

ARTICLE VIII.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO THE YEZIDEES, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT KHORSABAD.

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SUNSET found us just emerging from among the heaps of ancient Nineveh. And after a ride of four hours (twelve miles) north by east over the undulating surface of the rich plain of Assyria, we alighted for the night of the 18th of July, 1844, at the house of the French consul in Khorsabad. His usual residence is in Mosul, but he has built this for the purpose of carrying on his excavations with greater convenience. It was not the first time we had been received within its hospitable walls, nor was this the only mode in which M. Botta had proved himself one of the kindest of friends in that strange land. Were this the place, I should delight to dwell on many pleasant recollections of a friendship that can never be forgotten.

We spent the next day till towards evening in examining the interesting antiquities here brought to light. And time passed rapidly away in the company of unknown heroes of ancient Assyria, and the more agreeable society of their amiable discoverer. It is utterly impossible to give any adequate description of these excavations in less than a volume. And I am happy to be able to say that the French government have now begun to publish them in the same magnificent style in which they issued the 'Memoires de Persepolis.' But as they are perhaps the most interesting monuments of antiquity hitherto discovered in all this region, and as when once the inscriptions shall have been deciphered they promise to throw great light on one of the most important but hitherto obscure periods of Old Testament history, I cannot but give them a passing notice.

The mound of Khorsabad is between 600 and 700 paces in circumference, and stands near the north-west corner of an enclosed area of about a mile square. The walls of this area are similar to those near Mosul, that have been so accurately surveyed and described by Mr. Rich.¹ They are mere elongated mounds of earth whose ridge-like summit is interrupted here and there by superincumbent conical masses of the same material, apparently the remains of gates and towers.

¹ See his Travels in Koordistan, Vol. II. p. 48.

There is one thing in which they differ, however, from those just mentioned. They seem to have been coated externally with large square stones; though both may have been originally alike in this respect, if we allow the greater proximity of the former to Mosul, and their consequent convenience as a quarry from whence to build the modern city, as an explanation of the present difference in their ruins. This view may derive support from the fact that the old bridge at Mosul was constructed of large square stones, taken, if we may believe common report, from those very mounds. And those which M. Botta dug out of Khoyunjuk were carried off by order of the Pasha, to be used in some buildings he was erecting, almost as fast as the workmen rolled them down the steep sides of the mound.

The excavations at Khorsabad were begun on the western face of the mound, near the top, where the sculptures reached the surface. They were, however, in a very bad condition. The upper part had been totally destroyed, and some of the large figures had wholly disappeared from above the knee. Some had apparently been broken by violence, and others seemed to have been worn away by long exposure to the weather. But as the workmen advanced inward, toward the centre of the mound, which was higher than the edges, the ruins were much deeper and in a better state of preservation. More than eleven rooms have been excavated, the largest of them more than 100 feet in length by 30 in breadth, and yet not one half the surface of the mound has been explored. The walls of these rooms are about thirteen feet high, very thick, and formed of sun-dried bricks, faced on either side by a surface of stone. This stone, sometimes called Mosul marble, is a sulphate of lime, of a dark, dull color, and so soft that it can readily be cut with a knife. The stones stand upright, each block being about ten feet high by one foot in thickness, and from eight to twelve feet in breadth. On the surface of these the figures are executed in *bas-relief*. Some occupy the entire height of the stone, which is nine feet high, except the space which is used for the inscription at the bottom. And if memory does not deceive me, there were some which did not even leave room for that. These largest sculptures were in most instances in a remarkable state of preservation. One almost, involuntarily, looks around for the sculptor to explain his work. The sculpture itself is most admirably executed. Every muscle might afford a study for an anatomist. And though there is a general resemblance in the features, such as one should expect in people of the same family or race, yet each countenance wears an expression exactly corresponding to the situation in which the individual is represented. Some whom we took to be eunuchs—per-

haps some favorite servant, esteemed worthy to be represented in the monument erected in honor of his master—had a beardless face, and the full, heavy and rather effeminate cast of features usually ascribed to such. But the monarchs themselves, or if the monument was erected in honor of one king, the monarch and his nobles were depicted in a manner most worthy of their station. To say nothing of their embroidered robes of divers colors of needle work, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil, wrought by the fair hands of some princess of Nineveh, whose name has perished in the same oblivion that covers the artist who so accurately delineated it,—to say nothing of their gorgeous head-dress tinted with blue and vermilion, or of their ornaments of gold, and the rich display of tassels that almost concealed their feet as they hung down from the borders of their robes,—to say nothing of their sword and other armor, and their dignified posture and lordly bearing, there was something in their features that one may look for in vain among the finest models of the Grecian school. There you find passion, fiery, impetuous action; the restless outworkings of a restless mind. But here there was a dignity and composure, an embodiment of quiet and calm power, that hushes the tumult of one's feelings as he gazes, and fills him with a sense of power so great that scarce an effort is needed to secure the performance of its will. We feel as though we stood in the presence of a king, whose resources were so ample and so completely under control that the exercise of power was a pleasure rather than a task. We are suddenly transferred back to the golden age when thorns had not yet infested thrones, and crowns adorned brows unfurrowed by the cares of State. Those ancient kings, just awaked from the slumber of ages, are the very impersonation of regal dignity, and they look down on you with the same calm elevation with which they erst looked down on the nobles of distant lands, who came to lay their tribute and their submission at their feet. But a truce to idle fancies. Yet, let me ask in passing, whether these sculptures throw no light on the passage where the daughter of Zion is represented as seeing "men portrayed on the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, *all of them princes to look to*, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity," Ezek. 23: 14, 15.

In most cases there are two rows of figures on the same stone, with a broad line of inscription under each. These represent a variety of objects. One room is occupied with the delineation of a royal hunt. The king, standing in his chariot, drawn by fiery horses, their trappings richly painted, is protected from the sun by an overhanging

canopy. And while driven rapidly through the forests, the game falls on every side, transfixed by his arrows. Before him birds perch on the trees or fit from bough to bough. Deer are quietly feeding beneath them, and the timid hare peeps out of her hiding place. At his approach they flee. But soon birds fall transpierced, from the loftiest branches. Slaughtered deer lie here and there, and numerous attendants follow, well loaded with the spoils of the chase.

