

THE CAMPAIGN.

YOUNG MEN'S MEETING IN NEW YORK.

FROM THE NEW YORK COURIER AND ENQUIRER OF TUESDAY.

The weather last evening could not have been more propitious than it was for a public gathering. Nevertheless, at an early hour, National Hall was well filled by many young men, anxious to give utterance to their preference for DANIEL WEBSTER.

Shortly after eight o'clock the meeting was called to order by Mr. ANTHON, on whose motion the following gentlemen were elected officers of the meeting:

President: MORGAN MORGANS. Vice Presidents: Cornelius Grinnell, Wm. H. Emerson, Thos. K. Bruce, Jr., James Reiff, Jr., Talmadge, Geo. B. Phelps, John J. Letting, John Tenbrook, E. Erskine Phelps, Henry Van Keith, Thomas Bond, Jr., Francis U. Johnston, A. A. Gifford, E. J. Brown, James Plant, Wm. B. Hoffman, Wm. D. Booth, Anson G. Phelps, Jr., Charles D. Hutchinson, John B. Stephens, Joseph Allen, Henry C. Yale, O. E. Wood, Chas. E. Talmadge, J. W. Phelps, J. W. Williams, Egbert Starr, James R. Spaulding, Gordon L. Ford. Secretaries: Geo. H. Hepburn, Richmond Phillips, S. J. Vail, Ralph Cook.

On taking the chair, Mr. MORGANS said: GENTLEMEN: I feel it an honor to be selected to preside over the Young Whigs of New York favorable to the nomination of Mr. WEBSTER to the Presidency of the United States. It is true that our gathering is not large, but when we take into consideration the inclemency of the night, it is not a bad one; yet there is sufficient here to arouse the Young Whigs of the country to do justice to the greatest of living men. [Cheers.]

Mr. CHARLES ROLFE was then introduced and said: Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens, I am instructed by the Committee to submit to your consideration the following ADDRESS.

At a meeting of the young men of the city of New York on the 19th instant, it was unanimously resolved that an appeal should be made to the young men of our common country to join in electing DANIEL WEBSTER to the Presidency of the United States. In pursuance of this resolution, we invite you to join. We have pledged our own best efforts to the cause. We have determined to devote ourselves during the summer and autumn to the great work, and we call upon you, young men of the United States, to share with us the responsibility of the election. The highest political duty of freemen is to be performed by the people of the United States. In almost every other country the supreme power of the State passes from father to son, by the chance of birth. The right to the crown may be wise or foolish, virtuous or depraved, without affecting his title. Hundreds of castles are recorded in history in which supreme power has, in this way, passed to the infirm of body, the feeble in mind, the corrupt, the cruel, the unprincipled, of all ages and of either sex, and the happiness of millions has thus been made the sport of a few selfish and unprincipled men.

We are accustomed, with honest pride, to place our free elective system in contrast with the hereditary principle of the old world. We make it our just boast that the people of America have retained in their own hands the right to bestow, and that for a limited period, the highest trust to be placed in the hands of man. It is the duty of the people to be performed at the approaching season, and if the citizens of the United States fail to elect the Chief Magistrate of the Union on the best qualified and most deserving, they will violate the very principle of our system. If the choice is bestowed on any lower degree of qualification of merit, it is not only a degrading act of injustice, but it tends to bring reproach on popular government.

Every thing is not an election which bears its name. The world has just been shocked by the prostitution of the forms of an election in France to ratify an act of flagrant military usurpation. The election of a monarch is an overwhelming majority, but all the world knows that it is imaginary and delusive. Do we wish to pronounce the loudest rebuke on this mockery of the elective franchise? Let us show to the friends of liberty that when a free people choose for themselves, they choose their best qualities. The most distinguished men of the world are chosen by the high duty of the people called to perform during the current year. Let your minds be elevated to the full conception of its importance. Feel the magnitude of the trust devolved upon the citizens of a free country when they call one of their number to the chair of State. Remember that you are to be the enjoyment of this great privilege that your fathers exposed themselves to the risk of the Revolution. Let your choice be such as to show that the end was worthy of the precious blood which it was obtained; that the people deserve to be trusted with the choice of their rulers, and that they have the wisdom and integrity to select those best qualified for the service of their country.

For ourselves, fellow-citizens, we have avowed our enthusiastic preference for DANIEL WEBSTER. He is our first choice. We intend no injustice to any other worthy citizen. America has many deserving sons. They present themselves to the approaching election, in the civil and military service of the Union. It is adorned by names that will fill a bright place in our country's annals. But since the suffrages of the people must centre on one, and we are called upon to select the individual, who, on the score of transcendent talents, length of service, experience in the public councils, and the high degree of general estimation of the day, is entitled to preference, what name, we may fairly ask, may not, without disparagement, yield to that which we have inscribed upon our banner?

