## THE FINE ARTS.

### Exhibition of the National Academy.
VII.

Our last glance at the Exhibition must be brief, and include such portraits and landscapes as we had marked for more extended notice. In regard to portrait painting, this should never be forgotten, that, as Art deals with Nature, and as man is the highest form of visible life, the representation of man is the loftiest, instead of the lowest, aim of art. Historical painting, to which common consent allots the first position in the various departments of art, is justly first because it represents men in action. It seizes moments of admirable heroism, or reveals the stately spectacle of the possible action of men, as beheld by the Imagination. That there are many portraits, therefore, is no disgrace to an exhibition—if the portraits are good.

*The Requiem of De Soto*, (6) by Mr. WHITE, with a certain vigor is yet an unsatisfactory picture. It is an incident which admits of poetic and picturesque treatment, but the imagination of the artist has accepted rather a common-place idea of it. *The Gallantry of Raleigh* (29) is a picture of Mr. LEUTZE's, painted some ten years since. The well-known incident is treated in the most obvious manner. It is a costume picture, and would command little notice except from the fact that it is LEUTZE's, and has vigor and brilliancy. For the sumptuousness of Elizabeth's Court—for the imposing splendor of her aristocracy—for the imperial richness instinctively demanded, the eye searches the canvas in vain. Elizabeth is the least striking of all the figures. The eye slips off directly upon the pert little page, behind. The prime difficulty of the picture is this, that it throws no new meaning or beauty upon the scene. Of any artist like LEUTZE we naturally expect some justification of the subject selected, in the picture itself. Trumbull's Congressional pictures were derisively called "shin-pieces" because the mind disdained to see nothing but a row of solemn gentlemen in tight black small clothes, when it looked to see the men who laid the foundations of the republic. Those conscript fathers did, indeed, wear knee-breeches and buckles, but when we think of them, they have an air of lofty and devoted manhood. If an artist cannot deepen this feeling, he ought not to paint the picture,—unless he can content himself with that success which renders satin, velvet and feathers with deceptive imitation. The defect of No. 29 is analagous to this. The spectator does not find as much in the picture as he brings to it. Over it, in No. 31, Mr. HUNTINGTON introduces us to a profusion of admirably rendered velvet, lawn, silk, damask and plush, in, on, under, and by which sits his present Grace of Canterbury. It is a very effective picture, with the air of a good likeness. We can only heartily sympathize with the artist that he was necessarily confronted with such a mass of haberdashery that when he was obliged to add the horse-hair wig, his picture could only result in a representation of the pontificals of the Archbishop.

*Jacob's Dream* (33) is one of the most popular pictures of Mr. L. TERRY. Without any claim to exactness of drawing, or richness of color, or to anything suggestive in its conception of the Scriptural story, this picture has yet an air of purity, and grace, and sweetness. Viewing the composition as it stands, its most palpable defect is the apparition at the top of the steps. This instantly limits what should have been infinite. The vista should not have been closed—the radiant avenue of the Angels should have vanished in the supreme splendor of Heaven. Mr. MULLER's *Valley in the Alps* (37) like his No. 144, a Canadian scene, convey a good impression of wild passages of landscape. But, with great fidelity in handling, we cannot find them interesting. They seem rather the landscapes as the hand sees it—if we may say so—than as the head and heart feel it.

In No. 53, we have one of Mr. ELLIOTT's best portraits, although No. 449 seems to us his finest contribution to the Exhibition. There is a remarkable uniformity of excellence in his works. They impress us always with a sense of facility, almost of carelessness, in the execution, as if he could easily do all that he wished to do. Unhappily this leaves us with the desire that he would wish to do more. Certain points are carefully elaborated, the likeness is always admirable, an exquisite grace is imparted to the form, and a great satisfaction to the friends of the subject, but they yet lack some essential charms. It is because they are so good, probably, that the wonder is suggested why they are not better. There is one point that we remark in Mr. ELLIOTT's portraits, and that is, a want of glow. There is plenty of local color strongly laid on—there is vermillion enough in the lips, &c., but it is not the natural hue, it is too brilliant, if you please, and therefore the *ensemble* suffers. Thus in No. 53, despite the lips, there seems a positive want of color. Hence the general impression of his pictures left upon the mind, is that of great whiteness or blackness, and they derive from it an air of unreality, which is prejudicial, while they have an instinctive feeling of propriety in the highest sense, which is most admirable. Thus again, to illustrate this, No. 53, at the first a glance would seem, from the peculiarity of the position represented, a strange, and even a little grotesque, figure for the walls of a drawing-room or chamber. It would seem almost an affectation, suggestive of ladies "of quality" in annuals. But this has been naturally and beautifully obviated by the slight bit of landscape introduced. Its rustic ease involuntarily reminds the spectator that the posture indicated is under the circumstances among the most natural and graceful.