In another apartment two kings are seated at a banquet, in European rather than oriental style. They sit upright on chairs without backs, whose fore feet are carved in the form of lion's paws. One row of attendants bring goblets ornamented in front with a lion's head, and other dishes, while another row carry away the empty goblets to be replenished from a capacious tun some distance beyond.

Here they prosecute a siege, and while the besiegers in one style of dress, ply the battering ram and discharge their arrows at the besieged, those in another style of dress, and with different weapons, hurl defiance at the foe. Further on, one of the invaders advances to fire the city gate, while a row of figures in front of the wall, impaled by the breast, strike additional terrors into the hearts of their survivors within. Further on, the flames burst forth in every direction; some hurl their darts more fiercely than before, others lift up their hands in despair or tumble headlong into the flames, and others still fall, transfixed by the weapons of the besiegers, who press the assault on every side. Here dead bodies and headless trunks float down the river in front of a beleaguered fortress; there captives, loaded with chains, approach the conqueror seated on his throne. An officer, standing by a pile of human heads, waits with uplifted sword the nod that decides the fate of each as he passes by. In another apartment we are again relieved by the introduction of rural scenes. The river flows quietly through groves and along the borders of cultivated fields. The fish swim in its waters, men are bathing in the cool shade, or a long row of camels, horses and mules, attended by men of various features and different modes of dress, (among whom we can distinctly trace the well known thick lips, flat nose and curly hair of the African,) bear the royal tribute to the store-houses of the king.

Then there are battles on foot and battles on horseback. Chariot runs to meet chariot, or the charioteer drives *pell mell* over the wounded and the dying, who fall under the rapid darts of the warrior in the chariot. The wounded springs into the air in his death agony, or resting on his elbow his head sinks back to the earth. The carcasses of horses impede the chariot wheels. And Ezekiel's captains and rulers "clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, all of

them desirable young men, 23: 12, 23, the Babylonians and all the Chaldeans, Pekod and Shoa and Koa and all the Assyrians with them, all of them desirable young men, captains and rulers, great men and renowned, all of them riding upon horses, coming against thee with chariots and waggons and wheels and with an assembly of people which shall set against thee buckler and shield and helmet round about, 23: 23, 24," would seem to have been written by one who had walked through the halls of Khorsabad, ere it had been buried up, and whose record is preserved to attest the accuracy of that delineation of the prophet who *had been among the captives* by the river Chebar.

One other view must not be omitted; a city stands on the very edge of the waters, her walls apparently rising from its depths; fish of every kind, real and fabulous, sport in the flood. Ships are unloading huge beams of timber; companies of men bear it on their heads and shoulders to the place where they are constructing towers from which to attack the walls. "See there," said M. Botta, one day, "can that be Tyre and this the army of Nebuchadnezzar?" and he quoted the passage, Ezek. 29: 18, "Son of man, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus. *Every head was made bald and every shoulder was peeled.*"

But the most remarkable sculptures are those at the gates. The entrances are guarded on each side by a monster of gigantic proportions. To the body of a bull is attached an immense human head. The side of the monster is covered by a wing that springs from his shoulder. The head is surmounted by a coronet, around which horns are twined like the shawl of a turban. A fifth foot has been added by the artist so that whether viewed in front or at the side the number might be complete. But what is as strange as any other part of it, this huge monster is carved from a single stone some fourteen feet high, by seventeen in length, and four in thickness. How in those early days the people managed to transport it, or to set it up on the mound, is a question I leave others to settle more competent to the task. Fifteen of these monsters, more or less perfect, have been found already. In connection with those that I saw, stood the figure of a bird's head, similar to some of the idols of Egypt. It was in front of one of these entrances that M. Botta found a bronze lion couchant, with a ring attached to his back from which a chain probably extended to some part of the gate. A copper chariot wheel was also found in one of the rooms.

The cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions are exceedingly abundant, for not only are they found beneath most of the figures, but all the floors of the passages from room to room are entirely covered with

them; as if the whole were a museum of history and these were tables of contents, telling the visitor what heroes and what events he may expect to meet with in the room before him. It is worthy of remark that when the inscriptions were thus exposed to be worn away by the feet of those passing and re-passing, the letters were filled up with copper so that the surface was as smooth as though the original stone had remained untouched, while there was no trace of any such precaution with reference to those on the walls. These inscriptions are more complex than those found near Persepolis, but not so complicated as the Babylonian. M. Botta has distinguished some hundreds of characters, each differing from the other, so that it would seem to be syllabic in its construction. Still it is premature to say much on that point at present. M. Botta has copied more than 100 folio pages of them, which, extended along in one line, would reach between two and three miles. So that with such a variety of material, and the learning and research of such scholars as Rawlinson in the East, and Grotefend and Lassen in Germany, we may hope for a vast accession soon to be made to our knowledge of Old Testament times and events. The French government sent out the same accomplished artist (M. Flandin) who sketched the sculptures of Persepolis, to take drawings of these, and the literary world will have no cause to mourn the loss of the originals. The designs of the Assyrian sculptor have been reproduced in all their life and beauty, and the copies will no doubt awaken more interest now than did the originals in the days of their glory.

If any are curious to know what this monument was, whether a palace, a temple or a tomb, to what age it belongs, and how it became buried so deep in the earth on the top of a mound so much higher than the neighboring plain, I can only refer them to the forthcoming work of the discoverer, and trust that there they will find much more clear and satisfactory light on these and kindred questions than it is in my power to afford them.

We would merely say, that some rotten wood, rotten though charred and many parts of the sculptures so calcined that they crumbled on exposure to the air, would seem to indicate that it had been destroyed by fire. But how some parts of it were buried so deep under the surface is a question not so easily solved.

We will only add that M. Botta had been excavating at his own expense for several months in the large mound of Khoyunjuk on the side of the Tigris directly opposite Mosul, but did not find much that was interesting. There were plenty of bricks with cuneiform inscriptions, plenty of large hewn stones, and some slabs of marble with

palm trees in bas-relief, but broken and disfigured; the whole showing evident marks of having been constructed out of the ruins of a more ancient building.

While he was patiently persevering in his efforts there, some of the natives informed him of sculptures of men and animals having been seen in this mound of Khorsabad and he at once despatched his workmen thither. I mention these previous excavations of M. Botta to show that it was no hap-hazard of fortune that first suggested these discoveries. They are the well earned result of patient toil and great expenditure, and however much others may boast of the wonders they bring to light in following the path so successfully opened by another, the world will decide whether it is more indebted to the Columbus whose intelligence conjectured *à priori* what ought to be found and whose enterprise persevered through long discouragement, till his most sanguine hopes were more than realized, or to any Americus Vesputius who may follow in the path thus pointed out, and boast that his sculptures forsooth are larger and his mound more extensive!