But it is not an easy matter, in times like the present, to choose the mass of the people to a due sense of the importance of the election. One is busy at his farm, and another at his merchandise. They trust each that his neighbor will go to the polls. His own vote will not be wanted. In this way our very prosperity becomes a source of danger, enfolded in a selfish principle of self-interest. While the great mass of the people are thus engaged, the all-important right of suffrage is left to be performed by the professional politicians; and consequently under the influence of party passions and selfish calculation.

This is the cancer of free States; and we call upon the young men of the United States, to be approaching election to arouse themselves, and to give to the approaching election the example of the true beauty of a republican system. Not yet familiarized to mere party discipline—not swayed by selfish motives; strangers to cabal and intrigue, let them take the election into their own hands, and with sympathetic zeal, kindling the spirit of the people, let them pour into new channels with resolute force; paths of intercourse hitherto trod only by the adventurous traveler now made the daily route of thousands; the earth yielding her gold in almost fabulous abundance; the wilderness filling up with startling rapidity by the joint effort of nature and man; the arts, inventions, industry, science in every department and in every application, these are all working together and developing themselves with an energy and life that bewilder the common mind, call aloud for the most eminent of the political sciences, and the highest office of the State. The world is in our hands. Nothing short of the most powerful intellect is sufficient to lead the mighty march of improvement.

Such is the state of things in our own country. Abroad, Europe is rocking with convulsions. The revolutionary volcano, which seemed to have burst, and to have subsided, or, rather, a fearful reaction against all the voluntary denials of former revolutions. A military despotism of the sternest cast is trampling upon all the liberal principles which the toils and blood of two struggling generations had wrested from the despotic feudalism of the European continent. A mighty struggle seems to be impending, and, although Providence has cast our lot at a distance from the region where the storm rages, no moderate skill will be required to prevent the ship of state from being drawn into the vortex. It is all-important, in this chaos of the political elements, that the lights of republican liberty in this hemisphere should burn bright and steady. Let them not be coldly veiled from the true friends of liberty, who ask the guidance of their cheering beams. Let them not be kindled into a reckless conflagration, wasting our own fair heritage, while it adds to the dangers of Europe. Let them, in a so difficult and interesting, commit the important and difficult office of interpreting the true principles of American liberty to him who has so well penetrated their spirit; who has warmed them in the school of Washington; and who is best qualified to teach them in the soul-stirring words of his own matchless eloquence.

In our own vast country, embracing this great family of States, stretching from the realms of ice and granite to those of the orange and the cane, and filling the broad expanse which divides the two mighty oceans, there is unavoidable diversity of interests, pursuit, and feeling. Thus far, and till lately, this diversity has administered to the growth and welfare of the country. It has bound us together by the kindly ties of a mutual dependence. We have supplied each other's wants; we have helped out each other's deficiencies. Out of many States we have formed one people, and we have made us powerful and prosperous. Would that we could stop here! But the sad truth must be told. This diversity, ill-understood, has, under the influence of local prejudices, engendered strife. In the opposite extremes of the country extremes have grown up, founded on principles the most

contradictory, but tending to the same result. The bitter passions have been kindled, and the fiercest denunciations have been uttered and retorted. The most violent opposites have allied themselves against the Union. In some parts of the country the laws have been resisted to bloodshed; in others, military organizations against the Government of the United States have taken place. The dearest wish of despoils has been near its fulfillment, in the wreck of the last hope of republican liberty.

Who is there, we confidently ask, that has done so much to avert this dire catastrophe as Daniel Webster? who, at the moment of the utmost peril, has thrown himself so fearlessly in the breach? We say not this by way of reproach to others, but in justice to him. He stood in a position in the Senate of the United States, in which the peace of the country hung upon his lips. Had he exercised himself not to appease but to augment the agitation of the hour—had his all-powerful voice been uttered not to harmonize but to exasperate sectional differences, will any man of intelligence conscientiously say that he believes the session of 1850 would have passed without a convulsion?

We are aware that now, when the danger is at least for a season past, some persons affect to deny that it ever existed, and speak of the dissolution of the Union as a mere matter of moderation, which the Union was saved. But if you will inquire carefully into the course of those by whom this language is used, you will find, without exception, that they are the men who have themselves done their full share to bring the Union into danger. It is the danger of despoils that we speak of, but its return is unhappily an event too likely to happen under the influence of the excited passions, the local interests, the personal ambitions of all of which it sprang. It may come upon us when we least expect it. Sectional excitement may again pass into willful forgetfulness of the inestimable value of the Union, and the national system of the present popular violence may in one rash hour entail woe upon the country to which generations of suffering will bring no remedy.

Shall we not, then, while the peril is recent—while the heart of patriotism is still beating quick with the dangers which the country is exposed to, while the command of the ship of State in that herculean grasp which was felt at the helm while the breakers were roaring in her path?