Mr. MATHEW's *portrait of a gentleman* (94) is one of the best in the gallery. It is simple and strong, admirably moulded and well colored. Mr. BOUTELLE's *Landscape* (96) near by, is too confused, but has a certain boldness which is pleasant to see, because it shows the artist is not afraid of his palette and brushes. Mr. CRANCH's *Castle-Rock, Nahant*, (99) is a fine study of rocks, and has great local truth. So with his *Gleam of Light* (229) in the next room. They have both the breezy sentiment of the northern coast, and in No. 99, the fleecy clouds suffusing the base of the sky rise as the spectator remembers so often to have seen them rise, in a fresh summer day by the sea. The same artist in No. 443, *A clearing-off Shower*, has seized another watery feature of nature with success. The glistening gloom upon the heavy foliage—the leaden grayness of the receding cloud, and the dazzling sparkle of the sunlight are truthfully conceived. Mr. LANG's No. 101, a young Italian beggar with her child, is curiously suggestive of Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola*, but this and *the Fair Penitent* (45) are wonderful advances upon last year. Mr. PEALE's *Girl and Rabbits* (106) is one of his characteristic pictures. It is careless in execution. The bad drawing is palpable to the most cursory glance, nor has it richness of effect. But, like all the artist does, and because he is a man of decided talent and confidence in his talent, it is individual and pleasing. The intentness of the child upon the little rabbit in her lap, and the easy grace with which she proffers him the leaf—the good still-life throughout, and the total absence of pretension, with the characteristic truthfulness of feeling in the details, make this a very good picture with very great faults. There are two kinds of faults, in pictures, the defects of imperfect study, and the want of just conception. When the latter shows itself, it is very like to be accompanied with painful conceit, which burnishes its blemishes and presents them as beauties. Mediocrities elaborated with self-sufficient effort, are, in all kinds, the most painful subjects of criticism. Happily the Gallery of the Academy offers few such this year. In No. 134, Mr. GIFFORD exhibits one of his dreamy summer landscapes. Stoddard sings exquisitely of a scene,

"Bathed in atmospheres of sleep,"

and the line might well be the motto of many of Mr. GIFFORD's pictures. The terracing of the distant hill sides on the lake is admirably indicated in No. 134, and the feeling of the whole scene is sweet and poetic. Yet that dreamy haze is the atmosphere of the Lotus, and may seduce the artist from a healthy sincerity. When an artist employs a means which inferior men may use to conceal the faults of their works, his own excellencies must be the more apparent to avoid the suspicion of subterfuge. There is some want of strength in Mr. GIFFORD's landscapes, and of freshness. They are apt to have a slightly *fade* air.

Mr. HUNTINGTON's *Portrait of a Lady* (149) is the best picture he shows. It is treated with great richness and feeling, and belongs to the higher order of portraits. The accessories, although characteristic and intrinsically interesting, do not wean the eye from the subject. The action of the right arm and hand is conventional and stiff, however, and the hand is not so much flesh and blood, as wax. How could those fingers possibly bend? Mr. HUNTINGTON's *Tribute Money* (409) is liable to the same criticism, precisely, as LEUTZE's *Raleigh and Elizabeth*. Is it more than a pleasing picture of a scene already very clearly defined and with very grand and solemn imagery, in the mind of the spectator? There are some subjects in every department of literature and art, which can be satisfactorily treated only by remarkable power, and, when once treated so, may hardly be repeated except by very eminent genius. The story of Hamlet, or the Transfiguration, or the Apollo, or the Scriptural Feasts, and scores of other subjects, could hardly be painted, carved or sung again with any success, until the same genius in another guise undertook the task. There is in Mr. HUNTINGTON's picture a sweet gravity in the head of Christ, as good, possibly, as the same thing in any other picture. But still it is not a new Christ. It might have been studied from any of those others. Do we then require of the artist perfect novelty in everything he does? Most assuredly if an artist does anything we require that it should be his work and not another's. He has either no call to be an artist, or nature has especially provided him with work to do, and work which she has given to no other man.—A work like this of Mr. HUNTINGTON's, like the one of Mr. DURAND's to which we recently alluded, makes a certain claim and implies a certain standard. And the first claim—unless the work proposes to be a copy or a study of another picture—is, that it is the work of the artist. Now, frankly, this picture necessarily recalls other treatments of the same subject, and especially Titian's "Tribute Money." We do not find it better than that. We do not find that the story is more significantly told, or in a more imposing manner. We do not find any thought in Mr. HUNTINGTON's which is not in Titian's. The great idea of each is the contrast between the intellectual loveliness of Christ and the low cunning of the Jew. In Mr. HUNTINGTON's this is hardly given with sufficient subtlety. The brutal visage of the brawny Jew against the tender tranquility of Christ is too much of a contrast of the physical with the spiritual. The true opposition should borrow nothing from physical repulsion. The contrast should be strong but intellectual. There is a fine illustration of this in Retzsch's outline of *The Game of Life*, in which the Prince of Evil has the royalty of Lucifer.

