THE STAR IN THE EAST.

What Bethlehem is To-Day—Scenes of the Saviour's Birthplace.

BETHLEHEM, Oct. 10.—I propose three letters for your readers as to Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Bethany; birth, death, and ascension. I begin at Bethlehem.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is but a half dozen miles. We proposed to go to and from it in a morning. Our vehicle and female French driver which brought us from Jaffa were retained for the purpose. Although the road was rough and stony, and the streets narrow, we risked the carriage and ignored the donkey on the pledge of the guide. The sequel showed that there was some risk, as many of the streets were impassable for a carriage.

We leave the Jaffa gate and under the upper aqueduct and over the upper part of Gihon, and then drive nearly due south. The bed of the Kidron, in the deep valley on our left, pursues its empty way to the Dead Sea, while on the right and to the west, along the horizon, in broken and gray masses lie the mountains of Judah, shutting out the Mediterranean. One lonely person we meet amid the unaccustomed path between the stone walls before we reach the direct way to Bethlehem. He wears a stove-pipe hat. Its strangeness and awkwardness in this land of robe, fez, and turban creates a smile. When we reach the main road and leave the "hill of evil counsel" on our left, we find the way filled with laden camels. Under the lash of our guide these give the way, and with considerable malice both they and their drivers fumble and tumble about awkwardly amid the rubble of the road. The olives are thick, perforated, and old, in the fields, within the stone walls. "Where," we ask of the guide, "do they get so much stone for the walls?" They are ten feet wide and three high, and, like the Dutchman's wall of the anecdote, "when they fall down they are higher than when they stand up!"

"Why do you ask?" says the guide; "don't you see the fields are full of stones?"

"But no one could miss any stones out of those fields," we remarked.

"Oh! a few are left over," responds the guide.

How the hardy olive can find sustenance on such "stony ground," is a miracle.

We are happy in a breezy day, which mitigates the fierceness of the sun. What a crowd of people now are upon the road, going to Bethlehem and Hebron; and to Beersheba, even unto Bishebeth! Nine out of ten of these are upon donkeys and camels; and more than three-fourths have their eyes sore or shaded; and these are Arabs, whose suit is sometimes gay in color, but generally of stripes, brown and white, which reminds us of the dress of our penitentiaries, depending in the face of the wearer. They carry the long Damascus gun, and a plentiful pouch, for the desert and danger. Cactuses, with their big stocks and leaves, furnish some of the hedges, and "turn" the animals from the fields. We meet some, who are blue eyed and good eyed, in European dress. These are of the German colony, which here thrives upon the old stony soil and makes its crops of grape and grain in their season, or several crops in one season. Some herds of black and white cattle of Dutch breed are seen picking up a quiet resolution from the browned herbage and the green leaves left on the trees.

The land is not unlike the dress of the Arab—brown and white. It is burnt with the sun of the now departing summer, and while with the lines of verdure in olive and vine.

"Ah! this is fine land!" we say ironically to the guide.

"Good land! I guess it is," responds the guide, who is from the State of Maine, "for it wouldn't hold up so many stones and rocks. Good land, sure!" he adds, with emphasis.

But we notice that where water runs the vineyards of the Germans appear, and the walls have a trim look. Thrift, Teuton! thy name is thrift! Old olive roots for fuel, sat twisted and as difficult to unravel as the philological roots of our verbs, are borne on the backs of diminutive donkeys going up to the city, while going from it, for the terraces, on the heads of blue-robed, tattooed Arab females, are baskets of manure gathered in Jerusalem. The plain of Rephaim is spread around us, two miles wide to the north and west. Here David defeated the Philistines, and many other associations cluster. Among them the cave of Adullam has been verified, which another Samuel has described, and the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. Of no water do we drink. David sighed, Bonaparte is for explanation in our Biblical guide, with not quotations from "Samuel." These, however interesting, must not draw us aside. We had passed the traditional tree where Judas hanged himself and the rural abode of Gideon. The Arab, with his gun, is ever attempting detract from the main object—Bethlehem. The well of the magi, however, is one of the incidents of the main object, and a pretty story is of it, although it is not recorded in the second of Matthew; for did not the wise men, after leaving the presence of Herod, here stop to draw water? Was it not here that the reflection of the star which led them was seen in the well?

Then we pass the Greek convent of Elijah, where other stories are told, not now worth the repeating. But there is the tomb of Rachel, and Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"twined in mutual being," birth and death. From this eminent point, too, can be seen the sugar-loaf mountain called the Tomb of Herod. It is thirty miles round. It is the scene of a massacre which, for magnitude, ranks with the massacres of Herod did, dominated with those he persecuted, along with that dim vision, shining hard and burnish like steel, twenty-five and more miles away through avenues of black and gray sun-baked mountains. That is the Dead Sea, and we see it for the first time. One of this famous historian's sport of nature. Below and around is something more attractive to look eye and memory. It is the field of Boaz and the scene of that sweet story of love.