These are questions, young men of America, which we are called to answer. Our power is decisive. What we will do, we will do. We will not be deterred by the take with the cheer of youthful hearts, which we push with the vigor of youthful arms, we shall accomplish. It belongs to youth to infuse its exuberant vitality into the body politic; not to take the lead in council; not to set an example of things which are not to be imitated; not to rally the impulses of youth to support the wisdom of years; to form a salutary alliance between counsel and vigor.

Rouse, then, Young America, to the momentous, the grateful task. In the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, let us shout our patriotic fervor. Let the animating cry begin where the first rays of the morning glance from the snow-clad hills of the North, beneath whose shadow the man of our choice was born, and let it sound through the land in one joyous shout of freedom. From the banks of his native Merrimack to the Gulf of Mexico, from this city of Washington to the golden gate of California; wherever the blessings of the Union are felt, wherever the true American hearts have been thrilled with the noblest strains of patriotic eloquence; wherever public spirit is honored and faithful service is held in respect; wherever constitutional liberty has a devoted son; there let there also an ardent friend of our candidate.

Let this be done, fellow-countrymen, and we shall give to the Republic a Chief Magistrate of which in her best days she might be proud; one whose entire fitness for the office will be acknowledged by all who are worthy of the name; who will lead the national feuds that have shaken the Union; embrace all interests in one broad survey; and embody to the life, what he has himself so admirably sketched to the young men of Albany, the idea of a patriot President. Well has he compared such a President to a vessel and prudent shipmaster, who makes it his first duty to preserve the vessel which carries him and his passengers, and all that is committed to his charge; to keep her aloft, to conduct her to her destined port with entire security of property and life. He suffers nothing to betray his watchfulness or to draw him aside from the great duty which he has undertaken. He is always ready to receive solicitous, always anxious for the safety of the ship which is to carry him through the stormy seas.

Though pleased to see the dolphins play, He minds his compass and his way; And oft he throws the wary lead, To see what dangers may be hid; At helm he makes his reason sail, His crew of passions all subside. Thus, then, he steers his bark, and sails, On upright keel, to meet the gales."

Throughout the reading of this address, Mr. ROLFE was frequently interrupted by the enthusiastic applause and cheers of the meeting. When he had concluded, the audience continued cheering loudly and warmly for some moments, when—

Mr. FRED S. TALLMADGE rose and said: Mr. Chairman, I rise simply to move the adoption of the Address just read, and I trust my motion will not be received with cold enthusiasm, but with a hearty good will, so that it may go forth as receiving the commendation of every true friend of the Republic. I do not mean to say that I have any objection to the address, but I have a few remarks to make on the conclusion of that address, that we will man the ropes with willing hearts. [Cheers.]

On motion of Mr. TALLMADGE, the Address was adopted unanimously, and with three hearty cheers. Mr. ANTHON then rose, and, at the conclusion of a brief but eloquent speech, submitted a series of resolutions, as follows: 1. Resolved, That in announcing to the young men of the United States the name of DANIEL WEBSTER as our first choice for the next President of this Republic, we express our preference for a man whose transcendent abilities, self-sacrificing patriotism, and untiring devotion to his country, have rendered him the preeminent citizen of his age; and whose example, and whose noble and unselfish admiration of the American people—including buoyant youth, thoughtful manhood, reflective age; and to whom are universally conceded unsurpassed, not to say unequalled, qualifications for that high office.

2. Resolved, That we could not, if we would, and would not, if we could, resist the call of our country, and that our hearts are as young as ours. "Every pulsation of that large heart, like every bias of that mighty intellect, is true, immutably true, to humanity, to liberty, to republicanism, to the defence of the oppressed, and to the overthrow of tyrants in every form."

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN THE OLD WORLD.

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

RAMBLES ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Being depressed in spirits to-day, in consequence of a bad opera last night, I am going to be serious and give you a chapter on dogs. Doubtless you will think, after the essay I gave you on Parisian and Italian lap-dogs, that I am predisposed to hydrophobia, and labor under a prejudice against the canine species; but this is not so. The fact is, I was bitten in my younger days by a perfect, by some dog, without the slightest provocation; and ever since I have taken a personal interest in the study of the entire race. Besides, the dogs of Constantinople are a legitimate part of the population. Without them it would be no longer Constantinople. They are as much a part of it as the Mosques or the Turks, the Armenians and the Basars. Dogs are here protected by public sentiment, or some superstition; or by law; so they swarm in immense numbers; they do not belong to any body, but roam in freedom, enjoying the fullest immunity from molestation. Travellers generally set them down as the great nuisances of the East, and heap unmeasured abuse upon every cur that dares to bark his sentiments. This is unjust; they might as well abuse the Turks for wearing beards and worshipping Mahomet, as denounce the poor dogs for showing hostility towards Christians.