No. 176 is attributed to EDWIN LANDSEER. It is a picture of no very marked character. No. 441 is a characteristic work of HERRING, who appears to be a Landseer without genius. *Doing Nothing* (184) is a quiet little picture by Mr. JEWELL, in the third room, of no great mechanical merit, but with a pleasing sentiment in a novel direction among our artists. Another small picture in the adjoining room, *The White Slave*, (343) by Mr. HINSDALE, and his only contribution, has great pathos. It is Hood's Song of the Shirt made touchingly palpable. Mr. WILLIAMSON's *Revolutionary Airs* (200) is another little picture of homely but natural pathos. The difference between this and Mr. EDMOND's *Speculator* (230) is, that the former concentrates attention upon the figures, and the sentiment which touches them, while the latter excites admiration for the ingenious detail of a rude farm-house in which the figures are superfluous. Mr. E. TERRY's *Down Hill* (203) has great spirit, and his *Cattle-piece* (221) has a decided interest. There is a tale told by the contrast of the chafing bull, closely tied up, and the leisurely tranquillity of the cows beyond the little brook. In the same room is Mr. CASILEAR's *Landscape Composition*, (210) a work of great accuracy and care, but which seems to us rather monotonous and timid.

In the next room, the fourth gallery, are the sculptures and drawings. A striking and grotesque cartoon of a passage in Young's Night Thoughts, by Mr. HUBERT, No. 252, is somewhat too carefully elaborated to achieve the intention of the artist. Mr. COLYER's *Winter* (304) is most delicately done, and is very handsome. But why the tear? Does Winter weep over her own coldness? No. 410 by Mr. BROWN is a vigorous and characteristic water-color drawing of an old Monk nodding before the fire. In *St. Paul's Wreck* (242) by Mr. SHAW, as well as in its pendant, No. 245, there is much feeling. In No. 242, the great ship sinking, full-sailed, is not without a majestic impression. Mr. PALMER, so pleasantly remembered for his beautiful bust of last year, contributes two this season, Nos. 271 and 286, both portrait busts, and both admirable. The extreme grace of sentiment, the sincere feeling and the mechanical facility exhibited in all his works indicate that he may take high rank among American Sculptors. Mr. ROGERS' *Night* attracted much attention on the first evening, when it was supposed to be Greenough's, and deserves it still. There is an expression of pain in the face which we do not understand. We should have looked only for a dreamy languor.

—We must end here abruptly, and omit many pictures worthy of notice, for our space is limited. But we have a few words to say to some recent strictures upon our remarks, in *The Evening Post* and *Home Journal*, for which we shall find room in a day or two.

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UNIVERSALIST COLLEGE.—The Massachusetts Legislature granted acts of incorporation for the new Universalist College for which that denomination have lately been raising funds. It is to be called the Tufts College, in honor of Charles Tufts, Esq., who has given the College a valuable property at Walnut Hill near Boston. The College is to be located either in Somerville or Medford. Over $100,000 have been subscribed to establish this institution. At a meeting of the Corporators, last week, they elected Rev. O. A. Skinner, Secretary, and B. B. Mussey, Esq., Treasurer *pro tem.*, appointed a Committee to frame a constitution and by-laws, and adjourned to meet in Boston on the 10th of June. *The Post* says that "among the clergymen who will have great influence in moulding the proposed institution are Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, of Medford, and Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, of Clinton, New-York, whose literary labors, thorough scholarship, and earnest efforts in the cause of education have been such as to have elicited the compliment of D.D. from Harvard College."

## FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

### XXXII.

JOURNEY FROM KHARTOUM TO EL METEMMA—CROSSING THE BEYOODA DESERT.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ABDOM, (ruins of Napata,) ETHIOPIA, February 17, 1852.

After thirteen days of laborious travel I reached the Nile again this morning, heartily glad to have left Soudan behind me. What with thorns, stones, sand-storms, snakes and scorpions, to say nothing of a daily heat of 105° in the shade, the journey has been less enjoyable than that across the Great Nubian Desert; yet, nevertheless, has its full share of interest. It is a route but little known,—at least the portion between El Metemma and this place—and I chose it as being also the shortest and safest road. All of the Beyooda, which term is applied to the broad desert region west of the Nile and extending southward from Nubia to Kordofan and Dar-Fur, is infested with marauding tribes of Arabs, and, though at present their depredations are less frequent than formerly, still, from the total absence of all protection, the traveler is exposed to considerable risk. Henceforward, my road will follow the course of the Nile, and twenty days' travel will bring me to the second cataract at Wadi-Halfa.