"Ruth and Boaz, rather," I responded, with a pleasant thought, too, of Naomi, the mother-in-law, as we gaze with curious eye over the rolling book and now dry fields where the ever-green, ever-beautiful Moabitess toiled. Then Bethlehem appears more clearly. Its prominent object is the Church of the Nativity within its semicircle. On the right is the old Knight Templar's castle, now the house of the Austrian Consul. The Moslem begins to show amid the green and olives. The houses of Bethlehem, and terraced hills, gardened and growed, amid ledges of limestone, make as pretty a picture in its frame of rock as artist could desire to delineate.

Our guide calls a halt at the foot of the hill. We are at a singular square tomb. It is not unlike those domed temples which we have seen for the burial of holy men in Algiers and Syria. It is the tomb of Rachel. Surrounding it are the Slovenly tombs of Mohammedans, with their rough gravestones lying heavily in dirt and dust. It was built by the Hebrews. Here they come on Thursdays to wail and burn incense. There is no doubt that here not only was Benjamin born, but Rachel died. All agree to this; and it is pleasant to have brothers—both Hebrew and Moslem, both Christian and Moslem—agree on anything. Here Jacob set a pillar to memorize the last resting place of her whom he went after such a roundabout, though dilatory, courtship. Seven years was nothing! for the love he bore her. "Ay! and for me," the sweet and the simple story—"I toured her there, in the way of Ephrath—the same is Bethlehem!"

Who is the strange man we see sitting wearily at the arched door of the tomb? What brings this pilgrim here—he of the grisly beard and dress, if not of heart? He is no Arab—no Hebrew. He wears no mourners of stripes and no dark sensibilities; only a plain black garment, dusty, like his bare feet, with travel. We ask him, through our Yankee-Arab guide, not attempting to intrude at this sad stranger, and lonely worship at the "sacred place of my sorrow," is he too, like us, a pilgrim to this tomb and shrine of the olden day? Yes, he is a pilgrim, like us—and from Russia. He is a Greek priest from the Volga, and lives spiritually upon Jordan's stormy banks, waiting for the second advent, and in unspeakable agonies waiting for the raiment to fit his bodily frame. He owns land hereabout also, and has come hither to make his new leases. He was our illusion of the pilgrim at Rachel's tomb designed for sweet love thoughts of the Bethlehem shepherd lad. Near by, on the west, is the village of Beit Jala, inhabited by Greek and Armenian patriarchs, settled there in olden freedom, and there is notice of a remarkable convent in the village, which is a place of pilgrimage for Bethlehem. Christians of all points visit it. It is said to be Solomon's pool. They are one of the wonders of the place, worthy of minute description for their extent, size, history, and romancery. The water flows into the upper pool, which is 380 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 50 feet deep. It is Solomon's pool, and that these seas were required to make it fit for use, but that would not make it more agreeable. Marble-lined locks let the water out, and swallows skim over the surface, and one sees in it a romance and enjoys it and wishes that it was for us. We have no occasion to doubt its antiquity, and were content to see Arab women fill their goat skins from the overflowings of the upper pool.

The Greek priest shows us further we have the fountain of Solomon, which is fifteen miles from Bethlehem, on the side of a crescent-shaped hill on the mountain side. How or whence comes its rise, fall, and overflowings we do not know, except that the water comes into it by the hole in the bottom, for is it not said in Ecclesiastes—"I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees?" Or perhaps this is the soil hath drank. Captain it is that in such a mind let the lesson of the thing that was grown in early days than the sheep which David tended hereabouts, or the lion and the bear which he fought. Here were once the fruitful barley fields which Ruth gleaned after the reapers, when the great love arose in the breast of Boaz, out of which grew the stock of Jesse and David—a line ever made benign by having as its pleasant pieces the vicinity of Bethlehem and its sacred seed Ruth, and its descendant Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary! Here is the source of the Kings of Judah and the world's Saviour!

We halt at the gate of the town. We are, overlaid to impedimenta, compelled to abandon our carriage. We are surrounded by a bevy of Bethlehem girls. One is exceedingly pretty, and does not degrade the neighborhood of Ruth by unseemly screeching for alms. She plies a little pair of pincers, and turns in and twists upon the olive wires olive beads for rosaries, with a "property of easiness," which Shakespeare commends in the "hand of little employment," meanwhile chatting with easy grace. My wife buys one, and contracts for another rosary, to be made before we return.

These modern girls, of whom "Esthen" makes an extravagant picture of coy and debonair loveliness, are vivacious and somewhat pretty, and would be more so if not dirty and sorrowed. They wear little close cottage caps, with two or three rows of coins lapping closely on each other, and in the sun making quite a clowry. They finish curls when shaved. I would not deprecate these Christian maidens, for these are not of the Moslem religion, whatever their blood. But I cannot fail to portray one beautiful woman—a young mother, who, be it a fancy or not, I resembled in not the Madonna, the picture of her in Raphael, "La Perla"—in which the magi are offering gold, frankincense, and myrrh. She sat apart upon a stone under the shade of the archway, nursing a baby. Her hair had that rich auburn and ethereal fineness which gives to Murillo favors his madonnas, which are likely enough, by the way, of his Andalusian wife. I wondered if, peradventure, this beautiful Bethlehem mother might not have in her veins some of that precious blood of the house and lineage of David that escaped the murderous decree of Herod.