Now, for my part, I consider them an extraordinary race of animals, in spite of the prejudices of education, and especially those of Constantinople, and I intend to do them justice. Throughout the streets, and in all the graveyards and public places, the attention of the stranger is attracted by the extraordinary number of wolf-like-looking dogs that he sees prowling about or basking in the sun, and in some of the narrow passages he is often compelled to step over whole families of them. These animals abound in every quarter, Frank, Jewish, Armenian, and Turkish, and are formed into communities like their two-legged neighbors. Certain invisible lines determine the extent of territory belonging to each community, and so distinctly defined are those boundaries that every member, down to the most illiterate cur, knows precisely how far he can venture, and what his inherent rights are. But let it not be supposed that dogs are more sensible than men; they have their territorial disputes as well as human beings, and very much on the same general principle. A strong community crowds over into the possessions of a weaker one; a quarrel ensues, and whichever cur maintains the disputed territory by force of teeth and paws, holds it till some stronger one interposes and settles the difficulty by dispossessing both the others. There are various minor grades of difficulty between these canine communities, petty infringements upon the rights of others, such as cases of trespass, prowling beyond the lines in search of food, snatching up bones and the like, just as with us; but these infractions of the law are settled at once, which makes justice more terrible to curds, and costs less in the way of fees to sheriffs, courtiers, and lawyers. The community fights its battles and defends its rights, punishes offenders within its own limits, and commits depredations upon others, very much after the fashion of the most respectable human communities; but I never knew an instance of one dog giving a bone to another for drawing a case, or of two dogs involved in a private quarrel gauding upon the resources of the community to compensate them, or pay the expenses of an appeal to a higher tribunal. I am not prepared to say what religious doctrines these dogs of Constantinople entertain, but they have a very pure hostility to all Franks, and bark or growl at Christians just as we do at the Mahometans and other oriental sects; and I have no doubt they are quite as firmly convinced that not one of us will reach heaven, as we are that the gates will be closed against all who disbelieve in our doctrines. We are good haters of other sects, and why should the dogs be condemned for trying to be human? If they hate with a bigoted cordiality, yet they love with a barbarous sincerity.

Opposite to the Hotel de Byrant is an open space, inhabited by one of these canine communities, whose operations of domestic and municipal economy afford me constant food for study. Near by is a Mahometan graveyard, inhabited by another tribe, and it is my chief employment, every afternoon, to sit on the portico, smoking a chibouk, and watching the movements of my four-legged neighbors. I have formed quite an attachment for the Byzantines, and a bitter prejudice against those sneaking fellows beyond, who skulk behind the tombstones. We of the Byrant region—for I have fought for them and am now treated as a member of the community, and always received with a general wagging of tails—we Byzantines depend chiefly for our living upon the offal cast out from a range of houses just beyond the boundary. True, this is not strictly our property, but we consider that it ought to be; and so whenever a bone, or a mutilated, or defunct chicken is thrown out, we are startled from our sunny corners and daily slumbers by the little cur that we keep to wake us; and, heeded by the shaggy old veterans, who have fought their way to eminence, we rally forth in a body to seize our prey. Domestic difficulties ensue; hungry drones, who are the first to run, want more than their share, and scuffle take place, which arouse the scouts of the enemy. Now from every tombstone there springs a barking foe; the graveyard re-echoes with the call to arms; big dogs and little dogs rush furiously into battle array; and down they thunder in terrible force upon the fighting Byzantines, in an avalanche of dust. One universal yell of rage and defiance reads the welkin; the smoke of battle rises on high, and for a while nothing is seen but a cloud of dust, and nothing heard but the gritting of teeth and the tug of strife at close quarters. It is a moment of awful suspense. Shall it be victory and chicken, or defeat without chicken? The noble Byzantines or the skulking Tombers? Now there is a swaying to and fro of the struggling mass—tells begin to appear through the dust; the wounded rush out and skulk off pasting to places of temporary safety. Individual dogs, twisted up in mortal strife, tumble out and roll together on the blood-stained field; towards hover round in the outer circle, snapping at unguarded legs; and thieves sneak off with portions of the prey, and eat them behind the tombstones while the battle is raging. At last superior numbers prevail against desperate courage. Ais, for the Byzantines, the Tombers drive them yelling beyond the lines. They rally and re-rally their exhausted forces, but it won't do; they are morally and physically vanquished—the chicken is gone, and the maimed and the dying skulk off licking their wounds. Flushed with victory, the Tombers follow up to the very doorstep of the Byrant, and despite the sacred temple of the Byzantines. Do you suppose I can sit quietly, with a stick in my hand, and witness this crowning insult? Not I—no, the rescue! to the rescue! On Byzantines, on! Away we go! Down go the Tombers before a volley of sticks and stones, and we chase the flying foe into the very secret recesses of the graveyard. Hurra for the Byzantines! Victory is ours at last; and for the rest of that day the Tombers are a crest-fallen set. Many a human battle has been decided in the same way, and why shouldn't we feel proud of our victories as well as others? But enough of dogs. I am going to be terribly in earnest now, like Mr. Macready in Othello, and tell you about the dancing derivishes. Of the religious belief entertained by this singular sect I can give you no account. Robinson, in his Biblical Researches, says something about them, and the subject is referred to by other writers; but it is to their strange ceremonies that I wish to introduce you at present. Not far from the Hotel de Byrant is one of the temples or churches of the dancing derivishes; a low building without much ornament, situated back from the street in a court; and here once or twice a week strangers are permitted to witness the ceremonies. No entrance fee is required, and all sects are admitted without distinction of costume or nation; subject only to the rules of good order and the customary prohibition of boots and shoes beyond the door. It was on a day of more than ordinary importance that I had the fortune to witness this curious exhibition. We had formed a large party of Frank travellers at the hotel, and all went together. At the door we took off our shoes, and those who had slippers were allowed to wear them, and those who had none were permitted to stand in their stockings.

