions." I urged the reasons for an immediate decision in regard to the subject of serving God. They seemed solemn and attentive, and I hope may have received some good impressions. Yet, Oh! how hard is the soil. How does it need the sunshine and dew that come from above. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were as beautiful days as ever brightened the ocean, and the nights were most delightful. The water was so smooth that the silver light of the stars was clearly seen gleaming across its surface. The sunrises and sunsets too were such as poets write of. Tuesday morning after getting the consent of the higher powers, I started on an expedition up

the fore-mast to get an earlier peep at the face of the sun than was afforded on deck. This was my first attempt at climbing, and all that I can say is that I succeeded in getting up the ladder and back again very safely. I cannot give you a description of the sunrise, nor will I have the impudence to refer you to a capital description my Lord Somebodyelse has given of a similar scene as admirably expressive of my feelings. I of course thought of gorgeous colors, and saffron tints, and irised hues, and castles, and arches, and recesses, and of streaming light, and horizon, and zenith. These are the materials for your Kaleidoscope—turn it as you will and you will not belie the scene. It was grand, you may be assured. Perhaps you may think my enthusiasm would somewhat abate, were a sunrise only a little more familiar to my eye. I must confess that such a scene has the charm of novelty that is not thrown around a sunset; still I must plead an exhilarating power for the former, that the latter is destitute of. A sunset makes one silent and contemplative—one looks back on the day, and how much does every one see in a single day, that will make him thoughtful and sad,—even gratitude is a pensive tearful emotion. The shadows gather over the earth, and remote objects fade from the sight, till darkness has shut us up alone. But with a sunrise it is different. There is no gliding of evening into night, but a glorious brightening of morning into day. It is all hopeful, inspiring.

Thursday, November 27.—The weather has been unpleasant; the wind unfavorable; thirty eight days out from Boston, and almost a thousand miles from Gibraltar yet, we expected to have been in Malta before this, but God knows best and we cheerfully acquiesce. To-day we suppose is Thanksgiving at home, and we have been thinking of you all at our homes, both cheerfully and tearfully. We have thought of you at church, at table, and have conjectured what kind of a feast would be afforded to you at each. We have thought of you as gathered at home; we do not wish we were there, for God calls us elsewhere,—but Oh, there is always a brightness and sunshine over our home that rests on no other spot of earth. It has been very pleasant for us to day to think that you all will remember us as you meet with the people of God, and around the family hearth-stone. We know that you remember us always morning and night, and that you pray for us, but to day we have been especially remembered. May all your prayers for our prosperity be abundantly answered, and may blessings ever descend richly on you all. These shall be our consolations while separated, and if we gather no more on earth around one common table, we shall meet, if we are Christ's, at a marriage supper. What a glorious Thanksgiving will that be! Jordan past, and

with the robes of Christ's righteousness on, safe in Heaven. May we all meet there! Shall we all? Let those answer who do not yet love our Lord Jesus Christ.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, Jan. 1st, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

I propose on the commencement of a new year, to commence a short letter to you. I shall give you only a brief narrative of events since my last date in the sheets directed to Father, which, if I remember, is November 26th. Why so long an interval? you will ask. Well nothing very different from the ordinary run of sea life has occurred since. We have had storms, and calms, and head winds, and just enough of fair wind to justify me in adding it to the catalogue. We have seen new countries, mountains, towns, and people, but I don't feel that interest which I once did in sitting down and talking away with the reins down on the neck of my fancy. When we left Boston, we supposed that we should reach Gibraltar in about 30 days, Malta in about 10 more. We were 56 days between Boston and Gibraltar, and have already consumed 17 on the way to Malta. How much longer we shall be I don't know. It is not because our vessel is slow; but because we have experienced an almost uninterrupted succession of head winds. The first one came before we were out of Boston Bay and kept us for nearly 48 hours at anchor, within sound of the whistles of the locomotives on shore. That passed, and gave us an opportunity to get to sea, and others came trooping on. The last one seems to be as powerful of lungs as any of his gifted predecessors.

But I promised to give an account of that part of our voyage yet unchronicled for you. I commence back at what we suppose was Thanksgiving, a day signalized at dinner by a couple of chicken pies, a perfect burlesque upon the rich, fragrant, crusty, brown roofed fellows that make their appearance on Mother's long table on such occasions. There is no use in my attempting to give you something under every date, from that time down. Sometimes it would be nothing more than this: "Stormy." "Wind ahead." "Studied and read about as usual." This could almost be extended from week to week, it has been so marvelously monotonous. Thursday, December 4th we saw a couple of water spouts. It was a pleasant afternoon, not cloudy, and not clear, and a huge black cloud away in the south or south-west, that had got tired of filling its reservoir by the slow process of evaporation, had sent down a couple of hose-pipes, and

was drawing up the water by the hogshead. These I suppose were small ones, or at least they were much smaller than we had supposed they would be. They were four or five miles off too, and of course could not be seen distinctly. December 9th we saw Cape St. Vincent and the little town of Lagos. This is in the south-westernmost point of Europe, and was our first sight of that continent—of the *Old World*. How much of thought does that word suggest! But I cannot linger on it, though it sends memory and imagination bounding through ages long past, and their thousand thrilling events. This is the *theatre of History*. America has done her share since first the denizens of Europe set foot on her shores, but how small a corner will the events of America occupy, when compared with the huge tomes that record the deeds of Europe, and Africa, and Asia. On Saturday, December 13th we had a fine view of Cadiz, and passed over the scene of the great naval battle of Trafalgar, in which Lord Nelson was killed. That evening we saw Cape Spartel—Africa. The next day we were beating up through the Straits of Gibraltar. Tangier, a strong fortress in Africa, and Tarifa a town on the shore of Spain, being distinctly visible. At night we were nearly up to the Rock. The Captain told us that he should run into the Bay of Gibraltar as soon as it was light, so I arose early the next morning, and made ready quite a number of letters to mail, but just at daylight he came down and told us that the wind had changed so that it would not be best to run into the Bay, and he should be obliged to disappoint us. It was truly a great disappointment, not so much that we could not see the famous town and rock, as that many more long and anxious weeks would be passed by our friends in waiting for letters from us. All that week we were along the Spanish coast, several days in sight of the Sierra Nevada, and of Mt. Mulahacen, the second highest peak in Europe. Last Saturday we experienced another severe gale. It would have been only slightly unpleasant, had it not been that we were, as the sailors say, “jammed on a lee shore,” and that shore the coast of Africa. It was far from agreeable to think of our not having sea-room enough, and then too we did not know the character of the people into whose hands we should fall, if we were so fortunate as to escape with our lives; but a kind Father, in whose hands we have been, and who has kindly taken care of us since we first committed ourselves to the deep, watched over us then and kept us safe. There was I can assure you, a great contrast between the state of our feelings on the two successive days, as well as in the different aspect of the sea. The day before we had been lying becalmed, so that we did not suspect the presence of any danger. The surface of the water was as smooth and glassy as it could be. On that day it was lashed