Bethlehem has 4,000 people and 500 houses. Many of the houses are substantial. The streets are so narrow that our guide has to ride ahead and employ people to move impediments out of the way. It is said the people are handsome. That reputation may come from the ruddy cheeks of David, or the graces of Ruth, or the pictures of the Madonna. One thing must be said of the town, and that is that if it has any beauty or good in it, it is Christian, for it is par excellence the Christian town of Judea. In 1834, after an insurrection by the Arabs, Ibrahim Pasha, then ruler, riddled the Moslems unto death after his peculiar methods, quite worthy of a descendant of Herod.

Before purchasing our olive wood, beads, mother of pearl, and other souvenirs, where many Arabs are daily made by exquisite art, we make our visit to the most attractive place of Bethlehem. The place of the Nativity has been often described, and the church above it. Every object and personage here and hereabouts has been the special object of gifted pens and inspired well eloquence. Make a catalogue simply of the names, and each name will be set to music like a psalm. The anointing of David by Samuel; the family of Jesse and their exploits—Joab, Abishai, and Asahel; "the city of David," as Bethlehem is called, or Bethlehem's resurrection and regeneration of Christianity; the story of Joseph coming from Galilee, out of Nazareth; in fine, the incarnation of the Word here is all its mystery, each and all are a poem which resounds from the simple cave in Bethlehem, with a sweeter and louder chorus than that of the Bethlehem cave of the blind old man of that Solo whose sanken rocks we left but a fortnight since.

Let us enter the place of the Nativity. It has been honored, as is well fixed, since the second century. Over it, in the third century, the mother of Constantine erected that church which is the oldest in the world. Some of its columns are from the Temple. Here in one corner of the church we perceive a lonely form. He is insane. He has been twenty-five years in this place, drawn, like many others, by the wildness of his vagaries about the unknown world. He is a Candean, and, it is said, was a very rich man. Amid the forty-eight pillars of the Corinthian order, from the Temple, here brought to grace the birthplace of Jesus, this strange man appears. He lived in the time of the Saviour, and had his faith been then as now, it chase the demon of insanity night, and he might have seen the spot in the spirit. There are two chapels here, leading to the place of Christ's birth; one is Greek and the other Armenian. On the north side there is a Catholic convent and church. From this there are steps to the holy spot. We choose to go by the Latin way. There are many reasons why I prefer the Latin way in the Orient. A traveler can fail to note the learned, modest, and elevated tone of the Latins, compared with the Greeks and Copts. I do not mention this because I am partial, but from reasons which are the result of observation.

The priest at the spot makes the "drudgery divine" as well as intelligent. We are welcomed to the convent by him. Like most of the Catholic priests in the East, he speaks French. Our guide seems to be a favorite with him. He invites us to glasses (native wine or rio), and then leads us down the place of birth, lighted taper in his hand, with a long stick, the chief of the Nativity. You will know it by the Latin inscription and the silver star in the centre. We are led into a grotto, which is 12 feet long and 9 feet wide. It is explained to us that in "those days" babes were not unusually found in the caves so common in the holy places of Palestine. This cave is many feet below the floor of the church, 38 by 11 feet, and decorated with marble. Lamps burn in it, and there be figures of saints, notably among them St. Jerome. Sixteen silver lamps burn over the spot where the silver star indicates the place of birth. Another recess shows the spot where the wooden manger, now in Rome, was found. Other niches are shown, as the spot where the ox and the ass stood, and Joseph, where the angel appeared to tell him to fly to Egypt. Unless are all corrupt traditions, time do not detract from the fact established by scholars and antiquarians, and confirmed as well by the Jew and Gentile, that the whole place is sacred to the spot for solitude and taste. Here indeed it is the place, as his life and death bore witness. Never did art consummate so splendid a representation of self-abnegation as that wherein Domenichino portrayed the last scene in the life of Christ. This Dominichino sate and here, where virtually as well in his life as by his death his faith in the goodness and glory of the gospel whose good tidings were chanted first in the starry vault of Bethlehem!

Doubt as we may as to the Milk Grotto, the Shepherd's Grotto, the Magi's Well, David's Well, and the burial of the 20,000 innocents murdered by Herod here; doubt as to the sheepherds' fold, the sister of the "wise men" doubt—doubt falls that there was born immaculate and miraculously, but one thing is indubitable—that Christ was there born, and that from this Nativity arose a light "which before was never in sea or land," and for the faith in which modern enlightenment and heavenly guidance thousands have martyred, and millions have lived and blessed their souls' salvation! What place can be more holy, unless it be that consecrated by His death?