A servant in attendance showed us into the quarter allotted to the Franks; there were other quarters occupied by a miscellaneous crowd of natives. The hall, or place of worship, is a large circular room, with an arched roof hung around with lamps, and the galleries for the spectators extending all round on the same floor, with railing in front and a floor-board as in a circus. All the decorations were of the plainest and cheapest kind, and the hall itself entirely without furniture, the floor being of polished wood, quite bare of carpets. When we entered a din of wild barbarous music, from some invisible place, reached us, and soon the priests of the order entered, walking slowly two by two, preceded by the patriarch, an old man with a long white beard. They were enveloped in plain brown cloaks, leaving nothing visible but their tall drab-colored hats without brims, and a small portion of the face and beard; their heads were bowed down, and they walked with a solemn and impressive air several times round the hall—the music waxing wilder and fiercer all the time.

At length the patriarch stopped; the priests or worshippers branched off, and, ranging themselves round the room, sat down and covered up their heads, leaving nothing but their hats visible, and, doubling themselves up into as small a space as possible, remained so for some time quite motionless. After this, at a signal from the patriarch, who was bowing down and praying all the time, they slowly arose, and while he stood at the head of the hall with folded hands and downcast head, each worshipper as he passed turned and bowed to the one in the rear, who bowed at the same time, bringing their heads almost to meet in front of the patriarch; and so it continued, each one bowing as he passed, till the whole party had bowed themselves through three or four times in succession. They then ranged themselves round the hall again in their respective places, and, slowly casting off their cloaks, appeared in the dancing costume—a plain suit of white cotton, consisting of petticoats and a kind of roundabout, fastened at one side by the sash. No shoes were worn, and the tall strange hat still remained on the head; and now the music grew louder and wilder, and the dance commenced. Slowly and gracefully they merge into it, twirling around like the wooden figures on a hand-organ. The arms are extended, the hands thrown out, the feet together as if on a pivot, and round and round they go, with their long beards, and pale faces, and downcast eyes, whirling on their feet like men worked by machinery—all but the old patriarch, who stands at the head with folded hands, and prays during the ceremony of the waltz with his accustomed gravity. From the outer circle they whirl mysteriously into the centre, and from the centre back again; and soon the entire hall seems to be alive with the solemn waltzes. There is no noise but the blowing of the music and the low grinding of the feet. One alone whirling what powers of locomotion keep these men wandering around so long. They seem never to be tired; the spectator grows dizzy in following them. Round they go, with distended arms and sweeping petticoats, till you begin to think it must be all a strange vision, the grotesque dream of a demented fancy. You rub your eyes and look again. Sure enough there they are, turning like tops—the waltzing derivishes that you have read about in books; and this is their temple—a wild, half-savage, oriental place, full of novel sights and sounds. At last the waltz is concluded; the priests retire to their places, put on their cloaks, and double themselves up in little knots again; and, after another parade and the same profound ceremony of bowing before the patriarch, they slowly retire; the audience follows their example; and thus ends the devout exhibition of the dancing derivishes.