I set out from Khartoum on the 5th inst, regretting to leave some good friends in that furnace of Soudan, yet well satisfied to escape therefrom myself. I bought two large and powerful dromedaries from the Consul, and engaged three more from the Arabs—a Kababish and a Shygheean, who were encamped on the west bank of the White Nile.—The Consul obliged them to furnish security for their character, and threatened them with destruction in case they did not convey me and my baggage safely, as far as the frontiers of Dongola. He accompanied me on his dromedary for several miles, and turned back most reluctantly from the wild and stony path: it led to Europe and to Civilization. A type of the place where he is condemned to reside, was furnished us the same morning, while sailing from Khartoum to the junction of the two Niles. We passed the body of a woman, who had been strangled and thrown into the water: a sight which the natives regarded without the least surprise. The Consul immediately dispatched one of his servants to the Governor of the city, asking him to have the body taken away and properly interred.

The journey to El Metemma occupied nearly five days, but we were obliged to travel slowly, on account of the nature of the road, which, for the greater part of the distance, lay in the Desert, just beyond the edge of the cultivated land. For the first day or two, we rode over dry, stony plains, covered with thickets of the small thorny mimosa and patches of long yellow grass. The country is crossed by deep gulleys, through which the streams formed by the summer rains flow to the Nile. Their banks are lined with a thick growth of sont, nebbuk, and other trees peculiar to Central Africa, in which many lions make their lairs and prey upon the flocks of the Arabs. One bold, fierce fellow has established himself on the Island of Musakar Bey, just below the junction of the Nile, and carries off nightly a sheep or calf, defying the attempts of the natives to take him. Our view was confined to the thorns, on whose branches we left many shreds of clothing as mementoes of the journey, and to the barren range of Djebd Gerrari, stretching westward into the Desert. Occasionally, however, in crossing the low spurs which ran out from this chain, the valley of the Nile—the one, united Nile again—lay before us, far to the east and north-east, the river glistening in the sun as he spread his arms round island after island, till his lap could hold no more. The soil is a poor, coarse gravel, and the inhabitants support themselves by their herds of sheep and goats, which browse on the thorns. In places there are large thickets of a species of euphorbia, which here becomes a tree twenty feet high. It grows about the huts of the natives, who make no attempt to exterminate it, nothwithstanding the poisonous nature of its juice, one drop of which is sufficien to destroy the sight forever. At least every hour we passed a large Arab burying-ground, crowded with rough head and foot stones, except where white pennons, fluttering on poles, denoted a more than ordinary sanctity in the deceased. The tomb of the Shekh, or holy man of Merreh, is a conical structure of stones and clay, about fifteen feet in breadth at the base, and twenty feet high. The graves are so numerous and the dwellings so few that one has the impression of traveling in a country depopulated by the pestilence; yet we met many persons on the road—partly Kababish, and partly natives of Dongola and Mahass. The men touched their lips and foreheads on passing me, and the women greeted me with that peculiar "*hab-bab-ba!*" which seems to be the universal expression of salutation among the various tribes of Central Africa.

My guide, Mohammed, is a Kababish, and the vainest and silliest Arab I have yet seen. He wears his hair in long braids, extending from the forehead and temples to the nape of the neck, and kept in their places by a layer of mutton-fat, half an inch thick, which fills up the intervening spaces. His hollow cheeks, deep-sunken eyes, thin and wiry beard, and the long spear he carries in his hand make him a fair representative of Don Quixote, and the resemblance is not diminished by the gaunt and ungainly camel on which he jogs along at the head of my caravan. He is very devout, praying for quite an unreasonable length of time before and after meals, and always has a large patch of sand on his forehead, from striking it on the ground, as he kneels towards Mecca. Both his arms, above the elbows, are covered with rings of hippopotamus hide, to which are attached square leathern cases, containing sentences of the Koran, as charms to keep away sickness and evil spirits. The other man, Said, is a Shygheean, willing and good-natured enough, but slow and regardless of truth, as all Arabs are. Indeed, the best definition of an Arab which I can give, is—a philosophizing sinner. His fatalism gives him a calm and equable temperament under all circumstances, and "God wills it!" or "God is merciful!" is the solace for every misfortune. But this same carelessness to the usual accidents of life extends also to his speech and his dealings with other men. I will not say that an Arab never speaks truth: on the contrary, he alway does, if he happens to remember it, and there is no object to be gained by suppressing it; but rather than trouble himself to answer correctly a question which requires some thought, he tells you whatever comes uppermost in his mind, though certain to be detected the next minute. In regard to his dealings, what Sir Gardner Wilkinson says of Egypt, that "nobody parts with money without an effort to defraud," is equally true of Nubia and Soudan. The people do not steal outright; but they have a thousand ways of doing it in an indirect and civilized manner, and they are perfect masters of all those petty arts of fraud which thrive so greenly in the great commercial cities of Christendom. With these slight drawbacks, there is much to like in the Arabs, and they are certainly the most patient, assiduous and good-humored people in the world. If they fail in cheating you, they respect you the more, and they are so attentive to you, so ready to take their mood from yours—to laugh when you are cheerful, and be silent when you are grave—so light-hearted in the performance of severe duties, that if you commence your acquaintance by despising, you finish by cordially liking them.