There are said to be only two places in this Holy Land superior in sacred associations to this place: Jerusalem and Nazareth. To my mind, Bethlehem is superior, unless it be Jerusalem. "Why?" will occur to the learned Bible student and to the veriest child who has read the Gospels. Bethlehem is not one of the mountains which encompass Jerusalem, but it has its lofty thought. It is a beauteous pearl in the diadem round about the royal city. It is not the scene of sacrifice and sepulchre; but it is the scene of the nativity and of the magi, and of the angelic song which ushered in the purest and greatest life ever end in flesh. Among the hundreds of churches and sacred places in Europe and Palestine, the Bible is the best guide both after all, and in many ways. In no one way is it more so than in its references to this spot over which the star shone, and the angels chanted of peace. No amount of degeneracy, superstition, exaggeration, tradition, or pollution, can surround, however disenchanting, detract one beam from the radiance of that star, or gives one discordant note in the seraphic hymns which here filled the heavens with a new-born joy! The genius of painter and sculptor has illustrated the story of the manger and lowly gifts and worship, the choir of angels, the awe-struck shepherds, the flight into Egypt, the beautiful face of the Madonna, with its golden aureole, and the majestic, masterful, and melancholy features of Him who became hero and victim for the world's redemption. What place, therefore, in all this calcined country, now so many centuries made desolate, is so alluring for its fruitful themes, whether for studio or library, for the orator or artist, for the disciple or crusader?

Although Bethlehem was called "little among the thousands of Judah," and at a time when Judah led her thousands of thousands from her well-tilled terraces and valleys, she is great among men, and will be great so long as her story remains. How often has the story been told to loving hearers! From this little Catholic church, from the Greek Cape, but a year old, which we visited under the midnight sun and amid the summer snows, to the splendid church of St. Sophia, which dates 1,500 years ago; across oceans of time and oceans of space, over dark continents and lands of the Sun, the story is told, and the Star of Bethlehem is the same star which led the Magi to kings as to peasants; as dear to the peasant of Ruth as to the emperors of earth.

The focus of such a story, even though it were almost all of tradition, must be a gem. The setting is worthy of the jewel. The Holy Land is a gem set in the Mediterranean, and Bethlehem is a gem set in the Holy Land. Its surroundings are such that the ancient prophet of the Apocalypse phrased it, "turned the world upside down." Well might Gamaliel say that this sect, proceeding out of this little village, if it proceeded from God, would be taught; but if it proceeded from man, would come to naught. The origin of Christ is a fact in the world's history. The origin of Christ is a fact that is results superior to evolutionism! What a moral and religious work has been accomplished by its energy! Beginning at this place, humble, what a fruitful spread the stream of light for the irradiation of the dark ages and the day of our life!

As I came from the church I did not hear the angels above chanting the millennial dawn; but nevertheless I did not cease to believe that in "this city of David had been born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Nor will I unto my last moment believe otherwise than that for this advent—the greatest upon our star—"glory should be given to God in the highest," and that out of it shall eventually come "on earth peace, good will to men!"

S. S. Cox.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

Curious Sights In and Around the Great Cemeteries of Paris.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—Parisian life runs with almost chronometric regularity; the same occupations and the same pleasures arrive at the same date every year. The Salon, the Grand Prix races, the country enjoyments, the seaside, the Trouville week, the watering places, Vichy, the Pyrenees, the shooting season, château life, the vintage, the return to Paris, the opening of Parliament, and then All Saints' Day and the Day of the Dead, and after that the winter season, with its round of dinners, receptions, first nights, political intrigues, and social scandals.

All Saints' and the following day are set apart by the Parisians and devoted to the memory of the dead. For a week beforehand the gardeners and stone masons are busy trimming the flowers and washing the monuments in the cemeteries of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Passy, Vaugirard, and Saint-Ouen, familiarly known as Cayenne. For the rest of the year the dead lie neglected, but at the Fête of the Dead rich and poor vie with each other in giving them marks of their respect. This homage to the dead would, perhaps, be more imposing if it had not degenerated to a great degree into a mere fashion and an excuse for popular festivities. People go to the cemetery in the morning and to the theatre in the afternoon and evening. During the festivals of All Saints nearly all the theatres give morning performances, and managers look forward to the first week in November as that of the largest receipts in the year. This fact, added to the gewgaws and junketings that are encouraged by the numerous wine shops in the vicinity of the cemeteries makes the Day of the Dead, at least as far as the lower classes are concerned, resemble vaguely an Irish wake. In the neighborhood of the cemeteries the scene is very curious; the adjoining streets and avenues are occupied by booths and hawkers. It is a funereal fair for the sale of wreaths of immortelles and mortuary emblems of all kinds, made principally of black and white beads strung on wire, and shaped into wreaths, medallions, and escutcheons. Then there are plaster images of the Virgin, or of angels, crucifixes, and other emblems of piety. Earthenware wreaths, colored in imitation of immortelles, are very popular on account of their cheapness and their durability; you see them now in all the crockery shops. The trade done in these various kinds of emblems and sepulchral ornaments is estimated in Paris alone at over $800,000 a year.