There is another sect, called the howling derivishes, who hold their exhibitions over at Scutari, on the Asiatic side. On my return from the mount of Chamula one day I stopped in to see them, in company with my Portuguese friend and his wife, whom I had travelled with in Sicily. The temple or house of worship is much the same as that of the dancing derivishes. Here we had to pay a small fee of a few piasters for admission, the ceremony being considered more attractive than that of the dancers. Nothing was said about our shoes, and we were ushered at once into the gallery allotted to christian spectators. The exhibition had just commenced. Thirty or forty young howlers, from six years of age up to twenty-five, were ranged around the outer circle. At the head stood the chief priest, and in different parts of the hall the elders and common priests. The old patriarchs, who were unable to join in the violent exercises of the church, were seated in retired places, where they bowed their heads with a slow and clock-like motion, and chanted a kind of hum-drum song like the bass notes of an organ. In front of the chief priest stood a row of lusty fellows, with shaven heads and nearly naked, who bore the heaviest part in the performance. Commencing at a high key, rendered more piercing by the shrill voices of the little children, they screamed a sort of chant, so wild and unearthly that it was difficult to recognise them as human beings; and the whole fraternity started into motion as if struck with a palsy. Gracious heavens, what a sight! A menagerie of wild animals let loose would be tame to it. I can compare it to nothing but a bedlam of hopping and howling lunatics. First on one foot, then on the other, the shaven heads bobbing as a schoolboy bobs his head after a dive when he gets a bubble in his ear; all bobbing together, and nodding, and jerking, and jumping, and hopping like gigantic puppets worked by secret wires; the high scream gradually lowering to a groan, and the green joggling down by degrees into a grunt, and the grunt into a general howl so deep and savage that the marbling of larynxes or the roaring of lions would be music to it. The lusty gang in front worked themselves into a phrensy; their shaven crowns jerk about at such a rate that one expects to see a head roll down on the floor every moment; their voices lose all semblance of human voices, and now it becomes a hoarse panting grunt from the pits of their stomachs, and streams of sweat roll down from their faces, and their scanty cotton robes hang dripping on their bodies. Their contortions, their wriggling, jerking mass you see a little howler who has hoped and howled himself out of breath; his head hangs on his shoulder, his eyes rolling, and his tongue hanging out while he gasps for breath; an old priest gives him a smart crack on the pate with his knuckles, and he starts into motion again as if suddenly galvanised, and the whole fraternity of little howlers are frightened into a fresh fit of hopping, and bobbing, and jerking. Now you detect a sly fellow in the crowd trying to cheat people with the idea that he is as zealous as a whipper as any of them; but you can plainly see that he is an impostor; or a backslider; he only hops once in a while, when he thinks he is noticed, and howls so faintly that nobody hears him, and, as the jerking of his head, it is the mere nodding of a head in the act of taking a private nap, and requires no exertion except to keep up a show of wakefulness. Old men with long grizzled beards away to and fro, unable to hop, and too short of breath to hop; but they keep up a hoarse growl, and with their deep blood-shot eyes and the restless swaying of the head, look not unlike polar bears standing upright. Still older men, unable to stand at all, sit upon their mats and sway and growl in concert. At last the voices have joggled out of the stoutest worshippers; nothing is heard but the husky grating of the breath in the throat, and the hurried panting for air; and finally their chins fall loosely on their breasts, their tongues loll out, and all become motionless statues. The chief priest thereupon makes a prayer, to the most devout attention is paid. Not a whisper is heard till the prayer is concluded. For a moment a dead silence prevails. The whole congregation and all the derivishes are mute and motionless. It is a most impressive picture of rapt devotion. Barbarous the scene may be, but not devoid of solemnity. And now a low sobbing is heard to avoid the hall of worship—so low at first that it seems to come from spirits in the air; gradually it swells and spreads around till the whole crowd of derivishes are sobbing, and the sobs deepen into a low crying, and the low crying into a wild burst of grief, swelling and winding around the hall like a funeral wail. From every eye the big tears roll down, and the faces and breasts of the sobbing crowd are wet with weeping. So strong, indeed, is the influence of the melting mood, that the wife of my Portuguese friend, who stood near me, covered her face with her handkerchief, and I verily believe cried as hard as any of them. It was the most earnest crying I ever witnessed—so like natural weeping that I began to think

to feel moist about the eyes myself, and never in my life did I come so near bursting out into a regular cry. Five minutes more would have done it; for, however ridiculous such exhibitions may appear, there is always something in believing people to be in earnest when they pray, and especially when they cry, that touches one in a tender point. Thus closes the ceremony of the howling derivishes—a strange oriental sight, strikingly picturesque and impressive, from which some idea may be formed of the state of civilisation in the East.

From Scutari over to Galata in the French quarter is a pleasant row of half an hour in a caïque. One may every day breakfast in Europe and dine in Asia; which is often done by those who have business in Scutari. The view of Pera and Stamboul from this point is very fine, and should be enjoyed by all who wish to see Constantinople and its suburbs in a different place than that afforded from the higher points on the Bosphorus.

The baths of Constantinople have been so often described that I am going to be eccentric and say nothing about them. In truth, there is very little to say about any thing either in Europe or the East that has not been said before a thousand times over; and the only hope of originality a writer can now hope for is in now and then telling a bit of truth. For this reason, hoping that I might accidentally start up something new, I have studiously avoided books of all kinds, and up to the present writing have only had an occasional glance at such guide-books as my fellow-travellers happened to carry about them, or force upon my attention by reading them. Of course mistakes must be made sometimes under such circumstances, but they can easily be corrected by reference to the standard authorities.

If the baths of Constantinople, however, have been fully described, there is still a branch of the subject that affords some little room for variety; I mean the Syrian baths of Damascus. These are on the same general principle; that is to say, the principle of parboiling people out of their skins. I have a smarting recollection of the whole process, and, while the subject is fresh in my mind, shall endeavor to give you an idea of it.