At 5 P. M., July 19th, we left Khorsabad and proceeded on our journey. Descending from the mound, we passed near the place where M. Botta found an altar in the form of a tripod with a band of cuneiform inscription round the top, as well as some sculptures smaller than those on the mound, but carved in a hard black stone. Shaping our course almost due north, we passed by some old foundations, some of which crossed our road; we then struck the first low range of hills at Ras el-Ain (head of the fountain). Here a copious spring bursts out of the limestone rock, and almost immediately is employed to turn a mill. Released from this, it is again pressed into the service of two or three others, and then is allowed to flow on uninterrupted into the Khauser which passes through the ruins of Nineveh, close to Khoynjuk and empties into the Tigris opposite the upper part of Mosul. How different the wide expanse of plain, dotted now at distant intervals with its mud-built villages, from the scenes it witnessed in other days, when Assyrian villa and garden and palace adorned its shores! and when strengthened by its waters, flower and shrub and spreading tree defied the power of a noon-day sun! Even now, here and there an ancient mound built by the men of those ancient days overhangs its channel, as though they loved to erect their most pleasant retreats by the side of the running stream. Whether to sit at eventide and watch its placid flow at their feet, or whether by means of its waters to emulate the hanging gardens of Babylon, it is vain to conjecture. We only know that the mounds scattered over the plain of Assyria and

along the plain of Mesopotamia as far as Mardin, were generally erected either by the side of a water course or a spring or a low moist place where water was easily accessible. Could we read the journal of one of the exiles who once hung his harp here on the willows, we might know more of the dwellers on these now desolate heaps, who called the exiles in to sing the airs of Zion in order to while away the weary hours of them that wasted them.

But leaving such musings, we crossed the low range of hills that runs north-west from Jebel Makloub near its western termination, and after a slight descent wound up through a broken irregular valley to a high table land, covered at this season with withered grass, whose whiteness a few hours earlier would have been very painful to the eye. But at this hour the view was beautiful. Beneath us on the north lay the level plain of Yesid Khan, with here and there a village built close to the foot of an artificial mound. On the top of one of these the slanting rays of the sun revealed the battlements of a castle. Beyond it, the rugged sides of the outer chain of the mountains of Koordistan rose to the sky, sweeping round from below Akra on the east to beyond Elkosh on the west. The pinnacles of the distant Gara were just visible above it, telling of yet more rugged scenes that lay beyond, and just over the highest point of that nearest range, lies directly before us, but out of sight, the glen of Sheikh Ade, the object of our journey. Behind us on the south-east rises the solitary peak of Jebel Makloub, frowning down on the intervening hills, and more to the east but further away, the snowy pinnacles of Ravendooz shine white in the distance.

The sun had set while we lingered on this elevation, and his last rays were lighting up the farthest pinnacles when we descended to cross the intervening plain. This we did by the light of a burning prairie in the south-east. This may sound strange from a traveller in ancient Assyria. But the undulating surface that was burning was nothing else. The fervid rays of an Assyrian sun had done what only the frosts of a western winter can accomplish in giving the grass the requisite degree of dryness. And had a western settler gazed on it from the door of his log cabin, he could not have distinguished the features of a strange land. Darkness concealed the mountains too distant to reflect the glare, and the flames as they advanced from the plain of Navkür, once the battle field of Alexander and Darius, and danced up the gradual ascent behind us, lighting up only the intervening distance that constantly increased as we proceeded in the opposite direction. Perhaps it might point out our position more distinctly were I to state that Yesid Khan and Navkür are different parts of

the same plain lying between the ridge we had just passed, and the mountains before us. The former slopes to the west, and sends its waters in that direction to the Tigris. The latter slopes to the east and pays its tribute to the Gomel, which passes through it to the Jab. We crossed the plain not far from the dividing line, and the marshy land and croaking of frogs that saluted us here and there, told that the declivity as yet was scarcely sufficient to carry off the water.

We arrived at 9 o'clock at the village of Ain Sifna, glad to throw ourselves down on one of its flat earthen roofs for the night. There are here about one hundred houses, half of them Yezidee, and half Mohammedan with five or six families of Jews. It is beautifully situated on a gentle elevation which, if the mountains of Koordistan be compared to the billows of the ocean, is the last gentle wave that laves the sheltered beach. Yezidee tombs or temples, (for they are used for both,) adorn the eminences around; and on the highest one to the east, I had seen the villagers, on a previous journey, kissing the object that was first brightened by the beams of the rising sun. A new one now in process of erection gave an appearance of life and enterprise where it was least expected. It was on that same journey that a kid, frisking merrily among the dry stunted grass on one of the flat roofs, in the month of April, gave striking force to the passage that represents the wicked as the grass upon the house-top that withereth afore it groweth up. There are several mills in the village carried by the stream that comes down the valley from Sheikh Adi, and but for the oppression of the government, and the vices of the people, this might be the home of rural abundance and enjoyment. We were off before daylight and half an hour's ride, now for the first time since we left Mosul enlivened by the sight of trees, brought us to the entrance of the narrow defile up which lay our path for the rest of the way. Just before entering it, we had a fine but distant view of the plain of Navkûr, from an elevation near the village of Moosaika. But once entered, its steep rocky sides shut out all other sights. These rise abruptly on either side, strata piled above strata. Their perpendicular edges remind you of the inaccessible walls of some strong fortification. But here, as elsewhere, nature dwarfs the puny work of man, though the dwarf oaks that shoot out from between the rocks far above you, seem really worthy of the name. The glen is so narrow that it scarcely allows room for one narrow path by the side of the stream. High up on our left, a square opening in the smooth surface of the rock marks the former abode of a hermit, who could sit in the door of his cave and trace the course of the stream by the line of oleanders now in full bloom that fringe its banks. The willow, the hawthorn

