

A LONG SLEEP.

Mus'tapha Aga joined us at breakfast, on board our Dahabeh, or Nile-boat, which was moored to the western bank of the river Thebes.

Mustapha is English consul at Thebes—without salary. You will find his name in the book. He is proud of the title, proud of the post; but he is a good Mussulman. We called at his house one evening just before sundown; he was not in, the slave said. So we waited, sitting down on a divan in the porch. He inhabits a comfortable dwelling, built of unburned brick, after the manner of Egyptian houses, tolerably roomy and well ordered. But the chief feature about it is the portico—a portico that would put to the blush and dwarf any similar structure in Europe, let us say. It is a colonnade, formed of some dozen lotus-topped pillars, set up there by King Rameses; and the house just nuzzles its porch between two of these stately columns, reminding one of a barnacle clinging on to a rock. Far above, on a colossal architrave, floats the British flag; and under its protection, Mustapha may buy or sell, or garner his harvests, without fear of unfriendly visits from the pacha's toll-gatherers.

In the midst of this, our friend galloped up, and leaping off his horse, received us with profuse courtesy, touching the breast and forehead to each, and finally shaking hands all round. "We have come to tell of our arrival, and pay our compliments," Mustapha was overcome with pleasure at the honor done him.

Would we not have some coffee? How was it his slaves had not already supplied us? His house and all that was in it were our own. Presently, he began to tell us the current gossip, and to speak with animation of his diggings in the Abd-el-Gorneb Hill. His men had that day lighted on a fresh tomb, he said, they broke through the rock into it just as he was about to depart that afternoon, and he had thereupon given strict orders that no man should touch a pick or remove a stone till his arrival next morning. Would we like to accompany him, and see the unopened tomb and coffin *in situ*? Good; then so it should be. So it was arranged that Mustapha should breakfast with us before we started for the mountain. We were to send our little felucca across for him at seven.

The horses were waiting for us on the river bank. It was a glorious morning. The purple mountain towering up from the level country, five miles away from the river in the west, at whose foot Mustapha was quarring, shone out in the early sunshine in all its gorgeous coloring, apparently in that clear air not a rifle-shot distant; while the templed palaces of Medinet Haboo, to the left, were yet half slumbering in shade.

A gallop across the plain of Thebes in the brisk morning air is a pleasant proceeding. * On, to where Memmon and his companion are seated in their long, long watch, for ever gazing toward the rising sun; peering afar into the east for something yet on its way; past a little roadside well, where our Arabs stayed to fill the leathern water-bottles slung to the saddle-bow. On still—where great Rameses' statue has been rent asunder, and struck down prostrate as if by magic; where the sunshine was lighting up the sculptured walls of his palace, and saluted through its columned corridors, just as when the Pharaoh's own footsteps trod its own marble pavement.

Now for a final scamper of about a mile, where the desert closes with the green shore, and we are at the foot of the mountain; here it is necessary, after crossing a few paces of sand, to dismount and climb.

The hill Abd-el-Gorneb, a kind of stepping-stone to the great mountain, in common with the whole Libyan range in this neighborhood, is of limestone formation—craggy precipitous, and utterly barren of vegetable life, but picturesque and stately in the extreme. The ascent of the hill and part of the lower strata of the mountain are honeycombed with tombs, long since despoiled and rifled of their dead; some open to the sunshine, which floods in upon their painted walls; to others, deep in the bowels of the rock, hidden amid intricate passages, corridors, and halls, capacious enough, when once reached, but accessible only by the visitors burrowing through apertures and long passages, hardly bigger sometimes than a drain, and not by any means so straight.

Though the dead have been torn from their dwellings, and the tombs left desolate, yet some of these latter still exhibit on their walls a sumptuousness of painting and imagery that is quite marvellous to contemplate. The artist has portrayed, in unfading colours, an epitome of the owner's life and career on earth—his farming, his merchandise, his amusements; the houses he built, and the entertainments he gave; his death and passage across the funeral lake; and his final appearance before Osiris, the judge of all. Now his soul is weighed in the balances, in the presence of the dread assessors—now, having passed the ordeal, he enters through the gates of Amenti into blissful abodes, where Netpe receives him, and gives him to eat of the fruit of the sacred sycamore, which grows in her ever blooming-gardens, and where Isis clothes him in eternal youth.