into a perfect fury; almost every wave crested with foam, and the whole sea white with the spray driven with the wind. Saturday morning I was on deck at 8 o'clock, and watched the coming down of one furious squall. The sky in the east was patched with thick clouds, and the sun was shining brightly through the intermediate spaces. A huge black cloud had been gathering in the northwest, and the buttress of a ruined rainbow rising against the base of the cloud showed how black and angry its blackness was. The projected edge or front caught the hue of the clouds in the east and was of a soft slate color. The broad tracts of sunlight were moving across the water, and the white crests of the waves contrasted strangely with the pale green of the sea at such places. Everywhere else the water was like ink. But the cloud was borne nearer and nearer and soon we could see away on the verge of the horizon the white foam, like dust under the feet of horses, and in a moment the squall in all its fury was upon us. We had but very little sail out, yet there was enough to make the vessel lie down on her side in such a way as to frighten one not accustomed to such things. A squall in the night is most of all calculated to give one a sudden start. The other night we were awakened from sound sleep by the sudden "heeling over" of the vessel as the squall struck her. Then the howling of the wind, and the trampling of hurrying feet, and the loud quick cry of the Captain, the creaking of the ropes and the wild song of the sailors, and it may be the furious pelting of the storm of rain or hail—all these form a scene of confusion seldom experienced but on shipboard.

Monday morning January 5th.—Yesterday afternoon we took a fair wind, and that in turn is taking us on to Malta. If it were only clear so that we could see land, we should be snugly moored in Malta harbor before night. For two or three days we have been in sight of the western end of Sicily. When the wind came fair yesterday we were about 150 miles from Malta. It seems very pleasant to be so near. Our only wish, like beggars as we are, is, that it were Smyrna or Salonica. But with hearts full of thankfulness for the preservation of life and health, we receive the blessing given to us and we ask no more.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, January 19th, 1852.

MY DEAR PARENTS:

A fine, fair wind, and a most delightful run of three days from Malta makes Smyrna seem somewhat nearer to us, and the practicability of sending letters home again reminds me of writing. While at Malta, though opportunities for sending were several times pre-

sented, I did not write, because I thought you would prefer to wait and get a narrative of our visit to Malta entire. And then the expense of postage is not so small an item as to allow a person to avail himself of the privileges of a regular mail without a thought. I paid on the letter I mailed to you from Malta about \$1.30. The letter I am now writing I intend to send to America by the bark "Sultana," if we reach Smyrna before she sails. I do not grudge the postage, by any means; but with my limited salary, and my not over-strict habits of economy, I must begin to look out for some of the numerous small holes in my pocket. Hattie does all she can to repair them, but she protests that the material itself is very defective, so that she cannot make them as tight as she would. But now for Malta.

I closed my last letter, if I remember aright, on the morning of the 6th of January, as we were about entering the harbor of Malta. I commence the present at that point: Malta does not present an imposing appearance from the sea, nor, indeed, from any point, does the eye catch that charm of all American cities, and of many in the East, a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubbery, offering at once a relief to the eye and a contrast with the dull monotony of roof and wall. There is nothing green that one can see from the water. The color of the stone of which the city and walls are built is a rusty white. The high wall shuts up within it all the busy, rushing hundreds who throng its streets and gives it what every walled city must have: a cold exclusive aspect. But one little Maltese pilot in big boots, with the assistance of father, and grandfather for aught I know, in the boat alongside, succeeded in getting us into the Grand Port, and anchored opposite the warehouse of the firm to whom our cargo for Malta was consigned, at about 9:30 A. M. While the pilot and men were busy in warping the ship to her proper place, with her stern fast by two cables to the shore and an anchor at the bows, Captain Hall and I, dressed, for the first time since leaving Boston, in a frock coat and black beaver, seated ourselves in the ship's boat and were rowed and towed to the office of the Commander of the Port for permission to go ashore, technically, to get pratique. This office is open to the sea; there is no railing on the side next the water, but on the other side there is a double railing, enclosing a space about six feet in width. This is the great gulf fixed between the citizens and those from foreign ports who have not given assurance that they are free from taint of cholera, small-pox or plague. It was amusing to see the officers pass around us, lest they might be contaminated, and the eager crowd of hungry agents and porters kept at a respectful distance, obliged to extend their cards, notes, etc., through the medium of the

servant of the place; he laying them within our reach and then walking off his prescribed six feet. Soon we were admitted within six feet of the Commander of the Port, presented our papers, which were received with a pair of tongs, and opened with another,—answered the prescribed questions—where from? how long out? speak any vessel? make any port? etc., etc.,—and we were admitted again to the world. The first item of intelligence that interested me was that the Sultana, thirty days later from Boston than the Leland, had been reported at Gibraltar, and would probably arrive at Malta some time during the day. At about five o'clock she came up the harbor, and brought the very persons whom of all our missionary friends we would desire to see: Joseph W. Sutphen and his wife, Susan Kellogg, of Clinton, who will probably be stationed at Ergroom; W. W. Eddy and wife, a daughter of Dr. Condit, of Oswego; and Henry Lobdell, M.D., wife and baby. Eddy will probably be at Aleppo, Lobdell at Mosul. I need not tell you we were a happy company; and seldom does such a meeting occur. You may wonder why they came to overtake us. They had fair winds nearly all the way. If we had remained in Boston a month later we might have arrived in Malta quite as soon, so uncertain is navigation, when you are obliged to depend on the capricious winds for your progress. That evening we all met in the cabin of the Sultana, some as strangers, yet all as brothers. We did not forget to kneel before we separated and pour out our hearts to God, the giver of our common blessings, in thanksgiving and in earnest petition for the dear friends so far away beyond the long waves of the Atlantic. Wednesday morning we were invited on board the Sultana to breakfast, and at the appointed hour sat down at a table loaded with dishes which were to us luxuries, but to them the ordinary provisions of every day. Soon after breakfast two carriages were in readiness to take us on a grand ride over the island. There are many spots of interest here. Nearly all have some connection with the order of the Knights of St. John, whose last foothold was on this island; and are located in the vicinity of Valetta, the present capital. But Citta Vecchia, the old city, about six miles from Valetta, nearly in the center of the island, demands and will repay a visit. Thitherward, then, the heads of our Barbary ponies were first turned. Every object that met our eyes had a charm and many things were indeed worthy of notice. The general appearance of the island is rocky and barren; it is quite hilly, though not, as I supposed, rugged and precipitous, and hence arises the necessity of adopting some expedient to keep the soil from being washed by the heavy rains from the sides of the hills into the valleys; therefore

