

## THE TEMPLE FORTRESSES OF EGYPT.

We extract the following From Dr. Bel-  
lows's interesting book of travels entitled  
"The Old World in its New Face."

Dendera, from being the first of the tem-  
ples we visited, and from its unusual state  
of preservation, made an extraordinary  
impression upon us. As you approach over  
a desert of sand and the crumbled debris  
of the old city of Tentyris, the spot where  
the Egyptians built the abode of Athor  
(the Greek Aphrodite), your heart beating  
with the excitement of a first introduction  
to an Egyptian temple, you come almost  
suddenly (on account of mounds of sand  
cutting off the prospect,) upon the view of  
a portico supported by four rows of six  
columns each, and such columns as fairly  
break down anticipations by their vastness  
and splendor! Eight feet in diameter, and  
thirty-two feet in height, with capitals of a  
composite order, in which the circular head  
is set round with flowers and interlaced  
leaves, they present the most magnificent  
introduction to Egyptian temple architec-  
ture. The pillars, indeed are crowded too  
near together, and the vice of Egyptian  
architecture as well as its characteristic  
grandeur—too much matter to serve the  
object for which it is brought together, too  
many columns to support the roof, too much  
solidity for any required purpose of security  
or stableness—is thus at once brought  
before you. Beyond the portico opens a  
hall of six columns with three rooms on  
either side; next succeeds a central cham-  
ber, opening on one side into two small  
rooms and on the other communicating with  
a staircase so low in its angles, so straight  
and long in its flight, and so beautifully  
adorned with intaglio figures, that of itself  
it holds your attention and brings you back  
to it again and again. Then comes another  
chamber with two rooms on one side and  
one on the other, which opens on the adytum  
or sanctuary, which has a special architecture  
in its isolated position, and is a kind of tem-  
ple within a temple. A passage leads en-  
tirely round it and opens on three small  
rooms on each side. The total length of the  
temple is 220 feet, the front is 115 feet, and  
the sides incline toward each other so that  
the back wall is only 82 feet wide. This  
was, as we afterward found, a universal  
feature of the temples. They artificially  
increased the perspective effect of narrow-  
ing the successive chambers in a suite,  
which were so arranged so to allow a view  
quite from the rear to the front and from  
the front to the sanctuary.

Usually an outer wall of unburnt brick,  
of great thickness and strength, surrounded  
the whole temple, making it still more what  
its mighty and inaccessible walls, smooth  
and unbroken, had already rendered it—a  
fortress. And this became more clear as we  
saw more and more of these temples—that  
the early form of government in Egypt  
must have been strictly hierarchical, and  
the pontiff their original king; that the  
temples were literally the citadels of priestly  
power, the places from which they over-  
awed and governed the people; and that,  
after Menes's time the kingly office, though  
distinct in some theoretic way from the  
priestly, was built upon the religious affec-  
tions and fears of the people as at this day  
in Russia the Czar is the head of the Greek  
Church, and in Turkey the Sultan the head  
of the Moslem faith. But in Egypt, warlike  
as the country was, its cities were without  
walls. Spite of Homer's hundred gated  
Thebes, Thebes had no walls, and Homer,  
if he did anything but guess, must have

mistaken the gates of her temples for the  
gates of the city. But the temples, as I  
have said, were really military fortresses,  
large enough to receive and protect the  
whole population in case of invasion, and  
strong enough, as once happened, to resist  
for three years the whole military force of  
the monarch when Thebes revolted against  
his authority. The tremendous strength and  
vastness of their structures is this, at least in  
part, accounted for. The inside of the great  
and of the small chambers at Dendera, the  
surface of the columns, the outer wall, each  
and every part of the structure is covered  
with hieroglyphics and sculptures—either  
very low bas reliefs or else intaglio work.  
These sculptures are the form of the gods  
and goddesses—of Osiris, Isis, and Horus  
(the great Egyptian Trinity); of the monarch  
who built or added to the temple; of illus-  
trations of his history and warlike adven-  
tures; or of matters, as here in Dendera,  
pertaining strictly to Athor, who represents  
the maternal principle at Dendera, as Isis  
does at most other temples, and who is  
sculptured here numberless times nursing  
a young child, who is said in the hierogly-  
phics to be her son. His name was Ehoou, and  
he is the third member of the local  
triad, as Harpocrates was of Isis and Osiris.

## MOSLEM VIGOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Acre is nothing but a fortress, every thing  
else being strictly subordinated to the  
military service of the place. It, as every  
body knows, owes its chief interest to the  
part it played in the Crusades during the  
two centuries from about A. D. 1100 to 1300,  
when "the world's debate" was going on  
touching the relative claims of the Moslem  
Crescent and the Christian Cross torule in  
the earth. Here those great knights, Bald-  
win and Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur  
de Lion, planted the standard of the Red  
Cross, and here Saladin, their equal in chi-  
valry and in sincerity, gave them proofs that  
faith in the Arabian prophet had a fearful  
vigor in its mailed hand. Here flocked the  
noble representatives of all the the Chris-  
tian powers of Europe to uphold the trem-  
bling banner of our faith, whose insecurity  
then, from the confident and chivalrous  
cimeters of the Moslem, it is very hard for  
the victorious spirit of our modern christian  
civilization to do justice to.