Besides the myriad tombs of all conditions and sizes, ranged over the hillside, which have been ransacked, the mountain holds in its embrace probably thousands more still intact, so cunningly closed up and hidden in the first instance, and so covered since by the debris of ages, as to have defied the spoiler's ingenuity. It was in search of these that our friend Mustapha and his excavators were oc-

cupied; and not only they, but others, with or without license, were quarrying about over the face of Abd-el-Gorneb, doing incalculable damage in their search for fresh grottoes and mummies. It will be remembered that Mr. Mariet, the French antiquary in the employ of the pacha, bit upon a treasure here, a few years back, in the person of an Egyptian queen, swathed and mummied, whose jewelry and the gold ornaments enshrouded with her were, by permission, shown in our last Great Exhibition, and attracted universal wonder by their beauty and costliness.

Leaving our horses in charge of the Arabs, we addressed ourselves to climb this friable limestone hill. It was an uneven pathway, at times sloping upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, again leading on to a broad platform almost level, where the rock was covered with debris mixed up with fragments of mummies, legs, arms, skulls—decapitated bodies sometimes—and in such profusion, that it was difficult to avoid stumbling over the ghastly things. The Arab vampires, in their search for ornaments, had not even troubled themselves to unroll the mummies, but had torn them in haste limb from limb, so that they lay everywhere with their linen bandages half unrolled, and dangling about to catch your feet. Furthermore, the whole rock-side abounded in pitfalls so that it was really difficult to avoid coming to grief in one way or other.

The grotesque position into which some of these armless trunks and skulls had been placed, and the hideous profusion of them, led me to remark to one of the dusky resurrectionists that I wondered a phalanx of ghosts or djinns did not drop upon him, and drag him before Eblis himself. The Dragoman, interpreting his reply, told me, "Him say, Arab make mummy into fire—boil him pot; dis o d people sare, make very good fire blaze," and, suiting the action to the word, he laid hold of the bituminous leg of some poor unfortunate, and tearing off the pitched mummy-cloth still adhering in dozens of thicknesses, assured me that nothing was equal to it for making a good flame.

On passing up the craggy and uneven sides of this hill, we would occasionally find a short-cut through the exposed corridor of some tomb, the paintings on whose walls were still fresh and brilliant, although wide open to the glare of day. I may instance one out of many an episode of fashionable life, very graphically told. The artist has portrayed an entertainment given by the owner of the tomb to a party of friends; he sits lovingly beside his wife in a chair on a sort of dais, having received the guests in turn. These latter are seated in rows before the host and hostess, men and women apart, sniffing at their lotus nosebags, while slaves are handing round all manner of good things—wine and fruits, precious ointment to anoint the head, and garlands of flowers to hang about the necks of the ladies; there is also music and dancing going on, but one very late guest has just driven up to the door in his curricie; he reins in his horse with all the air of a modern dandy stopping suddenly to speak with a friend in Longchamps, let us say, or Hyde Park; his half-dozen running footmen arrive panting, one raps at the door, while the others attend with his tablet, sandals, and stool; thus the great man waits to be ushered into the assembly. I am the more induced to mention this spirited representation of high life, as the wall on which the subject is painted is evidently being fast knocked away piecemeal, and will probably soon disappear altogether.

Finally, we arrived at a kind of broad landing, where a number of nearly naked Egyptians were sprawling about in the sun, awaiting Mustapha's arrival. The irregular surface of the rock here induced us to step carefully, the more so as quantities of loose stone were lying about, sometimes nicely balanced on the brink of the numerous holes which had been sunk in hopes of lighting upon a tomb; thus, a false footing might land you at the bottom of a pit with anything but comfort to yourself; as it was, we could hear at each step fragment after fragment rumbling down to the bottom. The men pressed round Mustapha, talking and gesticulating as they led the way onwards, till we arrived at the edge of a deep hole, some twenty feet down perhaps, where at the bottom, a passage led to our newly-found tomb.

Two or three Arabs let themselves down, and made a back for our friend, who followed, and then they disappeared from below.

