

Ckoobeh, or saloon of the tomb, containing the shrine that encloses the head of the martyr, El Hhaassaneyn (the grandson of the prophet); and following the example of my companion, I bowed my forehead against the bronze screen that surrounds it, and kissed the handle of the door; after which we seated ourselves upon the ground among the women, in the part adjacent to the shrine where they congregated to pray. After remaining there some time we proceeded to the body of the mosque where the men pray, and in the centre of which the howling dervishes were performing their *zikh*. About forty of them placed in a ring, held each other by the hands, and swaying themselves from side to side, shouted, "Allah hoo hai," until by degrees their movements became so violent, and their excitement so great, that many of them foamed at the mouth, and some fell down in epilepsy. Several soldiers and other fanatics joined them, and soon became quite as mad and noisy as themselves; but we dared not remain any length of time near the dervishes, as no women were in that part of the mosque; so after walking entirely through the building, we returned to the *Ckoobeh*, again pressed our foreheads against the screen of the tomb, and then departed. The mosque of El Hhaassaneyn is the most sacred of all the religious edifices of Cairo, on account of the holy relic it contains; but in point of architectural merit, it is not to be compared to the mosque of Sultah Hassar. The floors are covered with Persian carpets, and the shrine enclosing the martyr's head appeared to me, as well as I could distinguish through the open work of the screen, and in the obscure light that prevails in the *Ckoobeh*, to be covered with plating either of gold or of gilt metal. Small lamps are suspended by wires under the dome, as in all other Mahometan places of worship, and ostrich eggs—the symbol of the resurrection—are interspersed among them. There was no preaching going on, but there appeared to be a fair division of praying and conversation among the many persons assembled there. On going out as well as going in, I was beset by the water vendors that congregate about the doors of mosques, in order to beg money from all well dressed people, under the pretext of distributing cups of water *gratis* to the poor. My attendant gave them a piece of money for me, and I was then suffered to mount my donkey, and to depart in peace for the mosque of El Azhar. . . . The mosque is situated in the very heart of the city, and in such a labyrinth of thickly populated and narrow streets that no good view of its exterior is to be obtained from any side. It has five entrances, the principal one leading into the vast court, paved with marble, which we found full of students, seated upon the pavement in little groups, and studying with their professors. I confess that I trembled as I walked through them, and fancied that every one who looked up at me would discover, from the colour of my eyes and the absence of *khol* round them, that I was an European, and even an Englishwoman; but nothing of the sort happened, and I got safely into the interior of the mosque. Its great space, and the innumerable quantity of low slender columns with which it is supported, spreading in all directions like a forest, reminded me of the Moorish mosque of Cordova; but there is no great beauty in El Azhar beyond that which magnitude and airiness produce. We seated ourselves at the foot of one of the columns, and I there made the best use I could of my eyes. The interior of the mosque was quite as full as the great court, and the groups were highly characteristic and exceedingly picturesque; the base of each column being surrounded by a little turbaned conclave, deep in either the study of, or dissertations on, the Koran. Some with their eyes half closed, listened in a state of dreamy beatitude; others rocked themselves to and fro, or wagged their heads, as is common for Mahometans to do when engaged in religious practices. Several cats sat by their masters, and looked as solemn and as orthodox as they did; and I am certain, could they have suspected my identity, would have scratched my eyes out for the fraud I was practising upon the followers of the prophet. In the spaces between the columns hundreds were engaged in their solitary devotions, and very many were stretched fast asleep upon the matting; the Korans, which had thus effectually transported them to the land of dreams, lying by their sides. A very few women were in the mosque; but just sufficient to prevent the presence of myself and my attendant appearing singular. After sitting sometime at the foot of my column, while Mohammed, stationed at another one, within sight of me, said his prayers, I made the circuit of the mosque, and then departed by the great court, and the principal entrance,

where I had deposited my slippers; very glad to effect my exit undiscovered, and unable to breathe freely until I had placed several streets between the great hot bed of Moslem fanaticism and my infidel self,—unable, indeed, even to laugh at the clever way in which I had *done* the grave Ulemas and Moollahs of Cairo, under their very beards!

A SLAVE AUCTION.

To Gerrit Smith, Esq.

"Dear Sir:—Myself and two others lately visited the eastern part of Virginia, to see the cheap lands now so much talked of in agricultural circles, and there saw a slave auction. My friends were not abolitionists before, and pitied my credulity, when I told them the horrors of slavery; but one week in the Old Dominion has added two staunch adherents to our cause. I wish every pro-slavery man and woman in the North could witness one slave auction.

We attended a sale of land and other property near Petersburg, and unexpectedly saw slaves sold at public auction. The slaves were told that they would not be sold, and were collected in front of the quarters, gazing on the assembled multitude. The land being sold, the auctioneer's loud voice was heard, "bring up the *niggers*." A shade of astonishment and affright passed over their faces, as they stared first at each other and then at the crowd of purchasers, whose attention was now directed to them. When the horrible truth was revealed to their minds that they were to be sold, and nearest relations and dearest friends parted forever, the effect was indescribably agonizing. Women snatched up their babes and ran screaming into the huts. Children hid behind the huts and trees, and the men stood in mute despair. The auctioneer stood on the portico of the house, and the men and boys were ranged in the yard for inspection. It was announced that no warrants of *soundness* were given, and the purchasers must examine for themselves. A few old men were sold at prices from \$13 to \$25, and it was painful to see old men, with beards white with years of toil and suffering, stand up to be the jests of brutal tyrants, and to hear them tell of their diseases and worthlessness, fearing that they would be bought by traders for the southern market.

A *white boy*, about 12 years old, was placed on the stand. His hair was brown and straight, his skin exactly the same hue as other white persons, and no discoverable trace of negro feature in his countenance. Some coarse and vulgar jests were passed on his colour, and \$5 was bid for him, but the auctioneer said "that is not enough to begin on for such a likely young nigger!" Several remarked "they would not take him as a gift." Some said that a white nigger was more trouble than he was worth. One man said it was wrong to sell white people. I asked him if it was not wrong to sell black people. He made no reply. Before he was sold, his mother rushed from the house upon the portico, crying in frantic grief, "My son, oh my boy, they will take away my dear—." Her voice was lost, as she was rudely pushed back and the door closed. The sale was not for a moment interrupted, and none of that crowd of ruthless tyrants appeared to be in the least degree affected by the scene. The poor boy, afraid to cry before so many strangers, who showed no signs of sympathy or pity, trembled and wiped the tears from his cheeks with his sleeve. He was sold for about \$250. The monsters who tore this child from his mother would sell your child and mine if they had the power. During the sale, the quarters resounded with cries and lamentations that made my heart ache. A woman was next called by name. She gave her infant one wild embrace before leaving it with an old woman, and hastened mechanically to obey the call, but stopped, threw her arms aloft, screamed, and was unable to move.

One of my companions touched my shoulder and said, "come, let us leave here, I can bear no more." We left the ground. The man who drove our carriage to Petersburg, had two sons who belonged to the estate—small boys. He obtained a promise that they should not be sold. He was asked if they were his only children. He answered all that is left of eight. The others had been sold to the south, and he would never see or hear from them again.

As the Northern people never see such things, they should