nearly the whole island is built up into terraces, the easily worked rock, which is but a few inches below the surface, affording abundant material for that purpose. As, therefore, you stand in a valley and look up along the hills on either side of you, you are surrounded indeed by the beautiful green of barley or clover; but the eye rests only on the stone walls of the terraces. As you ascend, terrace after terrace is passed, and when, from the summit, you look down, the entire appearance of the slope is changed. The walls are all hidden, and you see the luxuriant crops or mellow soil, and the men and women walking to and fro at their work. The hill opposite you does not look so barren as it did from its base, but you yet see the terrace walls streaking the hillside. The high walls which they are obliged to build around their gardens, to protect them from the cold severe winds of winter, and the scorching sun and hot blasts of summer, also give a barren appearance to the island. Level her terraces and surround her fields with open rail fences, or green flowering hedges, and travelers would no longer speak so prominently of her barren aspect. The population of the island is probably more than 100,000, and yet so great is the abundance of its vegetable productions, I was assured by an intelligent gentleman that at some seasons a whole cart-load of these could be purchased for about forty cents. Its chief productions are corn and cotton, but the catalogue may be extended by barley, rice, cummin, sesame, melons, clover, and a great variety of fruits and vegetables. The soil itself is not the most fertile, and a great portion of it is brought from the adjoining mainland, but the assiduous and not unskilful agriculture of the Maltese husbandman supplies the deficiency and the little island has become a garden. But I am as long in reaching Citta Vecchia, as our slow ponies were, and like them I have several stopping places on the way. Our course for a long distance after passing beyond the gate of the city was "alongside" of the aqueduct by which the city is supplied with water. It is called a stupendous work; but by the side of the Croton or Cochituate, it is no more than the Thames compared with the Mississippi or Amazon. It was built by the Grand Master Trignacourt, commenced 1610 and completed in five years, is about eight miles in length, and is capable of discharging fifty-eight gallons of water per minute! A great part of the distance it is elevated on arches of some ten or fifteen feet span. The first place of interest to which our intelligent guide, Charles, conducted us, was the garden of St. Antonio. This was built, with the palace adjoining, by one of the Grand Masters, and was used as a country seat by him and his successors. It is now occupied for the same purpose by the English Governors. We approached the palace of St. Antonio, through a long avenue of orange

and lemon trees, thickly interspersed with jasmines and evergreens. The ripe fruit hung temptingly within our reach as we passed. We alighted in the court yard of the palace, and, having registered our names, were ushered into the garden. Here for a half hour we wandered among myrtle hedges, and admired trees, and shrubs and flowers, grottoes, fountains, and statuary. This is far from being the season for the richest display of flowers, yet there were many still lingering in unfading beauty. From the garden we proceeded toward Citta Vecchia, calling on our way and ordering refreshments for our return.

At the old city we saw three things: the Grotto of St. Paul, the Catacombs and the Cathedral Church. Tradition says that the great apostle spent the three months subsequent to his shipwreck in penance in a cave, which is now exhibited to credulous and incredulous strangers. Over the spot is erected a small and neat chapel, within which we descended to a dark sepulchral place, where the two little fellows, in priests' robes, who had preceded us, lighted with vulgar brimstone matches the wax tapers they carried, and placing them in our hands, turned the key in the rusty lock, and ushered us into the Grotto of St. Paul. The place is some fifteen feet in length, breadth and height, and more nearly circular than rectilinear in its shape. In the centre stands a statue of the Saint, in the same attitude which has been chosen for nearly all his statues—and their name is Legion—found on the island, he is preaching to the people. This is right enough. Paul did preach upon this island, and converts were here baptised whether he himself dwelt in a cavern underground, within sight of the palace of the Governor of the island, whose father he had miraculously healed of a terrible disease, or not. And it is far from me to quarrel with them about the honor they pay to the Apostle to the Gentiles. But I could not help smiling at the credulity of our guides who asserted as one took up a small pick-axe, that was lying in a deep recess, and clipped off several pieces of the soft rock for us to carry away as mementoes of the spot, that the cave never grows larger, no matter how much may be carried away. It is supplied miraculously, and like the widow's oil knows no diminution. I turned to Charles and asked him if he believed that. "O yes sir," said he. "I believe it, because I am a Catholic." A very poor reason, and yet the very best one he was able to give. Grant to the Church of Rome her assumption of infallibility, and these poor deluded men have the most impregnable reason possible for their belief.

From the Grotto we proceeded to the Catacombs. Upon the date of the construction of these curious subterranean sepulchres the wise

are by no means agreed. Rome would have it that they were built or dug by the Christians in times of persecution as the burial place of martyrs or confessors. From this fruitful treasury she has from time to time drawn forth as relics of holy men, it may be, the bones of Phoenicians or Arabs who were laid quietly to rest, unsuspecting that such an honorable exhumation awaited them. I do not know how I can give you a better idea of the Catacombs than by saying that it is an underground city of the dead, with streets crossing each other in every direction, and on each side excavated niches for receiving the bodies of its inhabitants. These streets or passages are very low and narrow in most places, but occasionally widen into chambers, having perforations up to the air and light. Such apartments are called churches, and altars of sacrifice are pointed out. Many of the passages are closed up to prevent the wandering and loss of visitors. We emerged all safely to the upper world, after a half hours stumbling through dark and noisome labyrinths. Glad enough were we to escape safely to the clear pure air, though it was to be beset by a crowd of ragged impertunate beggars. These Maltese beggars—they are a peculiar institution. At Valetta there are so many resident English and other foreigners, that a stranger by putting on an air of business and pushing on as if perfectly familiar with the localities, can pass himself off as a resident and thus avoid them. But at Citta Vecchia we are strangers of course, and marked as the target of all sorts of dolorous petitions.

We made our way from the Catacombs to the Cathedral. Tradition says that this church stands on the site of the house of Publius. It possesses nothing remarkable as I can remember. It has the usual allowance of pictures and relics and crucifixes. From the windows of a large upper room we obtained a very fine view of the whole northern part of the island, stretching from St. Paul's Bay and the island of Comino on the west, to Valetta on the east, and embracing a view of the sea away toward Sicily.