In the middle of the fair go the throng of Parisians. About half wear mourning habits and carry in their hands a bouquet of box or yew, wreaths, bouquets of flowers, and medallions. The other half are the idlers and sightseers. The women, always economical, bargain with the hawkers, and not rarely end by having a quarrel. Above the dull sound of tramping rise the hoarse cries of the sellers of print, their dismal merchandise, the bawling of the hawkers, the piping voices of the flower girls—an indescribable hubbub.

In the cemeteries the sable-clad crowd blackens the avenues, and, scattered among the graves, brings out into sharp relief the whiteness of the marble monuments, the bright colors of the flowers that are strewn over the graves and the yellow wreaths of immortelles hung by thousands on the railings, the broken columns, and the funeral urns. The great ladies enter their private chapels and shut themselves up behind an open-work door of gilded wire, so that they can hear the people speak on the sidewalk and trampled turf of the Common Ditch (*Fosse commune*), wherein the poor sleep their last sleep pell mell, preferring in death the spectacle of the naked and rank mounds of their peers.

The nuisance centers at Père la Chaise has, like Paris itself, its Faubourg Saint-Antoine and its Faubourg Saint-Germain, its popular quarters and its aristocratic quarters. On the one hand is misery and neglect, and on the other hand is wealth and exclusive luxury. The common ditch and the Jewish cemetery. Here is a grave literally covered with flowers, and there are others rough with moss and lichens or half buried in rank weeds. In the hospitals are groups prostrate in prayer, men, women, and children, with their eyes fixed on the crucifixes pass slowly the gapers or the curious, gazing respectfully or stupidly at the monuments.

All the shops are alive. Wearing their new winter outfits with the idiotic smile of satisfied vanity, the shopkeepers and tradespeople come down from their shops and stop one another to talk over the last news. Then they stroll and thence mount toward the faubourgs, the outlying quarters, where the graveyards are placed on the heights that command the city. The crowd swells gradually; the workmen, the proletarians, join the ranks, the longer-out people who have invented some new emblem of grief cry.

"Look, ladies, the Virgin and Child! Two sous! Ten centimes!"

It is at once a promenade in season and an autumn concert. The band is in full blast, the cymbals of the cymbals are furious because it is forbidden to smoke in the cemetery; the bellows of the organ are sweat and sick sugar candy; Malines sets off the chapeaux of her figure in a stately fur mantle (sugar ready made at a sou), and Mme. Angot, the Grimalkin of the Halles, particularly by her taste, and says to Mme. the duchess of the mission. Certainly there are sincere tears shed over the silent graves, but they are the emotion being provoked by the occasion.

"You think it is in a nice state! And you I expected it to be explained for to-day. Poor dear ladies!"

And they go away satisfied with their sensation and affected in the minds. Our seventy years ago, Francois Rabelais described the leading characteristics of his countryman as the desire to appear. The Fête of the Dead is an excellent opportunity for gratifying this weakness, and few fail to take advantage of it. Dressed in the deepest mourning, with black lace, with streaming crape and trembling feathers, it is a pretext for appearing before the public in a new style of attire. It is the eternal question of good newspaper notices, a money which makes attending funerals one of the pleasures of life. Those who impose themselves on mourning to "all Paris," and on being really in the mourning, find the newspapers always report the funerals of any body of the slightest notoriety in the world of politics, finance, literature, society, or half society, and *figaro* prints on the first page the names of those present. The heir of the people Parisian to live a gay life, to be invited about and esteemed a consummate worldly manner, to be the fashion, to be received with the Queen of Heaven, become Minister, and leave the funeral when he dies—a hearse with silver trappings, a long train of mourning coaches, a goodly procession of men clad in dress coats and white cravats, and a hearse gorgeous with wreaths with crape-veiled lamps—a funeral that will take half an hour to cross the boulevards.

But to return to the cemeteries. There is really something fine in the custom that causes the graves of young and beautiful women to be literally with real wreaths and flowers. Yesterday, for instance, the tombs of Théophile Gautier, of Reine, of Henri Murger, were smothered with wreaths and bouquets, tributes for the most part of unknown admirers, indeed, too, for several had died in obscurity, though his memory is not venerated now as it was a few years ago.

The cemetery of Montmartre is especially the literary and artistic burial ground. There lie Henri Murger, Leon Gozlan, Paul Delaroche, Ludovic Halévy, Théophile Gautier, Gerard de Nerval, Henri Heine, Jacques Offenbach. There, too, is the grave of Marie Duplessis, who was the original of the heroine of Alexandre Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias." This grave is the Mecca of sentimental lovers, and its pilgrims seem to keep it heaped up with flowers.