On a journey like this, it is absolutely necessary to preserve a good understanding with your men and beasts; otherwise travel will be a task, and a severe one, instead of a recreation. After my men had tried in vain to misinterpret my contract with them, in order to take another road, and had injured some of my baggage by neglecting the camels, I drilled them into absolute obedience, and found their character much improved thereby. With my dromedary, whom I called Abou-Sin, (the Father of Teeth,) from the great Shekh of the Shukoree Arabs, to whom he originally belonged, I was soon on good terms. He is a beast of excellent temper, with a spice of humor in his composition, and is fond of playing a practical joke. But as I always pay them back, neither party can complain, though Abou-Sin sometimes gurgles out of his long throat a string of Arabic gutturals, in remonstrance. He comes up to my tent and kneels at precisely the same hour every evening, to get his feed of dourra, and when I am at breakfast always holds his lips pursed up, ready to take the pieces of bread I give him. My men, whom I agreed to provide with food during the journey, are regaled every day with mutton and mareesa, the two only really good things to be found in Soudan. A fat sheep costs 8 piastres (40 cents), and we kill one every three days. The meat is of excellent flavor. Mareesa is a drink peculiar to the country. It is made of the coarse grain called dourra, which is pounded into flour by hand, mixed with water, and heated over a fire in order to produce speedy fermentation. It is always drank the day after being made, as it turns sour on the third day. It is a little stronger than root beer and has a taste similar to wheat bran, unpleasant on the first trial and highly palatable on the second. A jar holding two gallons costs one piastre, and as few families, however poor, are without it, we always find plenty of it for sale in the villages. It is nutritious, promotive of digestion, and our experience goes to prove is not only a harmless but most wholesome drink in this stifling climate. There is another beverage, called *bilbil*, made from wheat, which is stronger and has a pungent flavor. The people in general are remarkably temperate, but sailors and camel-men are often not content without arakee, a sort of weak brandy made from dates. I have heard this song sung so often that I cannot choose but recollect the words. It is in the Arabic jargon of Soudan:

"E toombak sheràboo dowaïà,
Oo el karafeen ed dowa il 'es sufaïa,
Oo el àrakee leghetoo monnaïa,
Oo'm bilbil bukkoosoo burraïa."

[Tobacco I smoke in the pipe: and niareesa is a medicine to the *sufaia*; (*i. e.* the bag of palm fibers through which it is strained,) but arakee makes me perfectly contented, and then I will not even look at bilbil.]

The third day after leaving Khartoum, I reached the mountains of Gerri, through which the Nile breaks his way in a narrow pass. The *akaba*, or desert road, which we were obliged to take in order to reach the river again, is six hours in length, through a wild, stony tract, covered with immense boulders of granite, hurled and heaped together in the same chaotic manner as is exhibited in the rocks between Assouan and Philæ. After passing the range, a wide plain again opened before us, the course of the Nile marked in its centre by the darker hue of the nebbuks and sycamores, rising above the long gray belts of thorn-trees. The mountains which inclose the fallen temples of Mesowoorat and Naga, appeared far to the east. The banks of the river here are better cultivated than further up the stream. The wheat, which was just sprouting, during my upward journey, was now two feet high and rolled before the wind in waves of dark, intense, burning green. The brilliancy of color in these mid-African landscapes is truly astonishing.

The north wind, which blew the sand furiously in our faces during the first three days of the journey, ceased at this point, and the weather became once more intensely hot. The first two or three hours of the morning were, nevertheless, delicious. The temperature was mild, and there was a June-like breeze which bore far and wide the delicate odor of the mimosa blossoms. The trees were large and thick, as on the White Nile forming long, orchard-like belts between the grain-fields and the thorny clumps of the desert. On the fifth day I reached the large town of El Metemma, nearly opposite Shendy, and the capital of a negro kingdom, before the Egyptian usurpation. The road, on approaching, it leads over a narrow plain, covered with a shrub resembling heather, bordered on one side by the river, and on other by a long range of bare red sand-hills. We journeyed for more than three hours, passing point after point of the hills, only to find other spurs stretching out ahead of us. From the intense heat I was very anxious to reach El Metemma, and was not a little rejoiced when I discerned a grove of date trees, which was pointed out to me from Shendy, a month before, as the landmark of the place. Soon a cluster of buildings appeared on the sandy slopes, but as we approached, I saw they were ruins. We turned another point, and reached another group of tukuls and clay houses—ruins also. Another point, and more ruins, and so for more than a mile before we reached the town, which commences at the last spur of the hills, and extends along the plain for a mile and a half.