It was difficult to get near the pit's mouth by reason of the rocky debris thrown up around the edge, and which was continually sliding in. Presently, Mustapha's voice was heard notifying that there were two coffins down there in different niches. We dropped ourselves as carefully as possible, one Arab standing crossway in the hole, and one above, so as to hand us from one to the other. When at the bottom, each one lit his candle, and dived into a kind of horizontal passage, in which we were obliged to lie prostrate, and wriggle ourselves along, serpent fashion, holding forward the candle in one hand, and reserving the other to help in locomotion. Presently we emerged into a sort of rough-hewn cavern, some four paces square, whose low roof would hardly admit of our standing upright in it; here, shaking ourselves from the dust accumulated in the passage, we looked about, and perceived the entrance to two smaller chambers opening from the central one, each of them rough hewn, and without any touch of ornament. Crowding into one of these, we crept round a large painted coffin, standing in the midst. It was terribly hot with five or six people stuffed in that little cavern, each one with his candle, and just

enough place, in a crouching attitude, to encircle the bier.

Not a soul had ever beheld it since the day of its burial, when a sorrowing wife or child, may be, had gazed her last, left the entrance securely closed, as we had seen, then turned away, and gone back to the outer world of everyday-life in the busy street of magnificent Thebes. Since then, how many long years had the sleeper passed in that solitary chamber, unheeded, silent, alone!

It was a painted mummy-case, pictured over with coloured hieroglyphics and figures. The lid had been carved at one end to represent the face of the occupant—the flaps of the head-dresses being brought over the curl of the shoulders to lie on the breast—and at the other, raised in the form of feet; from the middle proceeded two wooden hands, crossed and grasping tightly the symbols of Eternal Life. All along the tops had been placed wreaths of bay-leaves, strung on to a branch or two of the palm; a garland of amaranth was lying there also, and at the foot of the coffin stood a little painted box, containing half-a-dozen wooden figures of some deity. A fine, white, impalpable dust was thinly spread over everything—it had probably settled there before the tomb was finally closed up—every leaf on the lid was found to be perfect, though brittle, and they all crumbled away as we removed the wreaths; but the palm-roses were strong and hearty still.

Mustapha directed the Arabs to remove the two coffins—the other being similar to the one described—to the upper air. This they accomplished by tying ropes around them, dragging them through the passage, and so hauling them up to daylight not, however, before they had wantonly knocked off the two carved hands, in order to facilitate the proceeding. One of the cases, by being swung against the pit, in its progress upwards, was so much damaged, that, on coming to the top, we opened it there and then. By the side of the swathed and mummied sleeper we found his walking-stick, an acanthus staff, some four feet long, knotty at one end, and worn smooth by the hand in his journey through life; so they had buried it with him in death; also, from the foot of the case we took out a pair of leathern sandals, soiled and rough with wear. He had set out on a long journey, and his friends laid the familiar staff and shoes by his side.

On unrolling the body, we did not come upon any jewellery or ornaments among the interminable folds of the cloth, where they may generally be looked for. The sleeper was evidently an old man of lower rank of life, an artisan, perhaps, whose friends, though not able to afford a sumptuous burial or sculptured tomb for his use, were yet rich enough to pay for the apothecary's embalment, to enclose the mummy carefully in a pictured coffin, to hew out for it a sure sepulchre in the rock, as we had seen, and lastly, to deck it with loving hands in wreaths and garlands, ere they looked a final farewell.

Vain hope, of rest through the ages, undisturbed, till the welcome call of Osiris should waken the sleeper to immortal life! We had broken into his solitude; half a dozen Arabs had dragged him up into daylight; they had torn off his shroud before a circle of gaping Western travelers, and scattered his bones over the rock, to become fuel for Arab watch-fires.

So we departed—Mustapha having first divided the spoils among us (the box of idols, sandals, and staff); but the coffin was to be used for a packing-case. We took also the palm-branches from the latter, as a memento, thereby exciting the infinite contempt of the Arab who had to carry them, and who finally broke them about his donkey's back as we rode homeward across the plain.

THE GREAT DOOR AT THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON.

That splendid work of art, concerning which the public have been led to form such high anticipations, has been received and set up, though it is not yet perfectly adjusted to its bearings. In that respect, however, it will anon be complete, and open to examination. It stands at the entrance of the corridor leading from the old hall of the House to the new.