At the door of the church we found our carriages, and were soon whirling away again toward the Grand Port. On our way we stopped for an hour for refreshments that had been prepared for us. That to which we did the most ample justice was the fruit. It was a great treat after our coarse salt fare on ship-board, to be able to partake, without stint, of oranges, pears and apples. The coffee too was excellent. We returned to the city by another way than that by which we had come out, and had a good view of the Quarantine harbor and of the fortifications upon the western side of Valletta. The fortress of St. Elmo on the end of the promontory on which the city of Valletta is built is more historically interesting than any other point about

Malta. It was the first point of attack, on the invasion of the island by the Turks in 1565. It was defended by 300 knights and 1,300 Maltese soldiers, and when after a month's seige, the Bashaw mounted the walls and entered the demolished fort, he found not a solitary man to wreak his vengeance upon. All its noble defenders had fallen, and he himself had lost 8,000 of the flower of his Janissaries. St. Angelo is a very strong fortification. It has never yet been taken in siege. Its four terraces of batteries, rising one above the other, by a single discharge could sink the largest ship that might attempt to force an entrance into the harbor. The city itself is also very strongly fortified, the ditch which runs outside the wall on the land side is in some places 90 feet deep, and excavated from the solid rock.

On our way in we took a ramble through the Botanical gardens, near the city. These were formerly the property of a private individual, but are now public. They enjoy the advantage of possessing a very fine prospect toward the country, and are laid out with a great deal of taste.

SALONICA, Feb. 24th, 1852.

We were liberated from quarantine on Sabbath morning, February 8th. That week until Friday, we spent very pleasantly in visiting the missionary families in Smyrna. Friday morning our goods came out of quarantine, and we barely had time to get them on board of the steamer before the hour of departure. We left Smyrna about 4 P. M., and arrived at the Dardanelles about noon the next day. We bade Miss Harris good bye and stepped into the boat which was to convey us ashore with our baggage. We were met at the quarantine by the brother of the English Consul—he himself is now in England—and were kindly invited to go to the Consulate. We were here received and entertained with the most generous and cheerful hospitality, by the three brothers of the Consul, who are here keeping bachelors hall, during his absence. The next morning at 10 o'clock the steamer for Salonica arrived from Constantinople, and we went on board. It was a rainy, cold morning and the wind blew quite violently, but we got safely on board, and found an excellent steamer, a pleasant Captain who spoke a little English and an English gentleman on his way to Salonica. This made our journey of twenty-four hours a pleasant one. At eight o'clock Monday morning, Feb. 16th, the city of Salonica, for which we had so earnestly longed, for which we had prayed—our future home—was clearly in sight. How our hearts beat with gratitude and love! So long on the deep and yet

at last arrived. How often did we exclaim, "Is this Salonica?" "Are we at last here." Thank God with us my dear parents, and pray that we may here be faithful to the work given us to do in this city. Here are thousands who are ignorant of the way of life.

March 4th.—The Spanish service is again resumed. I have been here two Saturdays. The first time there were nearly thirty present. Last Saturday there were fewer. It was a beautiful day, and therefore the greater temptation to wander off around the city. Oh! for the Spirit to give weight to the feeble words we utter. Our meetings during the week are: Sabbath, an English service at 11 o'clock, at which very seldom any but our own number are present. Prayer meeting for the ladies, Tuesday afternoon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Singing school Friday evening. Saturday at 9 o'clock business and prayer meeting, and at 2 o'clock services in Spanish. I led the singing in the Spanish service the first Saturday. I mean to get the language by autumn, so as to be able to go into the country on a colportage tour with brother Parsons. It will be very useful to me in giving me a practical acquaintance with the language.

April 12th.—The Jews are most rigid in all matters connected with food. Our little Jewish girl Sol, (her name means the sun, she has a bright eyed sister Luna—moon) accepts from us no food, except occasionally an uncooked egg, or a little honey from a jar that was never used for any thing else, or a little fruit directly from the market. They will not eat an egg which has been boiled in one of our sauce-pans, because the thing may once have held a piece of pork. The Passover has just passed. It commenced (the feast) on the first day of the week, April 4th, and continued eight days. For two weeks before, they were scrubbing and white-washing and cleaning up, to get every crumb of leaven out of their houses. It is a capital thing for them that this comes once a year for the scrubbing they get. They would else have no restraint to their propensity to dirt. But now once a year everything is clean. At the commencement of the Passover feast they are pure from all leaven, and no bread but the *massah* is found in their houses. This is a very thin wafer-like bread made of flour and water, and so thin that you would think it might have been spread on the vessel in which it was baked, with a paint brush. I have a piece lying before me of a thicker kind, and it would be just about as palatable as the cakes of dry yeast mother sometimes makes. As for touching leavened bread they cannot even lift the plate that has it on. Sol was here at dinner time one day, and Hattie asked her to hand the bread from the pantry—it was on a plate—but she said she could not. Brother Dodd's girl would not clear off the

table or wash dishes. It is so with everything. And while sometimes it is an inconvenience, it is in the house a great security—everything eatable is safe. Though they may be grinding away at their coarse, hard, black, gritty bread, in sight of a beautiful white loaf, yet neither hunger or cupidity ever overcome their superstitious scruples.

Upon the Passover time they do not allow work or business to trespass. All Jew stores and shops were closed through the city all last week, and opened this Monday morning. It is the great time for visiting, as much so as the first of January in New York. Accordingly last Monday morning, we gentlemen sallied out in the mud and rain to pay our respects to our better class acquaintances—the humbler ones could put up with the middle days—the first and last two being the most honorable. Our first place was the Chief Rabbi or head of the Jewish community; politically, perhaps, next to the Pasha himself, the most important man of the city. He is a grey, young looking, fleshy, fair, well to do sort of a dignified Jew. He received us very politely, and seated us on the divan of the apartment. Mr. Dodd did most of the talking, dwelling mostly upon indifferent matters, as it was simply a ceremonious call. Directly on taking our seats, refreshments were brought in on a waiter. It consisted of a saucer set in the middle of the waiter containing four pieces of preserved lemon peel, on the corner opposite our right hand lay four spoons and along the back of the waiter four glasses of water. You take a spoon and pass a piece of the preserve to your mouth, take a glass of water, and a swallow or so of its contents, set it back on the waiter and put your spoon into it, and the matter is finished. After this generally comes coffee, very thick and strong, in very small cups. But the Chief Rabbi gave us a higher compliment than coffee—pipes. Of course here smoke we must. The pipe is brought already fired, the end of the six feet stem is placed to your mouth, the bowl of the pipe is placed in a brass basin about six inches in diameter and one inch deep, to catch coals, ashes, &c.