and a flowering shrub with blossoms like those of the peach and plum tree occupy every spot of vantage ground. But their beauties are visible only in early spring. Still the sight of their green leaves is refreshing even now to eyes so long unused to verdure in the parched plains of Mesopotamia. Further up, a little strip of cultivated ground, scarce large enough for a flower bed, has squeezed itself in between the rocks and the water. Still further, other such strips widen into little fields of barley. But the harvest has long since passed. You might have met the reapers in the early part of May; now you can scarce distinguish the crop that last sprung from the red earth. Here is a valley coming in from the east whose high cliffs of red sandstone contrast strangely with the green foliage below. There on the west is the glen of Sheikh Adi. Now you see only the ancient Khan at its mouth, and the hardy trees that find a begrudged foothold on its rocky sides. But wait a little till we are fairly opposite, and the fluted cones of the temple shoot up from the surrounding shrubbery, while the two sides of the glen seem to join together to defend them from behind. We cross the brawling stream, wind along the steep side of the valley, then descend and recross the old moss covered stone bridge, and pushing aside the low branches of the trees that threaten to sweep us from our saddles, we arrive at the place where Satan's seat is. And first we must stoop as we go through that long low arch which in spring is all dripping with water, then cross the area where the wall of the court of the temple echoes the sharp tread of our horses over the rough stones, and alight under the shade of the spreading walnut trees at the outer door.

We met with no very gracious reception, but after some delay and with no small difficulty, we succeeded in securing a room that overlooked the court of the temple, and here were our quarters while we remained. Here we eat our meals, seated on boxes and travelling bedsteads, around our chicken and *pilau*. We spend the day, when not wandering around, under the long stone arch by which we entered. The stream of water, directed through it, occasionally renders it delightfully cool. And at night we sleep on the flat roof of our room, it would be pleasant to add, lulled to rest by the brawling brook, did not truth compel me to state that the nearer hum of clouds of musquitoes that infested the place was anything but lulling, though their nightly persecutions were more bearable than the daily rudeness and inhospitality of the Yezidees themselves.

These pertinaciously refused to furnish us with the smallest article of provision at any price, and only regretted that they had ever allowed us to dismount at all. Everything, aside from what we brought

with us, had to be procured from distant villages. And the Yezidees even threatened a poor man, who supplied us with milk every morning from a neighboring hamlet, with summary punishment if he dared to do so again; so that we were compelled to procure even that article from a distance of several miles. But if they were inhospitable, the heat at Mosul was still more so, and we determined, Yezidees and mosquitoes to the contrary notwithstanding, to enjoy the moist shades of Sheikh Adi as long as we could. Indeed there was no alternative, for their inhospitality was not manifested till our horses had returned to the city, and the same cause which provoked it compelled us to stay and endure it.

It would be utterly impossible to give any correct account of the place in detail that would not weary the patience of any one who tried to read it. The valley instead of suddenly terminating here, as it appeared to do at a distance, only branches up on either side of the central hill that seemed to close it. Of course the surface is irregular and uneven enough to suit the most decided taste for disorder. The buildings, that are stuck around in every available nook and corner, are not less irregular. They only agree in one thing, and that is in being built of stone. There are as many as a hundred of them perched in every variety of situation, and equally dissimilar in form and size. But whether small or great, whether in the form of house or temple, long arch or short, open arch or closed, semi-cave or semi-subterranean, they are all substantial structures of stone and lime, and serve for the accommodation of those families at whose expense they are erected, during their stay at their several feasts. A large proportion of the houses have gone to ruin; others are in various stages of dilapidation, but two new ones have been erected during the last summer, and you see the rude scaffolding still left under the arches.

The larger and more important of the sacred buildings are those we first come to from below. There, on the right, is the large temple of Sheikh Adi which gives name to the place, and in the court of which are our quarters; close by and connected with the same building is that of Sheikh Yohanna (St. John), a strange name to occur in such a connection, but so we were informed. On the opposite side is the temple of Sheikh Shemesh (the sun), and between them is the sacred spring which is considered far more holy than the temples around it. We were allowed to go freely into and through them on the single condition of taking off our shoes, which ceremony was required of us, also whenever we would pass through the outer court to our room. But we were never allowed to look into the dark chamber that covered the fountain. This is kept constantly under lock and key, and

when our servant once asked to have the door opened, they affected to be astounded at his impiety, and told him that were he but to look in he would instantly be transformed into a brute.

In the account of this place in the *Missionary Herald* for Aug. 1842, it is said, that there are four springs. There are four basins or tanks built in a substantial manner of stone and lime. But the water flows from this sealed fountain, Cant. 4: 12, into the first of these and from that into the rest. The water is quite cool, but highly impregnated with lime, so that some of the channels about the premises are almost choked up with deposits of limestone, and large stalactites of the same have formed at the place where it pours out of the temple, from the height of several feet into the valley below. In the temple of Sheikh Adi is a reservoir large enough for a man to swim in, and so clear that you might read a book open at the bottom of it.

There is one regularity observable in the general confusion that reigns throughout. Whichever way we approach the fountain and the surrounding temples, we must pass under an arched passage similar to that already described. I counted five of them, one on every path by which it was possible to reach the place. Some of them are more than thirty paces long. What their design is, whether they have any connection with their religious ceremonies, must be determined by some one who has had more opportunity for observation, and is better acquainted with their history than I am.

The inside of their temples is very plain. They resemble the mosques of the Moslems in that respect, only I did not detect in the 'dim religious light' of that of Sheikh Adi anything corresponding to the Kubla (direction of Mecca), or Munbar (pulpit) of the latter. A row of square massy pillars built of stone and lime like the walls, divided the interior in the middle. A lamp hung between each pillar, and beneath it was a black, greasy, charcoal-like deposit as if drops of burning oil had fallen there for ages undisturbed. On the north side close by a *Mustubeh* (raised place for sitting in the oriental style), which they called the seat of Sheikh Adi, a curtain suspended before an opening in the wall was lifted up, and we entered under the Kubbe, or one of the fluted cones that we first descried in the distance. Here was nothing but a large rudely made box painted red and covered with an Arabic inscription, which the darkness did not allow me to make out. This was covered with a coarse cotton cloth, and was the only article of furniture, besides the lamps, that was to be seen. A door from this led apparently to some subterranean apartment under the hill. The walls of the temple outside were covered in an irregular manner, almost as though it had been the work of children, with vari-

ous devices engraved in the stones, such as birds, serpents, combs and an article that resembled a shepherd's crook or crozier. One stone over the door contained an Arabic inscription, and another was built into another part of the wall. But as the characters were somewhat indistinct and involved, and there were always some of the Yezidees present in the court, I did not succeed either in copying or decyphering them. It is to be presumed, however, that they refer simply to the building or more probably some subsequent repair of the temple itself. Rags were fluttering from the copper ornaments on the top of the cones.