And all these neglected graves, these tombs in ruins, and the Common Ditch, that is constantly being dug up for new interments, what becomes of their occupants? Ah! in spite of what poets and philosophers may say, death is not such a common lover after all. Only the wealthy who can obtain a permanent domicile in the city of the dead. The rest have only the lease of a resting place for a short number of years. The poor of the poor lie in the Common Ditch for years, and then are dug up, and the bones are gathered and stored up in the catacombs. When the trumpet of doom sounds there will be a mighty scuffling in underground Paris, and if there be fantastic novelists like Edgar Poe in these days, they will have a fine field for a description of the scene of the sorting of the bones.

The homage to the dead, as it is now practised in France, is of quite modern origin. The occasion to the cemeteries first began to come into vogue under Louis XVIII. Fifty years ago, on the Day of the Dead, people used to pay a visit to the churches, and it was not the custom to place wreaths or souvenirs on the tombs. Since 1830 the fashion of sumptuous sepulchral monuments, of showy funerals, and of parade in mourning, of the dead has grown daily more prevalent. The French nation delights in delivering speeches over the grave, is also of modern origin. Naturally, it can only date from the time when public life became possible for a French citizen, that is to say, in the last years of the eighteenth century, or, at the latest, the opening years of the nineteenth. The custom really came into vogue under the empire and the restoration, when people learned that, no religion, no political ears or functionary of authority, passed away without a funeral oration pronounced over the dead as well and respected—if it is open grave. At the funeral of Cuvier, Fox, in 1825, Casimer Delavigne delivered at Père la Chaise the first discourse in which politics were mixed up with the funeral panegyric, and ever since, especially under the empire, and Louis Philippe, and the Second Republic, and Thiers, and Broglie, the burial of eminent citizens has been made the occasion of political manifestations. As for the custom of decorating the tombs with wreaths and flowers, it has come into vogue within the last twenty years, and the use of flowers has greatly extended, until now the hearse itself is hidden beneath wreaths and bouquets, an idea first carried out at the funeral of Thiers. Indeed, the covering of the hearse with flowers has become so fashionable that at the funeral of the young Baron James de Rothschild last Thursday the absence of flowers was much remarked. It appears that in his will the Baron had expressed a desire that no wreaths or flowers should be placed on his bier, and no discourse delivered over his grave. It is a curious fact that the Rothschilds are, of all the millionaires of Paris, the least talked about; their wealth is too real to need to be obtrusive.

THEODORE CHILD.

A PREHISTORIC RACE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW MEXICO.

The Worship of Lions—The Similarity of Works in the Mounds of the Mississippi Valley and the Pyramids of Mexico.

From the Chicago Times.

PENA BLANCA, N. M., Sept. 29.—My last letter was written in camp, at the Cueva Pintada, or Painted Cave, northwest of the Indian village of Cochiti, in the range of mountains on the west bank of the Rio Grande. Subsequently I moved further up the canon, ascended its almost precipitous wall, and then, going north over an easy slope, reached the Potrero de las Vacas, of which I shall speak further on.

On the highest point of the great Potrero de las Vacas are among the most remarkable prehistoric relics that have been discovered in New Mexico, being no less than the gods sculptured in stone that were worshipped by the ancients. These are the statues of mountain lions, carved from a volcanic rock *in situ* that forms the cap of the potrero. The images are enclosed in a rude and almost circular stone wall, in a space fifty feet in circumference, three feet in height, with an entrance projected eighteen feet toward the southeast, three feet wide. The lions face directly toward the east, are two in number, separated by a space of twelve inches, and are each six feet in length, and represent a puma or mountain lion in the act of crouching for a spring. The heads of these statues are almost entirely destroyed, showing plainly the marks of the pious hammer that sought their overthrow. The legs, body, and tails of the animals are better preserved, and constitute the remains of the most remarkable stone images set up for pagan worship in the territory of the United States. To these gods the Cochiti Indians of the present day pay homage. The Indians who accompanied me were among the most intelligent of the village, and although they professed to be good Catholics, and on the walls of their humble adobe dwellings hung pictures of the saints, and around their necks were emblems of the church, they could not be induced to touch the statues. This I did not attempt to have them do by a direct request, but made my request through a servant. I left a field glass on the back of one of the lions, then walked off a few yards on the pretext of looking at some other object, and then sent Jesé back after the instrument. It was a test not only of his superstition, but, poor fellow, of his devotion, which I did not require. It was obtaining knowledge under a false pretence, but the end justified the means. Jesé went back, but it was with a lingering step, undecided, and as if he knew not what to do; but he won back, and, approaching within three feet of the sacred image, reached forward with a stick and drew the glass toward him until he could reach it with his hand without touching the lion. Afterward, while at Santa Fé, I saw one of the same tribe in a fur house, and the proprietor uncovered the out of the belief that the Indian could not be induced to touch the skin of a lion that hung on the wall. The experiment was tried with similar results. He absolutely fled in terror when the skin was brought near him, nor could he be induced to reenter the building. I asked from the Cochitis, who form my companions—and they disclaim any superstition or belief in the sacredness of these stones—that there are Indians in the village who frequently visit this place, and offer up sacrifices to these idols. On such occasions they anoint the heads of the lions with a reddish kind of ointment, and inspire their position and assign special offerings to the gods. This I am quite prepared to believe. It is additional evidence, if any were required, that these are descendants of the ancient race. In the courtyard of the national museum in Mexico are carved images, in stone, of these mountain animals. Some of these are well preserved, while others bear the marks of Spanish defacement. The mountain lion was a sacred animal among the Mexicans, as well as with the ancient and present dwellers in the mountains of Cochiti.