This was our first visit—all formality. At other places we met with a more cordial reception. At all places sweetmeats and coffee. The Jews here are very social—they love exceedingly to talk with company. At such times they give themselves up to it, and they can entertain a stranger very agreeably.

On Wednesday we went out with the ladies and made other calls and had a very pleasant time.

And now about our religious services. Last year, at Passover time, anathemas fell thick as hail on the heads of all who dared attend our Spanish service. And they succeeded in keeping all away. But

this year, not a word has been uttered, and we have had a small number present on both Saturdays. This is encouraging. They may think that our efforts are too contemptible to be noticed; but though they may be humble and may seem contemptible—thank God, there is a mighty power in the preaching of the word. Every Saturday there is seed thrown on the hearts of new listeners. Some seem very attentive—one young man in particular has been regularly present since I have been here, and seems to listen with deep attention. I trust that after Passover—now—we shall have larger numbers present. And, Oh, for the descent of the Spirit upon this valley of dry bones.

GULF OF SALONICA, May 9th, 1854.

Monday evening and just arrived at Salconica and obliged to stay out. Our anchor was dropped just as the evening gun fired, and the boat which went ashore for pratique returned without it. The steamer is a slow one, and the wind has been strong ahead ever since leaving the Dardanelles, so that we have had a very good reason for being so late. There is a lesson too, is there not, in being just too late, in being at the very gate, and still shut out, just at night too.

There are a great many things to make me desire to commune with you this evening. Memory is awake, and little things, that perhaps I should pass by at other times, now arrest my attention and compel me to think and feel. And here I am under the walls of Salonica, where Hattie's short missionary life was spent, where she lived, and prayed, and breathed her last, and where her precious ashes repose. I would love, this evening, in the beautiful moonlight, to walk to that spot. Before entering the city, and going to any house, I would love to go to her narrow house. But no, the beautiful form has mouldered there, the vastly more beautiful soul is far away—perhaps not—perhaps near, perhaps her angel wing fans my cheek now, perhaps her sweet voice would whisper "Homer" to my heart now.

May 26.—Half past seven, and we have just got under way from the little port of Cavalla. I got up this morning at a quarter before four o'clock, to get a near view of Mt. Athos by daylight. The morning was very beautiful and we passed quite near the mountain. It is certainly a very imposing sight. It rises so precipitously from the sea to its very summit, that it seems as if a stone loosed from the summit would roll quite to the waters edge, and I suppose if it reached that point it would go much lower, for the water is very deep just along the shore. The snow was lying between the ridges, I should

think one-third of the way down the sides of the mountain. The monasteries form a prominent object in the picture. We arrived at Cavalla about eleven o'clock. If I had known that the steamer would remain until evening, I should have taken a horse and guide and gone out to the ruins of Philippi. Though there now remains nothing but a few broken columns and undistinguishable ruins of that which was once the chief city of this part of Macedonia, it would have been a memory worth cherishing—that of a visit to the desolated site. Cavalla is I suppose the nearest point of sea-coast to Philippi, but as it bears the name New Cavalla, and as there is an Old Cavalla a few miles further west, it is possible that this is not the port at which Paul and Silas disembarked. This little town presents in itself rather more than the usual amount of attractions in such small places. It is a place of not more than five or six thousand souls. It is built upon a promontory, shaped like the half of a pear. The stem end is toward the sea, and partly enclosing a small harbor. On the summit stands a castle, and the whole town is surrounded by a wall. This and a fine aqueduct which is still extant in a very fine state of preservation, are the work of those industrious Genoese. On the land side of the promontory a deep valley extends across the neck of land, over which the water is carried upon arches, I should judge, a hundred and fifty feet high. Within the city there is one building of considerable interest, the Medresse or school of Mehemet, Ali Pasha of Egypt. It seems that this was his birth place, and he has left this legacy of his charity to the poor of this little town. I walked through the buildings and found them most substantially built of stone throughout, and giving place for six hundred students with a corps of thirty teachers. The studies taught are after the old Turkish style, and the pupils are paid for submitting themselves to the operation of instruction. Connected with the establishment is a large kitchen, from which is dispensed, twice each day, food for as many poor people, without distinction of nation or faith, as may choose to apply. When I was there, there were twenty or thirty sitting, waiting for the hour of distribution. There are farms in the interior whose income is devoted to the support of this establishment.

SMYRNA, September 18th, 1855.

The day that I intended to write to you, I was preparing for a short tour to Sardis and Thyatira, and the next post day, was the day of our return. I hope you will feel compensated for the delay by an ac-

count of the journey. Our party consisted of four Franks. The Rev. Dr. Thompson of Roxbury, Mass., the associate of Dr. Anderson in the visit to the missions of the Board in India. Mr. Ladd, missionary to the Armenians here, Edward Van Lennep, a brother of the missionary Van Lennep now at Tocat, and myself. Besides ourselves—the chelebees or masters—we had one servant, one muleteer and two Turks as guards. We were all mounted, and had one horse for our load, consisting of two immense saddle-bags, called hoorges, packed with crockery, food, beds, bedding and cooking utensils. We left on Thursday morning, September 6th. Our plan was to go to Sardis direct, thence to Thyatira, and thence to return to Smyrna. Sardis is about twenty hours or sixty miles east from Smyrna. Thyatira is about the same distance north-east, and the two places are about twelve hours or thirty-six miles from each other. Our course lay for a couple of hours through the plain at the head of the Gulf of Smyrna. This plain is for the most part well watered, and cultivated, and dotted with villages. It was just the season of the gathering of grapes for the making of wine, and we met long strings of camels coming into the city loaded with huge baskets filled with grapes. On the plain there are a great many olive trees. This tree you have never seen. An olive grove looks, so far as the shape of the tree is concerned, a good deal like an apple orchard. The trees are about the same size and shape, though it would need be a pretty old and neglected orchard to resemble the knotty scragged appearance of a grove of olive trees. The foliage looks much like that of the willow though not quite so greyish. The upper part of the leaf is a very dark glossy green, but the lower side is as white as the leaf of the willow, and as the leaves have a tendency to turn up, the general appearance is whitish. Quinces and Pomegranates, I noticed also on this plain.