It is a long mass of one-story mud buildings, and the most miserable place of its size that I have seen in Central Africa. There is no bazaar, but an open market-place, where the people sit on the ground and sell their produce, consisting of dourra, butter, dates, onions, tobacco and a few grass mats. There may be a mosque in the place, but in the course of my ramble through the streets, I saw nothing that looked like one. Half the houses appeared to be uninhabited, and the natives were a hideous mixture of the red tribes of Mahass and Shygheea and the negro races of Soudan. A few people were moving lazily through the dusty and filthy lanes, but the greater portion were sitting in the earth, on the shady side of the houses. In one of the streets I was taken for the Medical Inspector of the town, part of whose business it is to see that it is kept free from filth. Two women came hastily out of the houses and began sweeping vigorously, and said to me when I came up: "You see, we are sweeping very clean." It would have been much more agreeable to me, had the true Inspector gone his rounds the day before. El Metemma and Shendy are probably the most immoral towns in all Central Africa. The people informed me that it was a regular business for persons to buy female slaves, and hire them for the purpose of prostitution, all the money received in this vile way going into the owners' pocket.

I was occupied the rest of the day and the next morning in procuring and filling additional water-skins, and preparing to cross the Beyooda. My Kababish guide, who had walked himself lame, left us the day before for some tents of his tribe, where he expected to borrow a camel. As he did not appear at the appointed time, I determined to start without him, my caravan being increased by a Dongolese merchant and a poor native whose only property was a club and wooden bowl, and who asked leave to help tend the camels for the sake of food and water on the way. I added to our supplies a fat sheep and a sheaf of raw onions, (which are a great luxury in the Desert,) and we left El Metemma at noon, on the 10th inst. Crossing the low ridge of red sand, at the foot of which the town is built, the wind came fresh to meet us, across the long, level savanna of yellow grass and shrubs which stretched away to the west and north, without a bound. The prospect was exhilarating, after the continual hem of thorns, which had lined our road from Khartoum. It was a great relief to turn the eye from the bare, scorching mud walls of the town, to the freshness and freedom of the Desert. I took a last look at the wheat-fields of the Nile, and then turned my face northward, towards the point where I expected to meet his current again. For the first two or three days the road was excellent. We traversed a great plain, over whose rim some low chains of mountains sometimes appeared in the distance, to the west and north-east. The temperature was very hot; certainly not less than from 100° to 105° at noon.

On the second day we reached a long, shallow *wady*, or valley, covered with tufts of grass and clumps of stunted trees. The merchant pointed out a grove in the distance as the location of Bir Aboutleer, the first well on the road. His sharp eye discerned a company of Arabs, who were encamped near it, and who, seeing Achmet and myself in our Turkish dresses, were preparing to fly. He urged his dromedary into a fast trot and rode ahead to reassure them. They were tall, wild-looking people, very scantily dressed; the men had long black hair, moustaches and beards, and carried spears in their hands. They looked at us with suspicion, but did not refuse the customary "hab-bab-ba!" The wells were merely pits, not more than four or five feet deep, dug in the clayey soil, and containing at the bottom a constant supply of cool, sweet water. Among the trees in the wady was one resembling the nebbuk in foliage, and with a fruit similar in appearance, but larger and of different flavor. The Arabs called it *laloom*, and gathered some of the fruit for me to taste. It has a thin, brittle outer rind containing a hard stone, covered with a layer o gummy paste, most intensely sweet and bitter in the mouth. It has precisely the flavor of the medicine known to children as Coxe's Hive Syrup.

In the afternoon, as we were journeying along in a furious hot wind, we spied a man on a camel trotting behind us, and in half an hour, lo! Mohammed, the guide. The old scamp came up with a younger brother behind him, who he had brought without asking permission, and without bringing food for him. This made eight persons I was obliged to feed, and as our bread and meat were only calculated for six, I put them on allowance. I have as yet seen nothing of the vaunted temperance of the Arabs. True, they will live on dates—when they can get nothing else; and they will go without water for a day—when they have none. I found a quart of water daily amply sufficient for my own needs, notwithstanding the great heat we endured; but I do not think one of the men drank less than a gallon in the same time, and as for their eating, Achmet says they would finish a whole sheep before getting to "al hamdu lillah!"—the usual Arabic grace after meat.