We found in the Deir (convent) as they call it, besides the visitors who come and go, ten permanent residents; of these four were men, the rest were women. Three of the latter were unmarried. The monks (Rahban), as they called themselves at one time, or servants of Sheikh Adi, as they styled themselves at another, were all married; only one who lived to be a superior among them lived a life of celibacy, and he was an old man who from his own account had lived here for fifteen years.

The women here seemed to stand on an equal footing with the men. Indeed we were told that the person deemed most honorable in the convent was the mother of their sheikh. Their salutation after a short separation was a mutual kiss, 1 Cor. 16: 20, and no distinction of sex was observable either in the giving or receiving it.

The monks wear a coarse, woollen tunic, dyed black, over their other clothing. It is fastened by a girdle and comes down to the knee. The covering of their head is also black. In this particular they do not differ from the Maronite monks in mount Lebanon, except in the shape of their garments. This color was common to both sexes. But I observed that while the married females wore a black fillet round a white head dress, that of the unmarried was wholly white.

The superior as I have called him, (the people called him Kotchek), wore a curious girdle composed of brass rings some four inches in diameter, firmly lashed to each other by black cords wrapped round the sides of the two rings that are in contact. One or two who came afterwards to the feast wore similar articles of dress. The dress of the Yezidees in general resembles that of the neighboring Koords with the exception that, whereas the garment of the latter is fastened close round the neck, that of the Yezidees is open for some distance down the breast, the two sides not meeting till they overlap each other near the girdle. The *popular* explanation of this difference is as follows. The devil is said to wear a large iron collar fastened round his neck,

with a large projection in front, and his loyal subjects leave that space open in his honor!

The language of the Yezidees is Koordish, or as it is called by the Koords themselves Kermanj, so that we found it difficult to obtain any who knew either Arabic or Turkish enough to act as interpreters. Still in such villages as Baasheka and Baazani the people speak Arabic, and in Sinjar, they are said to know it more, surrounded as they are by the Arabs of the desert.

The Yezidees have no books, and according to their opinion it is a sin for any of their people to learn to read. I asked one of them what would be the consequence if a Yezidee should learn to read. The answer was, What could we do to him if he should apostatize and turn Mohammedan? intimating perhaps that whatever punishment they might deem such a transgression to deserve, they had not now as formerly the power to inflict it. I have only heard of one family who can read, and they reside in the village of Baasheka, some twelve miles on the road from Mosul to Mar Mattai. Sheikh Adi itself seems to be the great centre of their devotion. At one time the Kotchek said, pointing to the temple, 'That is our book, we want no other than that.' And when asked what qualifications were necessary in order to be a Yezidee, he replied, 'If a man loves and honors Sheikh Adi he is a Yezidee.' This must have been spoken, though, as a mere excuse for not giving the true answer, for like the Druzes, whom they in some respects resemble, they do not allow any to become proselytes to their sect.

It may be asked, if the monks do not read, How do they spend their time? Their main business is to take care of the premises. Individuals of both sexes were engaged every day in sweeping, not only the temple but also the outer court, and indeed all the other courts, paths, etc., to a great distance around. Besides, when any one wishes to build a place in which to reside, during their feasts, he gives notice to the Emir, who gives orders to the monks, and the work is done by them. Besides this, it is their duty to repair any part of the temple or other sacred buildings that may require it. We saw a great many places that had been thus repaired, and at least as great a number that called loudly for attention. While we were there, the women were busily engaged in preparing fire-places and ovens of clay in the various cells for the approaching feast. Then they spin, cook and labor, as females generally do in the surrounding country.

The Yezidees are notorious for drunkenness, and the monks here seemed to be anything but free from this pernicious vice. One of them begged for a bottle which he saw in our canteen, as soon as we

should have used the preserves it contained, and when he obtained it, in the exuberance of his glee at such a valuable prize, he made no secret of the use for which he designed it. Still they do not give up all claim to monkish austerity, for when invited to sit with us, they were very careful to turn up the cotton quilt by means of which we sought to soften the hardness of their rocky floors, and to sit down on the Turkish carpet we had spread beneath it. The Kotchek, more thorough going still, in his ideas of retrenchment and mortification, folded both aside and sat on the bare stones. We should have suspected some idea of ceremonial pollution, such as forbids the Metawalies of Syria and the Shiites of Persia to use a vessel or eat food prepared by one of another sect, which is sometimes carried so far, that if such an one touches a mass of butter or honey they may have for sale, he must buy the whole, as henceforth it is unlawful for them to touch it. We saw nothing of the kind in use among the Yezidees to warrant any such idea.

They have three annual feasts, though after the most careful and repeated inquiry I could find no trace of a weekly Sabbath. The first feast commences on the last day of July or the first of August, and lasts about three days. The second and great feast occurs on the 22nd of September, and continues about five days. And the third, at the beginning of January, lasts generally three days, like the first. During these feasts there is said to be much music and dancing and similar revelry, but few religious observances. On the last Sabbath of our stay the people began to pour in to the first feast. Most fired guns as they approached, all were dressed in their best apparel, though I would by no means be understood as implying that their best was good. All was the coarsest and most uproarious mirth, and *keif* (pleasure), as the Arabs call it, became the order of the day. Probably 1000 men assembled before we left the place on the following evening. Jewish pedlars from Mosul transformed the long arches into little shops for the sale of coarse cottons and handkerchiefs or shawls for their head-dresses; and divers musicians, with what we should call impracticable instruments, filled every nook of the valley with their horrible noise. The sheikh made an apology for the small number present, saying that the people were mostly now busy at home, but a much greater number would be there at the feast in September.

But it is time I should say something about the sheikh, to whom I have referred several times already. We had heard of him on the first day of our arrival; for one of our company who was just comfortably seated in a place that looked peculiarly inviting, was promptly warned that he was guilty of very great sin in occupying the place.