About two and one-half hours from Smyrna, we passed over the hill that bounds the plain on the east. On passing the summit we began to descend slowly to the plain of the river Nymphis. This is a very pretty plain but only partially cultivated. We kept along in it, our course a little north of east, till about three o'clock. We then emerged into the magnificent plain of the Hermus. About five o'clock we arrived at Cassaba, twelve hours from Smyrna. We had been in the saddle about nine hours. This day we had passed through a country capable of supporting a large population, yet almost deserted. There were several small villages and one considerable town off on the south side of the valley,—we passed to the north,—but nothing such a population as would be found on a similar district in Europe or

America. We saw only guard houses established to protect the posts and travellers against robbers. At one of these we stopped about noon and had our dinner. A coarse rush mat was spread on the earth floor, our table cloth on that and the food as usual on plates on the cloth. We sat down on the ground around it, and I can assure you, enjoyed it with the sauce of excellent appetites. But this is going back.

Cassaba is a Turkish town. There are a few Greeks and Armenians, and a very few Jews, but the population is mostly Turkish. Total about 50,000 or 60,000 souls. We spent the night here at a Khan or Caravanserai—all slept in one room, a very comfortable one. We here made the acquaintance of a physician, a converted Greek. He gave us some cheering accounts of the work of the gospel in the city. He finds the fanatical prejudices of all classes wearing away. Has many interesting conversations with Greeks, Jews and even Turks. Proclaims to them all salvation by Christ alone.

The next morning we arose at four o'clock, but with all the delays we did not get off until nearly or quite seven. Our route lay this day along the southern border of the plain of the Hermus, quite to Sardis. The soil of the slope to the plain is gravelly. There is a range of hills just along the base of Mt. Tmolus which forms the southern boundary of the plain, composed of gravel and earth. The earth seems to be very tenacious, for the rains cut the hills into curious shapes. They are very precipitous in many places, in fact in some places, as at the castle hill at Sardis, and in that vicinity—they are almost perpendicular. Sometimes they are cut into shapes resembling a pile of gothic steeples, then the perpendicular face of the hill appears as if supported by huge buttresses—all the fantastic architecture of the soft rain drops. The debris of these hills has made the soil of the slope to the plain very gravelly, yet it seems to be very fertile. I noticed large piles of wheat from the stubble fields on each side of the road, yet waiting to be winnowed. We did not dine this day until we arrived at Sardis, which was between one and two o'clock. Sardis was, 2,500 years ago capitol of the Kingdom of Lydia, one of whose kings was that proverbially rich man Cræsus. Here was his capitol, a rich voluptuous city. After this, and what is more interesting to the christian, there was a christian church here, a church to which one of the seven epistles in the Apocalypse was written. It is a spot of deepest historic interest. Here was the Lydian Kingdom, then came the conquering Assyrian, then the Grecian, then the Roman, then the Turkish. Each swept over it in triumph. Here the first dwelt in luxury. The Turk now leaves it desolate. There is not a family in Sardis. There

is a guard house kept by Turks, a grocery kept by a Greek, and two small grist mills kept by Turks I think, not a woman or child there, no families near but those of the wandering Turkomans. There are a great many ruins in Sardis, but very few in their original position. Each succeeding conquerer has built up the ruins of the building of his predecessors into structures of his own. The last ones, the Turks, have piled together into huge ugly shapes—broken columns, beautiful capitols and all the architectural debris of former generations. The doubt in regard to the age of some of these structures is exemplified in the case of one. It is a very large and conspicuous ruin, which you meet immediately after crossing the Paetolus. By some it is called the Palace of Cræsus, by others the Geronsia or Asylum for the aged. But I think that the earthquakes that have occurred since Greeks gave a name to an asylum here, would have prostrated such walls as are now standing. There is a ruin here called the Church of St. John, another is called the Theatre. The outline of the wall of the city can be very easily made out. It stood on the slope of a hill looking toward the north. Back of the city the hill rose immediately and almost precipitously, and the summit was crowned by a citadel. We climbed nearly to the summit, and were rewarded by a magnificent view. The plain of the Hermus lay immediately before us, at our feet. At this point it is from twenty to twenty-five miles wide. Opposite was the long hill on which are numbers of those conical mounds erected as memorials of the dead, which are probably the most ancient of all the antiquities in sight. Two of them are very large, say one hundred and fifty feet in height, one of these is the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus. Beyond that hill and next to the mountains which form the northern boundary of the plain is a small lake bearing the name Gyges, that of one of the Lydian kings still further back. But I must hurry away from Sardis, or I shall not get you around to Smyrna in time for the post.

We arose very early the morning we left Sardis. It was about sunrise when we were actually started. Breakfast for ourselves, our men, and our horses, and the packing of bedding and eatables took up more time than we wished. This morning, however, we gained a little on our load by leaving it behind at the coffee house, or guard house where we slept. The plan was to go and see the excavations made in the mound which covers the tomb of Alyattes, and then go on and overtake our load at Marmora, a town half way on our day's journey. They told us that we must have a guide to show us the way across the plain to the ford of the river, about three-quarters of an hour distant. We accordingly engaged the Greek keeper of the

grocery to go first with us, and then return to conduct the muleteer, servant and one of the Turkish guards whom we left behind. We found the Hermus at this season of the year some twenty or twenty-five yards in breadth, and about up to our horses knees. In the rainy season when a large body of water flows through this channel, the crossing is effected by means of a ferry boat drawn across by a stationary rope stretched from shore to shore. After riding about half an hour more we arrived at the mound. We were about an hour and a half in completing our explorations of that interesting spot. After crossing the low sandy flat at the head of the lake, we ascended slightly, and, for three or four hours before arriving at Marmora, traveled through a very fertile plain. I noticed among the trees of the plain a species of oak, which produces an acorn with a very large cup, which is used in tanning, and forms an important article of export from Smyrna. The article as exported is called Valonia. Soon after leaving Marmora we crossed the bed of a large winter torrent. The furious north wind had been driving the dust from its sandy banks in our faces for the last hour, and when we emerged upon the clear side we could trace the course of the stream by the clouds of dust rolling up in the air. A few minutes after we came to a stream of beautifully clear water flowing out of the base of the hills on our right. The greater part of this water is turned into artificial canals and carried off for irrigation. It is hardly a figure of speech to speak of the smiling of the fields. At least I thought so when I compared the sterility of that part of the plain we had just traveled, with the luxuriant vegetation of the portion to which we now came. These beautiful plains all remind me of home, not so much by what they are, as by what they might be. As I was riding along, I pictured to myself the scene before me, as it would appear in America, as it would appear here, and I trust will appear, when America's religion, the religion of the New Testament, shall be laid at the basis of society. I thought of the roads, and railroads, of the neat farm houses, quiet villages, busy cities, the spires pointing up through the green trees, and the precious hallowed Sabbaths. And all this must come here. These fertile plains will one day support again a teeming population, and the religion of Jesus Christ alone can work the change. It is oppression that has ruined the country, drained its resources, swept off its population. That Gospel will work the change, by teaching the value and rights of man. May God hasten the day.