Those who imagine that a zeal for the  
rescue of the Sepulchre and the holy places  
was the chief cause of the crusades, will  
change their opinion when they get a near  
view of the moslem faith, and see even its  
present power to blast the regions over  
which it spreads. Its vigor in the middle  
ages was immense, as the monuments of  
its military and its religious pomp and  
power, now in ruins all over Egypt, Syria,  
and Turkey, fully attest. Christian civil-  
ization did right to fear it, and to withstand  
it with all its might, and the best way to  
withstand it was to carry the war into the  
enemy's country.

The Crusades, whose vast traces are left  
in a thousand ruins along the Syrian coast,  
were a magnificent outburst of half terrified,  
half insulted Christendom in behalf of its  
own altars, seriously threatened with desola-  
tion from a hateful rival faith, none the less  
dreaded because a parody of Jewish and  
Christian dogmas, with their characteristic  
spirit, turned backward. Acre was the  
centre of Christian strength in the Holy  
Land. In a beautiful bay, just half way  
between Carmel and the Scala Tyriorum, or  
Stairs of Tyre, it looks across a broad and  
fertile plain of sixteen miles' length and  
eight or ten miles' breadth to the hills of  
Galilee. In the crusading times it was a  
mighty, and deemed to be an impregnable

fortress, and was nearly the last place  
which the christian powers surrendered to  
the Mussulman. Even now it is in good  
condition as a fortress, and might offer a  
strong resistance to modern weapons, were  
its armament equal to its walls, which show  
as much engineering skill as is commonly  
seen in European works. But its cannon  
are terribly rusty, and exhibit signs of long  
neglect. Unpainted guns and rickety car-  
riages are fit images of the decaying vigor  
of the Turkish empire, and it is safe to say  
that Acre could not, with its present arma-  
ment, resist a single ship of war, under any  
European flag, for a day. How different  
from the day when the flower of Christen-  
dom for thirty-three days stood the siege of  
the Sultan Melik, who barely put its brave  
defenders, conquered by irresistible power,  
to the sword! Five hundred Knights of St.  
John then held out in the citadel after the  
walls had all been taken, until only fifteen  
were left alive.

## BEER IN BARRACKS.

Breakfast is not an institution in any great  
acceptation in a cavalry regiment on Christ-  
mas morning. When the stable hour is over  
a great many of the troopers do not imme-  
diately reappear in the barrack room. In-  
deed, they do not turn up until long after  
the coffee is cold, and, when they do return  
there is a certain something about them  
which, to the experienced observer, demon-  
strates the fact that, if they have been  
thirsty, they have not been quenching their  
drought at the pump. It is a standing pu-  
zle to the uninitiated where the soldier in  
barracks contrives to obtain drink of a morn-  
ing. The canteen is rigorously closed. No  
one is allowed to go out of barracks, and no  
drink is allowed to come in.

A teetotallers' meeting hall could not  
appear more rigidly devoid of opportunities  
for indulgence than does a barrack during  
the morning. Yet I will venture to say, if  
you go into any barrack in the three king-  
doms, accost any soldier who is not a raw  
recruit, and offer to pay for a pot of beer,  
that you will have an instant opportunity  
afforded you of putting your free handed  
design into execution any time after 7 a. m.  
I don't think it would be grateful in  
me to "Spill" upon the spots where a drop  
can be obtained in season; many a time  
has my parched throat been thankful for  
the cooling surreptitious draught, and I  
refuse to turn upon a benefactor in a dirty  
way. Therefore, suffice it to say the many  
a bold dragoon, when he re-enters the bar-  
rack room to get ready for a Church Parade  
has a wateriness about the eye, and a knott-  
iness in the tongue, which tell of something  
stronger than the matutinal coffee. Indeed  
when the trumpet sounds which calls the  
regiment to assemble on the parade ground,  
there is a dire misgiving in the mind  
many a stalwart fellow, who is conscious  
that his face, as well as his speech, "betray-  
eth him." But the lynx eyed men in  
authority, who, another time, would be down  
on a stagger like a card player on the old  
trick, and read a flushed face as a passport  
to the guard room, are genially blind this  
morning; and so long as a man possesses  
the capacity of looking moderately straight  
to his own front, and of going right about  
without a flagrant lurch, he is not looked at  
in a critical spirit on the Christmas church  
parade. And so the regiment marches off  
to church, the band playing merrily in its  
front. I much fear there is no very abiding  
sense in the bosoms of the majority of the  
sacred errand on which they are bound.  
*Saint Paul's for January.*