We were wondering in what manner the stones and clay had acquired such holiness, when they told us that that was the seat of their spiritual head whenever he came to Sheikh Adi, and no one else was ever allowed to occupy it. Finding that we readily gave way in this case, the same was said of other places, where I saw the common people lounging afterwards quite at their ease. On Saturday the great man came, accompanied by a crowd of servants, and was evidently an object of profound reverence to every Yezidee. His name is Sheikh Nasser (victor). He resides in the village of Assia, not far from Baadri, in the plain of Yezid Khan. His dress was much superior to that of any of his followers, and with his whole demeanor, served to betray the foppishness of the wearer. His servants were distinguished by variegated woollen belts thrown over one shoulder and fastened under the other, and the inmates of the place appeared in gayer colors than we had hitherto seen them. The sheikh was quite young, and neither impressive nor reverend in his appearance and demeanor. He either knew not how to read, or was an adept in the school of the father of lies, for when examining some Arabic books we had taken with us to improve the time, he pondered their contents with great gravity, while he held them upside down! And if they have any books, as notwithstanding all their protestations it is possible they may, (for they literally go astray from the womb speaking lies, and they are always liars as well as evil beasts when they have the power to be,) the fact that the Arabic alphabet is used in writing both Persian and Turkish, as well as Koordish when that is written, and also the Arabic inscriptions on the walls of their temple, and on the sacred arks under the conical domes, would seem to indicate that the same alphabet would be used in their sacred books. So that if he did not know Arabic letters, it is tolerably certain he knew none at all. But we will not dwell further on that.

At our first interview with him he gave us quite an idea of Yezidee politeness, by telling us that the men of the place knew nothing at all, or they would never have allowed us to come to such a sacred place. I could not help thinking that the poor fellows had been more faithful than he gave them credit for. But in spite of such an ungracious reception, Dr. Smith soon secured his good will by means of his medicine chest, and his entertaining account of the wonders of *Yengi Doonia* (new world), and he soon showed that, though he could not read, like the rest of them, he was an adept in the art of begging, by letting us know that he would prize the gift of our old Britannia teapot quite as much as though we had given him a horse. A hint which by the way we did not profit by.

And here, perhaps, I ought to make some apology for their seeming inhospitality. We had unfortunately arrived just on the eve of one of their great feasts, when it might not be so convenient to have strangers as eye-witnesses of their mysteries, and they were so addicted to falsehood with each other and so accustomed to it in all matters pertaining to them, that naturally they put no confidence in our repeated assertions that we should leave on the Monday before their feast commenced. We had told them that our horses would return for us on that day, but they never believed it, and were continually asking us when they would arrive. When they—thanks to the diligence of our servant—did come on the morning of the very day we had said they would, it seemed to be an exhibition of truth-telling almost too much for Yezidees or a Yezidee sheikh to credit, even on the testimony of their own eyes. Then, too, they were afraid that as M. Botta had bought up the village of Khorsabad and overturned the houses in his search for antiquities below them, so we were about to do the same thing with the ancient and venerated head quarters of devil-worship; a fear, which, as it was quite natural to people in their circumstances, justified them in doing their utmost to get rid of such dangerous visitors.

We had had a good deal of intercourse with the Kotchek before the arrival of the sheikh. He seemed, in spite of his fears, to be the most socially disposed among them. And as he hobbled about the court, attending to his duties—for he was lame—he would sometimes lay down his broom, and sit with us and drink a cup of tea, and on the strength of it, become quite communicative. At such times, he loved to dwell on the period when both the pasha of Mosul and the chiefs of Koordistan, quailed alike before the greater power of the sheikh of the Yezidees. Then, if any of them had a rebel village that they could not subdue themselves, they gave it to Sheikh Khan to see what he could do to bring them to subjection. And those who retired to rest in it awoke at midnight to find some of their number slain, the majority prisoners, and their property in possession of the dreaded sheikh. Then if a culprit fled from Mosul and took refuge with him, none dared to demand his return, and the merchant and his caravan paid tribute to the worshippers of Satan. He took peculiar pleasure in recounting this, as he called the ancient glory of his people. No doubt he thought within himself, that in those good old times, a couple of Franks would have met with quite a different reception had they dared to intrude on the solitudes of Sheikh Adi, when the sword was in the hand of his votaries, and his will was law in all the surrounding region. But if they abused power when they

had it, they have met with a bloody retribution. The celebrated chief of Ravendoose slew from 10,000 to 15,000 of their number, and twice partially destroyed their temple. After him, Hafiz Pasha carried off more than 30,000 as slaves, till the market was so glutted, even as far off as Samsoun, on the shores of the Black Sea, that Yezidee girls were sold there for thirty piastres (about \$1,25) apiece, and the soldiers, tired of the burden of supporting them, were glad to get rid of them at any price. An English traveller in 1840, tells of the mangled corpses he saw lying unburied amid the ruined heaps of Nineveh, and Mohammed Pasha finished the work of devastation by the exorbitant demands he made of them, and the terrible vengeance he inflicted on all who dared to murmur or rebel. Twelve years ago, we could not have entered this valley, for it was then that the Ravendoose chief first began to punish their insolence. But now, however much the present generation may inherit the spirit of their fathers, they lack the power to put it forth in action. Sheikh Nasser is merely the religious head of his sect. The political power has been vested in an Emir nominated by the pasha of Mosul, ever since Mohammed Pasha slew the last of their once powerful chiefs.

As to their ceremonies I found it almost impossible to obtain any information. It seemed to be their rule to answer every question by a falsehood, and it was but seldom that the lies of any two agreed together. At one time when the sheikh had been asking a great many questions about our country and religion, the interpreter, who had talked very fluently till then, suddenly forgot all his Arabic, and could not understand one of the questions we wished in our turn to put to the sheikh, so that we were confined almost wholly to our own observations. Perhaps some information on this point might be obtained from the Nestorians of the district of Zall near Julamerk, who spend their winters here, assisting to take care of the premises, burning lime, working as blacksmiths, and clearing the snow from the roofs. This last must be rather a cold affair, for though the court is sometimes filled to the level of the roofs, and the whole mass must be cleared away, yet the Yezidees strictly enforce the rule that none shall enter the court without taking off his shoes. But it is doubtful whether any of them make any intelligent observation of what goes on around them.