We arrived at Ak Hissar or Thyatira about sun down. The shops were closed and the streets nearly deserted, so that the town had more than the ordinary loneliness of Turkish cities. We were con-

ducted to the Khan to which we had been recommended, and were soon in possession of a pretty good room. Here Mr. Van Lennep and I spent the Sabbath. The native brethren on learning that we had arrived, came to give us their welcome, and took Mr. Ladd and Mr. Thompson to one of their houses, where they remained. The Sabbath we passed very pleasantly, we were all tired by our three days journey, and had need of the day of rest. We attended three religious services. A prayer meeting in the morning at nine o'clock, in English, for our party and the Armenian pastor, who knows English. At eleven a service in Turkish, conducted by Mr. Ladd, and at four o'clock another Turkish service conducted by the native pastor. The little church here was formed by Mr. Ladd, more than a year ago and consists of five members. The Protestant community numbers about twenty souls. They are nearly all Greek, but living among the Turks as they do, they all use Turkish more freely than they do their own language. At the close of the morning service Mr. Thompson as a delegate of the Prudential Committee, and of the churches acting through the American Board, made some very interesting remarks communicating to this little church in Thyatira, the salutations of the churches in America. He told them about his own church as a specimen of a self-sustaining and missionary church, and expressed the hope that here in Thyatira there would soon be a church able to sustain itself and take part in the great work of sending the Gospel to those who are now destitute. While here we heard several anecdotes illustrative of the way in which God carries on his work in this land. One of them I will give you. The enemies of Protestants at Thyatira, resolved to injure our brethren there, by destroying their character among the influential Turks. They thought the most effectual way of doing it was to purchase a Bible in the Turkish language, and present it to some influential Turk. Ignorant of the contents of the Scriptures themselves, though they were Christians, they thought the Turks would soon find enough in the Protestants book to set them against this rising sect. So they made a subscription and purchased the book and presented it to one of the first Turks of the place. He sat down with them and began to read, but pronounced it good; he turned to another place and still found it good. He found nothing there to blame, on the contrary he read the Scriptures with great pleasure, and ended by recommending the book to the enemies of the Protestants themselves. It is said that he frequently gathers his Turkish friends around him and reads them a chapter from this book. This certainly is overruling the wrath of man. And who can tell but that this Bible may be the instrument of still greater results.

The next morning we had an early breakfast and were soon ready for a start; and receiving the warm farewells of the native friends. Our general course was south-west. Our road led us along the right bank of the river Hyllus. Much of the way there was little cultivation, the tall swamp grass and weeds were undisturbed. Nearer to Magnesia, however, the rich alluvial was turned to better account. At one place we saw a very large threshing floor, upon which they were driving no less than sixty horses, treading out the grain. They were tied together by tens, and one man riding one of the outside horses guided his troop. We spent the night at Magnesia, and leaving about ten o'clock the next morning, reached home a little after dark, just as they had given us up.

ADANA, April 22d, 1856.

We arrived at Mersin early Saturday morning, took a room at a khan where we got our breakfast and made our preparations for departure for Tarsus. Tarsus is six hours from Mersin, and over a dead plain. The same may be said of the road from Tarsus to Adana. I should think the plain must be as much as fifty miles long and averages twenty miles wide. It is now covered, to a great extent, with the rich green of the barley and wheat fields. We arrived at Tarsus about four o'clock, and left early Monday morning, so I cannot tell you as much as I would like of the interesting things of the place. The houses are poorly built, and generally in a more ruinous condition than those of Antioch. But all through the city are numerous gardens, which impart much beauty to the view of it. The Cydnus flows about a half a mile east of the city, a muddy stream about as large the Orontes. North of the city, three streams are diverted from the channel of the river, and are conducted through the city for the irrigation of the gardens. It was pleasant to spend a Sabbath in Tarsus. I seemed to feel better acquainted with the Apostle Paul for it. Though the city must have changed entirely since his day, there are still many things which were elements of Tarsus in Paul's time. The city was doubtless then characterized by the profusion of foliage which is now its chief ornament. These three streams, perhaps, flowed through it then. Then, the orange and the pomegranate displayed their peculiar foliage. Then, the splendid blocks of marble which now attract our attention everywhere, were piled on each other, into the forms which have served as architectural models in all succeeding time. I should like to see the building, of which the fragments of columns in the yard of the khan where we stopped, formed a part. They were of beautiful marble deeply fluted and three feet and a half

in diameter. From these hints we can form something of an idea of the Tarsus of the time of the Apostle. But the outlines of the horizon have not changed. When Saul stood on the roof of his father's house at evening, he gazed on the same distant scene that was spread out before us from the roof of the khan. The plain then as now stretched away like a prairie on each side of the city; to the north were the same low hills, and beyond the same snow covered Taurus. The peaks and gorges, and the strange castle shaped summits were there then as now, and the moon then rose through the mist of the plain like a great orb of fire, as it did the evening we were there. Here Paul was born, here he sported as a child, here he wandered as a more serious youth, hence he departed for his education in the Holy Land. Hither he returned after his studies were completed; after his anger against the new sect, after his vision in the way, after the three years in the desert, the rejection at Damascus and Jerusalem. Hither he came for retirement, baffled and disappointed. But as Moses and David were trained by retirement for their work, so doubtless Paul was better prepared for his glorious mission when Barnabas came over from Antioch, and sought him out, and told him of the glorious work God had begun in that corrupt city, and begged him to come over and help him. He went over to Antioch, and Saul, of Tarsus, passes into the Apostle to the Gentiles, the man who has exerted and is exerting the widest influence of all who have lived. More to me, and to you, and more to the world, is the birth place of that young Jew, than the birth place of poets, and heroes, and statesmen

ANTIOCH, Sept. 12th, 1857.