On the third day we left the plain and entered on a region of black, stony ridges, with grass and thorns in the long hollows between them. The sky was so clear that the moon (in her last quarter) was visible till nearly noon. About 10 o'clock, from one of the porphyry hills, I caught sight of Djebel Atshan, or the Mountain of Thirst, which crosses the middle of the Beyooda. It was in the north and north-west, apparently about thirty miles distant. At noon we reached another and different region. The grass and thorns disappeared, and the swells of black gravel gave place to long drifts of bright yellow sand which extended on all sides as far as the eye could reach. We toiled on, over drift after drift, but still the same dreary yellow waste, whitening in the distance under the glare of the sun. At first, the air was so tremulous with the radiated heat, that the whole landscape glittered and wavered like the sea, and the brain became giddy from gazing on its unsteady lines. But as the wind began to blow more violently, this disappeared. The sky then became obscured, half-way to the zenith, with a dull purple haze, arising from the myriads of fine grains of sand with which the air was filled. The drifts were constantly forming and changing shape, and the sand vibrated along their edges or scudded in swift ripples over the plain, with that dry, sharp sound one hears in winter, when the "North-wind's masonry" is going on. The air was withering in its fierce heat and occasioned intense thirst, which, fortunately, we were able to relieve. The storm grew more violent and the burning labyrinths of sand more intricate, as we advanced. The path was hidden under drifts five or six feet in hight, and tall yellow walls were creeping every minute nearer, to cover it completely. The piles of stones, however, which the Arabs have made on the tops of the ridges and replace as often as they are thrown down, guided us, and after three hours and a half in a spot which might serve as the fourth circle of Dante's Hell, we emerged on the open plain and saw again the Mountain of Thirst, which had been hidden all this time. The camels, which were restless and uneasy in the sand, now walked more cheerily. We all drank deeply of the brown, leathery contents of our water-skins and pushed steadily onward till camping-time, at sunset.

The men were about to pitch my tent near some suspicious-looking holes, but I had it moved to a clear, open space, not far distant. In the morning, as Achmet was about rolling up my mattress, he suddenly let it drop and rushed out of the tent, exclaiming: "Oh master, come out, come out! There is a great snake in your bed!" I looked, and true enough, there was an ugly spotted reptile coiled up in the straw matting. The men heard the alarm, and my servant Ali immediately came running up with a club. As he was afraid to enter the tent, he threw it to me, and with one blow I put the snake beyond the power of doing harm. It was not more than two feet long, but thick and club-shaped, with a back covered with green, brown and yellow scales, very hard and bright. The Arabs, who by this time had come to the rescue, said it was a most venomous creature, its bite causing instant death. "*Allah kereem!*" (God is merciful!) I exclaimed, and they all heartily responded: "God be praised!" They said that the occurrence denoted long life to me. Although no birds were to be seen at the time, not ten minutes had elapsed before two large crows appeared and alighted near the snake. They walked around it at a distance, occasionally exchanging glances, and turning up their heads in a shrewd manner, which plainly said: "No you don't, old fellow! want to make us believe you're dead, do you?" They bantered each other to take hold of it first, and at last the boldest seized it suddenly by the tail, jumped backward two or three feet and then let it fall. He looked at the other, as much as to say: "If he's not dead, it's a capital sham!" The other made a similar essay, after which they alternately dragged and shook it, and consulted some time, before they agreed that it was actually dead. One of them then took it by the tail and sailed off through the air, its scales glittering in the sun as it dangled downward.

But I have neither time nor space to give all the details of the journey. On the fourth day I reached Bir Djeekdud, the second well,—a natural tank in the porphyry rock, near the top of the mountain, holding a constant supply of delicious water. Following the western slope of the Mountain of Thirst, we reached, the next day, a rugged valley between mountains 1,500 feet in hight, and ascended its windings to a high, barren plateau, surrounded with groups of porphyry peaks. The change of air, although the plain was not more than 1,500 feet above the level of the Nile, was very perceptible. With such a heat, I was so much affected by it, that for a whole day I could scarcely keep my seat on the dromedary, but the sovereign remedy in Central Africa—a sweat—relieved me. I drank two cups of strong tea in the evening, rolled myself up in a quilt, and after perspiring to distraction half the night, rose next morning with a head as clear as the desert sky. Our provisions were also affected by this continual dry heat. Dates became as pebbles of jasper, and when I asked my servant for bread, he gave me a stone. We were all glad when the path began to descend again toward the Nile. We followed the dry bed of a stream, for two days, through wild and beautiful mountain scenery, and last night reached the commencement of the Nile-plain. Near our camping-place there was a large building, apparently of Roman time—for the Romans once penetrated to this neighborhood. It is built of hewn stone, and from the disposition of its chambers and passages, appears to have been a palace rather than a temple.

This morning—the eighth day since leaving El Metemma—was intensely hot and sultry, without a breath of air stirring. We rode slowly down the broad river-bed, which gradually widened, and after two or three hours saw far in advance a line of red, glowing sand-hills, which I knew could not be on this side of the Nile. Still we went on, under the clear, hot sky, the valley widening into a plain the while, and I sought anxiously for some sign that the weary desert was crossed. Finally I saw, above the endless clusters of thorns, a line of darker, richer green, far away in the burning distance, and knew it to be a grove of date-palms—the glorious signal of the Nile. This put new life into me, and thenceforth I felt the scorching heat no longer. To the north, beyond the palms, appeared an isolated mountain of singular form—the summit being flat and the sides almost perpendicular. It must be Djebel Berkel, I thought, and I told Mohammed so, but he said it was not. Just then, I saw an Arab herdsman among the thorns and called out to him to know the name of the mountain. "Djebel Berkel," said he. He then accosted Mohammed: "Where are you going?" "To Meroë." "Are you the guide?" he again inquired, bursting into a loud laugh. "You are a fine guide; there is Meroë!" pointing in a direction very different from that we were going. This completed the old fellow's discomfiture. We were still five or six miles distant from the river and took a random path over the desert, in the direction indicated by the herdsman. The palms rose higher and showed a richer foliage; mud walls appeared in their shade, and a tall minaret on the opposite bank of the river pointed out the location of the town. I rode down out of the drear, hot sand—the sea where I had been drifting for seven wearisome days—to this little village of Abdom, embowered in a paradise of green: palms above, dazzling wheat-fields, dark cotton-fields and blossoming beans below. A blessed resting-place!