We ascertained that 366 lamps are lighted every two nights, that is, 183 each night. The number, it will be observed, coincides with the number of days in the year; each of these is lighted in honor of some saint. I learned the names of a few besides Sheikh Adi, as Sheikh Shemish, Sheikh Yohanna, Sheikh Elias, etc. Some of these lamps

are placed in small structures of stone and lime, resembling in shape and size a dog-kennel, and burn two or three hours. But the rest are mere wicks, saturated with oil, and laid on the appointed place as soon as they are lighted, which of course are soon extinguished. While we were there they commenced lighting them half an hour before sunset, and did not finish till after it was quite dark. The lamps are first lighted in the temples where some are kept burning all the day, and then the appointed number is made up by lighting wicks in places scattered about the premises in every direction, under the arches and out among the trees. Sometimes a monk went before to light them, and one of the women followed, burning incense before each for a few moments as she passed it. But this was not done every night. In connection with this, it will be remembered that the smaller temple on the southern side of the valley is dedicated to Sheikh Shemesh, and whether you take the Hebrew שֶׁמֶשׁ, the Syrian *شمس*, or Arabic *شمس*, all mean the sun. Jesus Christ, too, they style the light of God. Every morning, on rising, they go round to these black, greasy spots, and kiss them with the utmost reverence. At the same time they kiss the sides and threshold of the temple, but seldom enter. Generally they stand still a moment and raise their hand to their forehead before they stoop to kiss.

On the last Sabbath evening we were there, an old blind man, dressed like one of their priests, arrived. A female, who might have been his daughter, led him round the premises and pointed out the objects of their adoration as they passed them in succession. At one time he was close by me, and yet not aware of the presence of a stranger. He knelt down before one of the places of fire, and very reverently repeated a prayer in Koordish, of which I could only distinguish the words Sheikh Adi; then guided by his attendant, kissed the spot and went on. Poor man! I could not but pity him as he passed before me. His hand trembled in that of his guide, and as he followed her with a hesitating step, his eyeballs rolling restlessly, seemed ever straining to behold a god they feared to see. We had been sitting quietly in a sequestered nook by ourselves, where we enjoyed our customary services. Perhaps this was the first time the gospel had been read in this valley, or its rocky sides echoed the praises of Jehovah Jesus. But we had a sure and blessed hope that it would not be the last. That even, though long after we were dead, the religion of Christ would triumph over these organs of the great adversary of God and man. We saw another illustration of their grovelling superstition in a Koord who came here to seek relief from a

nervous pain in the side of the head. A monk took some of the sacred earth from the spot where he stood, and moistening it in the equally sacred water of the fountain, anointed the part afflicted. Yet though the poor fellow lay about for several days, his pain became worse instead of better. Still he had such a belief in the virtue of the application, that he never once asked Dr. S. for the relief he saw dealt out to others. Will it be believed that little balls of this clay are actually sold to the people as a sovereign panacea!

The Yezidees circumcise their children, and in answer to our inquiries they uniformly told us that they baptized them, and that trine immersion was the general mode. This last led me to suspect that they might be trying to recommend themselves to us as somewhat allied to Christianity, and yet they also said that Sheikh Adi was one of the names used in their form of baptism. As to the mode, they said that infants were immersed as already described; but in the case of adults they only poured a handful of the water on the face. These adults, as the sect admits of no proselytes, must be those living at a distance who could not come to the temple before. And if this fact is not sufficient to prove that this is the only place where the Yezidees are baptized, (for the head man or Kehyah of Baasbeka once told me, that in some cases water or even dust brought from Sheikh Adi was used at a distance from it,) it shows at least that they attach peculiar sacredness to the rite when performed here; else why is baptism in the case of those at a distance deferred so long? The head man of one of their villages once told me that every Yezidee must go some time or other to Sheikh Adi; that if he lived as much as twenty days' journey distant he must go.

As to Sheikh Adi himself, though he has given his name to their holy place, I could get no very reliable information. For while the Kotchek affirmed that he had built part of this very temple as far back as twenty ages (query, centuries?), others represented him as an omnipotent and omnipresent Being who was never incarnate. As one of the monks said to the servant, "All that he wills, whatever it be, comes to pass," this may be then a name for God, or it may be that an ignorant people, not distinguishing the attributes peculiar to the Creator from those that belong to the creature, have in their excess of devotion to some created being, possibly to Satan himself, assigned to him attributes which belong to God only. The term *Sheikh* among them corresponds to Mar among the Christians of the Syrian church, whether Nestorian, Jacobite or Maronite, and St. in English. For instance, the convent of Mar Mattai, so called by the Christians, is uniformly Sheikh Mattai among the Yezidees, and translated into

English would be St. Matthew. So the temple of Sheikh Yohanna at Sheikh Adi would be Mar Yohanna among the Christians. Some of the latter believe that in ancient times there was a church here dedicated to St. John;¹ others say that one of the apostles founded it and gave it that name, and they select Thaddeus—in Arabic تاداي, whence they say came Adai or Adi—as the founder.

Besides the ecclesiastical office-bearers already mentioned, viz. Sheikh, Kotchek and Rahib, I have heard of three others, i. e. *Kawal*, which, as near as I could learn, corresponds to our priest; *Peer*, the exact rank and functions of which I could not ascertain, and *Derwish*, to which they seem to attach a different idea from that which the Mohammedans assign to that word. But here again their contradictory answers rendered it utterly impossible to get at the definite rank and duties which belonged to it. The most probable account was that the order of dervishes corresponds to the order of priests among the native Christians, only that they never marry, and subsist on the voluntary alms of the people. Their principal duty is to take care of the tombs or temples that abound in every village of the sect, and this they are expected to perform gratuitously. These buildings go generally by the name of some sheikh in whose honor they are raised. They are square erections of stone and lime, with a dome rising from the middle in the form of a fluted cone. They are generally kept very neat and clean, and present a very fine appearance as one approaches their villages. Their neat white domes rise from the top of every eminence around the village which is likely to catch the first beams of the rising sun, or are embosomed in a little grove, where you can only see the top of the dome shooting up among the trees. Sometimes they are met with alone in the plain far from any village. Such an one is that of Sheikh Rustum, said to be very ancient, standing near the road-side between Baasheka and Khorsabad.

Their sheikh did not claim a very remote origin for his sect. He dated it no further back than the successors of Mohammed. May it not be that it rose contemporaneously with the Druzes, Nasairiyeh, etc., in the early part of the eleventh century, and like them broke off from the main body of Mohammedans at that time?