Soon after my last letter we went all of us to Bitias to spend six weeks. It is, you know, the nearest of our Armenian villages. While there we examined ten or twelve persons for admission to the church, and formed six of them into a church. You would perhaps be interested to know something of the process of forming a church, where none exists, so I will tell you how we proceeded. We first called to converse with us several persons in regard to where we had good reason to hope, that they had experienced a change of heart. The first of these was Seklem Carabet, a young man with whom we had conversation last winter. His experience was very clear on all the fundamental things. A few years ago, he was a poor ignorant boy. Since becoming acquainted with the truth he has learned to read, and has made pretty good use of this attainment. In intelligence naturally, he is perhaps, only fair, yet the Gospel has awakened his mind, so that you

would be astonished at his replies. One is compelled to own that it is the work of the Spirit on his heart. The second person was Kaiyikji Carabet, naturally proud, self-opinionated, unstable, nor so thoughtful as the first, yet a man in whose heart the Gospel has wrought a good work. The third was Sherbetji Sarkis. He once was very fond of the superstitions of the Armenian Church. He said that whatever others might do in regard to Protestantism, he would not accept it. He would not give up the Mass. That was the most precious thing he knew. But now it seemed to him like a nonsensical exhibition, a vain, empty show. A year ago this man was very anxious for the formation of a church, and to be admitted to it. He had a lingering notion of the efficacy of the sacraments. Now this is all changed, and his hope is fixed on Christ alone. The fourth was Katurji Hohannes. He is what they call a naturally pious, i. e., he never lied or stole, or used profane language. When a young man he was a shepherd, and living almost constantly on the mountain, he got to be afraid of his fellow-men. When the Gospel came to the village he at first rejected it, but afterwards became convinced of its truth. During the last year he has made great progress in Christian experience. The last two are brothers, Movses and Carabet. These young men have been openly Protestants only about a year, in fact, it is less. They belong to the principal family in the village. Their parents are still living, and the family numbers in all, children and grand children, 25 souls. A year ago there was not among them a single Protestant. Movses, a lovely young man, the eldest son, had long been convinced of the truth, but from respect to his father, did not profess it. His conscience, however, was ill at ease. At last he made up his mind to take the step. His father at first opposed him, but after a little ceased, and the whole family have followed him! The father is regularly in his place at the Chapel, the mother is deeply interested in the truth. Movses' experience was very clear and satisfactory. Dr. Pratt says that he has seldom heard so clear a statement of experience. He was asked if he thought he had experienced a change of heart, and he answered: I will tell you some of my feelings and then you can judge, and proceeded to tell us how he felt himself changed. His brother, Carabet, is a thoughtful young man, he is liable to fits of insanity; last summer he was raving mad several months. But, whatever he may have been, or may be, he is now in his right mind, sitting at Jesus' feet. I have for a long time felt anxious for him, on account of his fearful liability. It was therefore, with deep thankfulness, that I listened to him and learned that he had hopefully given himself to Christ. It was touching to hear him ask if we thought that he would be called to account for the sins he

might commit if he were to be crazy again. How glorious the thought, that though reason may be wrecked here, he has eternal soundness of mind and freedom from this fearful disease in another world.

These six we thought fit persons to be admitted to the ordinances of the Christian Church. They accordingly met one evening and listened to the Articles and Confession of faith of the Evan. Arm. Ch. in Turkey, and unanimously adopted it as their own, and each other as fellow members of the Evan. Arm. Ch. of Bitias. We gave them a few words of exhortation, and closed as we had begun with prayer.

The ensuing Sabbath, at eleven o'clock, the Chapel was crowded with our own congregation and numbers of villagers, who had come to see the Lord's Supper administered in accordance with Protestant custom. There must have been as many as two hundred present. The following was the order of exercises: Invocation; Reading of the Scriptures; Singing; Introductory remarks on the nature of the Church, and proper characters to be admitted; Reading and assenting to the Confession of faith and covenant by the six members of the Church; Prayer; Reading and explanations of I Cor. II.; and onward; Consecration prayer; Distribution of the bread; Remarks; Consecration prayer and Distribution of the wine; Hymn; Benediction.

In the afternoon Dr. Pratt preached a sermon on Baptism, and I administered the rite to their babe, the child of our servant, and that of one of our new members. The house was again full, and though both morning and afternoon, the exercises were long, good attention was paid, and we trust by Lord's blessing much good was done. The work at Bitias has thus entered on another stage of its progress which has its peculiar difficulties.

LATAKIA, Aug. 9th, 1855.

MY DEAR DR :

I don't know but you will have heard before this reaches you, if not, this must carry to you the sad news of the breach that has again been made in our circle of little ones. Our sweet little Winnie has gone to join in the employments of the little ones around the Throne of God in Heaven. I returned from Aleppo, Saturday July 22d, and found him ill from three or four days with fever and diarrhœa, which Susan thought was from teething. It proved to be typhoid fever, and ran its course and released the dear little sufferer Monday evening, July 31st. He suffered greatly, especially the last day, from colic pains and spasmodic action of the throat, with the exception of about eight hours at the very last. We had Dr. Jirjos with us from Thursday after-

noon, and he did all that could be done. Since coming here, he has talked with Dr. Metheny about the course of the disease and the remedies he employed, and the Dr. says that from what he learns from him and us, he thinks Jirjos pursued a very judicious course of treatment. The day before he died we had a good deal of hope. I took charge of communion services that day, and although I was not without anxiety on his account, I was not oppressed with it. But love and prayers, and hopes, and care and medicine were all powerless to detain him. It was not the Father's will, and we are satisfied. Our desire is that God's will may be done in us and ours. Our only condition is, that we may be indeed made partakers of His holiness and enjoy the peaceable fruits of righteousness when we are exercised thereby. You can understand Dr. how great a breach this makes in our circle. You know how sweet and winning a Winnie he was. One of the most delightful memories we have of Hattie's last days is her inexpressibly sweet "Thank you dear Papa." Well, Winnie's baby voice was employed for almost the last time in the expression of intelligible words, repeating the same sweet words, and "Dear papa," "Papa's boy," &c. How pleasant to have such a sweet tone ringing in one's ear. Oh, what will it be when we hear them in that world above. Will they come to the door in childish glee and welcome us when we come weary and dusty, and careworn to the gate above and ask for admittance there? What a precious company is gathering there!

I write from Latakia. On Wednesday night Mr. Dodds sent us a special messenger telling us that an English steamer would be in Latakia Thursday evening to leave Friday evening for Liverpool via Alexandria. This, with all the present derangements of quarantine seemed our only chance, and after much hesitation and misgiving, we made up our minds to rush it through and get off that evening. We left all in confusion, for Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Coffing to pick up after we were gone, and got down to Muaf Castal by eleven o'clock. Some rest and a little sleep brought us to the morning, and we were in Latakia by 2 p. m.; but to be disappointed in regard to the steamer. Another had come and taken the freight and she had gone. So we are here waiting still. If no English comes by Saturday we shall, I think, go by French to Marseilles via Smyrna, and do the best we can. The cholera on the way does not seem to be very alarming and we shall be liable to quarantine only at Marseilles, if there. Dr. Jirjos goes up by the Russian steamer to-morrow if he can get off. I shall send this by the French, and will tell you of his movements. He will tell you of his plans.

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