We arrived at the Hotel de Palmire, after eight days' wandering over the mountains of Lebanon and among the ruins of Baalbek, covered with the dust of travel and the filth and vermin of Turkish khans. The first consideration next morning was a Damascus bath. My English friend (the captain of an oriental steamer) had been in Syria before, and knew all about the native baths. He said they were "stunning," a word signifying every thing wonderful in an Englishman's mind. "Stunning" baths are supposed to be baths that knock into a cocked-hat all a man's preconceived ideas of the luxuries of bathing, and it is an expressive word, as I soon discovered. An Arab youth accompanied us from the hotel, with special injunctions from the padrona to show us to the baths patronized by his late master, Lord Bath. I don't know how often his lordship went there, but it is to be hoped that he went often enough to be cleansed of the impurities of rather a prolonged sojourn in Damascus. We followed our guide through a confusing maze of narrow and dirty streets, till he disappeared in a most forbidding doorway; and it was not until he re-appeared and had repeatedly urged us to enter, that we could consent to patronize such an unpromising place. He assured us, however, that we should find the baths *tabih*, *nucha tabih*—a very good, a great deal better, we hoped, than they looked from the outside. Passing through an open court-yard, in which were countless Arabs, half-naked, up to their elbows in dirty clothes and soap-suds, we entered a large circular hall, the public dressing and undressing saloon, where payments were made, and coffee and chibouks handed round. A fountain of cold water stood in the middle, into which dark unshirred men of the establishment plunged their arms and heads to cool themselves, and out of which they now and then dipped up water for thirsty customers. Around the saloon was an elevated platform, upon which stood a circular row of low beds, most of which appeared to be occupied. It was a strange sight altogether; on every side extraordinary apparitions of dusky bearded men rising up out of the sheets, wild-looking Arabs with bald heads running about screaming horribly, grey and grizzled old Turks falling on their faces towards Mecca; a mist of cold steam rising from the sloppy marble floor; and the whole space overhead filled with dangling clothes hung up on lines to dry in the reeking atmosphere. In retired part of the room, behind a huge pile of smelting towels, sat the master of the establishment—a venerable Arab, with a beard reaching to his middle. He was also smoking calmly amid all the turmoil, and only stopped at long intervals to note down something on a pile of paper which he held on his lap. I believe that man was writing a book—probably a learned work on hydrophobia, showing the absurdities of Premitz and his followers in killing the blood with cold water when they might comfortably boil it up to the proper temperature in hot water. To this venerable man letters were made known our wants as best we could in a broken mixture of Italian and French through our guide, who understood something over a dozen words of each, stating that we had come a long way, and hearing in Damascus of the famous repute of his baths, had determined to try them. The old man raised his head, looked at us solemnly for some time, as if he suspected that we might be tainted with the heresies of Premitz, and then waved his hand gravely towards subordinate functionary who stood near.

The subordinate was covered up high over the head in a pyramid of towels. "Friend," said he, "can't you show us into a private dressing-room? We Franks don't like to make models of ourselves in public." "Impossible," said he, (through our guide, of course,) "every body undresses here." "But we are *howsdy* of rank, and mustn't be confounded with common people; besides, we are willing to pay double for a private room." "Oh, us to that," replied the man, very much affected by our allusion to *backshish*, "I knew you were mi-lords; but I am very sorry indeed; this is the custom in Damascus. We never have private rooms here." "And do you expect us," said we sternly, "to strip ourselves before all these naked wretches?" "Praised be Allah," retorted the man, "we bathe none here but reis and pashas! Don't you see his highness there," pointing to the apparition of a living skeleton, very dirty, sitting up in a pile of sheets, "that's a pasha; and his excellency on the left," directing our attention to a greasy, bald-headed old Turk, who was amusing himself picking the fleas off his shirt, "that's one of the chief officers of the government; and there, and there—all pashas and men of distinction." "Enough," said we, "strip us and boil us." Be quick about it, and see that we are well scrubbed." Mounting the platform, we selected two beds, and, with the assistance of the chief of sheet-holders, were soon reduced to bare legs and short lines. Further than that we stoutly protested against till screened from either a real or supposed gaze of wonder in the part of the multitude around us, who appeared to think that the *Frangi* might develop some new features in human anatomy. At last we made a compromise by donning and sheeting ourselves. This done, we thrust our feet into some wooden clogs to keep them clear of the floor, and were conducted into the first bath-room. Here was a blue mist, through which all that we could discern were shaven heads, naked and dusky figures looming through the warm steamy atmosphere, with a grim and horrible effect. There was a hot heavy oppressive smell, that quite disheartened one of us at least as to the prospect. I instinctively held my breath, for fear of inhaling some plague, leprosy, or other loathsome disease peculiar to oriental cities. While thinking seriously of darting out, paying the *backshish*, and considering the thing done, a gaunt figure emerged from the fog, and seized me with the grasp of a vice. He was the most frightful looking monster I ever beheld—a perfect living mummy; dark, lean, and ailvered, with sharp-pointed yellow teeth and only one eye, the other having been dug out with some rough instrument; but that single eye was enough; it actually seemed to glare with triumph at the idea of a christian subject. Another naked wretch seized hold of my friend the English captain, and we were both dragged rapidly into an adjoining apartment.