Still some of their ceremonies must be traced back to a much earlier period. But whether a new sect incorporated some of the doctrines and usages of the fire-worshippers to induce them to join it, or

¹ The Yezidee Kehyah of Baasheka said that the door leading out from under the dome at Sheikh Adi, (it was so dark we did not enter,) led into a room where was a stone with inscriptions showing that it was once a Christian monastery dedicated to Sheikh Hannah or Anna (St. John).

whether the old fire-worshippers conformed to the reigning religion in some particulars, so as to avoid persecution, is a question on which we need more light in order to decide. The name Yezd or Yezid, it will be remembered, is the name of the Supreme Being in the Zend-Avesta, as well as the name of a heretical Mohammedan. Or the sect may have been a colony from the city of Yezd in Persia, and have obtained it in that way. One thing seems settled, that the present creed of the Yezidees, so far as they have any, and the external organization of their sect, date as far back as the eleventh century, and how much further future investigations must determine. How much of Manichaeism has entered into its composition; whether the doctrines of Zoroaster or Mohammed form the main body of its tenets; these and similar questions can only be answered when we know more about them. The Kotchek seemed disposed to claim relationship with the Druzes on the faith of the report of a Mosulian who had been in Mt. Lebanon. But he evidently knew next to nothing about them, and the sheikh knew still less. They averred, however, that there were many Yezidees in Persia and some in Damascus. Query—Are the Guebres of Persia the Yezidees here spoken of?

As for their reputed worship of the devil, it is true that they will not endure to hear his name mentioned, and will by no means repeat it themselves or even anything that resembles it in sound. To such a degree do they carry this that they never utter the usual name for the Tigris near Mosul, *ال شاط*, from its resemblance to *شيطان*, nor even *نعل*, the name of a *horse-shoe*, because it resembles *لعن* (*curse*), one of the works or attributes (it is hard to say which) of Satan the accursed. Still they say they do not worship but only honor *ملك طاوس*,—(Melek Taoos) or *king Peacock*, the *sobriquet* with which they honor his satanic majesty, or rather the *alias* under which they make mention of him,—as a servant whom his master is now displeased with, but will one day restore to his ancient honors. Said one of them in justification of this rendering honor to Satan: "I am a servant of the pasha. Suppose that I know that one of his officers now in disgrace, will one day be restored to favor, ought I not to befriend and honor that officer during his temporary disgrace?" They also justify their attachment to him by the assertion that Melek Taoos so loved Christ, that he snatched the arrow from a Jew on one occasion who was about to kill him; and when he was about to be crucified he conveyed him away, and substituting an image in his stead, thus saved him from death. The Son of God, they say, cannot die. I need not here remind the biblical student of the heresy of

the Gnostics already, as is probable, manifesting itself before the death of the beloved disciple, who in his first epistle speaks of "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son," 1: 7, and again, "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God," 4: 2. See also ch. 4: 15 and 5: 6.

In defence too of their belief that it is a sin to read, one of them observed, "You dishonor the word of God by putting it into the hands of children who tumble it about and treat it irreverently. You put it in the market to be sold like any other piece of merchandise. We honor it by forbidding any one to read it out of the family of our sheikh. It is too honorable, too sacred, to be touched by any other hands."

If Tractarians and Roman Catholics find themselves here sitting side by side with devil worshippers, I cannot help it, I am only repeating their own declarations. These worshippers are certainly more thorough going than some sects in admitting the devil and all his angels to a seat in heaven, as well as the finally impenitent.

This sect is now so reduced, and their sacred place is at such a distance from their villages, that its inmates are constrained to hire the head of a neighboring Koordish village to defend them from the depredations of the mountaineers, and he told us that they worshipped Melek Taoos under the figure of a bird with only one eye. But the sheikh insisted that they had no images, that it was sinful to make them, for how could matter represent a spirit? just so difficult is it to get at the truth. They defend their worship of the sun by saying that they adore it as an emblem of Christ, the light of God.

I must not omit to mention an occurrence that took place on the last night of our stay, after the people had begun to assemble for the feast. After midnight we heard a loud and rapid lamentation, uttered very passionately as though one was in extreme terror from the sight of some present and inevitable doom, interrupted by frequent bursts of weeping. It began at a distance, gradually came nearer and finally entered the temple where the same sounds continued for some time. I could compare it to nothing but the passionate remonstrances of a Hindoo widow, as she was forced to ascend the funeral pile, now and then broken in upon by a burst of despair as her inhuman tormentors still urged her forward. But on inquiry in the morning, we could only learn that it was part of their religious observances.

While we were there we climbed several times to the top of the mountains that surround the valley, and could plainly distinguish the snowy summit of the range near Ashetha, bearing north 7° east. But the plain of Mesopotamia was so obscured by the hazy atmosphere of

summer, that we could not distinguish Mosul, though high enough to have had a fair view of it had the atmosphere been clear. It seemed like entering another world to exchange the withering blasts of the plain for the invigorating air of the mountains. During our stay there the thermometer averaged 75° in the morning, 85° at noon, and 81° in the evening. To us, accustomed to a temperature that for some weeks had seldom been as low as 100° at noon, it seemed like the refreshing coolness of a spring morning in our native land.

The Yezidees were heartily glad to see us leave on Monday evening. We reached Mosul on the forenoon of the next day, having rested about three hours at Khorsabad.

ARTICLE IX.

REVIEW OF RECENT EDITIONS OF CLASSICAL AUTHORS.¹

Furnished by an Association of Teachers.

AMONG the serious disadvantages to which the editors of the higher classics in the United States are subjected, is one which results from the inadequate preparation of the student for college. From a variety of causes, many lads join a collegiate institution without an accurate acquaintance with the grammatical principles of the classical languages. Passing one or two years with a private teacher, or in an academy, possibly with frequent interruptions, they repair to the higher Seminary, where, instead of entering on a course of elevated classical reading, they are compelled to study the elements, and to plod over a weary and unprofitable course, without ability to enjoy the delightful entertainments which might be spread out before them. The student should employ the four collegiate years, so far as they are de-

¹ Titus Livius. Selections from the first five books, together with the twenty-first and twenty-second books entire. With English Notes for Schools and Colleges. By J. L. Lincoln, Professor of Latin in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1847, pp. 329.

The Germania and Agricola of Caius Cornelius Tacitus, with Notes for Colleges. By W. S. Tyler, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, Amherst College. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1847, pp. 191.

Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with Notes. By R. D. C. Robbins, Librarian in the Theological Seminary, Andover. Andover: William H. Wardwell. 1847, pp. 417.