Proceed a few rods from the potrero of the lions, and there will be a cliff and fronting a deep canon, is a series of cliff dwellings, hewn out of the rock, in which centuries ago men made their habitations, lived and died. All the cliff buildings I have examined face toward the east, for reasons that are obvious. They are in form to a general style of construction. This is the result of purpose. They are superior in workmanship to the cave dwellings of Europe, and inferior to the efforts of the town builders of New Mexico and Arizona. They are not the work of a people who had stepped one step onward, nor do they have the disposition to hew out for themselves habitations in the rocks, but may be identified with the people who emigrated from the seven cave cities of Aztlan and found refuge in Mexico, one thousand years ago.

The ruins of New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona are distinct from those of any other portion of the United States, and the forms peculiar to the two last named are found in New Mexico, and there are the best examples of them. The Aztecs are a mound-building race, and the peculiarities of the mysterious mound builders, and to the, if it exists, the history between their work and those of the mound builders in the valley of Mexico, if there be any, are a matter of interest, and there is an important step now to be gained in the solution of the problem.

Beginning in Minnesota, I have by personal survey traced the mound builders in their trail, and have found the mounds in the valley of the Ohio, and on the banks of the Mississippi, and in the tributaries traversing the States that lie on the great stream. It has not been easy to recount the days that were passed in the Mississippi valley, or the hours that were chased in the Ohio, to say the last moment, we found beneath the entire route, and on the shores of the trail. Crossing into Mexico, we were not long in finding the clues dropped in the sea at Galveston, but received a hear Vera Cruz. On the plain of Cholula, a pagan temple, the ruins referred to Cholula, would fit the Indian scape, and appear in keeping with the general plan of the works. On the other hand, if the great mound of Cholula were brought in presence of Palenque, it would not be recognized as the work of the same people. The pyramids of the sun and moon at Teotihuacan would be unknown in Virginia and Ohio, and the great mounds of Grave Creek and Miamisburg would be unknown in Mexico. Pursuing the inquiry, I examined the Mexican pyramids as to their resemblance to the mounds in the United States, and found a close resemblance in the general plan of the works. Years ago, in others, and from my own, I found with the Mexicans the same idea of burial, and the discovery in Arkansas, had with it, the counterpart of those found in Tennessee; the double cays from each, that might have been produced from the same mould, and skulls from the cayes of San Juan, the same in form to those of the mound builders in the region that lies between the skeins of the mound builders wherever they are found in the United States. The presence of an intrusive race was very detected, and the comment made that it was impossible for the Aztecs to have been the builders of the pyramids or of any of the works of antiquity in that region. This I have demonstrated since, and produced absolute proofs through investigations made in this Territory. The Aztecs were not there, or at any time, a mound-building race, and there are no mounds in New Mexico from whence they spring.

It will now be seen how necessary it was to investigate the antiquities of this Territory in order to throw light on those of Mexico and the States. With the evidence all in, let us recapitulate and see what we have learned. Investigations have established the following as facts:

1. The mounds in the United States were made by the same race that built the mounds of Mexico. Proven by close resemblance between the works, by implements used in common; similar manner of burial, and skulls from the tombs of each locality.

2. The mounds in Mexico antedate Aztec occupation. Proven by records that the Aztecs did not enter the valley until the close of the thirteenth century, by investigation that the mounds contain skulls that are not Aztec; that they contain specimens of the plastic art that would not have come from the hand of an Aztec.

3. The Aztecs were not a mound-building race. Proven by investigations in New Mexico, showing that the Aztecs did not use mounds as sacrificial or burial mounds, in the land from which they come; that they build no mounds here, and built none in Mexico from the time the Spaniards occupied the country in 1520 until the present, and it was a physical impossibility, even though they had the knowledge, to have erected all the mounds and pyramids in Mexico during the space of time that elapsed from their entry into the valley until its occupation by the Spaniards.

S. B. EVANS.

LIFE IN TEXAS.

As Exhibited in Various Paragraphs from the Journals of that State.

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FATHER O'REILLY IN ITALY.