I sincerely hope that the impression made upon my mind on entering this den of asstian visions will never be effaced by any future experience. It was quite sufficient to give me a general idea of the state of things to which a man might be reduced by an evil course of life. In truth, it was worthy to be ranked with Mar-

tian illustrations of Milton. At one end was a scething caldron of hot water, in the shape of a dark marble vase, from which arose hot clouds of steam; the marble floor was wet and soapy, and of a smarting heat; the walls were reeking with a warm sweat; high overhead was a concave ceiling, pierced with round holes, in which were colored glasses, and through this the light poured down in streaks of every hue; a mist of hot vapor hung in the atmosphere, lit up by flashes of colored light, gave the moving figures an appearance of roasting in flames of fire and brimstone; and all around, in every direction, were bare bodies and limbs and shaven heads glistening through the obscurity, and great naked monsters torturing them with dippers full of scalding water or blinding lather from huge basins of suds; some scraping with razors a bald crown, some scalding down a leg or an arm, or rubbing of the skin from the backbone of a prostrate victim; others stretching out limbs and trying to disjoin them, or scrubbing them down with hard brushes—all working with a fenshish zest, increased to a malicious grin of triumph when a groan or involuntary yell of agony could be elicited. "Surely," said I to the captain, "they are not going to put us through here in this diabolical crowd?" "Oh, this is nothing," said he; "there's another place yet, if I'm not mistaken. We can go into that if you like, only it's a good deal hotter." "Hotter! Why, good heavens! there's not air enough here for a musquito." "Nonsense; you'll not mind it directly; it's quite stunning, I assure you, when you get used to it." Now, I had a painful misgiving of absolute suffocation in the act of getting used to it, but it was too late to retreat. At some magic word in Arabic from the captain, who was not much pleased himself with the assemblage here, we were seized again by the naked monsters before mentioned, and dragged into a room still further on, and of much smaller dimensions. There were only two or three victims in this branch of the establishment. It seemed to be the finishing-up place, where people who chose to go through the whole operation were subjected to the final and most exquisite ordeal; but we, as a matter of favor, were permitted to suit ourselves by having the whole thing concentrated. The fact is, in the rooms through which we had passed there was such an odor of impure flesh that we were both a little haunted by visions of plague and leprosy. Here, however, we were past all odors; there was no further use for the organs of scent. It was of such a fiery temperature that for a few minutes it was a sufficient lather to struggle against suffocation. Soon the big drops of perspiration rolled down from my forehead; I was covered with a flow of steam and perspiration that quite blinded me. The captain vanished in a white mist, leaving a parting impression on my mind of a man gasping for life in a sea of soap-suds. I saw no more of him for a quarter of an hour. Meantime I was jerked out of my winding sheet by the one-eyed monster, and thrust down into a sitting posture, close by the vase of hot water. "Hold, for God's sake! What!"—It was too late. A perfect deluge of foaming lather came pouring down over my head and face, running into my eyes, ears, and nostrils, and stopping up my mouth beyond all hope of speech. I have an indistinct recollection of a confusion of agonies through which I went for the next five minutes, but cannot depict them with any thing like the force of reality.

From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was enveloped in a bank of hot lather, which the horrid wretch who had me down was rubbing into my flesh with a small rake, or some other instrument of torture. At last he reached my eyes, and here he rubbed so effectually that the pain was too exquisite to be borne. "Water, water!" I roared in the very extremity of agony, "water, you villain! quick, or I'm blind for life!" "Moo!" suggested the captain from his bank of suds on the other side, "call for moo, that's the Arabic; he'll understand it better than English!" "Moo!" I screamed in the madness of anguish; "Moo!" you rasal!" There was a guttural sound of assent from outside the coating of lather; it was impossible to see an inch; but I heard a dabbling as if in water, and thought I detected something like a fenshish inward laugh. Next moment my brain seemed to be scorched with a hissing flame of fire, my body felt as if a thousand devils were tearing strips of skin off it with red hot pincers. For a while I was entirely incapable of resistance. I could only writhe madly under the grasp of the live musquito, who held me down with one claw, while he continued to pour the scalding flood over me with the other, till a momentary cessation of the torture enabled me to call for aid. "Captain! oh heavens, captain! he's boiling me in earnest!" "Cold water!" said the captain in Arabic; "put some cold water on him!" There was a pause now, while the man went in search of cold water, during which I sat simmering in the middle of a puddle of suds, and my body of skin should drop off. In a few minutes he returned, and, holding the bucket over my head, he poured down a stream of fresh water that sent a shock into my very core. It was a relief, however, as it eventually enabled me to open my eyes. When I did open them, the first object which met my view was that detestable animal, the musquito, squinting with a malicious satisfaction at the results of his labors. I was red all over, a perfect boiled lobster in external appearance. "