The door is of bronze. The design was by Mr. Randolph Rogers, an American artist working at Rome. The founder was Mr. Frederic Von Muller, of Munich, Bavaria. It is said to be the only work of the kind in the world. Its weight is 20,000 pounds. To this date there has been paid upon it \$28,429. There are some outstanding bills, and some additional expense is now incurring. When it is complete and ready for use, the total expense will be just about exactly \$30,000.

The leading subject of its embellishments is the history of Columbus. It has two valves, with four panels on each valve and one semicircular panel over the transom. The first panel (beginning at the bottom of the left hand valve) contains a scene representing Columbus before the council of Salamanca; the second panel, his leaving the convent of La Robida; the third panel, his audience with Ferdinand and Isabella; the fourth panel, his departure from Palos; the semi-circular panel over the transom, represents his first landing at San Salvador; the fifth panel, his first encounter with the Indians at Hispaniola; the sixth panel his triumphant entry into Barcelona; the seventh panel, represents him a prisoner in chains about to be sent back to Spain; the eighth panel, contains a scene representing his death. There are sixteen small niches in the border or frame around the door, in which are sixteen statu-

ettes—representing distinguished contemporaries of Columbus, and between the panels are heads; representing historians who have written on his voyages from his own time down to the present day, ending with Irving and Prescott. Crowning the door is a bust of Columbus. The ornaments are chiefly emblematic of conquest and navigation. There are also about the edge four statuettes the largest of all representing the four great divisions of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The surface of the work has a beautifully soft and mellow tone. All the figures and ornaments are very sharp and clear, in outline, and the mechanical execution is almost wonderful in its perfection.

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of Dec., 1863, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Barometer.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
26.700	26.650	26.600

Monthly Mean. Thermometer attached.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
42	45	43

Monthly Mean. Thermometer. Open Air.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
25	33	27

Monthly Mean. Thermometer. Dry Bulb.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
44	48	45

Highest and lowest range of the Barometer during the month.

Max. 27.100. Min. 26.250.

Highest and lowest range of the Thermometer during the month.

Max. 49°. Min. 10°.

The amount of snow that fell during the month was sixteen and a half inches, which produced 1,627 of water, being a little more than one and a half inches over the whole surface of the ground. Fair prospects for agriculture.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

1. Clear.
2. do
3. do
4. do
5. Cloudy.
6. Snowy and cloudy.
7. Hazy and clear.
8. Clear.
9. do
10. Partially clear.
11. Cloudy.
12. do
13. do
14. Partially clear.
15. Cloudy.
16. Partially clear.
17. Cloudy.
18. do
19. Mostly clear.
20. Clear.
21. Foggy and frosty.
22. do
23. do
24. Snowing all day.
25. Cloudy and snowy.
26. Clear.
27. Cloudy.
28. Mostly clear.
29. Snowy.
30. Clear.
31. Cloudy ends the year.

THE STANDING ARMIES OF EUROPE.—There are at present 3,815,847 soldiers under arms in the eighteen European States, containing a population of 289,495,195 souls. These standing armies cost annually 2,321,409,545 francs, or \$148,281,890. Out of every seventy-six inhabitants one is taken for the military service. The armies cost 32 per cent. of the total expenditure of the various countries by which they are maintained. The amount it costs to support European armies would build 121,427 miles of railroad, at \$10,000 a mile, which would be sufficient to cover both hemispheres with all the railroad facilities that the wants of trade and of commerce would require. When we add to this the cost of our own armies, we will see how much treasure is wasted because man is yet not civilized enough to know his true interests, and prefers arms to reason in governing countries or settling its political difficulties.—[National Intelligencer.]

LAGER, AND LAGER ONLY.—Listen to the conversation of Bavarians—it turns on beer. See to what the thoughts of the exile recur—to the beer of his country. Sit down in a coffee-house or eating-house, and the waiter brings you beer unadorned, and when you have emptied your glass, replenishes it without a summons. Tell a coffer the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask you if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before the steamer or train is due, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and you will find that it replaces champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor. (I once went to a servants' ball and stayed there some time; but when I came away dancing had not begun, and all the society was sitting as still as ever, drinking beer.)—"Social Life in Munich," by E. Wilberforce.