B. T.

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## EUROPE.

### The Present Position of the Jews.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BERLIN, Wednesday, April 7, 1852.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that not only the democracy, but also the reaction, has its Jews.

A meeting for scientific and religious lectures was established in Berlin this winter, at the side of the scientific institution which has existed for some ten years, in which a weekly lecture was delivered before an audience consisting chiefly of the families of office-holders and bankers. A lecture was recently delivered at the meeting above alluded to by Professor Stahl, on the question, What properly constitutes a Revolution?—a lecture, in which he advanced the highly important and significant propositions, that a Revolution is a self-glorification of man, that it is a total perversion of the Divine Order. These discoveries must be in the highest degree grateful to the scientific complacency of the existing public,—particularly that portion of it, which attends these lectures. The antagonism between the divine order and human self-assertion is to them the quintessence of wisdom, the key which is equally adapted to all problems. The lecture, trivial as was its character, was sufficiently popular; it was praised in the higher official circles; the King desired to hear it from the lips of M. Stahl himself; for this purpose he invited him to tea; in short, M. Stahl enjoyed the honor of repeating his lecture, before a select court circle.

The Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*, when it spoke of Jacobi, a physician and writer of Königsberg, and a member of the Prussian National Assembly, was accustomed always to use the expression, "the Jew Jacobi."

With the same propriety, we may say, "the Jew Stahl"—"the Jew Stahl" is invited to Court—the King of Prussia permits a lecture to be delivered by the Jew Stahl on the nature of a Revolution.

In like manner, we may say, "the Jew Disraeli" is a member of the English Cabinet—"the Jew Disraeli" is the leader of the Lower House, in behalf of her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain.

In France, it was "the Jew Fould" who as Minister of Louis Napoleon, aided his accession to power. Going back one or two years, the Jew Simson was President of the German National Assembly at its most critical period—the Jew Simson stood at the head of the deputation, which in March 1849 presented the German Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia in the name of the Frankfort Parliament—the Jew Simson was the spokesman when this deputation was solemnly received by the King.

What a change! What a revolution! A few years ago the united Diet at Berlin was too weak, to gain even the slightest concession from the Government, which desired to separate the Jews into an independent Synagogue organization, like the Ghetto of the Middle Ages—and now the Jews sit in the Cabinets of monarchs, Jews are invited by Kings to lay before them the results of their reflection and of their philosophical inquiries.

The emancipation of the Jews has been carried out in a far more comprehensive manner, than the Liberals ten years ago ventured to imagine in their boldest dreams—Jews preside over Constituent Assemblies, from which great nations hope to receive their rejuvenation—Jews bring imperial crowns to kings in the name of those Assemblies.

The obstinacy of Governments, which so long and so violently opposed the emancipation of the Jews, has been signally punished—Jews are the leaders of the reaction, which would restore the monarchical authority from the general ruin of the last Revolution—Disraeli is the boldest champion of the English Ministry, which has assumed the task of the final root of the democracy.—and when the subject comes up in the Prussian Chambers, of gaining some new privilege for royal, ecclesiastical, or aristocratic authority, Stahl stands forth as the file leader and fighting man.

In the year 1848 there was no popular assembly in Berlin or Vienna in which one or two Jews were not the principal haranguers; there was no democratic committee in which Jews did not conduct the counsels or draft the resolutions. In like manner Jews are now at the head of the reaction—in Disraeli Judaism has celebrated its highest triumph in a country which forms the last bulwark of aristocracy and ecclesiastical privilege.

How then are we to interpret these facts?

The whole Western World, in this respect, exhibits the same spectacle as the Roman Empire in the first century of the Christian Era. At that time, as at present, there was no civilized city in which there were not numerous Jews (for example at Rome, Alexandria, Corinth, and Ephesus,) intimately connected with the heathen in social relations and active intellectual intercourse; at that time also they had intimate relations with the Imperial Court, they crowded around Augustus, Tiberius and Caligula, and succeeded in gaining their favor.

Two hundred years, before while the Scipios still ruled in Rome, while the people of Rome were yet unbroken, while Greece was still employed in completing its culture, especially in the development of its philosophy,