The Ancient and Wonderful Works and Sepulchres of Bologna Described by the Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly of New York

FLORENCE, Sept. 29.—While in Bologna last spring, it had been my intention to send you at least one letter describing the magnificent City Museum (*Museo Civico*), of which Count Gozzadini is director. But at his request I deferred doing so till after its inauguration, which took place on the 25th inst. The opening of the International Congress of Geology, of which Count Gozzadini had also been chosen President, took place on the next day, the 26th. He had promised to mail me copies of his inaugural addresses; he had even sent me in advance copious notes concerning the Museum. All through the spring and summer months the indefatigable Count, encouraged by his energetic little Countess, had been laboring unceasingly to complete the architectural disposition, the furnishing, and the painting of the vast and numerous halls of the Museum, in which they were to deposit finally the scientific stores collected by the joint toil of a lifetime.

The 25th came. Bologna was filled with the élite of all Italy, as well as with the representatives of the ripest science of Europe and America. At the appointed hour the spacious and beautiful hall selected for the inauguration was crowded with the dignitaries of the ancient city, with its old aristocracy, and with the men who had come from far and near to the great intellectual feast so long in preparation. All were well acquainted with the merit of the man who had devoted his life and his fortune to the completion of the wonderful Museum, and the advancement of that science which was to throw so clear and full a light on the early history of his own country and of the races which had first peopled it. They knew also that his inseparable companion in every research, as well as in the compilation and editing of his numerous scientific and historical works, had been his devoted and gifted wife. There was the chair, the expectant assembly said, presently to be filled by Count Gozzadini; and there, too, was the seat reserved for the Countess, who was, on that memorable day and the following, to enjoy a wife's supreme happiness in seeing her husband's labors crowned with complete success, and his merit acknowledged by the foremost scholars of the world and the most accomplished men of his own country.

They waited and waited. Something dreadful must have happened. It was even so. That very night, suddenly and without warning, the young Countess Gozzadini had been called away from all earthly labors and triumphs, and perhaps the sudden ending of this active career was hastened by her earnest coöperation with her husband in preparing all things for the great events of the 25th and 26th.

Let me, then, ask your readers to follow me as I describe what I saw in my last visit to the great Museum of Bologna, in June last, when both the Count and Countess Gozzadini came themselves to explain everything to us.

Until within a few years ago, whatever Bologna possessed of archæological treasures were placed, together with the vast Communal Library, in the beautiful building known as the Old University (*Archiginnasio*), erected alongside the Basilica of San Petronio, by Pope Pius IV. and his nephew, Cardinal (Saint) Charles Borromeo. Of late a spacious adjoining palace was purchased by the city, and it has been fitted up, under the superintendence of Count Gozzadini, to receive the vast and varied treasures now offered to the curiosity of travellers and the study of scholars and artists. Another portion is set apart for the archives of State.

You enter the spacious vestibule leading to the first floor by a flight of marble steps, and ascend the broad staircase. No less than twenty-three halls are reserved to the Museum. One of them 256 feet in length, is filled with ancient Etruscan tombs and their funereal furniture, collected from the prehistoric cemeteries around Bologna.

Pause we one moment here. The present Bologna, with its circuit of mediæval walls, occupies the site of the ancient Felsina, the chief Etruscan city in the north. Its walls date from some 1,000 years before Christ. The city was conquered by the Boian Gauls, who held it without changing its name for about 200 years, and then, having fallen into the hands of the Romans, it became a Roman colony and municipium, it was called in course of time Bononia. The Roman city, as well as the Etruscan Felsina, on whose site it was built, only occupied a portion of the Bologna of to-day. On the plain around it were the cemeteries, portions of which have been excavated, and the street, public square, and palace, in different places within the walls, near the great Church of San Francesco, at San Stefano, in the Via San Mamolo (now Azzolini, and elsewhere. Outside the walls one of the vast cloisters of the Certosa was found to stand on the site of an ancient Etruscan cemetery, while other and more magnificent tombs were discovered on the opposite side of the city, in the Public Gardens, and in the Arsenal. Then Villanova, an estate of Count Gozzadini. A few miles to the south east of Bologna, yielded funereal relics which to fill some of the largest of our American museums. When we left Bologna, these precious prehistoric treasures, described by Count Gozzadini in one large 4to volume published in 1855 and illustrated by 40 plates, were in private palace in the city. Another at least equally ancient necropolis was discovered at Marzabotto, among the foot hills of the Apennines, carefully explored, at his own expense, by Count Gozzadini, and the treasures collected and described in his work, a large 4to, with beautifully illustrated volumes (1865). Other sites, in the plain and along the various water courses descending from the surrounding mountains, yielded up a portion of their long-held secrets to careful explorers, and still, all over the land, in the process of tilling, the plough turns up high up in the mountains, along the rivers descending from Alpine and Apennine, cemeteries or tombs come to light, disclosing the remains of the Etruscan inhabitants of Bologna before the foundation of Rome, and the Umbrians, Ligurians, and Insubrians, who had been there before the art-loving Etruscans.

At any rate, in the halls we are about to visit, independently of the Egyptian section, which we the contents of